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NATURE.

HUMAN, SPIRITUAL, DIVINE.

THE BIBLE.

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II. Of the Prophets.

The Hebrews divide the prophets into the earlier and the later; the first including the four historical works of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and the Kings; the second, the prophets properly so called, with the exception of Daniel, the three major, the twelve minor prophets.

1. *Of the Early Prophets.* No one knows the date or the author of any one of these books; they all contain historical matter of doubtful character, such as the miraculous passage of the Jordan; the destruction of Jericho; the standing still of the sun and moon at the command of Joshua; the story of Samson; the destruction of the Benjamites; the birth and calling of Samuel; the wonders wrought by the Ark; the story of Saul, David, and Goliath, the miraculous pestilence, of Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, and others.—Of all these, perhaps the story of Samson is the most strikingly absurd. A man of miraculous birth and miraculous strength, whose ability lay in his long hair, and which went from him when his locks were shorn off. When we read in Herod and elsewhere, the birth and exploits of Hercules—who bears a resemblance to Samson, in some respects, though vastly his superior, on the whole—we refer the tale to human fancy in a low stage of civilization; a mind free from prejudice will do the same with the story of Samson. No one can reasonably contend that it requires a mind miraculously enlightened to produce such books as these of the early prophets. They belong to the fabulous period of Jewish history. Mythology, poetry, fact, and fiction, are strangely woven together. The authors, whoever they were, claim no inspiration. However, as a general rule, they contain less to offend a religious mind than the books of the Law.

2. *The Prophets, properly so called.* It may be said of these writings, in general, that they contain nothing above the reach of human faculties. Here are noble and spirit-stirring appeals to men's

conscience, patriotism, honor, and religion; beautiful poetic descriptions, odes, hymns, expressions of faith, almost beyond praise. But the mark of human infirmity is on them all, and proofs or signs of miraculous inspiration are not found in them. In the minor prophets there is nothing worthy of special notice in this place, unless it be the story of Jonah, which is unique in the ancient Hebrew literature, and tells its own tale. These books do not require a detailed examination. The greater prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, are more important, and require a more minute notice. In these, as well as all other prophetic books, and the Law, claim is apparently made to miraculous inspiration. "Thus saith Jehovah," is the authority to which the prophet appeals. "Jehovah said unto me," "The command of Jehovah came unto me," "I saw in a vision," "the spirit of Jehovah came upon me." These and similar expressions occur often in the prophets. But do these phrases denote a claim to miraculous inspiration, as we understand it? We limit miraculous inspiration to a few cases, where something is to be done above human ability. Not so the Hebrews; they did not make a sharp distinction between the miraculous and the common. All religious and moral power was regarded as the direct gift of God—an out-pouring of his spirit.—God teaches David to fight; commands Gideon to select his soldiers, to arise in the night and attack the foe. The Lord set his enemies to fight amongst themselves. He teaches Bezaleel and Aholiab. They, and all the ingenious mechanics, are filled with "the spirit of God." The same "spirit of the Lord" enables Samson to kill a lion, and many men. These instances show with what latitude the phrase is used, and how loose were the notions of inspiration. The Greeks also referred their works to the aid of Phæbus, Pallas, Minerva, Vulcan, or Olympian Jove, in the same way. It has never been rendered probable that the phrase, Thus saith the Lord, and its kindred terms, were understood by the prophets or their hearers to denote any miraculous agency in the case. They employ language with the greatest freedom. Thus a writer says, "I saw Jehovah sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple; above it

stood the seraphim." No thinking man would suppose the prophet designed to assert a fact, or that his countrymen understood him to do so. Certainly it is insulting to suppose a Christian would believe God sat on a throne, with a troop of courtiers around him, like a Persian king. When a prophet says Jehovah appeared to him in a dream, he can only mean, either he dreamed Jehovah appeared, which is somewhat different, or that he chose this symbolical way of stating his opinion. Thus a Grecian prophet might say, "The muse came down from high Olympus' shaggy top, and whispered unto me, her favorite son." Not stating a fact, he would give an outness to what passed in his mind. However, if these writers claimed miraculous inspiration ever so strongly, we are not to grant it unless they abide the test mentioned above.

If they utter predictions, which they rarely attempt—we are not to assume their fulfilment, and then conclude the prophet was miraculously inspired, common as the method is. But what is the value of the claim made for them? Has any one of them ever uttered a distinct, definite, and unambiguous prediction of any future event that has since taken place, which a man without a miracle could not equally well predict? It has never been shown. Most of the prophetic writings relate to the past and the present; to the political, civil, and moral condition of the people, at the time; they exhort backsliding Israel to forsake his idols, return to Jehovah, live wisely and well. They state the result of obedience or of disobeying, for individuals and the nation. It is rare they predict distinctly and definitely any specific event. Sometimes they declare, in the most general terms, good or ill fortune, the destruction of a city, the defeat of an army, the downfall of a king. But in case the prediction came to pass, who shall tell us, at this distance of time, that it was not either a lucky hit, or the result of sagacious insight? Certainly the supposition is against a miracle. The Tripod of Delphi delivered some oracles that were extraordinarily felicitous; Seneca made a very clear prediction of the discovery of America, and Lactantius of the rise and downfall of Napoleon, and Lactantius of the capture of Magdeburg. Does the fulfilment prove the miraculous inspiration of the oracle in these cases?

But to recur to the other test, there are statements in the prophets which are not true; *predictions that did not come to pass*. Under this rubric may be placed three of the most celebrated predictions in the Old Testament.

1. *Jeremiah's Prediction of the Seventy Years of Exile.* It was an easy thing in Jeremiah's position, to see that the little nation of Judea could not hold out against the Babylonian forces, and therefore must experience the common fate of nations they conquered, and be carried into exile. But would the Lord forsake his people—the seed of Abraham? A pious Jew could not believe it. It was unavoidable, with the common opinion of his countrymen, that he should expect their subsequent restoration. But why predict an exile of just seventy years, unless miraculously directed? He may have used that term for an indefinite period; a very common practice. In that case there is no miracle. But on the other hand, if he predicted an exile of just seventy years, the oracle was a failure. The people were not carried into captivity all at once. From which of the two or three times of deportation shall we set out? The books of Kings and Chronicles differ somewhat. But to take the chronology of Jeremiah himself, if the passage be genuine, the deportation began in the seventh year of Nebuchadnezzar, 599 before Christ; it was continued in the year 588, and concluded in 583. The exile ended in the year 536. The longest period that can be made out extends to but sixty-three, and the shortest to, but forty-seven years. To make out the seventy years we must date arbitrarily from the year 606.

2. *Ezekiel's Oracle against Tyre.*—This prophet predicts that Nebuchadnezzar shall destroy Tyre. The prediction is clear and distinct; the destruction is to be complete and total. "With the hoofs of his horses shall he tread down all thy streets; he shall slay thy people by the sword, and thy strong garrison shall go down to the ground. . . . I will make thee like the top of a rock; thou shalt be to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built up no more." But it was not so. Nebuchadnezzar was obliged to raise the siege after investing the city for thirteen years, and go and fight the Egyptians. Then sixteen years after the first oracle, Ezekiel takes back his own words. "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, Nebuchadnezzar . . . caused his army to seive a great service against Tyrus; every head was made bald," with the chafing of the helmet, "every shoulder was peeled," with the pressure of burthens; "yet he had no wages, nor his army from Tyrus. . . . Therefore, behold, I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar."

These things speak for themselves, and show the nature of the prophetic discourses; that they were moral addresses or poetical odes. Ezekiel's celebrated prediction of an impossible city, is a standing monument of the prophetic character, and of the lasting folly of interpreters. It were easy to collect other instances of palpable mistake.

3. *The alleged Predictions of Jesus as the Messiah.* The Messianic prophecies

are the most famous of all. It is commonly pretended that there are in the Old Testament clear and distinct predictions of Jesus of Nazareth. But I do not hesitate to say it has never been shown that there is, in the whole of the Old Testament, one single sentence that in the plain and natural sense of the words foretells the birth, life, or death of Jesus of Nazareth. If the Scriptures have seventy-two senses, as one of the Rabbins declares, or if it foretells whatever comes to pass, as Augustine, and means all it can be made to mean, as many moderns seem to think, why predictions and types of Jesus may be found in the first chapter of Genesis, in Noah and Abraham and Samson, as well as in Virgil's fourth Eclogue, the Odes of Horace, and the story of the Trihemerine Hercules.

The Messianic expectations and prophecies seem to have originated in this way: After the happy and successful period of David and Solomon, the kingdom was divided into Judah and Israel, the two tribes and the ten, the national prosperity declined. Pious men hoped for better times; they naturally connected these hopes with a personal deliverer; a descendant of David, their most popular king. The deliverer would unite the two kingdoms under the old form. A poetic fancy endowed him with wonderful powers; made him a model of goodness. Different poets arrayed their expected hero in imaginary drapery, to suit their own conceptions. Malachi gives him a fore-runner. The Jews were the devoutest of nations; the popular deliverer must be a religious man. They were full of pious faith; so the darker the present, the brighter shone the Pharos of Hope in the future. Sometimes this deliverer was called the Messiah; this term is not common in the Old Testament, however, but is sometimes applied to Cyrus by the Pseudo-Isaiah.

These hopes and predictions of a deliverer involved several important things: A re-union of the divided tribes; a return of the exiles; the triumph and extension of the kingdom of Israel, its eternal duration and perfect happiness; idolatry was to be rooted out; the nations improved in morals and religion; truth and righteousness were to reign; Jehovah to be reconciled with his people; all of them were to be taught of God; other nations were to come up to Jerusalem and be blessed. But the Mosaic Law was to be eternal; the old ritual to last forever; Jerusalem to be the capital of the Messianic kingdom, and the Jewish nation to be re-established in greater pomp than in the times of David. Are these predictions of Jesus of Nazareth? He was not the Messiah of Jewish expectation; of the prophets' foretelling. The farthest from it possible. The predictions demanded a political and visible kingdom in Palestine, with Jerusalem for its capital, and its ritual the old law. The kingdom of Jesus is not of this world. The ten tribes—have they come back to the home of their fathers? They have perished, and are swallowed up in the tide of the nations, no one knowing the place of their burial. The kingdom of the two tribes soon went to the ground. These are no-

torious facts. The Jews are right when they say *their* predicted Messiah has not come. Does the Old Testament foretell a suffering Savior, his kingdom not of this world; crucified; raised from the dead? The idea is foreign to the Hebrew Scriptures. Well might a Jew ask, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" To trust the uncertain record of the New Testament, Jesus was slow to accept the name of the Messiah; he knew the "people would take him by force and make him a king." But what means the triumphal entry into Jerusalem? He forbids his disciples to speak of his Messiahship: "See that thou tell no man of it;" only proclaims it at Samaria; lets John draw his own inference, whether or not he must "look for another;" thinks Simon Peter could only find it out by inspiration. Was it not that he knew he was not the Messiah of the prophets, so never formally assumed the title; but, knowing that he was the true and only deliverer, a thousand times greater than their impossible Messiah, suffered the name to be affixed to him, and made the most of the popular idea? Or was he himself mistaken? It concerns us little; but this remains, that he was much more than the Jews looked for. The Jewish Christians mistook the matter; Paul would prove that he was the Messiah of the prophets. Mistakes in theology, like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, are repeated again and again, in fantastic combinations.

III. The Writings.

Under this head are comprised the remaining books of the Old Testament. Here is the dramatic poem of Job, a work of surprising beauty, and full of truth. But its author denies the immortality of the soul, and though he attempts "to justify the ways of God to man," he yet leaves the question undecided as he found it. In the Psalms we have beautiful prayers, mixed up with their occasional occasions; penitential hymns, songs of praise, expressions of hope, faith, trust in God, that have never been surpassed. The devotion of some of these sweet lyrics is beyond praise. But at the same time here are the most awful denunciations that speech ever spoke. In the following passage the writer denounces his enemies: "Set thou a wicked man over him. Let Satan stand at his right hand; when he shall be judged, let him be condemned, and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few; let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds and beg. . . . Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children." These are the words of a man angry and revengeful. The Psalms abound with similar imprecations. To maintain they came directly from the God of Love, is to forget Reason, Conscience, and Religion, which teach us to love our enemies, to pray for them that persecute us. The book of Proverbs and the Song of Songs speak for themselves, and neither need nor claim any more inspiration than other collections of Proverbs or Oriental ama-

tory Idyls. The latter belongs to the same class with the writings of Anacreon. The somewhat doubtful book of Ecclesiastes seems to be the work of a skeptic. He denies the immortality of the soul with great clearness; thinks wisdom and folly are alike vanity. Though he concludes most touchingly in praise of virtue on the whole, and declares the fear of God, and keeping his commandments is the whole of man, yet this conclusion is vitiated by the former precept, "Be not righteous over much." The Lamentations of Jeremiah have as little claim to inspiration.

