



1835. Horse Radish

		Dr.		Cr.	
		\$	¢	\$	¢
Feb. 10	To 1 Gross Junk Bottles (pr G. K. L.)	9	50		
" 27	By Cash, for amt. Sold			15	79 1/2
Apr. 17	To 2 1/2 Gross Junk Bottles @ 10.00 c pr gross	25	00		
" 18	By Cash for Amt. Sold			46	20
" 24	To 2 doz. Claret Bottles @ 5/- pr doz.	1	25		
" "	By Cash for Amt Sold			58	73
" 28	" Cash " " "			13	75
May 1	To 26 doz. Claret Bottles @ 4/6 pr doz	14	62 1/2		
" "	" 1 doz. Champagne d. @ 8/-	1	00		
" "	" 7 Flock Bottles @ 1/6 ea		43		
" "	" 4 Small d. @ 1/3 ea		12 1/2		
" "	" 1 Box @ 3/- 1 @ 2/- & 4 @ 1/-	1	12 1/2		
" "	" 7 Baskets @ 2/-	1	75		
" "	By Cash for Amt Sold			43	00
Aug. 5	" d. " " "			15	25
Sept. 20	To 1 Gross Champagne Bottles @ 10.00	10	00		
Oct 23	" 15 doz. Junk Bottles (pr G. K. L.)	12	50		
" "	" 1 Basket @ 2/-		25		
" "	" Parker & his boys digging Horse Radish	8	25		
" 30	By Cash for Amt Sold			1	33
" 31	To printing 500 Advertisements	4	37 1/2		
Nov. 17	" 4 pair Goggles @ 5/-	2	50		
" 20	" Bottles for Horseradish	39	49		
" "	Rec. for Horse Radish			204	00
" 24	Bot 14 1/2 doz. Bottles @ amt.	2	40		

Hull & Bentley

January 1836.

Jan. 15	Expense of carrying to Market.	2	00		
" 15	By cash, for amt. Sold			244	33
Feb. 6	To 565 bottles @ 6.00 pr Gross	24	05		
" "	5 Doz. small 1/6 pr doz - -		9 1/2		
" "	Expences after bottles...	5	65		
April, 21	6 hands and two Teams after Horse Radish one day	6	00		
Albany 25	Bot 17 dozen Wine Bottles of R & D @ 6/-	12	75		
" "	" 1 Crate & 2 Barls at 4/-		50		
" "	" 12 dozen Claret Bottles @ 6/- of S & Shaw	9	00		
		219	54	642	30 1/2

1836		Horse Radish	Dr		Cr	
			\$	¢	\$	¢
April 29	Bot 12 doz Wine Bottles a 6/ of H R & Co		9	00		
" "	" " Claret " 4/ of do		3	50		
" "	" 2 gross Corks at 4/ per gross, 5 out Box a 2/		1	25		
May 29	" 13 1/2 dozen Wine Bottles a 6/ of W & Lox Box 4/		10	63		
" "	To Cash for Horseradish				29	33
" "	Expences in going to market		5	00		
" "	" For digging horseradish		3	00		
May 5 <sup>th</sup>	To Cash for Horseradish				110	00
September 9	Bot of Bentley 120 Claret Bottles, at 5 cents per Bottle		6	00		
" 15	One thousand feet of boards for Boxes		6	50		
" 9	Expence of getting		2	00		
" 21	Bot Bottles to the amount of		24	65		
" "	To 7 gross of Corks at 1/5 cents pe gross		6	00		
" "	Expences out		4	00		
" 30 <sup>th</sup>	To Bottles by Benjamin Lyon,		34	68		
" "	Expences out,		1	40		
" "	Horses and waggon 12/ per day,		3	00		
October 5	To Bottles by Benjamin Lyon		2	09		
" "	Pay cash for amt sold				2	50
" "	Expences out		1	33		
" 21	Ames digging Horseradish			50		
" "	I with 2 Boys digging 2 days		2	50		
" "	One hired Man digging			50		
" 30	Two hired Men two days		2	00		
November 20	Expence of carrying 5 loads out		15	00		
" "	Expence of preparing for market					
" "	1/2 hundred Bottles of Horseradish		20	00		
" "	Bot 9 dozen and 5 claret Bottles		5	03		
Dec 5	" 3 Gross Bottles @ \$7.00		21	00		
" "	" 5 Boxes @ 2/-		1	25		
" "	Sold Horse Radish @ amt				351	72
1837						
May 22	Rec <sup>d</sup> in N. York for Horse Radish				20	00
" "	Bot Bottles @ amt.		7	00		
Aug <sup>t</sup> 19	Rec <sup>d</sup> in Poughkeepsie for H. Radish				19	50
Amt. carried up			198	81	533	05

1837		Horse Radish acct.		Dr		Cr	
		\$	¢	\$	¢	\$	¢
		Amt brought up -		198	01	533	05
		Amt brought from page 1. <sup>st</sup>		219	54	642	38½
June	Rec <sup>d</sup> from Boston					102	30
Nov 7 <sup>th</sup>	4 Doz Claret Bottles 4/6	2	25				
" "	To 6 Grogs of Corks - 4/6	3	39				
" 12 <sup>th</sup>	Rec <sup>d</sup> in N York for Horse Radish					168	39
" "	Expence for Selling the same	13	00				
" "	For phrate of Horse Radish - - -	10	00				
" "	Rec <sup>d</sup> for Horse Radish -					7	25
1838							
Aug 18 <sup>th</sup>	To Bottles - - - - -	26	00				
" "	Expense for same - - -	8	00				
Oct 26	" hands ½ day digging Horse radish @ 50¢ pr day - - -	3	00				
Nov. 9.	To preparing for market 1180 bottles of Horse radish. - - - - -	25	31				
" 14.	To carting horse radish to the river - -	10	00				
Dec 1 <sup>st</sup>	" Expense to New York selling horse radish - - - - -	22	45				
" "	By Horse Radish sold in new York					396	42½

1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

1857

1858

1859

1860

1861

1862

# The Godhead.

113" And God said, Let us make  
Gen. 1:26, 27. <sup>26, 27</sup>likeness: - And so God created  
man in His own image, in the  
image of God created He him,  
male & female created He them:

From this, it  
is evident that  
the Godhead con-  
sists of both male  
& female.

12" Have ye not read, that He  
Matt. 9: which made them at the begin-  
ning, made them male & female.

1" That which may be known of  
God, is manifest in the world (man-  
kind) for God hath shewed it un-  
to them. For the invisible things

Rom. 1: of Him from the creation of the  
19, 20. world are clearly seen, being un-  
derstood by the things that are made,  
even His eternal power & Godhead.

1" For God created man to be im-  
Wis. 2: mortal, I made him to be an  
23. - image of His own eternity.

1" Wisdom hath builded her house  
Prov. 9:1. she hath hewn out her seven pil-  
lars:



# Wisdom

For Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me: for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good. Kind to man, steadfast, sure free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, & going thro all understanding, pure & most subtil spirits. For wisdom

Wisd. 7: is more moving than any motions

22-28 she passeth & goeth thro all things by

& 8:3,4. reason of her pureness. For she is

the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty; therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.

For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness. For

God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom. — In

that she is conversant with God,

she magnifieth her nobility: yea,

the Lord of all things himself

loved her; for she is privy to the

mysteries of the knowledge of God,

& a lover of His works.

Doth not wisdom cry? she

crieth at the gates, at the entry

of the city, at the coming in at

the doors: Unto you, O men,

I call; & my voice is to the sons

of man; for my mouth shall



8  
speak truth: All the words of my  
mouth are righteousness; there is no  
thing froward or perverse in them.

The Lord possessed me in the begin-  
ning of His way, before His works of  
old. I was set up from everlasting,  
from the beginning or ever the earth was.

Prov. 8: When there were no depths, I was brot  
forth; when there were no fountains  
abounding with water. While as yet He  
had not made the earth, nor the fields,  
nor the highest part of the dust of the  
worlds. When He prepared the heavens, I  
was there; when He set a compass upon  
the face of the depth: when He estab-  
lished the clouds above: when He strength-  
ened the fountains of the deep: when  
He gave the sea His decree, that the wa-  
ters should not pass His command-  
ment; when He appointed the founda-  
tions of the earth: Then was I by Him,  
as one brot up with Him: I was daily  
His delight, rejoicing always before Him

a



# Blessings of the Mourner

Under this title are included crying, sighing, weeping, lamentation &c. used as synonymous terms.

Mat. 5:4. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.

Lou. 6:21. Blessed are ye that weep now for ye shall yet laugh.

P. 126:5,6. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth & weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Job. 5:8-11. I would seek unto God, & unto God would I commit my cause: Which doeth great things & unsearchable; marvelous things without number: Who giveth rain upon the earth, & sendeth waters upon the fields: To set upon high those that be low; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety.

Ps. 38:17. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind my back. *Heretikak's song &c.*

Ps. 61:1-3. The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, & the opening of the prison to them that are bound. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, & the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness: that they may be called the hills of righteousness, The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

Ps. 30:2,11. O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, & thou hast heard me, Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, & girded me with gladness.

Ps. 34:17,18. The righteous cry & the Lord heareth, & delivereth them out of all their troubles.

of all their troubles. The Lord is high unto them that are of a broken heart; I saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Is. 51: 11. The redeemed of the Lord shall return I come with singing unto Zion; I everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain gladness & joy; I sorrow I mourning shall flee away.

Is. 60: 19, 20. The sun shall be no more thy light by day: neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, I thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down: neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, I the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Is. 35: 11, 13. Therefore they shall come I sing in the height of Zion, I shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, I for wine, I for oil, I for the young of the flock I of the herd: I their soul shall be as a watered garden, I they shall not sorrow any more at all. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men I old together: for I will turn their mourning into joy, I comfort them I make them rejoice from all their sorrows.

Ex. 2: 23, 25. And it came to pass, in the process of time, that the king of Egypt died: I the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, I they cried, I their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. I God ~~remembers~~ ~~had~~ heard their groaning, I God remembereth his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, I with Jacob. I God look'd upon the children of Israel, I God had respect unto them.

Ex. 3: 7-10. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, I have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows I I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, I to bring them up out of that land, unto a good land, I a large unto a land flowing with milk I honey, unto the place of the Canaanites, I the Hittites, I the Amorites I the Per-

izzites, & the Kivites, & the Jebusites, Now therefore, behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me: & I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them. Come now therefore, & I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel out of Egypt.

Job. 16: 15-19.

I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, & defiled my horn in the dust. My face is foul with weeping, & on my eyelids is the shadow of death; Not for any injustice in mine hands; also my prayer is pure. Also now, behold my witness is in heaven & my record is on high.

Ja. 4: 9, 10.

Be afflicted, & mourn, & weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, & your joy to heaviness. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, & he shall lift you up.

Rev. 21: 3-4.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, & he will dwell with them, & they shall be his people, & God himself shall be with them, & be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: & there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

17  
To Honzo C. Hollister

By C. C. R.

Honzo should I say what things I shot  
The most adorning to the youthful mind,  
Would be a quick, discerning, yielding will,  
A mild complaisant disposition, a  
Tender, feeling heart, clothed with fair virtues  
Lovely robe. — tunec with pure, seraphic love,  
Ever prompt in Heaven's cause, adorned  
With Wisdom's lovely gem, the ornament  
Which marked with force the character of  
Lion's King, the Lamb of God. Simplicity  
I mean, Simplicity!! He ever bent  
To do the will of Him who sent him,  
Found favor in his sight. Our pattern man,  
He stands. As subject as a child he walked,  
Obedient to his Father's will. No wanton look,  
No sordid pride, e'er caused a disobedient act  
To stain his prudent heart. He conquered sin,  
And death! & Hell! and taught all men to  
Do the same, if they would enter Heaven's  
Land. — Then come young friend, let us begin this  
Day, & carefully review our every ~~action~~ <sup>action</sup> ~~word~~ <sup>word</sup> & way, & see how <sup>near</sup> we  
Come, How much we lack of stepping to the  
Line marked out by Lion's King, & when we part  
We're fairly square, let us in future watch,  
And yield to reason's invitation, which,  
No doubt, will be, a subject heart paper.  
To those who stand as Mediator's of  
Our souls, between our God & us & when  
We truly this paper, 'twill truly prove  
The loveliest drop that ever youth or  
Children, men or angels wore.

Written in 1843 sometime

[15] 5  
100

# Character of John White Webster<sup>100</sup>

The Mercury after giving a summary of the causes, which led to murder of Dr. George Parkman, states the character of J. W. W. in the following words.

"Prof. Webster was a passionate man. He had never learned to govern his temper. This he says himself. He was an only child, if we recollect right — at any rate a spoiled child; & a spoiled child commonly makes a bad man. Let his dreadful end admonish parents to resist and endeavor to overcome the evil propensities of their children; & let children, especially those who are ripening into manhood, beware of indulging anger, for, like all other passions, it gains strength by indulgence till at length it becomes almost uncontrollable. Prof. W. says, that when Dr. P. reproached him in the Laboratory for not paying his debts, he, (Prof. W.,) became so excited that he neither knew nor cared what he did; he seized the first thing within his reach, which happened to be a grape vine club, & struck the Dr. with it — he cared not how hard. Reason had left the helm, & it was given up to passion. Had he learned to govern his temper, the habit would not have deserted him in this trying emergency. Had he like Alexander the Great, when he perceived himself irritated, made it a rule to repeat the letters of the Alphabet before he spoke or acted, he might have been alive & well now, an honor & ornament to society.

Prof. W. was born on the 20 of May, 1793, & was consequently 57 years 3 mo. & 10 days old at the time of his death.

Extr. from N. Y. Mercury Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> 1850.

## A Way to gain Fame.

A fellow who lately murdered his wife, without the least provocation, being asked, what could induce him to commit such an outrage, made the following remarkable reply: — "Why the fact is, I am a very ambitious man, & having no opportunity of gaining fame by fair means, I thought I would take this method."



16  
I saw that the moment a man committed a murder, he became an object of public attention. The news papers were full of him; his appearance & dress, the color of his eyes & hair, & the most insignificant particulars were described just as if he was a hero, & had saved his country. Then the ladies all ran after him; attended his trial, shed tears & fainted away. In truth, he was the centre of, as much regard & sympathy as a martyr.

Besides all this, he was sure of being converted & left, & dying a good christian, which he very likely would not have done, had he been a moral man & a peaceable citizen. Thus you see that murder is the shortest cut to glory in this world, & salvation in the next.

Ext. N.Y. Sunday Dispatch. Aug. 11. 1850.

## Whom do Men Worship.

From the gate & way up the deck a beautiful arcade had been erected, consisting of a double row of pillars, festooned with evergreens & flowers, & covered overhead with the flag of the Union. The front (next the ship), had a triumphal arch of the same materials, surmounted by a stuffed eagle, with a bouquet of flowers in his beak, as if presenting them to the guest of the United States. In front was the inscription in large letter upon a white granite. — "To the Nightingale," Jenny Lind, welcome to America. Here Mr Barnum's private carriage was drawn up, & from this to the gangway of the ship (Atlantic) was extended a carpet for her to walk on.

In the mean time, the gangway was being hoisted on board, but such was the anxiety for seeing her, that many gentlemen climbed up the stakes, at the risk of their lives, & were compelled by the police to come down. Two lines of men were formed from the foot of the gangway to the coach, & no person was permitted to go on board, except one or two, who had special permission. The gangway having been secured, & the passengers commenced descending, all eyes were bent on every female who made her appearance, scrutinizing her appearance, features, & comparing them with

the likenesses they had seen in the windows of the print shops.

At length Capt. West, commanding the Atlantic, appeared with Jenny Lind leaning on his arm, wearing a blue silk bonnet, & having in her hand an exquisite bouquet, presented to her by Mr Collins. A simultaneous shout of exultation ascended, that made the welkin ring, & told the multitude outside of the gate that the Nightingale had shown herself. — The rush was tremendous, a number who could not get seeing her, ran forward with precipitation towards the carriage, in order to catch a glimpse of her as she entered; & here the scene baffled all descriptions. The carriage was so surrounded that it seemed impossible for her to get into it. The choicest bouquets were showered upon her; & when with the exertions of those friends who accompanied her, she at length gained the interior of the carriage, the people got upon the horses, while others climbed the carriage roof, & bouquets were thrown to her in profusion. — At this moment, was heard a wild hurrah at the gate, such as proceeds from besiegers when they enter the breach they have made in the wall or gate of a city. The people who had been kept off with hard fighting by the police, at length made one tremendous rush, carrying the gate in with them & this heightened the excitement to a pitch of wild tumult. !!!!!

Ex<sup>tr</sup> from the Weekly Herald, Sept 7<sup>th</sup> 1850.

## True Philosophy.

"I have ~~not~~ had", says Eschokke, in his autobiography, "like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit I rose again, & bore my appointed burden without murmuring. I will say more, altho ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even at ways unwelcome. It warned me from the too great trust on the transitory, & made known to me the degree of strength & <sup>self</sup> reliance which I had yet retained in the season of the passions." "There is, of this I am, I have long been thordly convinced — no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the black thread that runs thro the many colored web of life, even to the grave.

Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself, in his self pampering, in his over estimation of his own nothingness, his fostering of selfish desires. He cries like a child who cannot have every thing its own way, & at 70 years of age is not yet a man. He weeps & complains, & despairs, because God does not obey him. But every external misfortune is as worthy a gift of God, as every external good. I, too like other men, have suffered from the most barefaced ingratitude, but I have suffered without repining, for I had not acted as I had done for the sake of their gratitude. Friends have deceived me; I felt no anger against them, I had deceived my self in them. Their mis construction & persecution calmly, because I knew how discordant were opinions, & how vehement their attendant passions. The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hard earned wealth, such losses never entitle one a single day, they only taught me to work & be economical. I have been the happy <sup>Father</sup> of happy children; 12 sons & a daughter were mine, & I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death bed of 4 of these sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that 'divine sorrow' which illumines the soul.