The historical books of this division present some peculiarities. Ezra and Nehemiah are valuable historical documents, though implicit faith is by no means to be placed in them. The book of Esther is entirely devoid of religious interest, and seems to be a romance designed to show that the Jews will always be provided for. The brief book of Ruth may be an historical or a fictitious work.

The book of Daniel is a perfect unique in the Old Testament. It professes to have been written by a captive Jew, at Babylon, in the beginning of the sixth century before Christ; it contains accounts of surprising miracles, dreams, visions, men cast into a den of lions and a furnace of fire, yet escaping unhurt; a man transformed to a beast, and eating grass like an ox for some years, and then restored to human shape; a miraculous and spectral hand-writing on the palace wall; grotesque fancies that remind us of the Arabian Nights and the Talmud. To judge from internal evidence, it was written in the first part of the second century, perhaps about one hundred and eighty-seven years before Christ, in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes. The author seems to have a political and moral end in view, and to write for the encouragement of his countrymen, perhaps designing his work should pass for what it is, a politico-religious romance.

All of the books hitherto mentioned seem written by earnest men, with no intention to deceive. Their manly honesty is everywhere apparent. But the book of Chronicles is of a very different character. Here is an obvious attempt, on the writer's part, to exalt the character of orthodox kings, and depress that of heretical kings; to bring forward the Priests and the Levites, and give everything a ceremonial appearance. This design will be obvious to any one who reads the stories in Chronicles, and then turns to the parallel passages in Samuel and Kings. To take but a single instance: the writer of the book of Samuel gives an account of David; tells of his good and evil qualities; does not pass over his cruelty, nor extenuate his sin. But in Chronicles there is not a word of this; nothing of the crime of imperial adultery; nothing of Nathan's rousing apologue, and Thou-art-the-man. The thing speaks for itself.

Now, if these books have any divine authority, what shall we do with such contradictions; deny the fact? We live too long after Dr. Faustus for so easy a device. Shall we say, with a modern divine, The true believer will accept both

statements with the same implicit faith? This also may be doubtful.

To look back upon the field we have passed, it must be confessed that the claims made for the Old Testament have no foundation in fact; its books, like others, have a mingling of good and evil. We see a gradual progress of ideas therein, keeping pace with the civilization of the world. Vestiges of ignorance, superstition, folly, of unclaimed selfishness, yet linger there. Fact and fiction are strangely blended; the common and miraculous, the divine and the human run into another. We find rude notions of God in some parts, though in others the most lofty. Here, the moral and religious sentiment are insulted; there, is beautiful instruction for both. Human imperfections meet us everywhere in the Old Testament. The passions of man are ascribed to God. The Jews had a mythology as well as the Greeks. They transform law into miracles; earth into a dream-land; it rains manna for eight-and-thirty years, and the smitten rock pours out water. We see a gradual progress in this as in all mythologies. First, God appears in person; walks in the garden in the cool of the day; eats and drinks; makes contracts with his favorites; is angry, resentful, sudden and quick in quarrel, and changes his plans at the advice of a cool man. Then it is the angel of God who appears to man. It is deemed fatal for man to see Jehovah. His messenger comes to Noah, and vanishes in the flame of the sacrifice; the angel of Jehovah appears to David. Next it is only in dreams, visions, types, and symbols that the Most High approaches his children. He speaks to them by night; comes in the rush of thoughts, but is not seen. The personal Form, and the visible angel, have faded and disappeared as the daylight assumed its power. The nation advanced; its religion and mythology advanced with it. Then again, sometimes God is represented as but a local deity; Jacob is surprised to find him in a foreign land; next he is only the God of the Hebrews. At last, the ONLY LIVING and TRUE GOD.

There is a similar progress in the notions of the service God demands. Abraham must offer Isaac; with Moses, slain beasts are sufficient; Micah has outgrown the Mosaic form, in some respects, and says, "Shall Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams; shall I give the first-born of my body for the sin of my soul? what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" A spiritual man in the midst of a formal people, saw the pure truth which they saw not. Does the Old Testament claim to be master of the soul? By no means. It is only a phantom conjured up by superstition that scares us in our sleep. Does the truth it contains make it a miraculous book? It is poor logic which thinks what is false can cease to be false, though never so many wonders are wrought in its defence.—*Discourse on Religion.*

Things which men call the cause of their melancholy are often the effects of it.

[From the New Church Repository.]

THE SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL.

It will be remembered that Swedenborg, in the Diary, n. 881, speaking of a *naked arm* that was shown him, says: "Such is the power of that arm, that, if permitted, it could crush the bones of a living man." This statement was referred to in my former article, as showing that the power of spirit over matter is recognized in Swedenborg's writings. I have lately met with another passage in the Diary, in which the *naked arm* is again referred to, and in terms so remarkable that I wish to present it to your readers. The following is intended to be a literal translation:

"That there are those who produce Terrors.

"1754. There are spirits who trust in their own powers; to whom it is sometimes permitted to induce terrors of such a nature that no one can believe that such terrors are induced. Especially are they permitted to represent an *arm*, which appears as a naked arm, in various positions. Such an arm has the power of impressing a soul or spirit with such terror, that those who had no fear in the life of the body, confessed that they were affected by it with indescribable terror. Once also it was shown to me, accompanied by a feeling of terror, with which I was affected for some time; for it appeared as if it could crush the very bones and marrow; yea, if it were permitted, it could effect this, which is indeed an incredible thing, because from the world of spirits, but still it is true, for the *fantasy of spirits might have such an effect*. Such terrors are induced by spirits who have confidence in their own powers that they can do every thing. But because these things cannot be credited, they must be made known with prudence, lest men think that fables or idle tales are told.

"1755. In the world of spirits such things are well known, and if it were allowable for them to exercise such magic arts, they would easily induce the minds of men to believe that they were miracles; for these things have an effect in MATERIAL and corporeal things; thence were the magic arts of the Egyptians; thence the diabolic arts which we have so often referred to; thence the false miracles which are of the devil, as were those of the magicians of Egypt, which have been referred to in many places, as in what was just said concerning visions which are illusions.

"1756. Unless man is in faith in the Lord, he is easily induced to believe that such visions are from heaven, and the like, when yet they are of the devil; for they cannot even be distinguished from true visions and from true miracles, except by those who are led by the Lord; but at this day such things are forbidden, for such crews are detained in chains, so that they are allowed to wander no farther than is for certain reasons permitted.—1748, March 28."

We thus may see that Swedenborg expressly declares that the fantasy of spirits may have an effect on material things.

Swedenborg also says in relation to the Urim and Thummim of the breast-plate of Aaron, that responses were given by

the shining brilliancy of the twelve precious stones, and at the same time, by perception of the thing interrogated, or by a living voice. This would seem to show, if we rightly understand it, that the precious stones emitted light *with variety*, in accordance with the response given, and of course were effected by the spiritual operations that were performed through them.

It will, perhaps, be remembered, that in my former article, it was shown by extracts from the writings of Swedenborg, that man derives from the inmost principles of nature certain natural substances which form the ultimate or envelope of the spiritual body; that if it were not for the natural substances, an angel or spirit could have no permanent existence; that these substances form a *medium* between what is spiritual and what is natural; that by means of them an angel or spirit has relation to the things which are in nature, and has a principle corresponding to those things; and that by this medium spirits and angels can be adjoined and conjoined to the human race.

We are informed that at the present day, and to a great extent, the men of our earth have reference to the province of the *skin*, in the Grand Man. It would seem far from inconsistent with this view that the communication of men and spirits, at the present day, should take place by means of those principles which form "the *cutaneous* envelope of the spiritual body."

We will now refer to certain passages in Swedenborg's writings, which, at the first view, may seem to contradict what we regard as taught in the quotations made in our former article. These would have been inserted in that article if they had attracted notice in season, for we have no theory to build up and support; if the truth is made known to us, we wish to see and acknowledge it; that is all we wish to do in the case. On examination, however, we think that the passages already quoted, and those we will now proceed to examine, will not be found to conflict with each other.

In the treatise on the Divine Love and Divine Wisdom, n. 90, will be found the following words: "The angels, being spiritual, cannot live in any other than spiritual heat and light; but men cannot live in any other heat than natural heat, or in any other light than natural light; for spiritual agrees with spiritual, and natural with natural. Were an angel to draw in the smallest portion of natural heat and light, he would perish, for it entirely disagrees with his life. Every man, as to the interiors of his mind, is a spirit. When he dies, he departs entirely out of the world of nature, and leaves everything belonging to it, and enters a world in which there is nothing of nature, and in which he lives so separate from nature that he has no communication with it by continuity, that is, as of purer and more gross, but by correspondences, that is as of prior and posterior. Hence, it may appear, that spiritual heat is not a purer kind of natural heat, nor spiritual light a purer kind of natural light, but that they are altogether of different essence; for spiritual heat and light derive their essence

from a sun which is pure love, that is, life itself; and natural heat and light derive their essence from a sun which is pure fire, in which there is absolutely no life.

In the True Christian Religion, in the Treatise on the Divine Wisdom, appended to the Apoc. Explained, and in the Treatise on the Divine Love and Divine Wisdom, Swedenborg expressly declares as may be seen from the passages cited in my former article, that man, after death, *retains a certain envelope derived from the purest parts of nature*, and we have based our attempts to explain the phenomena of the present spiritual manifestations on what he has thus made known. In the extract just made, however, Swedenborg as positively declares that when man dies, "he departs *entirely out of the world of nature*, and leaves *everything belonging to it*, and enters a world in which there is *nothing of nature*, and in which he lives so separate from nature that he has no communication with it by continuity, that is, as of purer and more gross, but by correspondences, that is, as of prior and posterior."

These statements certainly appear to conflict with each other; but a New Churchman must be slow to acknowledge even to himself, that the Lord's chosen medium for the revelation of the truths of the New Dispensation, contradicts himself, or that he used language of which he did not know the purport. We have certainly much more reason to believe that we may mistake his meaning.

In the present case, the inconsistency is in appearance only and may easily be explained.

We are not to infer that Swedenborg teaches that anything MATERIAL remains with man after death, when he speaks of an accretion *from the purest of nature*; what is thus derived is *intermediate* between what is spiritual and what is natural, and by it an angel or spirit "is bounded to subsistence and permanence, having relation by it to those things which are in nature, and having also a principle *corresponding* to those things." And the impossibility of material things ascending into the spiritual, is very clearly expressed in the quotation that we just made from the Treatise on the Divine Love and Wisdom, n. 90; this is as far, however, as the meaning of the passage extends, if we rightly understand it; and it by no means, if so understood, contradicts anything asserted, or even implied in the quotations before made; but it serves admirably as a check on what might otherwise lead some minds to materialism.

In this number it will be seen that Swedenborg declares, as in several other places, that a spirit has no communication with nature, by continuity, but by correspondences, that is, as of prior and posterior. I referred to this statement in my former article, and offered a few words of explanation; but I do not feel satisfied with what I then wrote on this point; perhaps I may be no better satisfied with what I am about to say.

Swedenborg certainly does assert that there can be no communication between discrete degrees, except by correspondences; from the very nature of discrete

degrees, which have to each other the relation of prior and posterior, or of cause and effect, we can see that what he thus asserts must be true. He does, however, also speak of a connection of the second or middle heaven, and the third or celestial heaven, by means of *intermediate angels*, and he frequently speaks of communication between angels and spirits of almost opposite characters by means of intermediates, and *subject spirits*; and we have seen that he speaks most explicitly in relation to the *medium between the spiritual and the natural*. These intermediate spirits and principles must to some extent contain within them both the prior and its posterior; they must to some extent partake of the qualities of the two degrees that they may serve to connect the two. There is a correspondence between the natural body and the spiritual body; in relation to each other the one may be said to be in effects, the other in causes; there are, however, connecting principles, and connecting fluids; and so far as we can now see, this is a general law; where there are correspondences, there are also connecting mediums. S. H. W.

Framingham, Mass.

"THE TIPPINGS."

We have been called upon to publish more "reports" of communications from spirits. Here is a specimen of what comes through what is called the "tippings." Now, of the tippings it should be understood that there are two kinds: the first is where the table tips or moves when no human hand touches it; the second is when the hand of the medium touches it. Sometimes the medium merely touches the table; at other times it will be noticed the hands rest heavily upon it, and the force is exerted through the nervous system of the medium, unconsciously, it may be, but in such a way as would forbid our calling it *spiritual*.

The writer of the following account explains, in another letter, how this communication was made. It was by placing his hand on the table, when it moved, but whether by the spirit in his own body, or another out of the body, we are left to judge for ourselves.

The reader will notice what questions are here put to a little child, in respect to the "Purposes of God:—"

Dear Sir,—I am a medium for the glory of God, and have sent letters to England with the news the spirits have given me to send. I here send to you a communication from the spirit of my first child, (made by tipping the table when my hands are on it,) aged five years and six months when it left this form, January 21, 1840. I asked the spirit if it would make known to me for what purpose God sendeth his spirits to talk to us in this way, and the spirit, by tipping the table, with my hands on it, promised to do so, and gave me a number of alphabetical

letters for that purpose. They are these: A D M L N J G H H E M C F K L I M Q J E. Then the spirit spelled out, in the same manner, to make me understand what it meant, these words:

"Were you wicked in talking here with boys? Because if you do. Now go learn what arises. Cannot God make weak things zealous? Be bold in whatsoever you back. Yea, God forbid that knowledge which is given to you here, should be to sin. Now that we spirits talk with you, in return for information given.-- For going to Sunday school. When I want you in heaven."

The spirit's name is Emma McCave. I then asked the spirit these questions concerning what it had spelled out:

1st. Doth the spirit ask me if I was wicked in talking here with boys, when I preached? The spirit said, "Yes." I answer, No.

2d. The spirit saith, "Because, if you do." Doth the spirit mean, Do I consider that I was wicked in thus talking to boys? The spirit said, "Yes." I answer, No.

3d. Then the spirit says, "Now go learn what arises." Well, if I consider that I was wicked in thus talking to boys, then I was a hypocrite. But still I was trying to get them to love one another by telling them that God was love, and that they ought to love one another; it would be instilled into their minds that they ought to do so, and if so, then it tended to goodness? The spirit says, "Yes."

4th. Then the spirit asketh me by saying, "Cannot God make weak things zealous?" Doth the spirit mean, Cannot God make these boys instrumental, in his hand, of doing good? If it does, then I say Yes. The spirit answered and said, "That that was what it meant."

5th. The spirit then says, "Be bold in whatsoever you back." Doth the spirit mean that I am to take encouragement and speak boldly the doctrine which God hath made known to me through Jesus Christ? The spirit said, "Most assuredly."

6th. Then the spirit says, "Yea, God forbid that knowledge which is given to you here, should be to sin." Doth the spirit mean the knowledge which God hath made known to me, of his mercy and goodness, and the knowledge of his salvation, which he has made known by Jesus Christ, his Son? The spirit says, "Yes." I say, Amen to the spirit's prayer.

7th. Then the spirit goes on to say, "Now that we spirits talk with you in return for information given, for going to Sunday school." Do you want me to understand that God sendeth his spirits to bless us, and to commune with us, and to cheer and comfort, and to strengthen us in our journey through life; for the labor bestowed upon them in telling them of the goodness of God, and for sending them to the Sunday school when they were inhabitants of this world? The spirit said "Yes."

8th. The spirit says, "When I want you in heaven." Doth the spirit want me to understand that it is the will of God, and the saints, and the angels, and all the blessed spirits of my children, that we should go to heaven? And is it for this

very purpose that God sendeth his spirits to talk to us in this way? And the spirit said, "That this is the whole meaning of the above letters." [The above letters were given by the spirit on the 15th of April, 1851, and finished explaining them to me on the 3d of May, 1851.]

Another, from the spirit of my child Mary, aged thirteen months and two weeks, left this form in the year of our Lord, 1838, March 10th: "Be good, then you will be with us in heaven."

From the spirit of my son Thomas, aged two years and two months, and left this form in the year of our Lord, 1843, July 26, "O, prepare now for death." I said, And what then? And it said, "Then we shall meet in heaven."

From the spirit of my son George Robert, aged three years and six months, left this form in the year 1848, December 19th: "Why do you love us?" And I said, Because ye are my children, and because God commands me to do so, and because it is my nature to love you.— And the spirit said, "Yes."

From the spirit of my son James, who left this form in the year of our Lord, 1848, Dec. 28, aged nine years and ten months: "Trust in God, then you will meet us in heaven."

I have other communications to send you at some future time, very interesting.

FRANCIS MCCAVE.

Valley Falls, R. I., Sept. 30, 1851.

DEATH.

The New Church teaches, with authority from God, and in accordance with science and sound reason, that what men call death is not death, but simply a separation of a living man from a dead instrument, to which, for a time, the living spirit had imparted an appearance of life.

She teaches that when the spirit is separated from its material envelope, it enters upon a spiritual state of existence, and is surrounded by spiritual beings and objects, which can only be seen and heard and felt by spiritual organs. That the spirit then uses these organs without the need of a material instrument—that body of which St. Paul speaks, being all the instrumentality which the man requires in the spiritual world. Hear what the apostle saith, in 1 Cor., at the fifteenth chapter:

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." And again, in 2d Cor., 4th chapter, "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The New Church teaches that when the natural body is laid aside, the man rises in the form of this spiritual body, of

which we have spoken, which the apostle describes as a building of God, "a house not made with hands." She teaches that a man continues to exist in the human form; that he is in every respect more perfectly human than he was before; that his prevailing character remains the same; that his ruling affections and thoughts remain the same; and consequently that he continues to be as properly an object of affection, as he was when present to our senses—that all the inhabitants of the spiritual world are arranged in societies according to their character; that similarity of character draws them together, and that dissimilarity separates them; that all those who act from love to the Lord and the neighbor, are in the heavens; and that all those who act from the love of self and the world are in the hells; that in the heavens there are various kinds of good affections; and in the hells, various kinds of evil affections; and that those who have similar affections, and are thus qualified to live together and act together, are drawn into the same society.

She teaches that all of us who are in the natural world, are internally and spiritually associated either with good or evil spirits, who are similar to ourselves; that if we act from good affections, we are internally associated with and act with good spirits; and that if we act from evil affections, we are internally associated with evil spirits, and act with them: also that we can come out of an evil society into a good one, by resisting our evil affections and cherishing those which are good; and that we go out of a good society into an evil one, when we resist the good and cherish the evil.

When the separation takes place, a man comes into manifest association with the spirits that he was before internally and secretly associated with; that for this purpose he is divested of everything which is not in agreement with his ruling affections. If his internal and ruling affections are good, he is cleansed from all external impurities; but if they are evil, he is divested of all the external appearances of goodness, which would enable him to deceive; that he comes into the spiritual world, which is adapted to his spiritual body, as the natural world is adapted to the natural body; that there is a correspondence between the spiritual world and the natural world; between the spiritual body and the natural body; between the spiritual senses and the natural senses; and between spiritual employments and natural employments; and that as he then has a body, which is adapted to the world in which he lives, and to the uses which he has to perform, therefore his material body will never be resumed.

She teaches that if we are internally and spiritually united to any person while here, the union is not severed by what is called death; that although he is then invisible to us, and we are invisible to him, yet his influence still continues to operate upon us, and that our influence continues to operate upon him: that we are still spiritually near together: that his affection for us still contributes to our happiness, and that our affection for him still contributes to his happiness. We thus learn not to mourn at the loss of our

friends, as if they had ceased to exist, nor as if they had ceased to be what they were, nor as if we were entirely separated from them: but at the same time, we learn to mourn on account of those habits of thinking and feeling which bind our spirits to the earth, and make us unmindful of the world to which our friends have gone, and to which we are going. We learn to mourn, not because our friends are dead, but because we ourselves have so little of spiritual life.

Such are the teachings of the New Church in respect to what men call death; and she does not object to the use of the word "death," to signify the separation of which we are speaking. But she would have men understand what the proper meaning of the word is when so used. We say that the sun rises and sets; not because he does; for all know that he is, in this respect, stationary, and a motion of the earth causes the *apparent rising and setting*. But it is more convenient to speak according to the appearance than according to the reality. So we may with propriety speak of the death of our friends, not because they die, but because it appears so to our natural senses. —*The Medium.*

A SUPPER WITH SPECTRES.

Editor of Spirit World,—The following narrative is worthy of republication and preservation. As a whole, the amazing nature of the incidents exceeds any in "The Night-Side of Nature," or other similar works, and gives us enlarged conceptions of the power of spirits over matter and the mind of man. It seems well authenticated. It appears in the *Home Journal*, and is by Miss Augusta Browne, a music teacher and composer, in New York, who has written prose and verse of a high quality for that paper, and is evidently a lady of unquestionable veracity and intelligence. I have abridged the article, by dropping expletives and some passages of description and reflection; but all that is essential remains. I forget its title, and give it another.

In this condensed form it is fit for a place among the records of those marvels which are now gradually emerging from the dim precincts of superstition into the light of devout science.

Respectfully yours, J. G. D.

Lyons, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1851.

The ensuing occurrences, making due allowance for variation of phraseology, and the possible omission of some minutiae of detail, whatever credence they may obtain, and however difficult, as doubtless they are, to account for, are, nevertheless, strictly true.

The Rev. Mr. E—, travelling on a ministerial tour through the south of Ireland, one autumn day, found it impossible to reach his place of destination, yet distant many miles, before the coming on of night, which already announced its rapid approach by its sombre herald, twilight. During the day, his ride had been suggestive of solitary meditation, as the portion of the country through which he journeyed was, owing to the grandeur

and diversification of its scenery, one of the most picturesque in the kingdom.

In the earlier part of his journey, a few comfortable farm-houses had been visible to Mr. E—; but as the day wore on, the way grew increasingly gloomy. At last it became expedient to think of obtaining a lodging for the night, and he paused to reflect and reconnoitre. Not far from him towered the turrets of a venerable castle, around which clustered trees of an immense growth, whose thick trunks, gnarled and overhanging branches, and sombre foliage, seemed as if anxious to keep out the gaze of prying stragglers, and prevented the main body of the building from being seen. Altogether the aspect of the place was so repelling, and spoke so strongly of desertion, that he involuntarily turned away. Meanwhile, the darkness increased apace, and no other habitation was in sight but one—that of a person whom he well knew by report to be an implacable hater of religion and its ministers. Alternative, therefore, there was none, between seeking admission as an unwelcome guest, from which his innate delicacy shrunk, and remaining exposed to the fury of a storm. He hesitated for some time, but determined at length to try whether the voice of hospitality might not plead his cause, and gain for him, at least, the shelter of a roof,—any refuge appeared preferable to exposure to the peltings of the storm. Mr. E— accordingly rode up to the door of the house and knocked; a tall, dark-visaged man appeared. Mr. E— introduced himself, apologized for the intrusion, and solicited accommodation for the night. The gentleman replied that he would with pleasure furnish him supper, and find room in the stable for his horse, but regretted that there was not in the house a vacant chamber.

"But are you a coward?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I hope not."

"Because, if you are not, yonder is the castle, across the park, of which I am agent; no one is in it, as the owner is travelling on the continent. I will not disguise from you, however, that strange tales are told of its being haunted, which was, in fact, the principal reason for the desertion of the Earl of L—'s family. If, as you say, you are not afraid, you are welcome to a bed there."

Not seeming to notice the sneer which accompanied the last words, Mr. E— accepted the offer with thankfulness, remarking, that however he might prefer society, yet, as a minister of the gospel, he had no cause for fearing even the powers of darkness, should they league against him.

"Very well, then," said the host, whom we may designate as Mr. D—, "I will order supper, and send servants over to the castle to prepare a room and light a fire; and I will attend you there myself, and assist in searching your room and the adjoining ones."

After supper, Mr. E— expressed himself in readiness to attend his host to his destined lodgings, as he was much fatigued and longed for repose. The rain had not yet commenced, but the flashes of lightning, and the howling of the wind

through the stately oaks and elms, presaged its coming violence, and suggested to the imagination of Mr. E— the fitness of just such a night and place for a deed of crime; and he shuddered, as they traversed the gloomy park, as many a tale of murdered traveller that he had heard in boyhood, came to his mind. Then, again, he would think on the unexpected hospitality of Mr. D—, and smile at the horrors which busy fancy had conjured up.