Spirit Messenger Vol 1<sup>st</sup> p 72.

## A Lesson of Nature.

Among the disciples of Hillel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israel, there was one named Sabot, who hated all kinds of labor, & gave himself up to idleness & sloth. But Hillel was concerned about the young man, & determined to cure him. So at length he took him out into the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem. There was stagnant water full of reptiles & insects & covered with noxious weeds. When they had reached the valley, Hillel laid down his staff, & Sabot said: What master, in this hateful marsh! Do you not perceive what a poisonous vapor arises from it? You are right my son, replied the teacher; This stagnant pool is like the soul of the idler. Who would wish to carry any where near him?

Thereupon, Hillel took the youth to a waste field, on which grew only thorns & thistles, that choked the grain &

wholesome plants. And Hillel leaned upon his staff, & said: This field has a good bottom for bearing very useful & delicious products; but it has been sowed by & neglected, so that now it produces an abundance of thistles, & thorns, & poisonous seeds, among which serpents & salamanders nestle. Before, you saw the soul, — now, see the life of the idler.

Then was Sabot affected with shame & penitence, and said: Master! why did you bring me into so solitary & gloomy a region? It is the admonitory image of my soul & life. Hillel replied: as you would not ~~listen~~ <sup>credit</sup> my words, I have sown to see whether the voice of nature would penetrate thy heart. Sabot pressed his teachers hand, & said: You have not been unsuccessful. A new life — you shall see it — has sprung up in me.

So it was: Sabot became an active young man. Then Hillel took him into a fruitful vale, on the bank of a clear stream, which, in beautiful meandering, flowed thro' flowery meads, amid fruit trees, & overshadowing shrubbery. See here, said the old man to the <sup>delighted</sup> youth, the image of thy new, industrious life. Nature, which has admonished thee, may now also reward thee. Her charms & beauties can only delight him, who, in her life, beholds his own. Spirit. Mepenger. Vol. 1, p. 45.

## The Best is Left.

What if calamities do come; they never take all that we have, & often only take that of which we are better deprived than possessed. Jeremy Taylor once, on suffering an utter deprivation of his worldly goods by sequestration, cried out, in the midst of his calamity, "What have they taken? Let me look about me. They have left me sun & moon, fire & water, — many friends to pity me & come to relieve me, & I can still discourse; & unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, & my cheerful spirit, & a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, all the promises of the Gospel, & my religion, & my hopes of heaven, & my charity to them too. And still I sleep, I eat, I drink, I digest; I read & meditate; I walk in my neighbourly pleasant field, I see the varieties of natural beauties, & delight in all that which God delights, that is, in virtue & wisdom, in the whole creation, & in God himself. — Dr. Wynkoop's Paper.

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# A Talk with a Deceased Friend

(Thro' a Clairvoyant.)

The following minutes of a conversation held with the spirit of a deceased friend, who left this mortal state in June, 1849, is not published as any evidence of the truth of the remarkable phenomena of alleged intercourse with disembodied spirits, known in our days as Clairvoyance, Mysterious Rappings, &c. The young man was the medium of communication in this case, has been consciously clairvoyant but a few weeks, & the 'Rappings', so called, are also heard in his presence, tho' he is no connexion of the Fox family, & has but the slightest acquaintance with any of them. We think that none who know him would consider fraud on his part possible, tho' what delusion, hallucination, or diabolical influence he may be subjected to, this deponent saith not.

We happen to know of still another family in this city, having no connexion with the Foxes, in which the 'Mysterious Rappings' are now heard, and no one can say how many more there may be, as in every instance the profoundest secrecy is enjoined & observed.

The object of publishing the following, is simply to refute the assumption, that, "nothing is ever communicated from the spirit world by these new agencies that is of the slightest importance". The responses, it is said, are uniformly frivolous, useless, & uninteresting.

We would say that, so far as we have observed, they are about as worthy of regard as the questions to which they are replies will permit them to be. However here is a specimen, copied verbatim from notes hastily taken down as the words were by the alleged clairvoyant. The deceased Mr. C., who purports to be the communicator thro' this medium, was a man of decided intelligence, energy, & philanthropy, & these responses are very like his manner of speaking while on earth. But to the questions I answered.

Question. Mr. C., Had the Human Race a conscious existence before we came on this earth?

Ans. Soul matter had an existence, but not a conscious existence.

Ques. - Are there any spirits which exert an evil or malignant influence on human actions & conditions?

Ans. - Yes but not because they desire to do so, but because of their inferior or gross organization.

Q. - Are there any human spirits which have passed from earth which are not in a state of progress or improvement?

A. - No: but some progress slowly, having a very gross organization to begin with.

Q. - Do you know Edgar A. Poe, the Poet.?

A. - Yes.

Q. - In what sphere is he?

A. - I have a different classification from others. (Question pressed).

A. - He is in (what I consider) the third society, 2<sup>nd</sup> sphere.

Note - In responses made thro Rappings which purported to be from Poe himself, he is said to be in the sixth sphere.

Q. - Are there any spirits in a state of misery or pain so as to feel their existence a burden?

A. - There are some who have mental sufferings, because they did not improve, (or misuse) their advantages while on earth.

Q. - Are there any so separated from their friends as to cause them unhappiness - not being allowed the society of those they love best?

A. - If they might (now) have been associated with those friends by improving their advantages (when) on earth, then they are unhappy.

Q. - Are there any who despair of ever attaining the condition of the blest?

A. - They may at times, but not lastingly.

Q. - Does the state in which Mr. C. now is seem more immediately, palpably under the Divine Government than our condition?

A. - Its inhabitants see more clearly as they have progressed further.

Q. - Are there any in that state who disbelieve the existence of the Deity?

A. - They do not disbelieve it, but some do not comprehend it.

Q. - Then the Deity is not visible from that sphere?

A. - He is nowhere visible. We receive impressions from him but do not see him.

Q. - Are the Apostles & founders of Christianity visible to Mr. C.

A. - No: None who are in a higher sphere are visible to those in a lower.

Q. - Can those in a higher sphere communicate with those in a lower? A. - Yes.

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Q. When Clairvoyants suppose they see Apostles &c. are they deceived? or do they really see as they suppose?

A. Many of them think they see the Apostle Paul, or whoever else they wish to communicate with, when they really do not.

Q. When a mother, who dearly loves her good child, but who has lived unworthily, goes to the spirit world, is she, or is she not, permitted <sup>to</sup> to see her child before she has attained his sphere.

A. She does not see him but receives impressions from him.

Q. Does he see her?

A. Yes; he communicates to her & watches over her.

Q. Have former generations passed away, so that they cannot be seen from Mr. C.'s present sphere.

A. Some have & some have not.

Q. Could Mr. C. see Adam & the ancient Patriarchs?

A. No.

Q. Is this new ability on our part to communicate with the spirit world a consequence of any change or improvement in the Human Family?

A. Yes: the Human Race have become more refined & susceptible (to impressions from the Spirit World) than formerly.

(It was here stated by some one present, that Mr. C. had stated on a former occasion, that Idols have no immortal existence. The present querist demurred this, & added)

Q. Do children, who die in conscious infancy live in the future state?

A. The moment an infant has been ushered into the world, an individuality has been formed, which continues to exist, providing the physical constitution was perfected — not otherwise.

Q. Then why do not animals also have an immortal existence?

A. Man has a peculiar formation, which animals have not. To all who have that formation, Soul adheres — not to others.

Q. Can Mr. C. give us any idea of his present locality in space — whether it is on any particular planet, or around this earth?

A. Human spirits love to hover around this earth, but they are not confined to it.

2. Do those born on the several planets usually remain each on that which was his birthplace?

(Answer not taken down but, believed to have been affirmative)

2. Are the planets visible to Mr. C.? A. Yes.

2. Does Mr. C. see this outward material earth? Does he see it as we do, with our material eyes?

A. He perceives the earth as a highly material body.

(The above is all we noted down, tho' a few other questions were asked & answered, which were not noted at the time. On another occasion, it was stated, in reply to a question, that all created existences are first clothed in material bodies, passing them into purer & more spiritual forms, & that the inhabitants of the higher planets, like Saturn, pass thro' a change from the material to the purely spiritual state equivalent to our Death, but one unattended with pain, & which is desired, not dreaded.)

N. York Tribune, Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> 1850.

## Copy of a Letter written by Father James Whitaker to his Relatives in England

Parts near Albany 20<sup>th</sup> Feb. 1784.

Jonathan & Ann Whitaker,

May the grace & love of God to you be multiplied. I rejoice and am thankful in remembrance of your coming out of the "Works of the Flesh", and your faithful Godward. I love you, not because you were my parents after the Flesh, but because you obey God; & my soul doth wish, that you may renew your obedience & be adorned with great & heavenly gifts. It is for your own interest to obey God, & there is no end, no place to stand still, nor can any one get so much of God that she can get no more.

I greatly desire you to take courage, & go forward to attain to a complete stature in the nature and image of Christ. There is an inexhaustible fullness before us, & good it is to see God; Comfort, peace, joy, triumph, & everlasting renown, is the fruit of faithful obedience; but the contrary service, is rewarded with



miserable agonies in the conscience in this life, and devouring fire in the other. All good things are for them that serve God: they may, by faithful-  
ness, be filled from the soles of their feet, to the crowns of their heads, with the glory of the Divine Nature.

There being, therefore, such an infinite fulness of transcendent glory for the faithful, I desire you to go forward with fortitude of soul, that the word of God may flow in your souls, like overflowing rivers of living waters. Go forward I abound in love, in repentance, in meekness, in humility, in the fulness of all virtue & godliness. Not as tho' I really believe that you have been as faithful as you might have been: for had that been the case, I doubt not, but <sup>in</sup> you would have been like Brit angels by this time; & your savor & utility very extensive.

However your measurable faithfulness affords no small joy to me, in the remembrance thereof, I doth beget kind love in my soul to youward. May your pure minds be stirred up, I abound in all good deeds, I labor with great carefulness, vigilance, I zeal after the divine Nature. The waters of the Sanctuary are risen, & it is <sup>time</sup> to lay aside every weight, that you may swim with freedom in those waters. Those waters are no other than the water of love & holiness, the waters of life & happiness, which is the spirit of the God of glory, poured forth in the Church for the salvation of lost men; when, therefore, I wish you to swim therein, I wish you unspeakable sweet love, the most transcendent beauty of holiness, & the most invigorating power of life and happiness. —

And now on my own part, great have been the mercies of God towards me, since I left England. Hee hath preserved me from the dangers of the sea, wherein company with our blessed Mother, I came over it from thence in a vessel greatly damaged by striking bottom, soon after we came out. Great peace & joy have I had, I have in God, — I am now in tolerable good health, tho' I am under frequent sufferings in body & soul. God hath committed to my trust the Ministry of the gospel in which I have endeavored to be faithful in all things.

It is <sup>not</sup> now more than six months, I think, since in company with Mother & my dear brethren, the other Elders, I returned from off an itinerant Ministry of some what more than three years continuance, during which time I faithfully preached the gospel, & for it, I have been imprisoned, beaten, mocked, calumniated &c, I have been pursued by cruel & desperate mobs, night & day. And once last summer past, I was whipped in the most cruel manner, being stripped naked, & my two hands tied up, being stretched up above my head.

However, God hath preserved me in a wonderful manner, & I am at this time dwelling upon my own place with my dear Mother & brethren, having enough for food & raiment. — It is a good country where we live, & indeed, so is all North America, & any prudent man may make a good living here. And you John Jackson & Betty Sees, widow to Charles Sees, as I have a great love & respect for you, so I greatly desire to see you in this land. It is a spacious country and room enough for thousands & millions, you for kingdoms & nations; & the soil is good, especially remote from the sea.

But why do I talk of that, as tho I would lay a temptation before you, to leave your native soil & your substance in England? If earthly self prevail with you to come hither, our meeting will not be sweet. There are better motives than that! God has begun his great & strange work in this land, and is carrying it on by swift degrees, & great are the gifts which come thro Mother to the people. Forsake then your native country, for Christ's sake & the Church's sake. Come & behold the goodly works of God, & enjoy with us rich spiritual gifts of God. If you come with that motive, you will be received into the arms of love, & on my part I know, it will give me great peace & thankfulness to see you here hungering after God & his gifts.

And you John Jackson & Betty Sees, may the grace and love of God be multiplied unto you also be multiplied. I thank God for your sakes, & rejoice greatly at the remembrance of your faithfulness. I wish also above all things, that your souls may be in health,

I prosper, I endure the same things I write unto you. I have written to Jonathan & Ann Whitaker, my parents after the flesh, so that I need not write the same things over again; but leave you to the perusal of what is already written. I by all means if it can any way be, forsake your native country, I come over ~~to~~ this country, for the gospels sake. And I am persuaded great will be my joy, to see you here, as strangers & foreigners for Christ's sake.

And you Ralph Whitaker, Jonathan Whitaker, John Whitaker, Ann & Thomas Whitaker, to you jointly, & to each singly & for himself, may God be merciful to you & not plead against you with his great power. I am sorry, at the remembrance of your folly! You have had the glorious gospel preached to you, & great labours have been taken with you! but how have you improved the one or the other? Did you ever obey the gospel? ~~Be it~~ that you have, yet when a righteous man turneth from his righteousness, & doeth wickedly, then his righteousness shall no more be remembered in the day that he turneth from his righteousness & doeth wickedly, but he shall surely die for his wickedness.

Your obedience hath been like the morning dew & early cloud, it soon passed away, & how wretchedly have you sunk yourselves! did you but know & properly sense you loss hereby, you would mourn bitterly. Had you trimmed off every member of your bodies, & cast them away, rather than have ~~des~~ obeyed the gospel, your happiness would be infinite by this time, to what it now is. Why not? For God in obedience of the gospel hath preserved me.

For now am I cleanse from sin & the very being of Lust, & the divine nature clothes my soul. I daily feel the sweet breezes from Canaan's banks, & the peerly drops of fragrant dew do frequently refresh my soul. From time to time I drink of the Diamond Springs of Zion's golden mountain, I have access unto the temple of the New Jerusalem, At many seasons I drink wine good & well refined;

O eat of the goodly manna, plentifully, rained down from the realms of glory. Upon pleasant mountains do I ascend, & into spacious vallies do I descend, which send forth constantly, most salutary and odoriferous exhalations. I have accept unto God my Father, & to Jesus Christ my Redeemer; & tho I am frequently under great sufferings, yet I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

But what do you enjoy, or have you enjoyed by your disobedience? Nothing better than the pleasures of sensuality, which yield you bitterness, death, & sorrow. And what is it your souls feed upon? The winds, & the dregs, & the seed of damnation. And what is it in its original? Nothing less than the nature of the Serpents, which is a stinking fire & rotten sulphur. It is that damnable evil which stript our first fleshy parents of heavenly glory, & provoked the holy One to condemn them to painful labors & bitter sorrows.

It is that horrid monster that put a dagger into the hands of wicked Cain, to slay righteous Abel, his brother, & then turned upon him & made him a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth: It is that giant of murder which spread his renown in the old world, by violence, bloodshed, & slaughter, & provoked the Almighty to bring in the flood, & destroy all men & every living creature under heaven: It is that accursed enemy which slew the thousands of Israel, & made them fall in the wilderness:

It is that filthy, corrupter that filled the cities of Sodom & Gomorrah with abominations, & moved God to burn them with fire & brimstone: It is that Anakim of mischief which did all the mischief among the Israelites & Jews in the land of Canaan, & scattered them among all nations, to the ends of the earth: It is that Goliath which hath spill the blood of all men from the foundation of the world, and laid waste all the little & great cities, that have been laid waste upon the earth:

Here it is that crucified the Lord of glory, & infused all diseases into all flesh: This is he who spreads all persecutions among the saints, & prepares a burning hell

for them who serve him. When he is embraced, he meditates death & hell to the embracer, and enters every part of his body, & draws therefrom the seed of life, the essence of life and motion. It attacks also the soul, separates it from God, & throws it into a state of spiritual death. All this is by the strength of his motions and evacuations: What then must his substance be. And under the power of this horrid monster you are, and held fast by his stinking cords thro your disobedience; & he is not far from the disobedient, but is nigh unto them, even within them, & united to them in all their actions.

You may then by reason see that your hope is dreadful. Will you then serve this murderer, this butcher any longer? If you will mountains of lead will sink you into hell. Turn about then speedily & be cleansed by repentance, & then there will be mercy for you and much love. Be persuaded to turn from sin, from lust, the monster I have been speaking of. I adjure you in much love, to turn from your evil way & live. I have not written these things to discourage you, but to warn you.

I have great pity & love for you, & am not willing you should go to hell. If you will but turn from sin, lust, & the way of the world, repenting for what you have done, there is great mercy for you; but if you will not forsake wickedness, and lust, you will make you bed with devils soon.

And now to you jointly, & to each singly by himself, both my parents after the flesh, other natural relations, & Believers in the land: Christ is my all. All earthly glory is as dung & the blackness of darkness before him, & the splendor of the heavens as smoke without him. All my sensations are swallowed up in beholding his beauty, & the powers of my soul captivated in seeing one ray of his transcendent glory. How can Christ be set forth ~~with~~ pen & ink? Oh! his lovely countenance, one glance whereof will turn the firmament into blackness, & make the sun disappear in its orb.

Were I able to set forth a thousandth part of the beauty

of Christ, I could astonish all men, and wrap them up in superlative love to him. O I love him! I love him!! I love him!!! He is the Chief among ten thousands unto me, & is altogether lovely. His britness, his beauty is so great that the most elegant description that can be given of him by language, is mere deformity before him. Oh! his love, how excellent it is! Surely they are base indeed, who will not love such a lovely one, who hath all beauty. Oh how transcendent brit it is! filling all things with comeliness, wherever it goes, & one gleam of it, can happily turn thousand worlds, & turn hell into paradise.

How happy then will be the overcomers in the fruition & open vision of such an unsearchable beauty? When his beauty will be once poured forth like great & mighty rivers! when all their powers & sensations will be ten thousand times enlarged, & they enabled to swim forever in the ocean of glory, beauty & holiness. Oh! such a happiness will they enjoy, that it is worth going thro' ten thousand hell to obtain it. What vast numbers are in the way to enjoy this unutterable happiness in this land! for the sound of the gospel hath reached far & wide, & thousands of people have obeyed the gospel call.

Considering we hold up a whole crop to men, even to deny themselves of every that of sensual gratifications of every kind; & a total destruction of the man of sin, it is wonderful that such multitudes have gathered in to us. However, the truth we are determined to maintain if none come in; for we will not loose our souls, by following the people. And whereas there are great multitudes gathered into obedience, we hope to see them in the enjoyment of that unutterable & transcendent happiness, in beholding the unequalled beauty of Christ.

Oh! did they but a thousandth part sense this happiness, how engaged they would be, & what indignation they would have against the ingratitude & carelessness! And what gratitude is due to God, in visiting such poor defiled creatures sink deeply in sin & wickedness. Oh! that people did but duly sense

God's goodness in this! how would their hearts glow with thankfulness! For it is beyond all account, to set forth how deeply people are sunk in all manner of wickedness & abominations.

And it is wonderful beyond description, that so great and glorious a God should condescend to visit such a sunken people. Oh! that people would give glory to God for all his marvelous goodness & mercies, which endure forever, & which are admirably manifested in administering comfort, joy, & triumph in all our assemblies, for he doth not forget us but makes his glory manifest among us wherever we go. —

I now live with my kind Mother in Israel. Ann Lees, formally so called, & the rest; I have all things in common with others that have come into us, & we live in great love & union, blessing and praising God, & beautiful Zion decked with them that believe. —

James Whitaker. —

May 7<sup>th</sup> 1775.

This comes from thy loving father and Mother, hoping to find thee in good health, both in body & soul. Thy father is very poorly, & not like thy to live long; thy mother is in rather a better state health, but poorly. Thy brothers & sisters are in good health. — We all remember our kind love to thee, wishing prosperity to the children of Zion, of what sort soever; If they find out any liberty from the Lord, with a desire to come to England. If thou hast no money to pay thy passage, we'll pay when thou comest to England.

Jane Jackson & Betty Lees remember their love to thee. If thou art to settle in that place, where thou now art, we would have thee send us a letter where thy settlement is, as soon as opportunity serves. We remember our kind love to thee & all enquiring friends.

Fear not coming to England, for thy loving father & Mother will clear thy passage.

Jonathan & Ann Whitaker.

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A Letter from James Whitaker.

New Lebanon. N. B. Oct 9<sup>th</sup> 1785.

I have written to you a letter in answer to a letter you wrote to me last winter; wherein I have signified my mind partly to you; it remains now that I declare unto you my whole heart, which I can not tell at present, but it will be a final close between you & me thro time & eternity.

Flattering titles I am not about to use towards you nor to soothe you with lies, but with the truth will I come forth, whether you hear or whether you forbear.

Be not so unwise as the Scribes & Pharisees, who said to Christ, Thou bearest record of thyself, thy record is not true, while I testify unto you what God has done for my soul; blessed be God forevermore who has separated me from my mother's womb, & made me a minister of the gospel in the day of Christ's second appearance.

All earthly profits & pleasures; all earthly generation and propagation which are the delights of all men in their natural birth, (profane & profane) all these, I say, have I forsaken for Christ's sake, & I have already received an hundred fold in this present time, according as the holy Son of God promised in the day of his first appearance, and much more abundantly.

A death to the man of sin I have I found, a total spoiling of the strong man's goods & redemption from the bondage of corruption; which is that sordid propensity to, or ardent desire of copulation with women, which has not been understood in that sense for many ages, but now is made manifest to all them that believe & obey the gospel which God has committed to my trust.

I daily feel a fountain of love, life, joy, & heavenly glory flowing thro' my soul like a river of living waters, pure & clean; my soul is replenished with rich supplies from the heavenly glory, and my heart incessantly flows with charity and benevolence to all mankind; with a broken heart God hath blessed me, and the image of the Lord of glory is formed in my soul; plenty



of the dew of heaven is distilled in my soul from day to day, & the divine nature doth unfold me like a delightful sea of pleasant waters, full of glory.

What think ye? If I were to seek friends in this world, should I not cleave to my own blood? Should I not make you the objects of my first pursuit? but I am weaned from all terrestrial connections and in lieu thereof I have joined the hosts of heaven. With open vision do I behold the angelic company of the spiritual world; and join the melodious songs of the New Jerusalem.

Why tell ye me of your increasing and multiply after the flesh? Your vessels are made in the potters hand & they must be made over again by regeneration, or go down to the pit. Say ye it is a command to increase and multiply? but I say it never was a command to corrupt the earth and fill it with a double condemnation; and then plead the command of God to increase & multiply, as tho' you had been doing his will.

God has given me the power to increase and multiply in its true, typical, & evangelical sense, which I go forth to do. I have begotten many thousands of children & replenished them with many good things.

I hate your fleshly lives and your fleshly generation, an increasing as I hate the smoke of the bottomless pit and your pleading the command of God to increase and multiply, to cover your doleful corruptions, & investing the order of heaven. Think ye that I will look towards you while you live after the flesh, defiling yourselves with effeminate desires, & profaning the command of God for a cover?

It is in my power indeed to help you greatly, in a temporal sense, and many others who live as corrupt lives as you do at this day; as much ~~withdrawing~~ <sup>without</sup> God in the world; but be it known unto you & all men that I will not do it, except you forsake your wicked lives and serve the living and true God, which I have no expectation you will do, If I should nourish and cherish you as a tender father does his children.

Stay in England till you go down to your graves, as

long as you are far following natural generation and the course of this world. I know that your greatest oppression is your living after the flesh, which is your own choosing, & is the very reason why I will not help you tho I have it in my power.

Away with your looking towards me for help since you are sunk in my soul for your disobedience to God and your lying hopes that you are in favor with him, while you corrupt the law & trample the gospel under foot. Were it so indeed that you had it in your heart to turn to God & obey the gospel, I would look towards you with charity and compassion, and would take care of you, soul and body; but that is far from you & it is ~~not~~ in your hearts to enlarge your liberty after the flesh, and to provide living for yourselves & posterity; therefore you are a stink in my nostrils.

Instead of your having the pardon of your sins, you are deceived, & I feel that you are powerless, alienated from the life of God & become carnal, sensual, & unwise; therefore as you have chosen your own ways, see what the God you serve will do for you, & your false hopes what they will bring you to.

All we that are of that one community that worship God in spirit & rejoice in Christ Jesus, being separated from all effeminate desires & sensual pleasures, are in possession of the only hope of eternal life. My God has delivered me, redeemed my soul, filled it with heavenly glory & the power of <sup>an endless</sup> ~~eternal~~ life, as well as made me able to help many in a temporal sense; and you might have been sharers with me in all this unmerited munificence, had you obeyed the gospel with me.

Therefore as you have forsaken God, so I also forsake you, and will never give you any encouragement to come into this land till once for all you resolve to turn to God & obey the gospel. I feel the compassion of God to warn you.

What you are losing in this great day, of the second appearing of the Son of Man, you are losing no less than the only means of salvation that ever will again be offered <sup>again in</sup> ~~to~~ this world. The power of the gospel does prosper in my soul in bowels of charity & compassion for the poor lest

children of men; & I would that you be warned by a faith-  
ful friend, not to outstand the day of God's final visitation,  
for the sake of your false hopes which will leave your souls  
desolate & barren, or for the fading things of this life which  
are but vanity and vexation of spirit.

O! that you would hearken! for then there is the same  
door for your escape, as for the rest of the children of men;  
at which door, if you enter, I feel to receive you with charity.

And the severity of this letter is the charity of God for your  
souls, & his abhorrence of your false hopes.

James W. Whittaker

## The Travel of the Soul.

1" Frail man in his nature, is not a partaker,  
Of life that's eternal, but dead is indeed;  
His way is corrupted, the light is obstructed,  
His soul is in bondage, & needs to be freed.

2"

He's like one that's wander'd his money all squander'd,  
His living he's wasted to gratify lust;  
In filth he has wallow'd, forbidden fruit swallow'd  
And by his transgressions, completely accurs'd.

3"

In this situation he needs renovation,  
And must be begotten or cannot be born;  
A Mother must travail in spite of all cavil,  
Or man must remain in his nature forlorn.

4"

Man too, must be actor with his benefactor,  
To change his condition salvation to win,  
Tis God that here teaches, when once the light reaches,  
And fastens conviction & shows what is sin.

5"

Here faith now may enter which flows from the centre,  
The door now is open'd the soul may look in,  
And all who adventure, this straight gate must enter  
Which is by confession of every sin.

6"

This step being taken, the soul not forsaken,  
But still may be tempted, & that very sore,  
By fleshly affection which needs much correction,

For lust is conception of death to the core.

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7<sup>th</sup> At times worldly pleasure will seem a vast treasure,  
For feeding the senses the mind to allure,  
The cure for this trial is pure self-denial,  
This pleasure's a phantom that will not endure.

8<sup>th</sup> The serpents old story of knowledge and glory,  
The tempter still urges to those in this way;  
With pompous promotion he tickles the notion,  
But this is a bubble to lead souls astray.

9<sup>th</sup> These projects all failing or made unavailing,  
The Devil is ready to try a new bait,  
He'll point to the leaders as poor interceders,  
The path of obedience urges to hate.

10<sup>th</sup> The monster's intrusions is next to delusion  
Who says divine power is idle and vain,  
What's call'd inspiration is imagination  
A work of the fancy, a disordered brain.

11<sup>th</sup> Because the most gifted by satan are sifted,  
Full-nought is remaining but chaff and the bran;  
While other pretenders are often offenders,  
Unfit to be speakers for God unto man.

12<sup>th</sup> But whoever wishes for none of these dishes,  
But right about faces I never looks back,  
Who rests on his trunions\* nor longs for the onions,  
Or flesh-pots of Egypt will keep on the track.

13<sup>th</sup> Tho' subject to hopes, temptations, & crosses,  
He will be protected in all that is right,  
His weapons are furnished & brittle, are burnishes,  
And sure of the conquest, is he that will fight.

14<sup>th</sup> But all will meet scourges, & natures strong surges,  
And some may get wounded but quick may be heal'd,  
The weak may be shaken, but cannot be taken,  
While weapons thus furnished they faithfully wield  
\* faith & obedience.

15<sup>th</sup> Sometimes a mere trifle, good feelings will stifle  
Will stop the soul's travel & bring on disease,  
But firm resolution in faithful ablu-tion,  
Will make the mind happy the conscience will ease.

16<sup>th</sup> All pride and ambition is held in derision,  
To keep the mind lowly and bring down great J,  
The haughty will stumble, while none but the humble  
Are saved from the tempests that rudely sweep by.

17<sup>th</sup> The mind that is towering, has need of much scouring  
Before it is simple, & like a child low,  
And mortification will lay a foundation,  
On which the pure blessings of heaven may grow.

18<sup>th</sup> The faithful in duty will shine with much beauty,  
True justification will certainly feel,  
While those disobeying are from the lit straying,  
And nought but repentance their wanderings can heal.

19<sup>th</sup> A perfect dissection of carnal affection,  
For those would travel is needful & right,  
And ties of old nature is lost in what's greater  
A kindred of spirit to those in the lit.

20<sup>th</sup> All outward commotion can't hinder devotion,  
And deep tribulation but wears of the rust,  
And vile persecution makes no diminution,  
Of that weight of glory prepared for the just.

21<sup>st</sup> The soul persevering, forever is nearing,  
To that bliss perfection which centres in God;  
A constant addition with perfect fruition,  
To found everlasting in this blessed road.

By B<sup>r</sup> John Haine, Canterbury, N. H.

## Advice To Youth.

1. I've liv'd amidst the storms of life,  
Amidst its tumults noise and strife,  
Have seen its pleasures ebb and flow,  
An empty bubble, phantom, show.

2" Fance was young and full of hope,  
 With adverse currents that to cope,  
 Buill structures high, prospective fair,  
 Which soon dissolved as empty air.

3" I've seen the world religions too,  
 Have tried it all, but none would do,  
 It does not save the soul from sin,  
 Nor purge the evils from within.

4" But here in Zion have I found,  
 A plow that breaks the fallow ground,  
 A fire to burn the chaff and tare,  
 And cleanse the wheat and precious ware.

5" On Holy Ground I stake my stand,  
 To give the youth my helping hand,  
 That you may shun the rocks and shoals,  
 On which have dash'd unnumbered souls.

6" I wandered long in search of truth,  
 Which you have found here in your youth,  
 Walk in the light which here is given,  
 Obey your lead ordained of Heaven.

7" Full fifty years were spent and gone,  
 Before I found this living stone,  
 This tree of life, this living vine,  
 Thro which eternal glorie shine.

8" But there's a treasure for the young,  
 Beyond description by the tongue  
 Which far surpasses nature's gold,  
 And nature's charms an hundred fold.

9" O favored youth make this your choice,  
 In self-denial's way rejoice,  
 God gives you strength to run the race,  
 The footsteps of your lead to trace.

10" Obedience is the corner stone.

Which of itself has power alone,  
To cleanse the soul and make it free,  
Thro time and in eternity.

11" The simple soul that will but say,  
These simple words, "I will obey,"  
And from these words will never sever,  
Eternal glory will deserve.

12" How bright the crowns which you may win,  
Who thus in early life begin,  
To bear the cross & run this way,  
And from your duty never stray.

13" I've known the young to go astray,  
For want of knowledge of the way,  
To drift along life's rolling tide  
For want of one to lead and guide.

14" But all that have been gathered here,  
Do have a chart by which to steer,  
A compass that directs the soul,  
As true as needle to the pole.

15" Then prize your day and thankful be,  
For this true lit by which you see,  
Rest on that arm of mighty power,  
That you may stand the trying hour.

16" The great Eternal Two in One,  
Have laid the plan, the work begun;  
Then love that pow'r which is divine,  
From which such lit and glory shine.

17" This light & glory now shines thro';  
The well beloved anointed Two,  
The Holy Saviour, Christ, the man,  
And his co-helper, Mother Ann.

18" For greater  
For greater light, no one need search,  
Than what is found within the church;

God's power and wisdom freely flow,  
Thro his Anointed here below.

[39]

19"

Then gather to his lovely vine,  
And let your faith & labor shine,  
Be Mother's children bright & fair,  
And thus her love & blessing share.

20"

For Mother loves the faithful child,  
Whose life is pure and undefiled;  
And her protection such will share,  
The objects of her constant care.

21"

Little children love each other,  
Love your Saviour, love your Mother,  
Love your God, & beader too,  
Love obedience, children, do.

Lines written by John Kaimbe, addressing the  
youth and exhortation. — North Family  
Canterbury, Feby 1845.

## The Old Man.

I have a great work to which I'm attending,  
The old to make new, the new to be mending,  
The old man to kill, the new man to nourish,  
My will to subdue before I can flourish.  
The old man is down and on I am holding,  
Tho stoutly he kicks, & loudly he's scolding,  
I turn a deaf ear to such kind of gabble,  
Nor will I unclinch, or let go my grapple.

2"

I'm furnish'd with cords, these cords I am winding,  
And limb after limb I mean to be binding,  
I too, have a gag, and mean to be choking,  
Whenever he speaks that which is provoking.  
The old man is strong, but I've one that's stronger,  
To help me to fight, I will a while longer,  
If I am but true, I use every weapon,  
And don't turn my back, this good cause to champion.

3"

Sometimes he is still & seems to be sleeping,  
But, fare I'm aware, he'll slyly be creeping



And try to arise and take a bold station,  
And plead for his life and justification.  
But what is the use? I'll give him no quarter!  
My purpose is fix'd - he's doom'd to the slaughter;  
And if he is tough, nor yields to death's clinches,  
To die all at once, I'll kill him by inches.

4"

• At reason he'll try, I argue the matter,  
And then try to coax, nor scruple to flatter,  
But firm in my strength, I'm bent on repute,  
I'll make a bold thrust, I stab at his vitals.  
But here he is quick the weapons to parry,  
And if he don't reign he's determin'd to ~~carry~~,  
To this I must do, his hands I'll be tying,  
And if I can't kill, I'll him a dying.

5"

Sometimes with my flail, the old man I'm threshing,  
Sometimes with my sword, I'm cutting & slashing,  
And with a full stroke, the Agag I'm heaving,  
And nothing I'll spare, that needs a subduing,  
My new man is young, but when he is older,  
I hope he'll grow stronger, grow wiser, & bolder,  
To fight the old man I keep him down under,  
I solve every tie, or cut them a sunder.

6"

That I may have strength to break every fetter,  
And as I proceed, I'll try to grow better,  
To wash out the stains, I make my robe whiter,  
To win a fair crown, that always grows brighter,  
And if this my method can help any other,  
Who've come to the struggle, either sister or brother,  
They're welcome to try it, with this information,  
That I've found it useful in Satan's starvation.

W<sup>ch</sup> 1845. By John Kaimbe, Canterbury, N.H.

## Contracts or Devices in Restraint of Marriage.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Stauffer has excited a good deal of attention among the members of the legal profession, inasmuch as this decision, which declares that "conditions in restraint of marriage are valid in devises of real estate," seems

to be at variance with the principles and reasonings adopted by the Judges of the same Court in the cases of Middleton & wife v. Rice (Brightley's N.P. Cases 88, & Hoopes v. Dundas, 10 Barr 75.)

In the case of Middleton it was ably argued by Mr Meredith that all contracts, legacies, or devices in restraint of marriage were void, & Judge Kennedy in his opinion emphatically decides that such conditions are "contrary, not only to the law & order of our nature, but likewise contrary to sound policy, & therefore ought to be considered illegal & void." So in the case of Hoopes, Chief Justice Gibson himself declares the conditions to be in *terrorem* & void.