As they drew near the castle, its desolate appearance was not much calculated to re-assure him. Mr. D— carried a lantern, the faint glimmering of which only served to make darkness visible. The noise of their steps and voices disturbed a crazy congregation of owls, bats, and rooks, the time-honored inhabitants of the turrets, which, startled and affrighted, flew about, uttering dismal cries at the unwonted invasion of their premises. A chill ran through Mr. E—; but dreading to awaken the sarcasm of his grim host, he said nothing. They reached the grand entrance. On opening, the door grated harshly on its rusty hinges, and a rush of night-winds moaned bodily as they entered. While ascending the staircase, dim shadows seemed to gather and troop around them, with fantastic gestures beckoning them onward; a thousand spirit eyes peered inquisitively out of the arches and frets in the ceiling; snatches of faint song echoed through the corridors; glimpses he had of half-formed faces flitting about in corners, and whispers and sighs floated on the air. Mr. E— again smiled at his own imaginings, and, making a strong mental effort, fairly shook off further apprehensions. They thoroughly examined the room destined for him, and the adjacent ones, and afterwards looked through those below, one of which was a hall of magnificent dimensions, superbly carved and gilded in the old style. His companion reiterated his assurances that no living being save himself would be in the castle, and, with an invitation to breakfast at his house in the morning, bade him good night. Mr. E— attended him to the door, double-locked and chained it after him, and then ascended to his own apartment, which he also carefully locked and secured. He certainly was situated very pleasantly. The rain now came down in torrents, but the tremendous thunder and the vivid lightning which occasionally pierced through the heavy damask curtains, only the more enhanced the value of his comfortable retreat, and made his feelings those of unmingled satisfaction. A bright fire blazed on the old-fashioned hearth, and two wax candles stood lighted on an elegant inlaid table beside it.

The room was richly furnished in an antique style, and the luxurious couch, to one tired as he, was extremely inviting to repose. But the inclination had quite left him, and a strange wakefulness had superseded all his weariness. Several noble paintings by the great masters, Guido and Da Vinci, adorned the walls, one of which was a beautiful picture of the Virgin and Child, representing Him while yet the radiant brow was unperced by thorns, and ere the delicate fair cheek

had been subjected to the blow of the sinner, or the Prayer of prayers had been gasped by those enervated lips. Upon these he mused for an hour or so, and then, according to his usual custom, opened his pocket Bible, and read and meditated until his excitement passed away, and a sacred calm gradually settled upon him.

Suddenly his attention was aroused by a singular commotion in the room below. Heavy tables were dragged about, dishes and glasses rattled, chairs violently pushed hither and thither, doors slammed, and, in short, he heard every noise attendant upon the laying out of an extensive table. This unaccountable uproar continued unabated for about half an hour, when, all at once, the place became hushed as the grave. Soon after, a slow, heavy step began to ascend the stairs. Could his host have deceived him? For a time he doubted his truth. The ominous step continued to ascend; nearer it drew, and still nearer, until it stopped at his door.

Three sullen knocks.

Mr. E—— paused a moment, and then asked—

"Who's there?"

A hollow voice replied—

"The master wants you down to supper!"

"Excuse me, if you please; I cannot go down."

The dull, heavy step descended the stairs, and entered the hall below. Mr. E—— began to conjecture that a band of forgers or smugglers had made the place their abode, and, being aware of his proximity, wished to inveigle him into their power, in order to insure his silence. His sensations were becoming very unenviable; but the pause was brief, for again he heard the step ascending, if possible, heavier and slower than before; and again the three sullen knocks were given.

"What do you want?"

"The master wants you down to supper!"

"Tell him I have already supped, and do not wish for more," replied Mr. E—— alarmed at his pertinacity.

The step departed as before, and he distinguished angry voices in loud debate below. Were their designs hostile, how could he hope to escape? Egress, unperceived was utterly impossible. He was a prisoner, and clearly in the clutches of his enemies, for such they must be. His heart sank like lead, as his thoughts reverted to his quiet, happy home.

The third time he heard the dreaded foot approaching, so heavy every foot-fall now, that they smote on his ear like cannon-balls. The three sullen knocks again.

"What do you want, that you persist in thus disturbing me?" demanded Mr. E——, loudly.

"The master wants you down to supper!"

"I come," said Mr. E——, and mentally imploring the protection of heaven, he grasped a candle, and placing his Bible under his arm, opened the door. A grim, gigantic figure, habited in black from head to foot, stood without, who, motioning him to follow, led the way to

the same splendid apartment in which he had been in the earlier part of the evening. The door was thrown widely back by his sable guide, and he was ushered in. The master of the revels received him with a silent bow, and escorted him to the table, which was covered with a sumptuous banquet, and entirely surrounded by guests, with the exception of one seat which had been reserved for him.

As he seated himself, a burst of hideous laughter pealed out, and died away in the distance. He glanced at the company; they were all robed in unrelieved black, and from countenances of livid ghastliness, the hollow eyes shot forth gloomy flashes of fire as they glared upon him.

All was silence—dead silence! It was appalling. He felt the blood curdle in his veins. The host helped him first, and then the other guests. Demoniac grins wreathed their thin lips, as they watched to see him eat. But he no longer doubted as to the nature of the company, and touched not the unhallowed food. A dead weight hung upon the atmosphere, almost crushing him to the earth; dense sulphurous vapors floated around, and the lowering brows of the company knit into deeper scowls as they burst out into another fit of Mephistopheles-like mirth.

A moment of fearful trial, it is said, occurs in the life-time of every mortal. Mr. E—— shuddered as he felt that his had arrived; and what a tremendous ordeal it was—no less than a personal conflict with the powers of darkness. The host signed peremptorily to him to begin. With a great effort—for he well knew that each fiendish eye was riveted upon him—he exclaimed:

"I have never been in the habit of eating, without having first asked a blessing."

So saying, he bowed his head on his Bible, and cried with a loud voice:

"Oh Lord, thou hast often fed me with the bread of heaven; suffer me not now to feast with devils."

A fearful shriek—a peal of thunder that shook the castle to its deep foundations—and, raising his head, Mr. E—— discovered that he was alone in the supper-room, sitting in the same place, with only his own candle, out of the score of lights burning on the table beside him. For a while he was stunned, his senses were overpowered; but soon recovering his self-command, he retraced his way back to his room, where, as may well be imagined, he slept not. That night was one prolonged vigil. It did on him the work of years of agony. At a reasonable hour in the morning he left the castle, and went to the house of the agent, who welcomed him very cordially, inquiring, with much solicitude, how he had rested, and whether he had been molested or disturbed. Mr. E—— answered him in a composed manner, which, while it satisfied him, did not let fall the slightest intimation of the occurrences of the past night. Not wishing to excite suspicion by a precipitate departure, he awaited breakfast, and thanking Mr. D—— for his politeness, asked for his horse, which had received benevolent care, and rode away.

The instant he reached his home he

became violently ill, and died in a few weeks. He never raised his head more, or overcame the terrors of that night.

His widow herself communicated the events here related to a friend of the writer. Mr. E—— was a clergyman of superior talents and extensive acquirements, and perfectly free from any superstitious feelings. There could be no reason to doubt his veracity; his adventure was not the result of imagination, for he was far from his own room at the conclusion of the frightful scene. His melancholy death, in the sequel, proves that he must have been assailed by foes more than merely human. The whole occurrence is enveloped in a mystery, of which we are unable to find a solution.

AUGUSTA BROWN.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—God has sent some angels into the world, whose office is to refresh the sorrow of the poor, and to lighten the eyes of the disconsolate. And what greater pleasure can we have than that we should bring joy to our brother; that the tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little begin to melt into showers and refreshment; this is glory to thy voice and employment fit for the brightest angel.

So I have seen the sun kiss the frozen earth: which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air to tell that joy is within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer; so is the heart of sorrowful man under the discourse of wise comfort; he breaks from despair of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow—he blesses God and He blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but the comforter. God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, and supported orphans, of rejoicing, comforted, and thankful persons.

—Bishop Taylor.

Alas! how unreasonable as well as unjust a thing it is for any to censure the infirmities of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through the mystery of their own. Be assured there can be but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of others; and there can be no safely without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves.

In training the understanding, take care that the mind has a straight and stout stem. Leave flowers of wit and fancy to come by themselves.

EDITORIAL.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1851.

PROSPECTUS.

FOURTH VOLUME.

THE SPIRIT WORLD,

DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSITION OF THE

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE RATIONALE OF ALL THINGS,

NATURAL, SPIRITUAL, DIVINE,
THEIR*Essence, Form, and Use.*

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FOURTH VOLUME.

As one more double number will conclude our present volume, it is time for us to enquire of our kind patrons what they propose to do for the coming year?

The circulation of this paper is larger, at the present time, than ever before; and if we could depend upon the continuance of that patronage which has cheered us thus far in our labors, we might announce this paper as permanently established, and destined to prosper beyond all doubt. And will not each one of our present subscribers renew their subscriptions forthwith? Bear in mind, that this paper is sent to no one whose name is not forwarded to us for each forthcoming volume, *with the pay in advance*. May we not hope, then, that each of our present readers will order the next volume?

Numbers now receive it from their friends who have ordered it and paid for it for

them. Will not these, now, subscribe for the next volume, and thus themselves aid in its circulation? We make these suggestions because some of our subscribers to the first and second volumes, (who neglected to send us the pay with their names, for the second and third volumes,) have written us, desiring to be informed why they did not receive the succeeding volumes! Now, let one and all of our readers know that we shall not send the next volume to any whose names are on our books, who do not expressly order it, with the pay in advance. Send us your name, with the money, and say it is for the fourth volume.

Upon mature reflection, we conclude, in future, to abide by our original Prospectus, and publish the next volume either monthly or as often as the sum total received from subscribers will enable us to do so with safety. On this plan we shall increase the size of the paper just in proportion to the patronage that is afforded for its support.

No periodical, purely scientific, like this, is issued daily or weekly. The subjects to be discussed, and the facts to be detailed in its columns, are of the profoundest interest, and justice cannot be so well rendered them in a weekly paper. They require time and deliberation. Slowness, in opposition to haste or suddenness, is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the laws of Progression. The character of mortals is not formed suddenly. Hence we believe we can make this paper more attractive by lengthening the periods of its publication.

We have the promise of assistance from sources that encourage us to indulge more hope than heretofore. It is now sufficiently manifest that this paper subserves no individual or private interest. And hence it is that gentlemen of well-known and tried integrity and intelligence, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Detroit, and other places, have pledged to me their assistance in elaborating articles and reporting accounts of spiritual manifestations for its columns. In this number are persons long distinguished for their talents and the candor and ability with which they have received and advocated the distinguishing traits of the Harmonial Philosophy, and whose names will be an honor to these columns.

And to these we might add the names of a number of wives, mothers, sisters, benevolent, well informed, good, and true, whose kind assistance has already done much toward making this paper what it has thus far been; and whose aid, we are well assured, will not be withheld for the future.

Thus fairly started upon an investigation more solemn and important than it is possible for human language to describe, and thus assisted by wisdom from above, this paper can but prosper. Its design, and the

means for its accomplishment, are not now to be made known. Having received the smile of approval from those believed to be superior in *Goodness, Justice, and Truth*, we look upon it as the earnest of our prosperity, and with cheerful confidence renew our devotion to the cause we love better far than silver or gold, or all that this world can afford.

CHARACTERISTICS.

When mortals put questions to spirits, we say they are appropriate or not, as may appear from what is assumed or manifest from the relations existing between the parties:

1. When questions are put to children in the spiritual world, in respect to the nature and attributes of the Deity, which are far above the comprehension of adults.—When mortals put such questions to children, they show their own want of wisdom. And we must always bear in mind that spirits, like mortals, may be children in knowledge, though even a hundred years old.

We have received various communications from different places where intercourse is said to be had with spirits, detailing conversations had with "children" in the spiritual world. The most of these conversations are carried on, not by the "sounds," but by the "tippings," (as the movements of the table are called,) which, in most cases, amount to nothing at all, except in so far as they are characteristic of the degrees of spiritual knowledge to which those have arrived who carry on such conversations.