In the case of The Commonwealth vs. Stouffer the testator devised "his real & personal estate ~~for life~~ to his wife provided she remained a widow for life". The case was tried before Hon. Elias Lewis at Lancaster, & his opinion which is given alongside of Judge Gibson's in Barr's reports, seems to be entirely in accordance with the opinions in the first two cases mentioned, & the reasoning curiously in contrast with that of the subsequent opinion of the Chief Justice. We have only room for an extract from each. Judge Lewis contends that all conditions against the liberty of marriage are unlawful, as being a restraint on the natural liberty of mankind, & that

"Marriage is a wise regulation, in harmony with nature & religion, & is the only efficient preventative of licentiousness. The happiness of the parties, & the interests of society, require that it should be free from either coercion or restraint. Bonds to procure, & contracts & conditions to restrain, are alike forbidden. It is the appropriate regulation of that great instinct of nature which was designed by the Creator to replenish the earths \*\*\*\*\*

The principle of reproduction stands next in importance to its elder born correlative, self-preservation, & is equally a fundamental of existence. \*\*\*\*\*

Not man alone, but the whole animal & vegetable kingdom are under an imperious duty necessity to obey its mandates. \*\*\*\*\* The principles of morality, the policy of the nation, the doctrine of the common law - the law of Nature & the law of God, unite in condemning it as void the condition attempted to be imposed by this testator upon his widow."

On the other hand Judge Gibson says:

"It would be extremely difficult to say, why a husband should not be at liberty to leave a homestead to his wife, without being compelled to let her share it with a successor to his bed, & use it as a nest to hatch a brood of strangers to his blood. Such is not the policy of the statute of wills. It may be the present policy of the country to encourage reproduction. Tho' the time will certainly come when excess of population will be a terrific here, as it is elsewhere."

The decision we presume did not turn on the distinction between a devise or legacy of real or personal estate. This could not have been the case, for the Court long since decided that a legacy, with devise of residue, makes the legacy a charge on land, (2<sup>d</sup> Val 131, 6 Bin. 395.) This was the fact in the case of Middleton. These conflicting opinions only affords another illustration of the "glorious uncertainty of the law."

New York Daily Tribune 1851.

## The Rappings Outdone.

The Chilean paper, *El Pueblo de Copape*, says credible witnesses, who have just arrived here from Caldera, in Chile, communicate to us the following particulars:

A succession of musical sounds have been heard beneath the water, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from this port. Every evening, about dusk, large parties go in boats to listen to this mysterious concert of submarine music. The tones are various & so well combined as to produce perfect harmony; & the sound, in its duration & vibration, resembles the deepest tones of the organs.

Ships crews are daily attracted to the spot besides multitudes, both of old & young, & of men & women, who pass hour after hour, in listening to the vibrations which seem to pass along the keels of the ships, while they entertain each other with a thousand curious, probable, or ridiculous conjectures, about the cause of the phenomenon. Our friend, Mr. W. assures us that on the spot where this submarine music proceeds, the surface of the water assumes a <sup>deep</sup> green color, emitting an effluvia, which rises from bodies in a state of putrefaction. New York Herald. Extd from Journal of Commerce N<sup>o</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 1852.

# Rappings Outdone.

Myers Editors:— I notice a paragraph in yours of yesterday from the Newburyport Herald, under this head. I think the cause very easy of solution. In the summer of 1845, I remember being at St. Josephs, Florida, & our usual walk after tea was upon the wharf reaching 1/3 of a mile into the bay, to imbibe the refreshing sea breeze & "listen to the music". This music was created by number of the common (at the south) drum fish, in their feeding expeditions about the piles of the extensive wharfs; & the sound could be heard quite a considerable distance. W.D.

Journal of Commerce  
 Feb 18<sup>th</sup> 1852.

## Shakers' Views of Marriage.

It is said the easiest thing in the world is to be mistaken. A trite saying, but well verified in the general opinion people have of the Shakers ~~doers~~ of the hymeneal states.

Marriage, say the Shakers, is not absolutely sinful, only to those who think it to be so, as where there is no law there can be no transgression. And no man may be condemned successfully, except wherein his own conscience will condemn him. If he do that which is wrong in itself, you must first enlighten, then condemn, or rather, he will then condemn himself.

Christ came not to condemn, but to enlighten & save. Can we follow a better example? The word that I have spoken that shall ~~judge~~ <sup>judge</sup> you at the last day". The Shakers affirm that, altho Jesus was the first to live a shaker's life, so far as marriage, community of property, & separation from the world went, yet he chose rather to live out the truth, & thus lead men into light, correction, improvement, than to send them where hope is no more. They affirm that the children of this world marry & are given in marriage with perfect consistency, & to them have nothing to say, farther than to advise them to bear in mind the true design of marriage, which is the perpetuation & increase of the race.

But they only call in question the propriety of Christ's ~~the~~ professed followers of Jesus, adhering to an institution which

would rather seem to belong to an order out of which they claim to have arisen. In fact when the matter is understood we find that these singular people have no controversy with the "world" about an institution which all must acknowledge as the very basis upon which it rests, for it is the rudiment of the world, & it ought to be strictly guarded by all who seek its honor & welfare.

Albany Daily Knickerbocker. Feb 20

1852

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.  
Respected Friend:—

You are aware that the "Trust Act," passed in 1839, in relation to the Shakers, limiting each Society (consisting of all in any one society, county) to \$5000 income, exclusive of all necessary expenses. We now desire & solicit an extension of this sum, for the following reasons:

The Society of New Lebanon consists of between 500 & 600 individuals, whose clear income, according to this act, may not be over \$10 each; a sum too small to guard against the common emergencies of life that all are subject to: such as fire or heavy losses of any kind.

Neither can we think that it reflects honorably upon the liberality of the Legislature, or creditable upon the Societies of Shakers, as that must indeed be a troublesome class of citizens, who need to be confined in such narrow limits.

Yet we would not complain of the amount, small as it is, were it not for other consequences that flow from it. In 1850, by a resolution of ~~the~~ the Senate, we were required to report the income & expenditure of the Societies from the time of the passage of the Trust Act. This you will see by the accompanying report was faithfully complied with. The number and size of our buildings; the number & cost of every acre of land that we had purchased, & of whom bought.

We extract from the report the following paragraph:

Secy, page 9. "Thus it appears that the real estate of the Society, with all the additions made in 11 years under the Trust Act, amounts to 3053 acres, which were then divided among 110 fam.

ilies of 5 persons each, (our numbers being equal to such a division) then, for each one of such families of 5 persons, there would be less than 28 acres! Also if the increased value of the Societies property, for the last 11 years should amount to \$5000, the annual gain of each individual would be but a trifle over \$4, a sum that might have been absorbed for a single useful article of dress.

Notwithstanding this report of 1850, it was only last year that another attempt was made to arraign the Society again upon the same grounds. And this present Session has been marked by the presentation of a petition calling for measures still more stringent. And yet another is already prepared, charging that we have exceeded the limits in our income, & praying for a committee of investigation, & also to so far disfranchise all who believe in our religious faith, as to prohibit any person from binding an infant to them.

Therefore we, tho' reluctantly, are impelled to the conclusion, that some two or three of our neighbors are bent upon the destruction of our Societies. Nor are they particular as to the means, but evidently rely mainly upon the Legislature as the successful instrument of our overthrow.

We have recently had sorrowful experience of the principles, or rather want of principle in our enemies. The last season two several standing crops of highly medicinal plants were mowed down in the night, at intervals, a work which must have employed several strong men, & such to, as we think would not toil without pay.

This highly disagreeable & disgraceful proceeding we mention merely to show the kind of characters these are, who are so officious in the affairs of the poor & helpless Shakers. And the conclusion is, that the smallness of the sum to which we are limited, invites & tempts such persons to annoy & afflict us yearly, by Legislative proceedings.

What does it avail for a body of 500 industrious persons to say, & even solemnly declare, that their nett income is not over \$5,000? The one ready answer is, we do not believe you. Let us have a committee of investigation, to examine into all the minutie of your business, then we shall know at any rate what branches of your labor are most lucrative, & shall at

least gain this advantage, that we can better compete with, or supplant you in business, as also we shall cause you much anxiety, trouble & expense, and if in addition to this, we can prove by hook or by crook that you have exceeded the appointed sum, then we claim the forfeiture of your Trust Act", & thus you will be at our mercy & our point is gained.

We think our legislating friends need not feel any concern, lest we become a wealthy monopoly, dangerous to the ~~landed~~ & monied interests of the State, when it is known & considered that we are associated together, not for temporal purposes only, but also for spiritual; the latter always predominating. That from religious motives we, as individuals have freely given up all selfish, ambitious pursuits common among men; & as a Society, we have abstained from using the means by which great wealth is rapidly accumulated.

All the speculating schemes, & plans for growing rich without labor, so common, & we may say so honorable among all other classes of the community: such as banking, for which we have every facility & great inducement; buying large tracts of land to sell again at greatly enhanced prices, & indeed the whole system of speculation & mercantile business in general, we have eschewed; also some \$50,000. due for military services, are from conscientious motives left in the hands of the government.

All of these & other facts, if duly considered, are, we think, sufficient to disarm the public of all fears, as it must be obvious at a glance, that no individual or class of people could ever accumulate more than their just & equal share of either land or money, by simply, mechanical or agricultural pursuits. Neither can it be shown, that we have ever used the influence we do possess, in a single instance, to meddle with politics, or control an election.

Ext. From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker for  
Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1852.

Endorsed by the Albany Evening Journal for  
Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> 1852.

# Our Friends the Shakers.

There is no class of people in this State more industrious, orderly & productive, than the Shakers, nor is there any class of our citizens more annoyed by pettifoggish legislation. Almost every winter some sucking Mansfield gets up some kind of a cock & bull excitement about these people, in hope that the fuss made about it, may confer on a No 2 pettifogger a No 1 importance.

If the Shakers have committed any enormity, let that enormity be properly proved & placed upon records, but until that enormity is proved, we say that it is the height of injustice to be constantly throwing stones at them. The people who never had a representative in the State prison, jail or poor house, are the people ~~that~~ we should not persecute, but one that we should induce our more orthodox brethren to emulate.

The shaker does not marry, say their opponents - great it - neither do old maids or bachelors, & yet we propose laws to trammel their rights & privileges. If the Shaker does not marry, it make it better for those who do in giving the admirers of calico a larger market to choose from than they otherwise would have.

Among the laws which have been passed to annoy & injure the Shakers, is the 'Trust Act' which passed the Legislature in 1839 - a law not more it was with common sense, than it is to the best interests of the state.

According to that enactment, no Shaker Society can enjoy an income of over \$5,000. Now, when it is recollecte that every dollar our broad brimmed friends receive, comes from the toil & perspiration, it will be seen that the law of 1839 lays an embargo on industry, & forces men to become idlers, whether they wish to become so or not.

The Shaker Society at New Lebanon, numbers between five & six hundred individuals. As the law will not allow this or any other Society to clear over \$5000. per year, it follows that the clear earnings of the settlers at Lebanon are limited to \$10 a year for each member. A law which thus limits the productiveness of any man, is not only



a disgrace to our Statute book, but to the Spirit of the age.

So long as the Shaker derive their wealth from hard  
knocks & the harvest field, they should be encouraged to make  
that wealth as large as possible. Industry will work no  
injury to any man or set of men. If the Shakers can  
raise \$50,000 worth of produce a year, so much the  
better for the merchant & the consumer. The more  
corn & brooms grown at Nisecayuna, the more business  
it makes for our buyers & sellers, our sloops, towboats, &  
Steamers.

The law of 1839 should be immediately repealed. No  
Statute can be productive of good, that paralyzes the  
arm of labor. If the Shaker deserves punishment for  
any crime, real or imaginary, send him up to the  
penitentiary; but, for God's sake, do not so stultify  
yourselves, as to pass a law which shall limit the pro-  
ductiveness of his potatoe patch or wheat field.

Est.

Endorsed by the Albany Daily Knickerbocker for  
"Feb 24" 1852. —

## Bear On.

Bear on, what tho' life's tides may be,  
& current strong opposing thee,  
And thou hast but a slender sail  
To spread before an adverse gale,  
When trials lash the waves to foam,  
And thou art far from friends & home,  
Nay, not thy spirit to despair,  
But manfully the billows dare,  
High o'er the waters high & cold,  
For thou thy steadfast eye & bold.

Bear on, Bear bravely on,  
Bear on, the world may jeer & scoff,  
And chosen friends may cast thee off,  
Stay not to weep, the brittle chain,  
One stormy wind could break in twain,  
If thou hast found that heart untrue

Which was thy hope, thy dearest too,  
 Sink not in sorrow's depth profound,  
 Despair will never heal the wound,  
 Live to the past no vain regret,  
 The future lies before thee yet.

Bear on, Bear bravely on,  
 Bear on! Does thy repining eye  
 See worthless pride exalted high,  
 While modest merit sinks forlorn,  
 In cold neglect & cruel scorn.

O! never from thy tempted heart,  
 Let thy integrity depart.

When disappointment fills thy cup,  
 Undaunted, nobly drink it up.  
 Truth will prevail, & justice show,  
 Her tardy honors, sure but slow.

Bear on, Bear bravely on,  
 Bear on, our life is not a dream,  
 Tho' oft as such its muses seem,  
 We are not born to lives of ease,  
 Ourselves alone to suit and please,  
 To each a daily task is given,  
 A labour which shall fit for heaven.  
 When duty calls, let love grow warm,  
 Amid the sunshine & the storm.  
 With faith life's trials boldly bear,  
 And come a conqueror to thy rest

Bear on Bear bravely on.

## Careless Letter Writers

From a Parliamentary report it appears that 2,024,657 letters were sent to the Returned Letter Office in England & Wales in 1857. Of these 264,253 were destroyed after every effort was made to discover the writers had failed. 25,115 letters contained money or some kind of valuable property, amounting in all to no less than \$1,700,000. Out of this list, the writers of 3,333 letters containing property of the value of \$80,000, have not been found.

Sci. Am. Vol. 14. No 4. page 25. Oct. 2. 1858.

# Longevity of Persons Engaged in Different Occupations

The Legislature of Massachusetts have had some tables prepared, to show the mean average of life attained by individuals engaged in different employments, & from which we cull the following interesting facts. Bank officers are the longest lived, their average being 68 to 76; next Judges & justices, 65. & then agriculturists, whose average is from 63 to 63. Clergymen, Coopers, gentlemen, public officers & shipwrights average from & between 55 & 60. Blacksmiths, butchers, calico printers, lawyers, hatters, merchants, physicians, & rope-makers, attain ages, varying from 50 to 55. Carpenters, masons, & traders live from 45 to 50. Bankers, editors, jewellers, manufacturers, mechanics, painters, shoemaker, & taylor, average from 40 to 45. Machinists, musicians, and printers live from 35 to 40. Clerks, operatives & teachers are the shortest lived of all, being only from 30 to 35.

Of course, it is not necessary that persons following any of the above business should die at a definite age, but still the table gives a very good test as to the effect of employment in wearing out the human frame.

Sci. Am. Vol. 13. No. 47. page 371. July 31 1858.

## The Upas Tree

An exchange says, the story that the Upas tree of Java exhalés a poisonous aroma, the breathing of which causes death, is now known to be false. The tree itself secretes a juice which is deadly poison, but its aroma, or odor is harmless. Styrachine is made from the seed of a species of Upas tree. Such is the name of a district, the atmosphere of which produces death. This effect is not produced by the Upas tree, but by an extinct volcano near Batar, called Suava Upas. From the old crater & the adjoining valley is exhaled carbonic gas, such as often extinguishes life in this country in old wells & foul places. This deadly atmosphere kills every thing that comes within its range — birds, beasts, & even men. & the valley is covered with skeletons. By a confusion of names, the poisonous effects of this deadly valley have been ascribed to the Upas tree, the juice of which is poisonous, & hence the fable in regard to the deadly Bohun Upas tree. Sci. Am. Vol. 13. No. 47. p. 374. July 31 1858.

# The Habitual Use of Spirits

[51]

We are all of us more or less aware of the directly visible injurious effects produced by the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, in the follies & vices, the absorption of all the generous feelings, all the tender humanities & sweet charities of love, while the heart is held under its sway, but few of us know the full extent of the change produced by it, both in the mental & corporeal faculties. The British & Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review shows that the habitual use of spirits arrests that metamorphosis of tissue which is necessary for health, leaving the effete tissue as a useless burden in the system, to be converted in that least vitalized of all the organic constituents, oil & fat, until life itself becomes clogged at the fountainhead.

Thousands of men, according to the Review, who have never been inebriated, annually perish, having shortened their lives by tipping a little every day. The dram arrests the metamorphosis, & another dram is taken before this arrest ceases, the reaction, thus thus postponed, becomes more intense, the depression is excessive, more drams are taken, & so, in the end, without ever having been intoxicated, the tippler sinks into the grave, presenting the strange anomaly of a reasonable being periodically applying a poison which is sure to impair & eventually destroy the vitality of the body, & divert the nobler impulses of the heart from that course which consecrates it to a heaven-born life. The effect of drinking spirits is different from that of drinking wine, for wine is rarely used except at meals, so that the effects have time to pass away before a second becomes due, & hence no craving for an increased quantity is experienced. Men are now living, in consequence, in robust old age, who have taken the same identical number of glases <sup>of spirits</sup> daily for half a century, without feeling it necessary to increase the quantity.

Sci. Am. Vol. 13. No. 47. p. 373. July 31<sup>st</sup> 1858.

## Effect of too much Acid on the System.

There are many persons in the world, who, thinking themselves to thin or corpulent, to accord with their beast ideal of symmetry & beauty of person, are constantly exercising their minds with a view of increasing or diminishing their rotundity, & in many cases apply remedies to their supposed defects which eventually destroy their health.



of advancing tides in the ocean of divine Ideas, she is gloriously useful & indispensable. As her birth is chronicled in the midst of a modern civilization, which exceeded that of the times of Origen, Luther, & Calvin, so is her religious development more than theirs startling to mankind.

The reasons are.—

1<sup>st</sup> Because she was a woman.

2<sup>d</sup> Because she was an inspired woman.

3<sup>d</sup> Because she enlarged the scope of religious experience.

4<sup>th</sup> Because she unfolded a Principle, an Idea, which no man, not even Jesus, had announced or perhaps surmised.

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jesus, Paul, & other inspired persons, were illuminated on many integral principles, but never sufficiently to perceive the plenitude of woman's nature, & the equality of her destiny. They had a God of almighty force, of infinite intelligence, of inconstant temper, of love for the lovely, & hate for the hateful, with a heaven for his friends, a hell for his enemies, but in the outreachings of these minds towards a comprehension & presentation of their God, you will detect a one-sided dependence confessed, a shortsighted obligation & responsibility, & a semi-civilized acknowledgement of the divine personality & character. It was all manish; God was a "He God", & woman was supplemental. Paul, therefore, permitted the women to speak in meetings, with certain insulting restrictions & by-laws affixed. The Jews kept women in the back ground, if not in the tented kitchen, & nowhere does their God disapprove the custom! Luther entertained & expressed almost savage sentiments concerning the women nature & function, His royal, & indignant antagonist, Henry VIII, did not disagree with the doctor of Wittenberg concerning woman, neither did ~~Calvin's~~ <sup>the</sup> fiery hail of Calvin's logical cannon destroy the ranks of prevailing prejudice against woman. In fact, woman was not seen by religious chieftains to possess more than secondary value in the universe of "Men" until the advent of the good, the just,

the inspired Scorge Fox, after him we derive a higher typical revelation of the woman-nature, from the un-  
laculous-minded Swedenborg of the north, then John Wesley by the light of his inspired talents recognizing  
woman as a divinely valuable agent in the "home"  
"mission" work, also as a voice "persuasive in prayer"  
as the song of the morning stars, but we wait & watch  
during all these 1700 years of religious conception and  
progression, for such a revelation of God's character  
as came unexpectedly thro' Ann Lee.

Of this excellent personage, & concerning the qual-  
ity & effect of her teachings, the German, English,  
Scotch, & American churches have published libellous  
accounts. Priests are transparently unjust. No  
error, no untruth, is so immoral as that of the pulpit.  
It fears a new revelation. But shall mankind hang  
reverently upon the neck of Superstition? Will  
men shut their eyes to stellar light, & open them to  
the darkness of earth-born theology? From a limited  
finite, stereotyped conception of God, the better part  
of mankind will soon depart. The Council of Nice,  
in 325, was nothing more than a congress of preju-  
diced, & wrangling religionists; yet do Catholic & Prot-  
estant, Dogmatist & Progressionist, fear to openly re-  
pudiate that council. Ecclesiastical tribunals is  
a place where justice is impossible. Prayers dissi-  
pate the soul's reliance upon integral Principle. The  
very pious, are the fashionably immoral; that is,  
true "faith" under Jesus, is more effectual than good  
"works" of any magnitude under Moses: so that  
when ones faith is right according to the new covenant's  
standard of judgment, work may promote selfish &  
wicked ends with impunity to the worker. On this  
ground, or with this infallible security, priests could &  
can fabricate falsehoods against Ann Lee, & arrest  
the investigation of her experiences, all for the glory  
of God & the Salvation of souls. But the end of  
all this is at hand. Among the just of the earth  
there is springing up a river of consuming fire, red

not with whole centuries of smothered indignation, & the "White Sepulchres" of dishonest minds will be deluged & destroyed. For 1650 years the Apostles Creed has been received as changeling gospel, but even that, is being desecrated by hundreds of spiritual & philosophical minds, whose ancestral dignitaries worshipped it as the everlasting truth. "The world moves!"

Her crime was: She was a woman with a claim upon mankind by Heavens inspiration. She could not be forgiven. Her sin was unpardonable. Gracious Heavens! a woman inspired? What a blenish on the masculine paternity! Forbid it Abraham, Isaac & Jacob! Moses, Jesus, Paul, Councils of Pope & Bishop — cast the "seven devils" out of this new Magdalene! God of masculine quantities infinite — the eternally isolated "He" of the Prophets & Apostles — down with this ambitious Venus in Religion, scare her fanatical followers, & confound the people who listen to her meetings.

But she would not "down it their bidding!" The He — God of the Churches lived as completely & essentially in this "She" — Incarnation, as in the expanded Universe. And here comes one great good out of this Nazareth. Ann Lee demonstrated the Idea, the impersonal principle, that inspiration & revelation are not confined to China, India, Persia, Judea, Greece, Germany, France, England, Australia, or America; that qualitatively & quantitatively, the celestial streams set just as surely thro' woman's soul as thro' man's, fertilizing & equalizing the sexual hemispheres as they flow. She broke down the partition walls which Custom had built between the woman spirit & its celestial Fountain Source.

Of the doctrines & "thots" of this inspired One, I have nothing now to say, it is only of her central Idea — of the Principle — thro' which inspiration flowed to mankind. We grow sad when contemplating the crystallization of individual about this nucleus. Not that their institutions are unchristian,



or unfit for the moral regeneration & spiritual progress of thousands, but because any organization, believed to be a "finality" & so revered, is mankind's enemy & a "stumbling block" in wisdom's pathway. If there are any just men & women on earth, any minds sincerely Christian, or persons conjugally disengaged, any exact followers of the Master & <sup>his</sup> <sup>first</sup> <sup>apostles</sup>, any who endeavor to live & do righteously & peacefully, in the love & fear of God, with opinions in advance of the evangelical establishments either of America or Europe, they are the "Shakers", the people who congregate about the "Shots" of Ann Lee, the Friends who, as brothers & sisters, live in the spiritual glow of the Resurrection!

That the reader may not be deprived of the practical & religious "shots" of the Shakers, & that every mind may have all the necessary data of correct knowledge upon this subject, I herewith present a brief statement of some of the features of the Shaker theology.

The 17 Propositions, with critical remarks, were drawn up by "Frederic W. Evans" a good authority—

1 "Jesus Christ was the first Christian. He practices what he taught—the absolute necessity of being born again, out of the earthly into the heavenly element. & when that is accomplished in any soul, all old things in that soul are done away."

- 2 "There is not one soul on earth that is born again"
- 3 "There are a few who make it the business of their lives strictly to watch themselves, that the Evil One touch them not, or mar the begetting of God in their souls."
- 4 "The Church of Christ on earth is composed of such & none else."
- 5 "They are the Church militant, and why? because they are in a state of antagonism to the earthly element in their own souls."
- 6 "Christ's mission upon earth was to save his people from their sins, as above stated, by placing them in a state of antagonism. Any man who will be my disciple, let him take up his cross daily."

- 7 "The Roman, the Greek, & the Protestant Churches are not of, nor do they belong to the Church of Christ, because they are not in a state of antagonism to the earthly element above alluded to"
- 8 "If they were in a state of antagonism to all evil, they would not commit sin."
- 9 "They do commit sin"
- 10 "Therefore, by their works shall ye know them: They war & fight etc. etc. as at Sebastopol: The Russians of the Greek Church, the French of the ~~Catholic~~ <sup>Protestant</sup> Church, & the British of the Protestant Church."
- 11 "A Jewish-Christian Church, & a Gentile or Pagan Christian Church, did exist at the same time."
- 12 "The Jewish-Christian Church at Jerusalem, had all things in common. they did not marry, & abstained from war, they possessed the resurrection power of rising out of the earthly element, into the heavenly, angelic, or Christ sphere. All within the pale or spirit of that sphere were saved from sin. With them rested the spirit of Christ, & all who came into that spirit had their sins remitted on earth, & as a matter of necessity, in heaven also."
- 13 "The Pagan-Christian Church not only were not a continuation of the Pentacostal Church, but they were not even an integral part thereof, but were distinct bodies. They were not admitted into the Pentacostal Church but were merely allowed & tolerated as an outer court thereof. The Pagan-Christian Church, held private property, married, held slaves, & practiced war. It was this court that ultimately scattered the power of the holy people - the power that saves from sin, assuming authority, standing where it ought not in the holy place, it trod under foot holy things, counterfeited, & feigned the Christ power, & so became Anti-Christ."
- 14 "The Pagan-Christian Church was composed of heterogeneous materials (just as it is at this day) foolish Galatians, carnal Corinthians, guilty of deeds, not even named among the heathen."
- 15 "In the second century a great schism took place in the Pagan-Christian Church. The then Bishop of Rome,

excommunicated all the Bishops of the East, because those of the East, would not eat lamb when he ate it. Those of the East, excommunicated the Bishop of Rome in return, thereby nullifying the whole Pagan Christian Church (Christ is not divided). Both parties remained obstinate in quarrelling over the slaughtered peaceful lamb, & are not reconciled to this day. Hence, there are two Popes in Christendom at this hour — the Patriarch or Father of the Greek Church, & the Papa, or Pope of Rome. And, since it is the nature of parts to possess the properties of the whole, if the Pagan Christian Church possessed infallibility when it fell in two, the infallibility-property must have been split in two also; & when the Roman Church fell in two under Luther & Calvin, they must in the very nature of things retained their share of infallibility, & of power to minister in holy things! These men were good Catholics, & ought to have been sainted! All the difficulty was in their being a little too zealous: they wanted the old woman of the Vatican to walk a little straighter, & not to cover so many dirty things with such a width of crinoline — that was all

- 16 "The Greek & Roman Churches of to day, are the lineal descendants of the said Pagan Christian Church. The Protestants are fragments of the Roman Church, & bear the same relation to it that parts do to a whole. & as water cannot permeate a rock, but can find its way among ~~the~~<sup>its</sup> fragments, so there is more light, progress, personal civil & spiritual freedom, & security of life, in Protestant than in Catholic countries. Therefore it is desirable that a perfect solution of the rock & its fragments take place (the process is begun), & mine be disentrained, so that that Power which creates all things anew may, without let or hindrance, bring forth the new heavens & the new earth, in which shall dwell righteousness, even as in the Pentecostal Church.
- 17 "The Greek, the Roman, & the Protestant Churches, shall bear no relation to the Church of the latter day.

In it, its members shall learn the art of war no more, & the cannon's terrific roar shall not be heard within its borders. Come, then, ye good men & women true, of all sects & parties, of all colors & of every clime, of all religions & of no religions, & raise a voice & lift a hand to bring about on earth the reign of Love, Justice, Equality, & Universal Peace. Undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, bind up the broken hearted, give deliverance to the captive, & to all an equal share of all God's blessings, spiritual & temporal.

But it is the central Principle, the Idea of Ann Lee for which we now reverently enquire. That principle, in brief, is this; God is Dual — "He" & "She" — Father & Mother! Hindu teachers obtained a golden glimpse of this impersonal truth. Forming & destroying principles, male & female energies & laws, were perceived & taught by the early inhabitants. But not one person, from God Brahma to President Buchanan, has done what Ann Lee did for this world-revolutionizing Idea. She centrifugated it into a thousand different forms of expression. It took wings in her spirit. Better than the Virgin Mary's saintly position in the ethical temple, is the simple announcement that God is as much Woman as Man, a ~~woman~~ composed of two individual equal halves, Love & Wisdom absolute & balanced eternally.

Best minds of best culture every where accede, and, in different words repeat this central truth of Ann Lee. "There is a God for all nations" says Theodore Parker in his most living style of inspiration, "inspiring liberal Greece & prudent Rome not less than pious Judea. a God for Jacob & Esau, Jew & Gentile. a God to whom mankind is dear — Father & Mother to the human race." For this wonderfully beautifully truth he adds; "Then you can explain human history: the diverse talents of Egyptian, Hindu, Persian, Hebrew, Greek, Teutonic, Celt, American, these are various gifts, which imply no partial love, on the part of him who makes you oak a summer green, you pine a winter green.

"You find the infinite God [that is the Father and Mother] in human history, as in the world of matter; for as the plan of material combination, mineral, vegetable & animal, did not reside in any one of the sixty primitive substances, nor in the world of minerals, plants, animals, but in God, who is the thoughtful substance of these unthinking forms. — So the plan of human history is not in Abraham, Isaac, Jacob; it is not in the whole world of men, but in the infinite God, who is the Providence who shapes our ends to some grand purpose that we know not of." Elsewhere he says:

"Commonly, I think, men & women of simple religious feeling furnish the facts which men of great thoughtful genius work up into philosophic theology. It is but rarely that any man has a genius for instinctive intuition, & also for philosophic generalization therefrom. Such a man, when he comes, fills the whole sky, from the nadir of special primitive religious emotion, up to the zenith of universal philosophic thought. You & I need not wait for such men, but thankfully take the Truth, part by part, here a little & there a little, & accept the service of whomsoever can help, but take no man for master — neither Calvin, nor Luther, nor Paul, nor John, nor Moses, nor Jesus — Open our soul to the Infinite God, who is sure to come in without bell, book, or candle".

Now, altho' the logical drift of this strong man's inspiration sweeps outwardly into the boundless sea of intellectual freedom & individual growth in spiritual goodness, yet the plan is found centred in "Father & Mother God"; the central primal principle at the heart of Ann Lee's inspiration & teachings.

But she was no philosopher, no deep, quiet analyst of inward feelings from interior Ideas, & hence the mixture of egotistic specialities therewith. The shapes & shadows of her private necessities, trials, & temperament, flit here & there like the fairy, flashes, & impalpable forms of uncertain inspiration. Contradictions

together spheres burst out thro her organic powers of compelled  
 expressions. With these, & with several ~~partially~~ ~~expressed~~  
 pronounced Ideas within the recorded pages of her illumina-  
 tion, we can have nothing to do. Let those who love  
 to "institutionalize" one mind's "shots" as finalities & rules  
 of life for all other minds, meditate upon them, while  
 we, <sup>preparing to start</sup> as fellow pilgrims up the shining mountains of  
 Eternal Development from within, do welcome Ann  
 Lee to our homes as a world's benefactor; & with rev-  
 erence introduce her to her own seat in the Pantheon  
 of Pragesis.

Great Harmonia Vol 5. The Thinker  
 By Andrew Jackson Davis.

# Washington's Vision.

Benj Wesley Bradshaw.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the  
 4 of July 1859, in Independence square. He was then 91  
 and becoming very feeble, but tho so old, his dimming  
 eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which,  
 he said, he had come to gaze on once more before he was  
 gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to  
~~speaking the~~ the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a  
 shaking hand - "What time is it?" "I cant see so well  
 now as I used to."

"Half past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall, I  
 want to tell you an incident of Washington's life - one  
 which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you  
 live, you will, before long see it verified. Mark me,  
 I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

"Reaching the visitor's room, in which the sacred relics  
 of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of  
 the old fashioned wadden benches, and my venerable friend  
 related to me the following singular narrative, which, from

the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known to the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly presumptuous rebels, which British grenadier would soon tame into submission; but, undauntedly, we prepared to make good what he said. The keen encounter came, & the world knows the result. It is easy & pleasant for those of the present generation to talk & write of the days of '76, but they little know — neither can they imagine — the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing I much fear, & that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is now becoming stronger & stronger, & unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine & tumble into ruins the noble structure of our Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative."

"From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune — now good & now ill, at one time victorious, & at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care worn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story about Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret, for aid & comfort from that God, the interposition of whose divine providence, alone kept us thro' those dark days of tribulation."

"One day, I remember it well — the chilly wind whistled & howled tho' the sky was cloudless & the sun shining brightly — he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon, alone. When he came out, I noticed his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than

ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the department seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite of me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I — for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed — that it was some moments before I found language to enquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, & even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading thro' me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually, the surrounding atmosphere seemed as tho' becoming filled with sensations, & grew luminous. Every thing about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitant herself becoming more airy, and yet ever more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompanying dissolution. I did not think I did not reason, I did not move, all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companions."

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look & learn!'" while at the same time, my visitor extended her arm & forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fast upon fold. This gradually dissipated, & I looked upon a strange



scenes. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world - Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling & tossing between Europe & America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia & America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic', said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look & learn!'

'At that moment, I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating, in mid air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, while he cast some upon Europe with his left, immediately a dark cloud ~~and~~ <sup>arose</sup> arose from each of these countries, & joined in mid ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed thro' it at intervals, and I heard the smothered cries & groans of the American people."

"A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, & sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard a mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look & learn!'

"I cast my eyes upon America, & beheld villages, towns & cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh, look & learn!'

"At this, the dark shadowy angel turned his face southward, & from Africa I saw an ill-omened specter approach our land. It flitted slowly & heavily over every village, town & city of the latter, the inhabitants of which, presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word Union, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, & said: 'Remember we are brethren!'

"Instantly, the inhabitants casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around

the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, the second peril is paper, look and learn!'

"And I beheld the villages, towns & cities of America increase in size & numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, & their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in Heaven, or as the sand on the sea shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh - look & learn!'"

"At this, the dark shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa."

"Then my eyes <sup>looked upon</sup> beheld a fearful scene. From each of these countries, arose thick, black clouds, which soon joined into one. & throout this map gleamed a dark red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land, and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn villages, cities & towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, flashing of swords, & shouts & cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look & learn!'"

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel once more placed his trumpet to his mouth, and blew a long, fearful blast."

"Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, & pierced and broke into fragments, the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the same angel upon whose forehead still shone the word Union, & who bore our national flag in one hand, & a sword in the other, descend from Heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking up courage again, closed up their broken ranks

and renewed the battle. — Again amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, — look and learn!"

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time, dipped water from the ocean & sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled away, together with the armies it had bred, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. — Then once more I beheld the villages, towns, & cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had bred, in the midst of them, cried with a loud voice to the inhabitants: "While the stars remain & the heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

"And taking from his brow, the crown on which still blazed the word Union, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people kneeling down, said, "Amen!"