2. When mortals receive or ask for communications from spirits whom they never knew in this world, and of whose identity they can know very little or nothing at all. All authority from **ANALOGY** is against such communications. Indeed, all that has yet come from the spiritual world, when considered as a whole, is against them. And so powerful and so overwhelming is this testimony, that it seems marvelous, indeed, how any intelligent person can be content to receive communications from apocryphal spirits. Look at this one fact: Let any ignorant mortal, (with a certain class of mediums,) ask for any spirit who was distinguished in this world, and he will get an answer purporting to come from such spirit. Hence, how common it has become for mortals in different localities, (who knew no better than to believe all the spirits said,) to get responses purporting to come from Washington, Franklin, St. Paul, St. John, Lorenzo Dow, &c. &c. &c.

When mortals are satisfied with communications from spirits, responding under

these names, and of whose real identity they know just nothing at all, and from the necessities of the case they can know nothing, it must be taken as characteristic of the degree of spiritual discernment to which they have advanced.

3. Inappropriate questions are often put to guardian spirits, properly so called. And in this category we should place nearly all questions, an answer to which would require a present knowledge of this external world.

Reasoning from analogy, we are taught that spirits have done with the external; they inhabit a world that is purely spiritual, and hence their life, their loves, are of the spiritual, not of the external. What if spirits should ask the advice of mortals in respect to the spiritual world? And why not, with as much propriety as mortals do sometimes ask information from departed spirits, of this external world?

We know, indeed, that spirits may be asked to give advice when the information has special reference to the spiritual; as when they give directions for sittings, how they should be held, who should be present, and the like. But when mortals put it upon spirits to DIRECT about commercial affairs, marriage, occupations, preaching sermons, &c., they do thus evince a lamentable want of that "wisdom which is profitable to direct." The mortals who are satisfied to follow advice from spirits, upon these subjects, do thus exhibit the degree of knowledge to which they have advanced, in matters that appertain to another sphere of existence; and if they are so low in the wisdom sphere, what class of spirits are we to suppose such mortals would be likely to attract around them?

We sometimes hear mortals preach sermons which they tell us are "dictated" by spirits; and prayers are offered, papers edited, articles written, under spiritual "dictation," as if such announcements give such performances an additional claim to our confidence. But suppose we admit (as we do) that such things are done by mortals under spiritual dictation, what does it amount to, when it is known that no mortal ever does anything good or bad, but he may be said to have acted under spiritual dictation? The rule seems to be this: the mortal who refers to spirits for his authority for doing his appropriate work, does thereby show how far he falls below the standard of true MANHOOD. He is not *man* enough to think and to act for himself.

Assistance all mortals may need, and no one, however high, will hesitate to acknowledge his dependence upon SUPERIOR WISDOM; but then, however much he may be assisted, when a mortal reaches that degree of perfection or harmony denominated MANHOOD, he thinks, speaks, acts, for him-

self; and least of all does he make an apocryphal spirit in any degree responsible for what he does.

4. As a general rule, we admit that a mortal's manners, or his style of speaking or writing may, and does, unquestionably show the character and class of his *associate* spirits. He may tell us, indeed, that he is under the immediate inspiration of "the circle of prophets and apostles," or of the Infinite God, and then crowd a collection of adjectives together, in the form of a sermon, or attempt to instruct mortals in terms which neither himself or any one else can at all understand. It is characteristic, we admit, both of the mortal and the spirits from whom he receives his "inspiration." Here, for instance, are some more specimens of "apostolic" perspicuity, in the spiritual teachings at Auburn:

"God is Infinity."

And why not say, "God is Immensity?"

"God is Ubiquity?" "God is Inimitability?"

"God is Omniscience?" Such talk subserves one good end—it makes manifest precisely how much the mortals have progressed who are in the constant habit of using it. Here is another, from the same paper, which calls itself "The Spiritual Instructor":

"God exhibited Infinite Wisdom and Power, first in the creation of all Time and Space." "Time, space, and matter were created."

Queries:—How long had God existed before he performed his first act, that of creating time? To whom was his first "exhibition" made, when no one existed but the Being who made it? Out of what was time and space "created?"

But perhaps we should not ask such questions, as it is but too evident that they can never be satisfactorily answered by the "spirits" or the mortals to whom they are put.

A bird is said to be known by its notes, and so is a mortal by his talk. And thus, when we hear one speaking of "the high influence of God's immensity," and the like unmeaning terms, who assumes to be in daily conference with "Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles," it is enough for us to take such talk as characteristic of the source whence it comes. We bring no "railing accusation" against them; we speak no unkind word of them. They are our brothers, seeking goodness and truth, we doubt not, as sincerely as we do ourselves. We desire that they may progress, that they may grow in goodness and a knowledge of the truth, till they reach the full stature of manhood, and have all their senses harmoniously developed to discern the characteristics of Superior Wisdom, after which it is creditable to the most humble in God's universe to aspire.

INFORMATION.

"The Little Boy that died."

How common it is for parents to speak of their children who die, as "lost." "I have lost a child." My spirit-sons have said to me, "Father, dear! speak not of us as lost"—"not lost, but gone before."—Some of our readers, no doubt, have buried the external form of a little boy:

"I miss him when the flowers have come
In the garden where he played;
But I miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died."

Harmony.

That the spiritual world is, in all respects, above the external, and a better world, so to speak, for all, would seem to be manifest from this, that whenever there is discord in the circles for spiritual manifestations, spirits of every grade are repelled, and the manifestations cease.

Discourses by Rev. Stephen Farley.

This is a 12mo., (an extract from which we published last week,) of four hundred pages, on "Theological and Speculative Topics," including the Duty, Religion, and Christianity, the Infallible Church, Depravity, Trinity, the Scripture Records, &c. These Essays appear to have been written in great candor, and evince more than common discernment in the author to distinguish between the real and apparent. This work was prepared for the press by a beloved daughter of the author. It is for sale at the office of the Christian Register, in this city.

"The Diving Rod."

How credulous are certain persons in respect to the reliability of this instrument for finding money hidden in the earth! And even many persons who are intelligent and well-informed on other subjects, evince a confidence in the "diving rod" which the overwhelming lights of science cannot shake.

The "diving rod" may be considered on a par, or nearly so, with the "convulsive jerks" of the mediums, said to be induced by spirits. Certain temperaments are said to be favorable for moving the "diving rod," because they are highly "electrical." Now, we know it to be a fact, that these (so called) highly electrical temperaments, while they will move a "diving rod," will not (whether isolated or not,) eliminate electricity enough to move an electrometer in the least perceptible degree. And hence it is, that credulity will often make "diving rods" work, and so it will cause many things to pass for spiritual which do not

extend beyond the phenomena peculiar to a living nervous organism.

The Next Number.

Our next number may be delayed a little while, but it will be forthcoming in due time.

A Volume.

Twenty-six numbers have heretofore made a volume. But hereafter, as we shall not publish oftener, perhaps, than once a month, (depending on the amount sent in for the fourth volume,) six or twelve numbers will make a volume, depending on the number of pages in each issue.

To Subscribers.

Please to read and remember what is said above, then you will not write us to know why your paper does not come. The next number will be delayed a while, and the first number of the next volume *will not come* to you at all unless you expressly order it, with the pay in advance. And the sooner we hear from one and all of our present subscribers, the better.

New Subscribers.

We believe it to be an easy matter for each of our present readers and subscribers to procure *one* or more new subscribers. And, this done, we will publish this paper as often as may be desired, and will make it twice as large as it is now. What say, friends, will you try?

To Editors.

Will those editors who feel willing to aid us in our labors, have the kindness to publish our prospectus of the fourth volume and call attention to it?

Nervous Phenomena.

Having frequently spoken of nervous phenomena, and cautioned our readers against allowing them to be mixed up with spiritual manifestations, properly so called, it may be proper to explain what we mean.

It is well known to those familiar with the science and experiments of Pathetism, that persons of certain temperaments easily become unconscious or partially so; and when in this abnormal state they may do many things of which they may have no memory at all. Such persons may fall into a state of trance by merely *thinking* about it; and if told that spirits induce the trance, they will believe it. Or when obsessed by spirits, they may make the table move by touching it, (if it tips without touching, then we admit it may be done wholly by spirits,) and without being conscious of having moved the table themselves, they will, of course, believe it was done *wholly* by spirits out of the external body.

Persons who are *susceptible* to spiritual influences being unable to *remember*, does not prove that they did not do certain things. And while it is a good rule to let the spirits out of the body do their own work in their own way, all "mediums" should be sufficiently protected as not to do the spirits' work for them.

Our wish is to allow every manifestation to stand on its own merits. In an investigation of this kind, this is absolutely necessary, if we would ascertain the laws which appertain to the spiritual world.—Love of the marvellous, too much excited, uncapacitates mortals from discriminating between things which, in themselves, are essentially different.

Taunton, Mass.

The cause of the Harmonial Philosophy is on the advance, in this place. A visit there, the present week, made us better acquainted with many congenial friends. They have preaching once in four weeks, from the Rev. E. Smith, a venerable and candid New Churchman, from Swanzev, Mass.

Communion with Angels.

Often, while sitting at the table where this paragraph is now written, have I realized the truthfulness of the following beautiful words:

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes that vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft oppressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

"The Fox Family."

This article, in our last number, was from the Providence Mirror, and not the "Journal," as the compositor made us say. Between these two papers there is a heaven-wide difference.

Mistake Corrected.

In the letter from Bangor, Me., published in our 17th number, the letters "ir" were left off by mistake, from the word "responsibility." It should read, "affirmed his irresponsibility." It amounts to but little, whichever way it may read. There is not a *felon* upon earth but might obtain similar responses from his *associate* spirits. This all must know, who are familiar with the laws of spiritual intercourse.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCIENCE, EDUCATION, HEALTH.

SWEET MEMORIES OF THEE.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

What soft stars are peeping
Through the pure azure sky,
And southern gales sweeping
Their soft breathings by?
Like sweet music pealing
Far o'er the blue sea,
There comes o'er me stealing
Sweet memories of thee.

Like a sweet lute that lingers
In silence alone,
Unswayed by light fingers,
Scarce murmurs a tone;
My young heart resembles
That lute light and free,
Till o'er its cords tremble
Those memories of thee.

The bright rose, when faded,
Flings forth o'er its tomb
Its velvet leaves, laded
With silent perfume;
Thus round me will hover,
In grief or in glee,
Till Life's dream be over,
Sweet memories of thee.

[From the Spirit Messenger.]

PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.

Having freed myself, as I hope, thoroughly and forever from the bias of educational religious training, a few days since I procured and read this far-famed, *world-wide* condemned and anathematized work. So little did I know of his *true* religious belief, that I had previously supposed the author to be an Atheist, and the enemy of all righteousness. But most happily was I disappointed when I found that he "believed in but *one* God," the Infinite Father and Sustainer of the universe, and that the intention of the work was to disabuse the mind of the grossness and imperfection which attaches to a conception of Deity, as viewed through the distorted and repulsive representation of Him given in some portions of the Bible, and not to revile true religion. Said an ancient astronomer, in reference to certain truths he had discovered relative to the solar system, which mankind at the time generally discredited: "The die is cast; the book is written, to be read either *now*, or by *posterity*, I care not which. It may *well* wait a *century* for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer." The "Age of Reason" has waited, and may yet wait for general reading; but when the period fully arrives—when reason shall assume the ascendancy over error, superstition, and prejudice, justice will then be awarded it, and it will then accomplish its inevitable and appropriate mission.

The best comment upon the true character of the work will be its own annun-

cations. We therefore introduce the following quotations from its pages. Alluding to Sampson carrying off the gateposts of Gaza [page 16], "When we contemplate the immensity of that Being who directs and governs the incomprehensible whole, of which the utmost ken of human sight can discern but a part, we ought to feel *shame* at calling such paltry stories the word of God." Page 20—"When I see throughout the greater part of this book [speaking of the Old Testament], scarcely anything but a history of the grossest vices, . . . *I cannot dishonor my Creator by calling it by his name.*" Of special Providences—page 26—"He [man] takes on himself to direct the Almighty what to do, even in the government of the universe; he prays dictatorially; when it is sunshine he prays for rain, and when it is rain he prays for sunshine; he follows the same idea in everything that he prays for; for what is the amount of his prayer but an attempt to make the Almighty change his mind, and act otherwise than he does? It is as if he were to say, 'Thou knowest not so well as I.'—But some, perhaps, will say, 'Are we to have no word of God—no revelation?' I answer, *Yes—there is a word of God—there is a revelation. The word of God is the CREATION we behold; and it is in this word, which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man.*" Page 27—speaking of God—"Do we want to contemplate His power?—we see it in the immensity of Creation. Do we want to contemplate His wisdom?—we see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate His munificence?—we see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth? Do we want to contemplate His mercy?—we see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is?—search not the book called the Scripture, which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called the CREATION." Of "carnal" reason—page 28—"It is only by the exercise of *reason* that man can discover God. Take away that reason, and he would be incapable of understanding anything; and in this case it would be just as consistent to read the book called the Bible to a horse as to a man." Immortality—page 60—"I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to *positive conviction*, that the Power that gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and manner He pleases. . . . And it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have had existence as I now have, before that existence begun."

Coming now to the subject of the Scriptures, on page 90, we find the following strong appeal: "Had the cruel and murderous orders with which the Bible is filled, and the numberless torturing executions of men, women, and children, in consequence of these orders, been ascribed to some friend whose memory you record, you would have glowed with satisfaction at detecting the falsehood of the charge, and gloried in defending his injured fame. It is because ye are sunk in the cruelty

of superstition, or feel no interest in the honor of your Creator, that ye listen to the horrid tales of the Bible, or hear them with callous indifference." Again, page 92—"In the 10th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, an account is given of two baskets full of children's head, seventy in number, being exposed at the entrance of the city; they were the children of Ahab, and were murdered by the orders of Jehu, whom Elisha, the pretended man of God, had anointed to be king over Israel, on purpose to commit this bloody deed, and assassinate his predecessor." Now the author of the "Age of Reason," knowing the unrighteous influence of a blind faith in the infallibility of the Scriptures, was moved, for the sake of the vindication and honor of the holy and righteous Ruler of the universe, to place the matter in its true light; and what friend of the New Philosophy could desire less? Mr. Paine could not have been other than an ardent and devoted lover of justice and truth. The "one God" of Nature and the universe, he most devoutly adored, while the revolting, abhorrent God of the Bible, who is made the author of crime which Nero could not have safely perpetrated, he most thoroughly and heartily despised. In fact, this God of the Jews is no God; it is not as being such that Paine or any one else would consider him. But it is the imaginary, conjured-up being who is made to figure in every species of evil, wickedness, and abomination, as put forth in the Old Testament, and which the theology of the day palms off on its believers, to the death and burial of all in the human breast that would otherwise spring up and bear fruits of love, peace, and harmony, that Paine and every true lover of the great, adored, Supreme God of Creation ought always to expose, that the true God may not be confounded with the mere ideal, unlovely, and unrighteous being which has been so long and blindly worshipped. For myself, were I to hear the nearest and dearest friend I have on earth defamed, scandalized, and traduced, my feeling would then be in *kind*, not in *degree*, as I feel when I hear the supporters of mythology impute to their *fabled* God, as if he were the true God, such wrongs and injustices as their system necessarily sets forth. The "Age of Reason" would be read with interest by all friends of the New Philosophy, and nothing can be more evident, than that it is not within the power of man to refute and overthrow its reasoning.

H. W. R.

THE SHAKERS.

Numbers of this class of people (principally elders,) have visited our family for the purpose of witnessing manifestations from the spiritual world. Responses have been made to them freely and satisfactorily. We are happy to learn that many of this sect, if not all of them, either believe in or are favorably disposed to the doctrine of the eternal progression of the human race.

On the evening of October 29, 1851, some of the Society from New Lebanon,

(referred to below,) were at our house, and attended a sitting, when some of the statements made below (they were not questioned concerning them all,) were confirmed by the spirits:

"In a recent visit to the Shaker community at New Lebanon, N. Y., Messrs. Gordon and Cooley, in connection with their entertaining friends, were favored with many interesting manifestations of spiritual presence. The following notes, written by one of the sisters, relate to an interview with the spirits, held at the North Family, on the 27th of September last:

After considerable rapping, Mr. Cooley inquired if the spirits were ready to communicate. By the assistance of the alphabet and sounds, "Wait to harmonize," was spelled. Next Richard Bushnell's age was given by sounds. Lucy Wright manifested herself—wished all to share her love, and said, "You will have much to cheer you if you are obedient to the spirits." Father Joseph addressed Bro. Frederick Evens thus, "The spirits are at work preparing ground to receive precious seed—and a golden harvest is near; they are at work with many souls who will soon be gathered to the truth, and shall seek wisdom from above. Be ye as a city set upon a hill. Many are called, few chosen; but they do not enter because they neglect the present opportunity. I have visited thee often, my son, and impressed thee with heavenly things. Be obedient," &c. The medium, who was spiritually impressed, turned to Henry Nicholson, and said, "Fear not, my child—thou art chosen by the angels to perform an important mission. Be faithful in thy calling. Thy father we would not grieve, but we desire that the truth he may receive. He is not alone; we often approach in the hours of his retirement. At midnight he is not alone.—Thy mother will soon believe and be gathered to the truth—many spirits there are waiting thy return. The evil say their work's begun—the good say that they are done. Fear not, my boy, you have nought to dread. Holy angels guard thy head." The spirits promised to rap in the evening meeting. A circle of twelve was chosen—others dismissed. A table was moved—raised from the floor—held down, &c., and the ages of two or three individuals were correctly told—Elizabeth Sutton was informed that her mother was present—that she watched over her—and exhorted her to press on in the good way.

On the following Sabbath morning, September 28th, a communication was addressed, as follows, to Susan Calver: Sweet are the delights of harmony and love, my child. There is much harmony and love in heaven. The immortal glory of the spirit-world drives away all evil, and discord is banished from the bright mansions of glory. Think not a mother's love is less in the spirit world than on earth; nay, it is only expanded. My daughter, there is much to retard thy progress here on earth. Be not sad—be not cast down. The mission of thy mother is to cheer thee at this time. She

would fill thy spirit with sweet consolation and love, and pour sweet consoling thoughts into thy mind. Rest not too much on thy companion; he is weary in well doing. He is not submissive, or he would, ere this, have been gathered. We will strive to impress him—and bring him in, if he will yield to the influences of light and love. We see the trouble on thy mind, and strive to cheer and soothe thee. Elizabeth is faithful to thee. She is ever near thee, watching over thee and thy babes. She desires thee to receive our love. Think not, my daughter, thee will always tarry on earth—thee will inhabit a better mansion, if thee is faithful to thy calling. Go on in the right way. Thy friends at home have received impressions and I am laboring with the spirits—and though the work is slow, yet the foundations are sure—and the stone which the builders rejected has now become the head of the corner. Go ye not back into darkness, but receive the faintest rays of light and truth.—*Spirit Messenger*.

MATRIMONY.

It has occurred to us that perhaps the Harmonial Philosophy would assist in fixing on the proper age at which marriage should or should not take place. If it be the greatest good of all, when there is a perfect state of *harmony*, then it cannot be supposed that those marriages are the most happy where there is discord in the ages of the parties. One design of the Infinite, in the institution of marriage, is the procreation and continuance of the human race. And as it is an admitted fact, that the issue of marriages are not generally healthy who are born of parents between whom there is a great difference in the ages, so it follows that such marriages should not be encouraged. Dr. Lugol says that:

"A disproportion between the ages of parents is a cause of hereditary scrofula. In order for a marriage to be judicious, a man should be a few years older than his wife; this condition is necessary, in order that the progeny may be healthy and strong; and if varied from by the father or mother, their children will be feeble."—*Scrof. Diseases*, p. 112.

These remarks have been suggested by the perusal of the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, in Massachusetts, from May 1, 1848, to January 1, 1850. This document is prepared by Dr. Josiah Curtis, of Boston. During the twenty months mentioned above, there are registered in the State, 38,313 births, 10,510 marriages, and 30,595 deaths.

As these statistics may be interesting to our readers, we make a few extracts:

"Age presents, also, quite an interesting topic for consideration. During the twenty months we find marriages among persons of all ages intervening between

13 and 91. The youngest individual married was a female of 13 years, several instances of which occurred. The youngest male was 16, who married a female of 19; the youngest couple was a male of 17 and a female of 14; a male of 20 and another of 25 married each a female of 13; a male of 19, one of 21, and another of 27, married each a female of 14; two males of 25 each, two of 28 each, one of 30, one of 35, and another of 47, married each a female of 15; and a bachelor of 50 married a girl of 19.

Although the male was usually the eldest of the allied couple, yet many instances happened where the reverse obtained; thus we find a male under 20 married a female over 40; a bachelor of 24 married a widow of 42; a bachelor under 35 married a widow over 60; and another bachelor, under 40, married a widow over 75. A female of 18 married the second time, and one of 59 married the fifth time. A male of 30 married the third time. One of 36 and another of 45 married the fourth time each. Among those at later ages in life, we find a male of 81 married a female of 69; but the oldest couple married were Mr. Calvin Kilborn, of Princeton, and Mrs. Susan Saunders, at the respective ages of 91 and 70. He is a farmer, in good health, of sprightly habits and good mental faculties, still remembering the scenes and incidents of travel which he experienced in 1777, when he went as a fifer at the Bennington Alarm. It seems worthy of notice, that in this office, and almost side by side, are the official records of Mr. Kilborn's enlistment in Captain John White's company, which marched to Bennington, in July, 1776, and also of his marriage in November, 1848, more than three score and ten years having intervened the interesting events. He has always been able to do the work on his farm, to the present time, with but little assistance.

TEACHING IDIOTS.

Dr. S. G. Howe, one of the Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1846, to "inquire into the condition of the idiots in the Commonwealth, and to ascertain whether any thing can be done in their behalf," has submitted the annual report of the Commissioners to the Governor, detailing the success of the experiment the past year. It will be remembered that about a year since we published a full abstract of Dr. Howe's report, made at the time, embracing a history of the movement for the relief of these unfortunate beings, from its first inception. The report now before us chronicles the success of these humane labors for another year, and will be read with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction and gratitude by every true-hearted philanthropist. After stating briefly the end and aim of the labor and expense bestowed upon this unfortunate class—which is not only to train and develop, as much as possible, the feeble intellectual powers of the idiot, but also to call out and strengthen the dormant or feeble capacities of every part of his nature; to impart to him some useful knowledge,

and to make him cleanly, decent, temperate, and industrious, Dr. Howe adds: "I am happy to be able to state that these hopes and expectations have been fulfilled. Among the children taken and kept under instruction and training, several, who were in a state of hopeless idiocy, have gained some really useful knowledge; most of them have become cleanly, decent, docile, and industrious, and all of them are happier and better in consequence of the efforts made in their behalf."

The number of pupils received into the School under the provisions of the State appropriation, is seventeen; of these, seven have been discharged as being improper subjects with which to test the experiment. Beside the ten remaining State beneficiaries, eight private pupils have been received, five of whom still remain. The course of training and instruction pursued has been a plain but plentiful diet, abundant sleep, cold bathing followed by friction, walking and running in the open air, and gymnastic exercises, for giving muscular strength and activity. Special care and attention has also been given to bring out and to train the feeble mental faculties of the pupils by simple exercises, adapted to the purpose.

The report, speaking of the success which has attended this course of instruction, says: "Most of these youths were, three years ago, in an utterly hopeless condition of idiocy. Some of them sat or lay in drivelling impotency, unable to do anything but swallow the food that was given them. They were void of speech and understanding; they were filthy in their persons and habits, and given to debasing practices. They were unable to dress themselves, or sit at table and feed themselves. They passed their time in idleness, without a thought or an effort for bettering their deplorable condition. Some of them were noisy and destructive in their habits.

A great change has now come over them. They have improved in health, strength, and activity of body. They are cleanly and decent in their habits. They dress themselves, and, for the most part, sit at table and feed themselves. They are gentle, docile, and obedient. They can be governed without a blow or an unkind word. They begin to use speech, and take great delight in repeating the words of simple sentences which they have mastered. They have learned their letters, and some of them, who were as speechless as brutes, can read easy sentences and short stories."—*Boston Journal*.

The following brilliant sentiment, by Canning, was used as a motto of the London Mechanic's Magazine:

"One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them is obliterated; and like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations."

Fanaticism is the child of bigotry and the parent of intolerance.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

THE FLYING ARTIST.