"The scene instantly began to fade & dissolve, & I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling, white vapor. I had first beheld. This also disappeared, I found myself gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said, "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, peering which, the whole world united, shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every citizen of the Republic, learn to live for his God, his Law, & the Union."

"With these words the figure vanished. — I started from my seat, & felt that I had been shown the birth, progress and destiny of the Republic of the United States. "In Union she will have her strength, in Disunion her destruction."

"Such my friend," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, & America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember, that in Union she has strength, in Disunion her destruction!"

# Batavia

[67]

Batavia, the capital city of the island of Java, according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of oriental splendor. The houses, which are white as snow, are placed two or three hundred feet back from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees, teeming all alive with birds, & every variety of plants & flowers.

Every house has a piazza in front decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, bird cages, &c.; while rocking chairs, lounges, &c., of the nicest description, furnish luxurious accommodations for the family, who sit here morning and evening. At night the city is in one blaze of light by lamps. — The hotels have grounds of eight or ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flower gardens, &c. Indeed so numerous are the trees, the city almost resembles a forest. — The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets, & but few curtains. — Meals are served up in about the same style as at first class hotels in the United States, altho the habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee & tea are taken to the guests rooms, and again at eight o'clock, with light refreshments. — At twelve breakfast is served, and at seven, dinner. Coffee & tea are always ready, day & night.

No business is done in the street in the middle of the day: on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool & delightful. Birds are singing all night. The thermometer stands at about 82° thro'out the year. The island contains a population of about 10,000,000, the city of Batavia about 180,000. The island abounds with tigers, leopards, anacardas, & poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are produced in great profusion.

Copied from the Jublet Signal (Ill) of July 9<sup>th</sup> 1861.

# Hints on Health

It may be observed says Hufeland, that "the more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live. the further he deviates from them, the shorter will be his existence".

Dr Wainwright says, a man in perfect health ought always to rise from the table with some appetite, and that if either the mind or the body be less fit for action after eating than before, that is, if the man be less fit for study or labor, he hath exceeded the quantity.

"It may be laid down," remarks Hufeland, "as a fundamental principle, that the more compounded any kind of fruit is, the more difficult it will be of digestion, and what is still worse, the more corrupt will be the juices prepared from it."

It is observed by an ingenious writer, that they who least consult their appetite, who least give way to its wantonness or voraciousness, attain generally, to years far exceeding those who deny themselves nothing they can relish & conveniently procure. And it has been remarked in favor of temperance, that the miserly, who eat sparingly of plain food, and drink nothing but water, in general live long.

It was indeed an ancient proverb, "He who is to pour to make a feast, & to obscure to be invited to a rich man's table, has the best chance for longevity." Volney says, "cleanliness has a powerful influence on the health & preservation of the body. — Cleanliness in our garments, as in our dwellings, prevents the pernicious effects of dampness & bad smells, & of contagious vapors arising from substances abandoned to putrefaction. Cleanliness keeps up a free perspiration of the body, renews the air, refreshes the blood, & even animates & enlivens the mind. Hence we see persons attentive to the cleanliness of their persons & their habitations, are generally more healthy, & less exposed to disease than those who live in filth & nastiness. It may moreover, that cleanliness brings with it, thro' out every part of domestic discipline, habits of order & arrangement, which are among the first & best methods & elements of happiness. — Natural Helps to Health Taken from the Solist Signal (Pills) July 9<sup>th</sup> 1861 —

# A Correction of some Mistranslations of Scripture.

By Elder John Lyon & others.

Matt. 5" 29". — "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out & cast it from thee, for it is better for thee that one of thy members should perish, & not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

It should read thus: — "If thy right eye cause thee to offend, or sin, drive it out, or exile it, & cast it from thee &c."

Luke 16" 9". — "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations!" — It should read thus:

They make to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness which fail, while ye are received into lasting habitations.

Exodus 32" 6". — "And they rose up early in the ~~morning~~ <sup>morning</sup>, & offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings, & the people sat down to eat & drink & rose up to play. The word play in this sentence, (in Greek) is fornication.

Exodus 4" 26". —

Ephesians 4" 26". — "Be ye angry and sin not, let not the sun go down upon your wrath." The original Greek of this is, "Be ye not angry, nor sin."

## Serious Considerations.

By Eideon Turner Junr.  
Composed 1836.

Those youthful days which God did lend to me,  
To be prepared for age, are gone I see;  
Now age, with much infirmity appears,  
A few turns more will finish out my years.  
My eyesight, hearing, memory, fail,

And weakness o'er my natural frame prevails,  
This native body, to the dust must go,  
Which is a fact, that every one must know.

But tho' my days so swiftly glide along,  
Yet in my faith in spirit I am strong.  
In my declining years, I plainly see  
There's still a precious gift of God for me.  
The way of God is equal just & true,  
To faithful souls, it is forever new.  
Both old & young, may share the heavenly prize,  
If they are patient, humble meek & wise.

The way of God has been my soul's delight;  
Fifty four years I've labored day and night  
To keep the gospel in its purity,  
Which was the gift that Mother gave to me,  
And in return, as Mother often said,  
My soul has lived on pure and living bread,  
And tho' this body turns again to earth,  
My soul will sing the songs of joy & mirth.

These verses Br Gideon handed to one of the young  
sisters, and desired her to read them when he was dead and  
gone; For, said he, I shall want to be remembered. I  
have ever loved Mother's gospel, and I hope the young  
will; and if they can do but little, let them be careful  
and do no harm; This has always been my labor.  
The above lines were read at Br. Gideon's funeral  
which was attended Mon. Feb. 2<sup>d</sup> 1852. He deceased  
Sat. Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852 aged 84 years 3 months & 25 days.

# Public Castigation

[71]

By Hervey L. Eades

Dear Br Oliver,

When one writes in time of sorrow,  
It may soothe him for the day,  
But may shame him on the morrow,  
When his griefs have passed away,  
Yet with this plain admonition,  
I will write thee, more or less,  
Not with that true contrition,  
Which perhaps I should possess.

One great love yet sustains me,  
Which to you I shall divulge.  
Ah! in truth, it now restrains me  
In so much, I can't indulge  
In a course to censure others,  
Who to me feel often dear.  
Remember, Oliver, we are brothers;  
Can't we feel our spirits near?

'Tis the love and pure affection,  
Which I feel from friends around,  
Aid me in the right direction,  
In this love may I abound:  
O 'tis sweeter far than honey;  
Its true value can't be told,  
Can't be counted out in money,  
From all bankers vaults of gold

Faults which I may see in others,  
As a warning are to me,  
When I think they are my brother's,  
Quickly does all hardness flee.  
Jesus, whether Christ, or angel,  
Has the true example set,  
Taught in his divine evangel,



Precepts we should not forget.

Basely, when one would betray him,  
Heads he bore the burning thro't!  
Did not let his passions sway him,  
But a lasting lesson taught.  
Patient Saviour! O! How meekly!  
(The lesson here's, for me — for you)  
All thou saidst, was, "Do thou quickly  
What thou hast in heart to do!"

Mildly then in imitation,  
Tho' we govern one, or all,  
Should our every salutation,  
And commanding cadence fall.  
Let our words be spoken kindly  
Mildly, evils to repress;  
Not at random — never blindly.  
To the faults we may profess.

Laughing, rough, or harsh expressions  
May excite some artware fears,  
May extort some lip confessions,  
Never, bring repentant tears.  
All the thunder we can muster —  
All the wrath we can impart,  
Our gasconade and fiery bluster  
Never melt a hardened heart.

Steeld to all the pointed lances,  
From the bow of vengeance thrown —  
One may strike, but lo! it glances,  
Blunted by a hardened bone,  
Nef, if shoots a barbed arrow,  
Strike some vital, tender part —  
Break a bone or pierce the marrow,  
Or penetrate a throbbing heart,  
Death ensues — a death as certain

As the life they have enjoyed.  
 When we draw aside the curtains,  
 What we see is life destroyed! —  
 Can we forget that we are mortal?  
 While we bend a brother's neck?!  
 Would not strange emotions startle,  
 Should we find we'd made a wreck?

A wreck of what the Lord had given,  
 For us to cultivate with care —  
 To guide — to love — to lead to heaven? —  
 O Brother, this you're call'd to bear: —  
 Ever for your equals caring —  
 Tenderly the young care's —  
 Bearing, bearing — ever bearing,  
 With the weakness they possess. —

See you thunder cloud, & hear ye  
 How it sends its stormy howl?  
 Dark & dreadful, black & dreary!  
 Chilling to the very souls. —  
 Would you draw a shield around you?  
 Bid defiance to its threat?  
 Brace against what e'er surrounds you,  
 Wind, or hail, or dry, or wet?

Truly, 'tis our common nature,  
 Things alike the mind inflame —  
 The moving impulse in each creature,  
 Much alike, if not the same.  
 Why not then receive instruction?  
 Or, is there nothing here to learn?  
 The very fires of our production,  
 Must in other bosoms burn. —

Falk of soldiers brave in battle,  
 Roar & rant from noon till night, —  
 Why, my brother, we're not cattle,  
 You can never make us fight!

Treat them kindly — treat them civil,  
Those on whom success depends —  
For heaven's sake, don't turn the swivel  
And open your ordinance on your friends!

For where's the man can fight with vigor,  
Or even deign to keep the track,  
With foes before him pulling trigger,  
And friends a firing at his back?!!  
A victory perch on our banner,  
No odds where, or how, or when, —  
This can't be the safest manner.  
To work with devil, beasts, or men!

There is but one safe way — and only  
One. — Don't let your men grow sad,  
Distant, sour, gruff, or lonely —  
Cheer them up — don't make them mad.  
A man must love his lead — Adore him,  
At least, he must feel very near: —  
Fis' fatal, with a fire before him.  
To open another in his rear. —

God is love, then hate can never  
Come from him in any form;  
But pure love is gushing over,  
To his creatures, pure and warm;  
Yet should nothing ever binds us,  
Where the gift of God demands. —  
O that heaven may ever find us,  
For the gift, with heart and hands.

I'm the led, and you're the leader,  
In a great and holy war.  
Neither of us can turn to cedar,  
We know what we are fighting for.  
I do love you, can obey you,  
Will obey you day by day,  
Never can my soul betray you

While we go this heavenly way.

My heart, my soul, my life is given,  
 With you to walk the narrow road —  
 I know, as true as there is heaven,  
 My soul is reconciled to God.  
 Indiscretions still may wound me,  
 Still may give a moment's pain;  
 Faults of others may astound me,  
 Yet, may be to me a gain.

Never tell a Lie.

How simply & beautifully has Abdel Hadis of Gilon impressed us with the love of truth in ~~the~~ story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, & devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her of what I had seen, & she wept. Then, taking out 80 dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance, she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to lie, & afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, "Go my son, I consign you to God, we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well until I came near Hamandai, when our Kafilah was plundered by 60 horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got? "Forty dinars, said I, are sewed under my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence, where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," said I. "I have forty dinars in my pocket, sewed under my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open & found the money.

"And how came you," said he in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised, I will never tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God?" "Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they, to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue". And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his name.

Extracted from the N. Y. Christian Era.  
For Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> 1861.

## The Flaming Sword.

A Sign from Heaven seen in the State of Vermont  
March 27<sup>th</sup> 1798.

Feeling it a duty incumbent on me to communicate to my fellow men what has been remarkably revealed to me, I attempt to communicate as far as my memory and illiterate abilities will admit, a faithful narrative of what I was eye witness of on the 26 of March 1798.

As I was journeying with a team from Woodstock in Connecticut, the place of my nativity, to Burlington in Vermont, on the evening of the 27<sup>th</sup> said month, I called for entertainment at the house of Captain Bissett, in Chelsea. After some time spent in the evening, in conversation with some there, on the unhappy condition of our country, as it respects foreign powers, its internal divisions &c. by reason of so many designing characters among us who are actuated more from selfish motives than any real patriotic zeal for the general welfare.

With a mind burdened with these reflections, I retired to my lodgings at an early hour. With a revived ~~surprise~~ <sup>surprise</sup> whether the conversation of the evening had a tendency to influence the vision of the night I will not deter-

mine: but as no one ever paid less attention to the ramblings of Mogus, than myself, I conceive there must be something evidently supernatural in the singular phenomenon. I am about to relate.

A few minutes before the clock struck One, as I conceived, I conceived I awoke, and turning my eyes towards the window, I beheld an uncommon gleam of light which induced me to leap from my bed. I looked and nothing uncommon appeared, it being out no other than <sup>an</sup> a great twilight night. I again got into bed with a view of getting a little more refreshment by sleep, but it was without effect.

After musing sometime on the conversation of the evening & the events which caused it, I was surprised at seeing something resembling a field piece & the clashing of Swords, as I conceived it, which I saw plainly thro' the window. At the same time a bright light appeared in the room, as tho' the moon, in the height of his lustre, shone directly upon me. I raised myself in bed, but immediately sunk back with terror & surprise, & lay some minutes motionless.

At length me thought I heard an audible voice which I conceived not human call me by my name, & said, arise, & give ear to the messenger of heaven; for you shall be witness of the signs which shall be given of the periculous times that are coming upon the earth, by reason of the innumerable sins & dissentions so prevalent among mankind, especially in this favored land.

For thus saith the Lord, I have delivered this people, like the children of Israel from the tyranny of a powerful nation, & would fain have gathered them, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her, but they would not harken to the voice of Wisdom. They have become a rebellious and disobedient people, lusty as it were, after the luxuries of Egypt, boasting in their own strength, & pregnant with evil innumerable, but their peace is destroyed; wars and rumors of wars shall they abound in both nations & civil. The father shall rise against the son, & the son against the father; for a great and powerful nation have I chosen to be a scourge to all other nations of the

earth even the most haughty shall bow to them, for  
the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,  
but by an Almighty Arm the nations of the earth  
shall be made to know that the Most High reign-  
eth.

This nation shall lay waste your sea coast with the  
fleets of all the conquering nations, & her armies shall  
swarm around you like the flies and gnats of Egypt  
for a season, until they know the Lord giveth and  
taketh at his pleasure, & for a sign of these times shall  
you be a witness of the Angel descending with a long  
flaming sword in his hand, which shall turn to every  
point to prepare the way for ushering in the glorious day.

Then shall the sword be transformed into an Olive-  
Branch, which shall arise & overspread the horizon, &  
appear as emblematical of the harmonious day, in which  
all nations ~~and~~ languages shall be gathered into one  
family, & all become of one heart & mind, to serve un-  
der the peaceable government of him whose scepter sways  
all worlds.

After such a discourse, which I conceived more than  
human, my readers may well think me a stranger  
to sleep the remainder of the night, for neither tongue  
nor pen can describe the agitation of my mind or  
the trembling situation of my frame. I can truly say  
with Belshazzar when he saw the handwriting on the  
wall, my knees smote one against the other, tho' I  
found myself composed on mature deliberation, when I  
could but consider myself as highly favored in being a  
bearer of the Divine Message.

As the clock struck three, I arose from my bed  
and prepared my team, paid my fare, & set out on my  
journey, without making known to the family the sin-  
gular occurrence of the night, tho' my mind was so  
truly fixed on what had past, that it was with much  
irregularity I proceeded on my journey.

I had not got on my way more than one mile &  
a half, before my team which consisted of four oxen  
& a horse, in full speed were instantly stopped, as tho'

burst by a mighty hand. I urgently bid them go on but without effect; for at the same instant, a bright light appeared to overspread the horizon, & an angel or some supernatural being, as I conceived, descended & stood erect in the air but a little distance before me, dressed in a long unfoiled robe with a flaming sword in his hand; & I can say with Daniel, "I was alone & without strength," & he said unto me, "Stand on thy feet & give ear to the words which I shall speak."

As I stood trembling & recollecting the vision I was under the influence of a few hours before; I lifted up my eyes & beheld his face, which had the appearance of lightning, & his eyes were as lamps of fire. The sword which he held in his hand was, to appearance, about 30 feet long, the hilt of which was variously ornamented. It appeared of pure gold, set with stones of various hues, the blade of which resembled fire.

I cast up my eyes & beheld a bow in the clouds, variegated, much resembling a rainbow, encircling a constellation of sixteen stars, differently diversified, there being nine at the southeasterly part of the bow, of a most beautiful azure, in the center of which there appeared an olive branch richly decorated with golden buds. The seven to the north were of a deep crimson, & all very transparent & brilliant.

These afterwards separated; the nine of the azure fell to the south, & the seven of a crimson to the north, attended with a heavy rumbling in the air like the rushing of many armies to battle; at which I fell with my face to the ground, where I lay in a profound reverie for some time, at length I heard an audible voice articulate & say, all these are signs by which you shall see what is to befall the nations now in the latter days.

Wo unto the inhabitants of the land, for their sins & ingratitude. In wars & rumors of wars shall they abound. Their fields shall be crimsoned with the blood of their own citizens; & nothing but lamentation & mourning shall be heard to echo thro' the present lonely valley, until all the towers & rampires of the earth shall be plucked up, & demolished.



ished from the face thereof, by the pestilence that walketh  
in darkness, & by the sword which lays in wait at noonday;  
for there shall be such a destruction as shall greatly thin  
the inhabitants of the earth, both by wars, & pestilence,  
and famines, until there shall arise a Branch from  
the root of Jesse, which shall perform such remark-  
able wonders, thro the power of Almighty God, as  
shall effectually convince the world of his divine authority,  
& shall cause eventually, all nations to be of one heart  
& one mind & one religion: When there will be no  
more wars among mankind, who will ever after be in  
the strictest bands of friendship, professing unfeigned love  
to God & one another, & the Jews & Gentiles shall co-  
incide in sentiment, & become one & indivisible, de-  
claring Jesus Christ to be their only King & Sovereign.