Last Christmas-eve, in Paris, five of us were collected, after dinner, round a roaring fire, half wood, half charcoal. For some time the conversation was general enough. We spoke of England and of an English Christmas. The magic spell of the fireside was felt, and the word "home," hung on the trembling lip of all; for we were in a foreign land; we were all English, save one. There was a lawyer, the most unlawyer-like man I ever knew, a noble-hearted fellow, whom to know is to like; there was a poet, of an eccentric order of merit, whose love of invective, bitter satire, and intense propensity to hate—whose fantastic and Germanic cast of philosophy will ever prevent his succeeding among rational beings; then there was an artist, a young man well known in the world, not half so much as he deserves, if kindness of soul could ever make a man famous; there was Citizen Karl Herwitz, as he loved to be called; lastly, myself. I had been speaking of some far off land, relating some personal adventure; and with commendable modesty, feeling that I had held possession of the chair quite long enough, paused for a reply.

"Tell us your adventures at the Court of Konningen," said the poet, standing up to see that his hair hung tastefully around his shoulders, addressing, at the same time, Karl, and mentioning the name of one of the smaller German States. "I have heard it before, but it will be new to the rest, and I promise them a rich treat."

"Ah!" sighed the German, with a huge puff at his long pipe; "that was an adventure—or rather a whole string of adventures. I have told it several times, but, if you like, I will tell it again."

All warmly called on the German to keep his promise. After freshly loading his pipe, he drew his arm-chair closer to the fire, settled his feet on the *chenets*, and began his narrative in a quaint and strange English, which I shall not seek to copy:—

"I had spent all my money. I had sold all my property. There remained nothing but a little furniture in my house, which was in a quiet retired quarter of the town; but then I had completed a machine, and sent it for the approval of the Minister of the interior, who promised to purchase it for the government. I now looked forward with delight to a long career of success, and saw the completion of my flying machine in prospect. On this I depended, and still depend, for fame, reputation, and fortune.

"I had then a good wife and four children; she is dead now." The German paused, puffed away vigorously at his pipe, and tried to hide his emotion from our view by enveloping himself in smoke.

"I was naturally impatient for some result," he continued, when his face became once more visible. "I used to go every day to the Minister, and wait in the ante-chamber, with other suitors, for my turn. Weeks passed, and then months, and yet it never came. But we must all eat, and six months are not fed for nothing. We had no resources save our clothes and our furniture. My clothes

were needed to go out with, so the furniture went first. One article was sold, and the produce applied by my careful wife to the wants of the family. We had come to that point when food is the only thing which must be looked on as a necessity. We lived hardly indeed. Bread, and a little soup, was all we ever attempted to indulge in.

"Six months passed without any change for the better. I went to the Minister's every day; sometimes I saw him, and sometimes I did not. He was always very polite, bowed to me affably, said my machine was under consideration, should be reported on immediately, and passed on his way. It was the dead of winter. Every article of furniture was now gone, my wife and children not having gone out for two months for want of clothes. We huddled together, for warmth, on two straw mattresses, in the corner of an empty room, without table, without chairs, without fire. Catherine had nothing to wear but an old cotton gown and one under garment. We had not eaten food for a day and a night, when I rose in the morning to go to the Minister's. I felt savage, irate, furious. I thought of my starving, and perishing family, of the long delay which had taken place in the consideration of my machine. I compared the luxurious ease of the Minister with my own position, and was inclined to do some desperate act. I think I could have turned conspirator, and have overthrown the Government. I was already half a misanthrope.

"When I entered the Minister's ante-chamber I placed myself, as usual, near the stove. I kept away from the well-dressed mob as much as possible. They were solicitors, it is true, and humble enough, some of them; but then they had good coats on, smart uniforms, polite boots, and came, perhaps, in carriages. I came on foot, clad in a long frock, reaching almost to my heels, patched in several places; with trowsers so darned about the calves as to be almost falling to pieces; with boots which were absolutely only worn for looks, for they had no soles to them. My hat, too, was a dreadful looking thing. This day, being faint with hunger, and pinched by the cold, the heat of the room overcame me, and I grew dizzy. I am sure I knew nothing of what passed around. I saw my wife and children, through a misty haze, starving with hunger and cold. A basket full of logs of wood lay beside my knee. Reckless, wild, not caring who saw me, I took a thick log, huddled it under my frock, and went away. I passed the porter's lodge unseen; I was in the open air; I was proud, I was happy. I had stolen a log of wood; and my children would have a fire for one day.

When I got home I went to bed. I was feverish and ill; wild shapes floated round me; I saw the officers of justice after me; I beheld a furious mob chasing me along interminable fields; and on every hedge, and every tree, and every house, and every post, I read, in large letters, the word "thief." It was evening when I awoke. I looked around for some minutes without moving or speaking; a delicious fragrance seemed to fill the air,

a fire blazed on the hearth, and round it huddled my wife and children, sitting on logs of wood. I rubbed my eyes. The presence of these logs seemed to convince me that I still dreamed. But there was an odor of mutton broth, which was too real to be mistaken.

"Catherine," said I, "why, you seem to have some food."

"All came rushing to my bedside, mother and children. They scarcely spoke; but one brought a basin of broth, another a hunch of bread, another a plate of meat and potatoes, which had been kept hot before the fire. I was too faint and sick to talk. I took my broth slowly. Never did food prove a greater blessing. Life, reason, courage, hope, all seemed to return, as mouthful by mouthful I swallowed the nourishing liquid. It spread warmth and comfort through every fibre of my frame. When I had taken this I ate the meat, and vegetables, and bread, without fear. While I did so, my wife, sending the children back to the fireplace, told me in a whisper how she had procured such unexpected subsistence. It seems that scarcely had I got home, and, after flinging my log on the ground, rushed to bed, when a knock came to the door. Catherine went to answer it. A man of middle age entered. He gave a hurried glance around, seemed to shudder at its emptiness, looked at the next room through the open door, saw that it was as bare as the other, turned his eyes away from the crouching form of my half-dressed wife, and spoke:

"Have you any children?"

"Four," said Catherine, tremblingly; but still answering at once, so peremptory was the tone of the stranger.

"How long have you been in this state?"

"Six months."

"Your husband is Karl Herwitz, the mechanist?"

"He is, sir."

"Well, madam, please to tell him that I recognized him as he came out of the Minister's of the Interior, and, noticing what he clutched with such wild energy, followed him here. Tell him I am not rich, but I can pay my debts. I owe him the sum contained in this purse. I am happy to pay it."

"And did he owe it to you?" said I, anxiously.

"No," replied Karl; "he had never seen me or heard of me before. Generous Englishman! I shall never forget him. I found out afterwards that he was a commercial traveller, with a large family and a moderate income. On what he left we lived a month, by exercising strict economy. I did not go to the Minister's for several days. I feared some one might have seen me, and I was bowed by shame. But at last I mustered courage, and presented myself at the audience. I was, as usual, totally unnoticed, and resumed my wretched dangle in the ante-chamber, as usual. The result was always the same. Generally I caught a glimpse of the Minister, but when I did it was eternally the same words. Meanwhile time swept rapidly by, and soon my misery was as great as ever. My children, who, during the past month, had

recovered a little their health and looks, looked pale and wan again. I was more shabby, more dirty, more haggard and starved-looking than ever. Once again I went out, after our all being without food for twenty-four hours. I knew not what to do. I walked along the street, turning over every possible expedient in my mind.

"Suddenly I saw, on the opposite side of the way, a lieutenant belonging to the regiment I had quitted. He had been my intimate friend, but so shabby was I, that I sought to avoid him. He saw me, however, and, to my surprise, hurried across and shook me heartily by the hand. I could scarcely restrain tears; so sure was I in my present state, to be cut by even old friends. But, in my worst troubles, something has always turned up to make me love and cherish the human heart.

"My poor Karl," said he, "the world uses you badly."

"Very," said I: and in a few words I told my story.

"My dear Karl," he exclaimed, when I had concluded, "I was going to ask you to dine with me on what I have left. I am come up to claim a year's arrears of pay, and have been sent back with a free passage and promises. But I have a little silver, and, as I said, meant to ask you to devour it. But after what you have told me, will you share my purse with me for your wife and children's sake?" And he pulled out a purse containing about the value of five shillings English, forced me to take half, shook me heartily by the hand, and hurried away to escape my thanks.

"Home I rushed with mad eagerness, a loaf in one hand, the rest of the money in the other. My poor wife once more could give food to her little ones. On the morning of the third day after I had obtained this little help, I lay in bed, ruminating. I was turning over in my mind every possible expedient by which to raise enough money to go on with, a brief time, until my machine was really decided on by the Government. Suddenly I sat up in my bed and addressed my wife:

"How much money have you got left, Catherine?"

"She had threepence of your money.

"Can you manage with your loaf of bread, then, and three-halfpence for to-day?"

"I have often managed on less," said she.

"Then give me three-halfpence to take out with me.

"But what are you going to do? We may have nothing to-morrow, and then the three-halfpence will be missed.

"Give!" said I, rather sternly, reflecting, as I was, on my scheme. Be assured it is for our good.

"My poor wife gave me the money with a very ill grace, but without another word; and rising, I went out. When in the street, I directed my footsteps towards the outskirts. They were soon reached. I halted before a tavern frequented wholly by workmen, and going into the public room, called for a *choppe* of beer. I had purposely chosen my position. Before me was a handsome, neat-

ly dressed young workman, who, like all his companions, was smoking and drinking beer. Quietly, without saying a word, I drew out a small note-book and a drawing pencil. I was then considered a very good artist; but had only used my pencil to sketch models. But now I sketched the human face with care and anxiety. Presently, as my pencil was laid down, a man sitting next to me peeped over my shoulder.

"Why!" he cried, "that's Alexis, to the life."

"How so?" said the man I had been sketching, holding out his hand, into which I put my note-book.

"Good!" cried he, while a smile of satisfaction covered his face. "Will you sell this? I should like to keep it."

"I will sell it if you like, replied I, as quietly as I could, though my heart was nigh bursting with excitement.

"How much?"

"I knew my man, and asked but six shillings, three-pence, which the workman gladly paid, while five others followed his example at the same price. I went home a proud and happy man, with my thirty-six pence of copper. Would you believe it? that was the commencement of a long and prosperous career, which lasted until the Revolution of 1848 threw me back again. Six months after, I received a thousand florins for a portrait in oil of the Grand Duchess of B—; and about the end of the same year I drove up to the hotel of the Minister of the Interior in a splendid carriage, a gentleman by my side; it was the English commercial traveller.

"We had a letter of audience, and were admitted at once. The Minister rose, and after a warm greeting, requested us to be seated. We took chairs.

"My dear Herwitz," said the Minister, a little, bowing, smirking man, "what can I do for you? Glad to see you doing so well. The Grand Duchess says wonders of you. I will have the committee on your machine."

"I beg your pardon, said I, but I have come to request your written order for its removal. I have sold it to the English house represented by this gentleman.

"Its removal!" cried the astonished Minister; "but it is impossible. So excellent an invention should not pass into the hands of foreigners."

"So I thought, replied I, coldly, when for nine months I waited daily in your ante-chamber, with my family starving at home. But it is now sold. My word is my bond.

"The Minister bit his lip, but made no reply. He took up a sheet of paper and wrote the order for removal. I took it, bowed stiffly, and came away."

We all heartily thanked the old German for his narrative. Since the Revolution, and the consequent impossibility of selling his machines in Germany, he has come to Paris and taken to portrait painting once more. His perseverance and endurance are untiring. His wife died long since, and he is like a mother to his four girls;—all of whom are most industrious and devoted. He still believes in his flying machine; but, for the sake of his parental love, his hard-work-

ing head and fingers—for the sake of his goodness of soul, his eccentricities, he must be forgiven for this invincible credulity.

None can fail to admire the original dreamer when he is also a practical worker; while few will be willing to patronize the mere visionary, who is always thinking and never doing.

MARSTON MOOR.

[A SPECIMEN OF SECTARIAN CHRISTIANITY.—Ed.]

The evening set in with ominous gloom: the Puritans, who had wrought themselves up to a belief that heaven was in strict league with their generals, were persuaded that the impending darkness was God's visible frown upon their enemies; they hailed the storm with grim joy; especially that dark and terrible mass of iron-clad men on the far left, who watch for Cromwell's battle-word.

A loud hymn of triumph and denunciation rose among the Roundhead's ranks, and Rupert ordered prayers to be read at the same time, to each regiment along his line. I know not how Goring and his brother reprobates conducted themselves in this solemn prayer time; but sure I am that Rupert was no hypocrite, and that the most reckless of his wild Cavaliers did not follow him less cheerily because his battle-cry was prefaced by a prayer.

Still deeper and gloomier fell the evening, and closer and murkier was the air, as the thunder of the skies was more and more frequently echoed by the artillery where Cromwell was, upon the far left, among the guns. At length the whole of the dark masses on either side seemed to catch fire from that flame, and bright and loud and far the artillery flashed, and the musketry sparkled along those formidable ranks. Then Rupert darted away to the head of his Cavaliers, who had hitherto kept the enemy at a distance by musketry placed among their ranks. At the same moment, Byron, unable to restrain himself, led forth his cavalry from their strong position, and before he could get them into order for a charge, Cromwell and Crawford were upon them with the Ironsides and Manchester's cavalry; sweeping round the ditch, they cleared the range of the royal guns, and came upon the disordered Cavaliers upon fair ground, driving desperately into the midst of them. In a moment all was wild and terrible confusion there. But already Rupert and his fiery chivalry were among the Covenanting Scots upon the left, bursting at once into the very heart of their fierce and solemn host, scattering them like spray before some storm-driven ship, and plunging still onward to the front of their reserve. One moment's pause,—one more wild shout and charge,—and his life-guard are amongst them now. No pause—no mercy—scarcely resistance is found among them there.—The whole mass, pursuers and pursued, sweeps by to yonder hill; the thundering hoofs, the ringing armor, the maddening shouts, the quick, sharp, frequent shot, are scarcely heard.

Nor was Goring idle then; it was at times like this, that this dauntless villain

half redeemed his vices by his valor.—The Scottish foot falter before his daring charge: his desperadoes are up to their very pikes, and within them now. The ground is carpeted with bloody tartans, as the Cavaliers press on through their tumultuous route, and hew down the fugitives by scores. They are gone, and with them their pursuers; and two thirds of the field is won.

But the battle rages still fiercely on the centre of the royal line, now assailed by the left wing of the enemy: there Briton meets Briton hand to hand and foot to foot; every pike is thrust home, and every musket levelled low; and the "very air seems all on fire," and the ear is deafened with the roaring of artillery," and the shouts, and shrieks, and curses of conquering and dying men. Leslie now comes galloping up with his reserve, and falls upon the masses already smitten by Cromwell's furious horse. The Irish horse are slain or prisoners, to a man. Their foot have retired towards York, and are rallied there by General King, and the conquerors sweep on, like a foaming torrent, to where Newcastle's brave yeomen still (and alone) stand firm; firmly as their own sea-girt rocks, those gallant Englishmen received the shock. Again and again the fiery fanatics rush upon their planted pikes, and receive their steady fire. Many a brave Yorkshireman lies crushed and writhing before every charge, but still their narrowing ranks are firm and dauntless as before. And now their own guns are turned upon them by Cromwell's artillerymen, and between each charge of cavalry the iron storm makes fearful chasms in their column. But still they stood. Before the mettled steed could reach their line, it was compact again: they fell, to a man, on the spot where the gallant Cavendish first planted them!

And now the conquerors on either side have done their work, and have time to rally and breathe, and look around them; each moving to regain the battle ground. When lo! as if starting from the dead, each victor meets another, returning from the slaughter of his enemies to claim the victory. Then came the severest trial of the day. Each occupied the ground his enemy had covered when the fight began: and through the lurid and sulphurous shades of approaching night was seen the gleaming armor of another hostile line. Then it was that Rupert's followers failed him: the high and sparkling mettle of his Cavaliers, consuming all before it in the first outbreak, fainted now before the sustained flame of fanaticism that burned in the Puritans' excited hearts.—Still Rupert strove to rally his panting and exhausted troops; still his loud battle cry, "For God and for the King!" rose above the din; but he no longer found an echo to that cry. The Puritans galloped up to his Cavaliers and met with scarcely an antagonist; "their enemies were scattered before them," as they too truly said. Away over the broken ground and dismounted guns and shattered carriages, the Cavaliers are flying through the darkness, and leave the bloodily-contested field to the Puritans and Cromwell.—*Warburton.*

PLUMBAGO AND FELDSPAR.

At a recent meeting of the Natural History Society of New Jersey, it was stated by Dr. Kitchell, of the Newark Wesleyan Institute, that during a recent tour through Morris County he had observed some curious facts connected with a locality of plumbago discovered by himself in that county. This locality is one of very considerable extent and richness, being a granular variety, mingled with a considerable proportion of feldspar. This vein of plumbago and feldspar is situated among the usual primitive rocks of the region, granite and gneiss. The feldspar of this vein is of that variety known as potash feldspar, and is of a very decomposable nature, being readily acted upon by the frost and other atmospheric agencies, so that its tendency is to form a soil; as the graphite is set free by the decay of the feldspar, it also disintegrates and becomes more susceptible to decomposing agencies. The result of these operations has been the production of a bed of soil all along the line of this vein, the character of which is highly fertile and productive, yielding a much larger crop without the addition of manure, than other lands not on this vein when supplied with an ordinary quantity. These facts have also contributed to increase the value of the land for crops; it brings nearly double what lands not on the vein will bring.

Plumbago (Graphite, *Black Lead*) consists of nearly pure carbon; when crystallized, in its massive state, it often contains a portion of iron, amounting sometimes to four and five per cent.—it may, however, be practically set down as carbon. This carbon is, owing to its compact state, almost insoluble, and until reduced to a very extreme state of division, it may be said to be inert in the soil, acting only mechanically as a loosener, but as soon as sufficiently fine, a new series of actions commences; it begins to exhibit itself as carbon, absorbing and retaining ammonia, carbonic acid, and other fertilizing gases resident in the atmosphere. Acting thus, its value as an active manure is only limited by the degree of fineness in which it is applied, as must be evident to all who bestow upon it a moment's serious consideration. Another advantage of any form of carbon in soil, and one peculiarly conferred by this substance, is that property (so often overlooked by practical men) which black surfaces possess of absorbing heat from the sun's rays. Heat and light are both powerful aids to chemical action, and when we consider the life of plants is but a continued series of these actions, we at once perceive the utility of a warm soil, and also of any substance calculated to bestow this property upon a cold one.—Plumbago is eminently adapted to secure this effect, from its well known and powerfully blackening properties, a very small proportion sufficing to communicate a dark color to soil. Its usefulness in this and other respects, together with its abundance in the northern and western sections of this state, should prove an inducement for farmers to use it on their farms. As a divisor for manures, it might be advantageously employed where muck

or charcoal hearths cannot be obtained: for this purpose, however, it would have to be ground fine.

The feldspar occurring with this plumbago, is also a useful mineral. Feldspar consists, according to Rose, of

	Parts.
Silica, or sand,	66
Alumina, (clay)	18
Potash,	14
Lime,	1
Oxide of Iron,	1
	100

The proportion of silica and alumina in this mineral are very nearly those required to form a suitable soil for use, but its chief excellence consists in the large proportion of potash which it contains.

The green sand deposits of Monmouth County have long been noted for their effects produced through the agency of the potash which they contain. The usefulness of this feldspar, judging from its composition, promises to equal that of the green sand. Its proportion of potash, in many specimens, is greater, and its decomposition quite as rapid, while its abundance is equal to the largest demand. The northern counties of the State, owing to the want of railroads connecting them with Monmouth, have been unable to supply themselves with potash from this source, the green sand. The application of feldspar will at once supply the deficiency, forming a cheap and ready source of potash, furnished in large quantity at their own doors.

To the wheat lands of Sussex and Warren Counties, this manure would be peculiarly acceptable; they are short of potash, although provided, to a sufficient extent, with the other inorganic constituents of this crop.

Many of the farms of Morris County are short of organic matter; on such lands, farmers should be cautious how they apply this or any other highly alkaline manure, lest by its stimulating property they cause its premature exhaustion. Portions of their peat swamps must occasionally be returned to the land, in order that the potash may not be permitted to expend its caustic powers upon the organic contents of their soil, for organic matter may be exhausted by the use of any other alkali, as well as by lime.—*Working Farmer.*

SUBLIME TRUTH.—Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification, while at the same time God is not at in his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden; let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, and truth—this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty than the other in his riches; the one is little higher than the beast, the other but a little lower than an angel.

By good nature, half the miseries of human life may be assuaged.

GUTTA PERCHA.

THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY'S NEWLY DISCOVERED MODE OF DISCHARGING GUNPOWDER.—On Monday, some interesting experiments were tried at the Gutta Percha Company's Works, Wharf-road, City-road, for the purpose of demonstrating the means by which this extraordinary production may be applied to the operation of discharging gunpowder. A galvanic battery was connected with upwards of fifty miles of copper wire covered with gutta percha, of the thickness of an ordinary black lead pencil. This wire, which was formed into coils, and which has been prepared for the projected submarine telegraph, was attached to an old barge moored in the canal alongside the manufactory, the coils being so fixed together (although the greater portion of them were under water,) as to present an uninterrupted communication with the battery to a distance limited at first to fifty-seven miles, but afterwards extended to seventy. A "cartridge," formed with a small hollow roof of gutta percha, charged with gunpowder, and having an intercommunicating wire attached, was then brought into contact with the electric current. The result was, that a spark was produced, which, igniting the gunpowder, caused an immediate explosion, similar to that which would arise from the discharge of a small cannon. The same process was carried out in various ways, with a view of testing the efficient manner in which the gutta percha had been rendered impervious to wet, and in one instance the fuze or cartridge was placed under water. In this case, the efficiency of the electric agency was equally well demonstrated by the explosion of the gunpowder at the moment the necessary "contact" was produced; and by way of showing the perfect insulation of the wire, an experiment was tried, which resulted in the discharge of the fuze three seconds after the connection with the battery had been broken.

This feature in the experiment was especially interesting, from the fact of its removing all difficulty and doubt, as to whether the gutta percha would so far protect the wires, as to preserve the current of electricity under the most disadvantageous circumstances. The experiments were altogether successful, as showing, beyond all question, that the properties of gutta percha and electricity combined, are yet to be devoted to other purposes than that of establishing a submarine telegraph. The blasting of a rock, the destruction of a fortification, and other operations which require the agency of gunpowder, have often been attended with considerable danger and trouble, besides involving large outlays of money; but it may be truly said, that the employment of electricity, in the manner described, is calculated to render such operations comparatively free from difficulty.

Amongst the company present on this occasion, was Sir Charles Pasley, who took a warm interest in the proceedings, and expressed himself much gratified at the result.—*London Mark Lane Express.*

NEEDLE MANUFACTORY.—The New-ark Advertiser says the only needle manufactory in this country is in that city—established by a gentleman from Manchester, Eng. The manner of making needles is described as very interesting—some sixteen different processes being necessary for their completion. The wire from which they are made is imported from England. It is cut into lengths sufficient for two needles each, and after being rubbed straight, they are pointed upon a stone, at the rate of one hundred per minute. They are then stamped with impressions preparatory for the eyes, which are punched by a press, at the rate of fifty a minute, and then strung upon wires and placed in another machine to be filed and fashioned into the form of needles. The hardening is now done by a hot furnace, and they are afterwards tempered, straightened, and gathered into bunches of about fifty thousand each, which are saturated with oil and emery, tied in a cloth and placed in a trough with a heavy plank moving backward and forward over them; so that after some nine days' chafing in this manner, they are relieved of imperfections, and rendered smooth enough for the final polishing. The temper is then taken out of the eyes, and they are drilled to prevent their cutting the thread.

EFFECTS OF RAILROADS ON AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.—The effects of railroads in modifying the agriculture of different sections, is illustrated by the example of Massachusetts. Since 1840, about eight hundred miles of railroad have been laid in that State. According to the returns of the assessors, it appears that the number of horses in the State has increased from 60,030 to 74,060, in 1850. This is remarkable, especially when we consider the fact that the railroads have displaced many lines of stages on which numerous horses were employed; and it shows, also, that the increase of business occasioned by the railroads, gives employment to an increased number of horses. From the same returns we learn that cattle have increased from 278,737 in 1840, to 299,600 in 1850, while in the same period, sheep have declined from 343,390 to 179,537. The produce of wheat has declined from 101,178 bushels to 28,487, while Indian corn has increased from 1,775,073 bushels in 1840, to 2,295,856 bushels in 1850.—*American Artisan.*

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