As he ended, he proclaimed, Praise thy will be done  
on earth as in heaven & may all the people say amen.  
As he spoke these words, I looked & beheld the sword  
which he held in his hand, was transform'd into an  
olive branch, which grew & over ~~past~~<sup>pre</sup> the horizon,  
under which a reflection of light presented to my view,  
a long & spacious landscape covered with an innumera-  
ble host of beings, like unto the stars of heaven, worshipping  
& praising him who is King over all these.

The lions lay down with the lamb, and the beasts of  
the earth & the fowls of the air were mingled together in  
concert, & nothing but love unutterable appeared among  
them, & as it ascended a voice proclaimed glory to God  
in the highest, peace on earth & good will to man, & at  
the echo of which, I fell on my face in amazement &  
terror,

How long I continued so, I cannot tell, but when  
I came to myself the wonderful appearance had vanished.  
Timothy P. Walker.

Correct Transcript of the Sentence of Death.  
 Pronounced against Jesus.  
 Translated from a German Paper.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world viz. That of death against the Saviour. The sentence reads word for word as follows.

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the province of Lower Gallilee that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the Cross.

"On the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor of Tiberias and on the 25<sup>th</sup> of the month of March in the most holy City of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiphas.

"Pontius Pilate Intendant of the province of Lower Gallilee sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the Praetor,

"Sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross because he was ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> guilty of the numerous testimonies of the people prove,

- 1<sup>st</sup> Jesus is a misleader.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> He has excited the people to sedition.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> He is an enemy to the laws.
- 4<sup>th</sup> He falsely calls himself the Son of God.
- 5<sup>th</sup> He falsely calls himself the King of Israel.
- 6<sup>th</sup> He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

"Orders the first Centurion Quirillius Carnelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

"Forbids all persons rich or poor to prevent the execution of Jesus.

"The witnesses who have signed the sentence of death against Jesus, are

- 1<sup>st</sup> Samil Kobani Pharisee
- 2<sup>nd</sup> John Zarobabel
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Raphael Kobani
- 4<sup>th</sup> Capeta.

"Jesus shall be taken out of Jerusalem thro the  
gate of Sionna".

The French Journal Le Trait has the following  
remarks.

This sentence is engraven on a plate of brass, in the  
Hebrew language. A similar plate has been sent to  
each tribe. It was discovered in the year ~~1280~~ 1280 in  
the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, thro  
a search made for the discovery of Roman Antiquities,  
and remained there until it was found by the Commis-  
saries of the arts in the French Army in Italy.

At the time of the campaign in the South of  
Italy, it was preserved in the Sacristy of the Carthusians,  
near Naples where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since  
then this relic has been kept in the Chapel of Caserta.  
The Carthusians obtained by their petition, permission  
that the plate might be kept by them, which was  
an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made  
for the French Army. The translation was made  
literally, by members of the Commission of Arts.  
The Senate had a facsimile of the plate engraven, which  
was bought by Lord Howland on the sale of his Cabinet,  
for 2899 francs.

There seems to be no historical doubt as to the au-  
thenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence corres-  
pond exactly with those of the gospel.

Copied from a Newspaper 1857.

## Pagan Legend of Jesus

from the Church Monthly

Publius Suetonius assumed by some to have Proconsul  
of Judea prior to Herod, is reported to have seen the living  
Christ. He has written the following letter to the Senate.

At this time ~~lived~~ appeared a man, who is still living  
and endowed with mighty power; his name is Jesus  
Christ. His disciples call him the son of God; other

regard him as a powerful prophet. He raises the dead to life, & heals the sick of every description of infirmity & disease. The man is of lofty stature & well proportioned, his countenance severe & virtuous, so that he inspires beholders with feelings of both fear & love.

The hair of his head is of the color of wine, and from the top of the head to the ears, straight & without radiance; but it descends from the ears to the shoulders in shining curls. From the shoulders the hair flows down the back, divided into two portions, after the manner of the Nazarenes; his forehead is clear and without wrinkle; his face free from blemish, & slightly tinged with red; his physiognomy noble & gracious. The nose & mouth <sup>are</sup> well shaped. His beard is abundant, the same color of the hair & forked. His eyes are blue & very brilliant.

In reproof or censuring, he is awe inspiring. In exhorting & teaching, his speech is gentle & convincing. His countenance is marvellous in seriousness & grace. He has never once been seen to laugh, but many have seen him weep. He is slender in person, his hands are straight & long, his arms beautiful. Grace & solemn in his discourse, his language is simple & quiet. In appearance he is the most beautiful of the children of men.

Albany Evening Journal Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852

## Poetry Its Power.

By W. B. R.

When you sweet poetry compose,  
Be sure you see the measure flows,  
Like music soft as air  
Let no discordant accents jar  
The magic harp, for thus you mar  
The numbers smooth & fair.

The poet's hand should have a soul,  
To catch the spirit to soft & true,

And breathe them forth again.

For poetry, to be complete,  
Must never be inanimate,  
'Tis spirit, most affectionate  
Swells full its powerful strain

The life of all we see or know,  
Of things above, or things below,  
Is poetry from God  
When all was chaos, dark as night,  
Twas music bro't the worlds to light,  
God tun'd his harp & put to flight  
Prime darkness with a word.

Then, O! what harmony appeared!  
God's poetry the planets steered  
In orbits round the sun.  
The floods, the depths with water cloyed,  
The brooks & vales their strains employ'd,  
And hills & mountains danced o'er joy  
And praised the Almighty One.

The moon & stars join'd in the dance,  
And caus'd the night with light advance,  
As Sol led on the day.

The dawning earth restored to life,  
With verdant fields & woods came rife,  
Fair flowers adorn'd each nook & cliff,  
With beauties sweet & gay.

While God yet tun'd his potent lay,  
Another wonder to display.

He crown'd his mighty theme:  
The fishes swam the boundless flood,  
Beasts, birds, possest the verdant wood,  
And man the God-like image stood  
As chieftain of the scheme.

So, Poet, when you tune the lyre,

Let every note with life inspire  
 The objects of your song.  
 Let power & eloquence controul,  
 And wake to action every soul:  
 Make dance, each rock, vale, cove, & knoll,  
 And join the living throng.

The above was written while teacher, for the benefit of the scholars, to inspire them with more ardor in the execution of their compositions.

## Off Shoots

By Tom Hazelle

"O, dear, delightful solace of my youth  
 When I was sitting on our creek's green bank,  
 Overshadowed by the branches of my Hemlock tree,  
 Whose boughs in sunny hours have sheltered me,  
 How much I prize you. You are better to me far  
 Than silly chit chat, senseless nothings, or the common talk  
 That's heard at social gatherings. Books, you are my life.

I love books. They are my companions. I am wedded to them. By them I am enlightened. Their admonitions are mild, & their gentle teachings go to my heart's depths, moving me more than music. With books I never feel alone. Those which I read are acquaintances of mine, in many instances their writers I hold to be my most valued friends. Eye of mine may not have looked on them. My ears may not have heard their voices. Hand-grasp they and I may not have felt, yet I know them, sympathize with them, enter into their society & their solitude, as they enter into mine. Yet between us there is no voiceful language.

"Fit language there is none  
 For the heart's deepest thing: for when the heart is fullest,  
 The hushed tongue voicelessly trembles like a lute unstrung." +++  
 ++++ Take your voicefulness & lay it beside my voicefulness,  
 and tell me into whose companionship you would wish to pass.

Your talking coterie is the symbol of half developed spirituality. It best illustrates an age as yet rude & spruagled angles. It belittles the necessity of the visible & tangible, & tells all who come within its whirl, that the eye & ear, the hand & tongue, are the media as well as the securities of intercourse. It smacks of the material & ephemeral. But those I would seek as my upholders & comforters are such as live

"Where there is language,

and absence is a want of sympathy."

With such facilities as these for communion with the great & good, who can explain the reason why men with

"Broad acres stretching in the sun,"

pay so little heed to these facilities? Travel, enter the houses of the rich & the competent, & you will find few books! There are large & well furnished rooms, tapestried chambers, closets filled with bed clothes devoted to the moth, granaries overflowing with wheat, yards with flesh & fowl, Secretaries with rail road stock & purses with money, but in the whole inventory not books enough to make an auctioneers bid of five dollars.

I am surprised at the shortsightedness of parents. They instil into children, feelings of respect for money. Tell it demonstrates in their history the truth of Inspiration that "The love of money is the root of all evil!" They educate them so that at adult life, both sexes prefer the outside array to the inward adornment, & the money spent is oftener paid for a fine ribbon, than for a finely bound volume of some standard author.

Extracted from the Am. Phrenological Journal  
Vol. 15, No. 3 page 68.

## General McClellan's Dream.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch written by the same author at the commencement of our national difficulties, was widely copied by the press, & commended by Hon. Edward Everett, as "teaching

a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country.  
Exchange.

Two o'clock of the third night after Gen. McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States Army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps & reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling thro' the night, together with the dull rumbling of army waggons and artillery wheels, the weary hero, pushing from him his maps & reports, leaned his forehead upon his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep, so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the entrenchments, was insufficient to disturb him.

"I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he relates the strange narrative, "when I tho't the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder, said, in a slow, solemn voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington's camp."  
"Never before in my life have I heard a voice speaking in the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed me these words. And the sensation that passed thro' me, as it fell upon my ears, and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thro't of my own negligence, I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grape shot, discharged directly thro' my brain. I could not move, however, altho' I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of my willingness, & yet helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder, oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post?"

"There was a peculiarity about it this time. It seemed as tho' I — a mere atom of matter — was suspended in the center of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last word was uttered, I regained by some felt & yet unknown power, my



volition, and with the change, the grape shot sensation ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge, rough icicle was being sawed back & forth thro' and thro' me.

"I started up, or rather I should say I shot I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep, I am unable to decide. My first shot was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened, my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, & the maps all crumpled in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but every thing else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you."

"My gaze was turned southward, and there spread out before me, was a living map, yes, a living map, that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand coup d'oeil, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic on the East, to the Mississippi river westwardly.

"Before fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I shot of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left, somewhat in front, at a distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed, for the statue-like figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having nothing but the general outline of a man. This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said:

"General McClellan, your time is short — Look to the southward!"

"I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map."

"Out on the Atlantic, I saw the various vessels of the blockading Squadron, looming up with the most perfect distinctness, in the bright moonshine, that illuminated every

thing with a strong, but mellow light. I saw Charleston and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their sullen looking barbettes guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, & thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and in fact, every fortification along this water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness, as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard pacing there.

"This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for us to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute, but lightning like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every breastwork, every cannon, and I may say, dispensing with further detail every living & every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height."

"My blood seemed to stop in its channels, with joy, as I thought that the joy, knowledge, and thereby the advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy & happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when once more, that slow, silent voice, said:

'General McClellan, take your map, and note what you behold. Hurry now; your time is short.'

"I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm & point southwardly."

"Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold, chilling thrill ran over me, & the huge, rough icicle ~~excursions~~ again began its sawing motion thro' my heart. For, as, pencil in hand, I compared the map before me with the living map, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points. While on two particular ~~occasions~~ approaches to Washington. I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I in despair, And as before,  
my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so  
for fear. — Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the  
face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow,  
solemn voice struck once more upon my ear, saying:

General McClellan, you have been betrayed! Ah, had  
not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of tomorrow had set,  
the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol  
and your own grave. Note what you see. Your time  
is short. Farry not!

Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor,  
my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to  
the map before me, all that I saw upon the living map.  
Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me,  
and notes and recorded the minutest point I beheld, without  
the slightest effort, delay, or mistake. At last the task was  
done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

For a while previous to this, however, I had become con-  
scious that there was a shining light on my left, that steadily  
increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it  
became, in an instant more intense than the noon-day  
sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live  
forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim shadowy figure  
was no longer ~~the~~ a dim shadowy figure, but the glorified &  
refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country,  
and now a second time its Saviour. My friend, it would  
be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty re-  
turned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I be-  
held him in my dream, or trance, as you may choose to  
term it, was the most God-like being I could have conceived  
of. Like a weak dazed bird, I sat gazing at the heav-  
enly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount  
Vernon, our Washington had once more risen to encircle and  
raise up, with his saving arm, our fallen, bleeding country.  
As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benignity  
came gently upon his visage, and for the last time, I  
heard that slow & solemn voice, saying to me something  
like this:

General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the

birth of the American Republic. I was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, thro' his first great struggle for existence, he sustained her, and with his mighty hand bro't her out triumphantly. A century has not passed since then, & yet the child Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity she has been bro't to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest, to learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed. and she too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed otherwise, would, by tomorrow's sun set have been a broken heap of stones cast up over the <sup>final</sup> grave of human liberty.

But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she shall be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together, & raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her third & last great struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness & power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, & the whole earth shall, beneath her spreading wings, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God, her trust always be in him, & she shall never be confounded.

"The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, & as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, & raised and spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I reclined

my head forward to receive the blessing, — the baptism of Washington. — The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision had departed, & I was again sitting in my apartment, with every thing exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception.

The map on which I had dreamed I had been marking, was literally covered with a network of pencil marks, signs and figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, & took a turn or two about the room, to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself, but the penciling were as plain as ever, and I had before me, as complete a map and repository of information, as tho' I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees, to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. Tho' I rose, refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:

“Nearer time is short! Hurry, not!”

“In an instant, tho' became clear and active. Hastening couriers, with orders to have executed certain manœuvres at certain points, (guiding myself by that, now, in my eyes un-earthly map) I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere day light, galloping like the tempest, from post to post & camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure you, would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, had not Heaven interpose.

“That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and therefore treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whil of information I need — information the enemy would give millions to keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.

“The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is now struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty toppling map of national power & retribution will, until the proper moment comes, now & then let slip its victims & fore-runners of its approach. And when the proper moment does come, it will sweep down upon, & forever annihilate disunion, with a thunder that shall reverberate thro' out the world, for aye up on aye to come.

"Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs!"

"God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved! And our beloved & glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly, in his tomb, unless perhaps the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her thro' and final struggle, when he may once more, laying aside the cements of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of succor & peace from the Great Ruler, who has all nations of the earth in his keeping."

"But the future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present."

"When peace shall have again folded her wings and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked while the spirit eye of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious remainder to the American nation, of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owe to God & the glorified spirit of Washington."

"Verily, the works of God are above the understanding of man."

Pitts. Sun? April 10, 1862

## Slender

by  
Chauncy E. Sears

O wake to life ye muses as of old  
And strike your harps, symphonious, thro' bold  
For peace and love come tune your golden lyres  
Of friendship pure, O! rouse the genial fires.  
Say, why each rose is to a thorn allied?  
And why humility should walk with pride?  
Say, why the Lion & the harmless Lamb  
Are both creations of the great I Am?  
Why zephyrs fraught with sweet perfume and bland  
Should flee when hurricanes sweep o'er the land?  
Why storms & sunshine in succession rise?  
And lightnings shake the earth and rend the skies?  
Who scatters in the desert spots of green?  
Who made the mountain tops with lava teen?

The same great cause who formed the orb of light,  
And twinkling stars to cheer the gloomy night.  
Find ye the golden ore unmixed with dross?  
Then seek to find salvation without cross.  
Ah! drink the sparkling bowl of pleasure up,  
And at the bottom thou shalt sorrow sup.  
Of seeming differences oft 'tis given,  
To bring forth unity, sweet peace, & heaven.  
Learn then from nature's works our God to scan,  
All jarring discords harmonize in man.  
Who hails the light, as they whom darkness shrouds?  
How sweet is joy to those in sorrow bowed!  
How still the calm that tempest does succeed.  
How fair the flower that blooms beside a weed.  
Light shall bear rule & beauty yet shall shine,  
The vine in love around the oak entwine.  
The peaceful ox shall by the tiger lie,  
And friendship sweet invite the paper by.  
Antagonists of any name or grade,  
With pipe of peace or battle as arrayed,  
Who meet in fair and open field their foe,  
And all their ill-spent gallantry there show,  
Might be forgiven, if steps they wrong have took;  
But O! deceit! what human heart can brook.  
The tongue of slander, poison as the asp!  
In secret still it lurks, its prey to grasp.  
Not always is its victim injured most,  
But the recipient of the poison toast.  
O blackest fiend that e'er from hell could come,  
To blast the social bliss of life and home.  
The selfish heart will give this scoundrel place,  
With open breast and arms his lies embraced.  
Then like the serpent, ready for his work,  
The crimes they're guilty of, on others shirk.  
Tho' those they injure no resentment show  
Their envious malice at them still they throw.  
Now at your face how very smooth and fair,  
While at your backs their hatred they declare.  
With flattery on their tongues, and ire within,

They reckles plunge into a double sin.  
 If this is friendship spare my soul the pain,  
 Alone I'd dwell could I no other gain.  
 Mark that infernal grin which gossips wear.  
 When gossips do their neighbors faults declare  
 And then that roar of loud & warm applause  
 As if engaged in great and glorious cause.  
 Who thinks to climb by pulling others down.  
 Is but a sorry fool or selfish clown.  
 He who the faults of others circulate,  
 Portrays the meanness of his shallow pate.  
 If any thinks themselves so perfect quite,  
 They certain need not for their honor fight;  
 Nor make another worse than what they be,  
 That their own splendid talents all might see.  
 Little minds just big enough to act,  
 Are apt to have a very ready tact  
 Of seeing faults in every one besides,  
 Or some odd gesture which they can deride.  
 Like children who have nothing else to do,  
 They mischief make at every step they go.  
 What harm, you ask, is all this fuss they make?  
 They rile the waters of life's crystal lake.  
 Tho' slander lives but to explode and die,  
 Its fumes, contagion breed where'er they fly.  
 O Pilgrims, tho' we tarry but a day,  
 Come let us cheer each other by the way,  
 By doing unto others as we would  
 That each should constant work for our own good.  
 O there are joys that blackguards never know,  
 So pure serene, the living fountains flow.  
 If once we quench our thirst at this clear stream,  
 No more at stagnant pools shall we be seen.  
 Now as we read these lines, by friendship penned,  
 If wrong we've done, to day our wrong we'll mend.

Composed by Chauncey E. Sears  
 Manual Cannon - Columbia Co -  
 New York.



# Life's Journey.

- 1 As we speed out of youth's sunny station  
The track seems to shine in the light,  
But suddenly shoots over chasms  
Or sinks into tunnels of night.  
And hearts that were brave in the morning,  
Are filled with repining and fears  
As they pause at the City of Sorrow  
Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears.
- 2 But the road of this perilous journey  
The hand of the Master has made,  
With all its discomforts and dangers,  
We need not be sad or afraid.  
Paths leading from light into darkness,  
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,  
Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight,  
To fields that are blooming and fair.
- 3 Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,  
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day  
Above us, fair cities are laughing  
And dipping white feet in some bay,  
And always, eternal, forever,  
Down over the hills in the West,  
The last final end of our journey,  
There lies the Great Station of Rest.
- 4 'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,  
All roads center here when they end;  
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,  
All rival lines meet here and blend,  
All tickets, all mile books, all passes,  
If stolen or begged for or bought,  
On whatever road or division,  
Will bring you at last to this spot.
- 5 If you pause at the City of Trouble,

Or wait in the Valley of Tears,  
Be patient, the train will move onward  
And rush down the track of the years.

Whatever the place is you seek for,  
Whatever your aim or your quest,  
You shall come at the last with rejoicing  
To the beautiful City of Rest.

b You shall store all your baggage of worries,  
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,  
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,  
With Joy and Delight at the helm.  
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens,  
With those who have loved you the best,  
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey,  
You will find in the City of Rest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### Valedictory

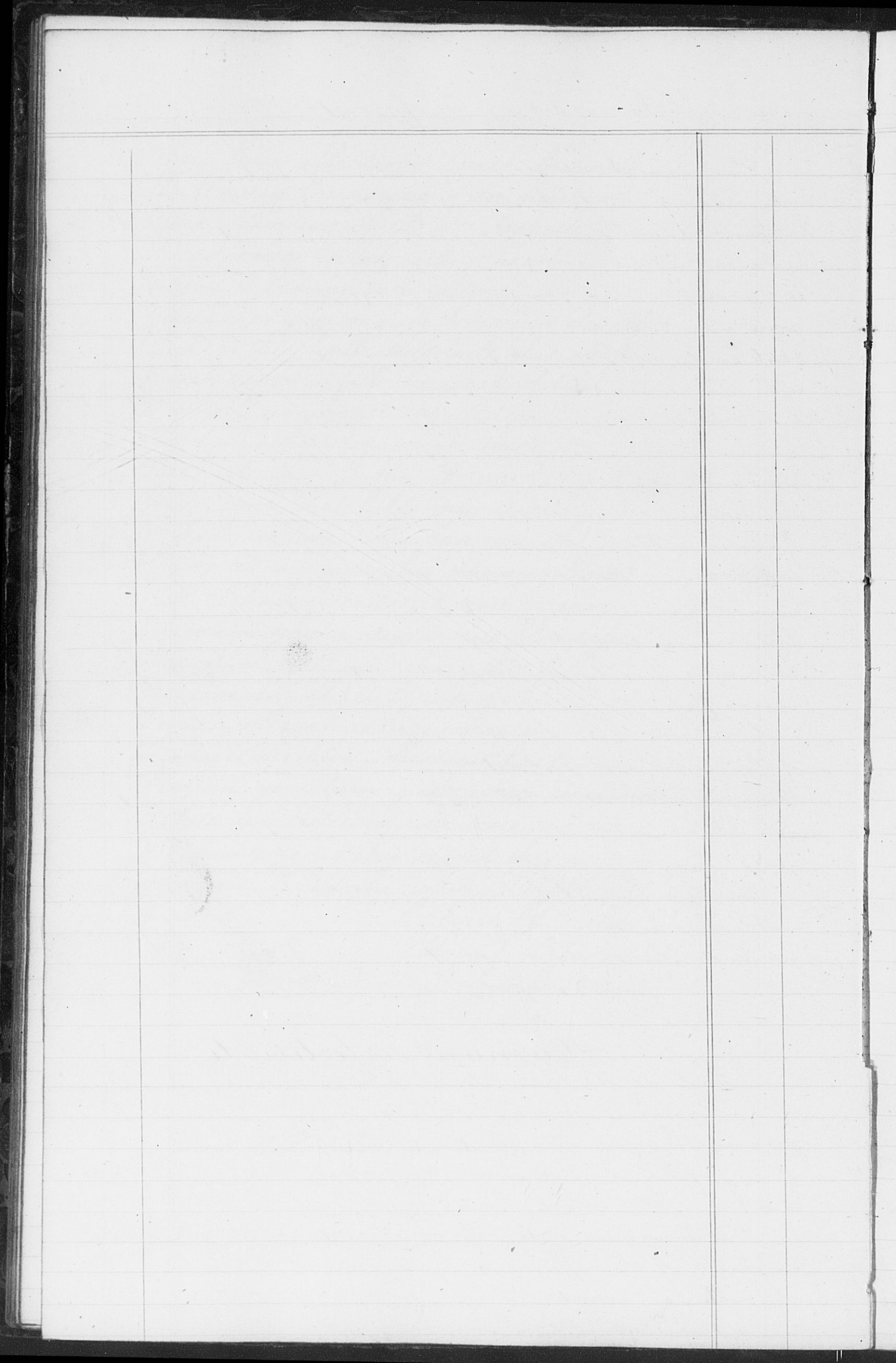
'Tis done! The hour has come! I go! I go!!  
And leave this hall where pleasures flow!  
The tender charge so long entwined  
Around my heart's affection, mind,  
I sing to you no strain, farewell,  
You in my memories' sanctum dwell.  
I love the Spring with flowerets gay,  
I love the warbler's thrilling lay,  
But in the tender, infant mind,  
I find these lays and flowers combined.  
The gentle streams meandering flow,  
Imparting blessings as they go.  
The brilliant Sun's enlivening ray,  
That chases Somnus with the day;  
These bless with their thrills of joy,  
And every grateful sense employ.  
But the delightful school-day drill  
With greater bliss my feelings fill  
Fair sunny days of blooming youth,

Where pure affection's breath bedeweth -  
The flowery landscape of the heart,  
Your blooming spirits e'er impart  
A radiance to my toiling heart.  
To you I bid no sad farewell -  
You in my memory's sanctum dwell.  
But to this hall, this toil, this strife,  
Which serves to fill the warp of life,  
To you I now must say, Adieu!  
My duties here again are thro'  
Thro'? Are they? Ah! Forever?  
Will Time, <sup>the spy</sup> that holds me, sever?  
O, Ruthless Time! How can you, Oh!  
Strike at my joys, this stunning blow!  
Well I have friends: A score, or more,  
On whom you've dealt this blow, before,  
And others yet will share this fate,  
Ere learning shall be out of date.  
I warn all such, to be prepared  
To meet the blow, however hard.  
And in your turn, just warn some more  
Before you settle up the score.  
For many years I've served thro'  
And now I bid the whole, ADIEU!

March 1858.

Calvin G. Reed  
Mount Lebanon  
Columbia Co  
N.Y.





## Increase of Population

The inhabitants of given nations & districts ravaged by war, are reputed to double every 25 years x. Our own population redoubles every 23 years. How astonishing our increase within memory - us all x at 6 rate? (1) in a 100 years? Over 300,000,000, - 16 then - one -  $\frac{1}{2}$  & in 200 years over 5 thousand million - 2500 then - one - ! Nor is 2046 so far off either, but that some of our great grand children will live - see  $\frac{1}{2}$  & in . thousand years Above five & a half billions of millions - one now!! - Other civilized nations will meanwhile also increase. A thousand years will crowd every mountain & crevice, & every isle of the sea on the whole earth, yet this numerical progression of man will not cease in a thousand years, nor in a 100 000. Its ultimate destiny, man's finite mind cannot conceive. Yet this is certain, that it will both crowd land & water with human beings to the utmost capacity of room & sustenance, after plying every possible means of augmenting her productive ness on the one hand, & observing the utmost economy of the means of subsistence on the other, & then keep them as full as the highest happiness of the greatest number will allow, probably countless millions of years. For to nature, "a thousand years are as one day". To this multiplying principle, doubtless, has its natural check by which to prevent over population, yet God alone is perspective of children!

"Progression a Law of things" O. S. Fowler's Self Culture.

## Human Perfectibility

Bad as the world is, it has been much worse.

Many as are the evils & abuses under which we groan, they are greatly diminished, compared with those of any former age. Nor are the kinds of existing evil anything like as greivous now as formerly.

The burglaries, drinking, swindling, & shark-like rapacity of the present age, bear no comparison with the robberies, extortions, murders, & warlike courage of feudal times, & especially of barbarous antiquity: -

Who would not infinitely rather live in our speculating money grasping age, than in former one of clannish hatred & murder, or knight-errant foolery & carnage? Are not our educational facilities annually improving; & the means of human comfort, & even luxury, multiplying apace? Let me live now in preference to any former age, & for personal enjoyment, centuries hence rather than now.

Man is destined to become almost infinitely more elevated in the scale of intellectual & moral excellence than he now is. This progressive law which has brot mankind measurably out of the ignorance, superstition, idolatry, tyranny, & bloodshed of past ages, will go on to make them terrestrial angels, & to render our earth a perfect paradise.

Yes, the predicted millennium is not a fancy sketch, but a prospective Reality, & things are now shaping preparatory to its dawn. This all perfecting principle is now rapidly ushering it in, nor can any thing whatever arrest its ~~pre~~ advent or long postpone its blessed approach. It has already incalculably diminished sensuality in all its forms, especially lust & cruelty. It is fast banishing war & all its bloody horrors.

It will soon "beat swords into plowshares & spears into pruning hooks;" demolish the gallows, & convert prisons into mansions of happiness. It will increase knowledge illimitably, & diffuse it throout the whole earth. It will promote health by teaching and enforcing its laws, till "no one shall say, I am sick," & till it banishes sin & suffering, augments man's talents & capabilities for enjoyment a hundred fold, & renders him as perfectly happy as it is possible for his nature to become or endure!

Human Improvement. O. S. Fowler.

Man is just beginning to think — is just learning the great truth that laws govern all things, & commencing to investigate & apply them, so as to promote virtue & happiness. Nor can he retrograde, except

temporarily. - He is now under the reign of the last of the propensities. Backward this progressive principle will never let him go. His next step will dethrone propensity, & give the dominion to his higher faculties. Then shall all know the Lord from the least, even unto the greatest; every species of sin & suffering be done away, & all mankind be rendered perfectly holy & happy.

Human Improvement by O. S. Fowler.  
Individual Progression.

Our capabilities for being happy, increase with years, why then should not our happiness? It would as invariably as it now declines, if men only knew how to Live. Nature has done her part towards rendering us all more & still more happy every succeeding day & year of our life from birth to death, & he who does not become so does not live up to his glorious privilege or destiny; nor should any be content unless they do. Let those who still reject this progressive doctrine be quite welcome to its downhill converse, & their own consequent "growth in misery" instead of "good".

O. S. Fowler

Age, too, when nature has her perfect work, constitutionally, augments Moral Excellence - that crowning feature of humanity - and ripens all the moral virtues, beside facilitating the control of the passions - & thus secures, by a natural process, that veri ascendens to the moral faculties which mainly constitutes happiness.

Moral excellence does not consist in isolated goodness, but in a long succession, every addition too which augments both it & its consequent enjoyment. It is like the mornning light which grows gradually into the perfect day. Hence it is impossible for the young too become as good, & consequently as happy, as the old. Age constitutionally purifies the moral virtues & their delights.

The young christian may be more fervent, yet cannot be ~~as~~ holy. Tho he may evince more rapture, yet for close communion with God, I desire to see & be like him; the aged saint is as much the ~~signior~~ senior as in years. Age loves to meditate on heaven & heavenly things, & by having breathed forth holy longings



Our aspirations for so many successive years, has become "the shock of corn fully ripe" for heaven, & just ready to be gathered into its anticipated "rest".

Would ye, who have panted so long after holiness, return to the zeal & the temptations of your earlier religious life? On your verdict rests this the ultimate issue of our glorious doctrine. Moral excellence being the great instrumentality of all ~~our~~ enjoyment, which age constitutionally augments; nature has provided that we become better & better, & therefore, more & more happy, every succeeding day of life.

Even its very closing is its happiest period, as sunset & twilight are the most beautiful portions of the <sup>natural</sup> day, so departing life sheds a holy calm & sweetness over the soul unknown before, & as, the last rays of day invite that rest which is now more welcome than all waking pleasures, so when life dies away by slow degrees it welcomes nothing equally with that eternal rest which awaits the children of God.

Nature thus weaning us from earth preparatory to our leaving it, & her thus ripening us, as we approach the grave, by this natural decay of propensity & growth of moral feeling, for the joys of heaven, is one of her most beautiful provisions. Nor is even death itself, when occurring after the ordinance of nature, that grim, horrid monster, generally represented ~~as~~, but a real blessing, even the crowning blessing of life, not merely the usher of heaven, but in and of itself.

Man was then ordained by nature to become more & more happy, every succeeding year and day of life, up to its very close, & this life itself is but a preparation for an order & amount of happiness infinitely higher than our limited faculties can conceive. Behold that literally, Infinite scale of progression in happiness & goodness thus placed within our reach.

But this scale descends as well as ascends. We can deteriorate as well as improve, & become more & still more miserable, instead of happy. Indeed, one

or the other we must become. Stationary, we can never remain, in this matter, any more than in age. Progress We Must, if not in goodness & happiness, in sinfulness & misery, which, depends mainly on our own selves. And how many grow in wretchedness as they grow in age — so many that nearly all think they, too, must descend in this mighty current with the mass! Such know neither their glorious privileges, nor how to secure them. But shall we thus retrograde & suffer? "God forbid". Shall we not rather strive to attain the highest possible measure of perfection & happiness? Shall the pursuit or possession of riches drag us down from this soaring destiny of our natures? He is richest who is most happy. Or shall anything whatever? No! not everything combined! We Can be happy & We Will. This, the one destiny of our being, shall become the paramount employment of our whole lives. What else is desirable?

But we have something to do. The nature has created these capabilities of perpetually increasing enjoyment, yet their productiveness will be only in proportion to their right Cultivations. She treats us as voluntary, not as passive beings, & having furnished us with the means of rendering ourselves happy, leaves us to use or neglect them, & take the consequences.

No soil, however rich, is productive in proportion as it is tilled, so, having planted the seeds of enjoyment in the rich soil of human capability, she leaves us to perfect their fruit by culture, or to choke their growth by sin, & to embitter their fruit by violated law. We who are careless of happiness, idle or trifler on, but let us who would render ourselves, by self-improvement, what God has capacitated us to become, turn from vanities, bury no talent, but redouble all while we live, & by studying & improving all our natural gifts, fit ourselves for that high & holy destiny hereafter secured to such by this great principle of Illimitable Progression! And to this end let us proceed to investigate its Conditions that we may fulfil them.

Individual Progression, by A. Fowler.

# I Can - I Can't.

I think I may say without fear of criticism that the members of no profession are held to stricter accountability for faithful and efficient service than are those of School-teaching. School Commissioners, trustees, and boards of Education, the patrons of schools all hold them accountable. The reasons for this strict accountability are broad and deep. The work committed to their charge possesses a magnitude and importance almost beyond the grasp of the human mind. They are the architect, or to use a broader term the builders of the nation. National life is constantly changing. True, nations live but generations pass away. The material composing our own beautiful and grand temple of freedom, is not to day the same it was a few years ago. This material was ~~then~~ in a crude state in the hands of the profession here represented, being fitted for future use. The children of to day, will be the <sup>nations</sup> children of tomorrow. The fitting of these children for the position they will occupy in this ever changing national temple, is the work of the teacher. Let me echo a few voices of the past respecting the importance of this work, or its bearing especially upon free institutions, or Republican Government.

George Washington, in his first annual address said: "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impressions so immediately from the sense of the community as in ours, it is proportionately essential."

John Adams said: "The wisdom and generosity of the legislature in making liberal appropriations in money for the benefit of schools, academies, <sup>(2)</sup> colleges, is an equal honor to them and their constituents, a proof of their veneration for letters and science, and a portent of great and lasting good to North <sup>(2)</sup> South America and to the world."

Thomas Jefferson: "A system of general instruction which shall reach every description of our citizens, from the richest to the poorest, as it was the earliest so will it be the latest, of all the public concerns in which I shall permit myself to take an interest. If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be."

James Madison: "Learned institutions ought to be the favorite object with every free people. Knowledge will ever govern ignorance, and a people who mean to be their own governors, must arm themselves with the power which knowledge gives."

James Monroe: "Let us by all means wise and constitutional means, promote intelligence among the people as the best means of preserving our liberties."

Chief Justice Marshall: "I cannot be more perfectly convinced than I am, that virtue and intelligence are the basis of our independence, and the conservative principles of national and individual happiness."

Chancellor Kent: "The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance."

Daniel Webster: "Open the door of the schoolhouse to all the children of the land. On the diffusion of education among the people, rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions."

Dewitt Clinton: "The first duty of government, and the surest evidence of good government, is the encouragement of education. A general diffusion of knowledge is the precursor of and protection of republican institutions, and in it we must confide as the conservative power that will watch over our liberties, and guard them against fraud, intrigue, corruption, and violence."

This work of education, so broad and grand, so vital in its bearing upon free institutions—civil liberty, is committed almost ~~solely~~ wholly to the profession

represented in this Association. The foundation especially is laid in our common or public schools, and all well understand the importance of a substantial foundation in successful building.

It may be claimed perhaps that our work, or the work of the teacher, is but supplementary to home culture. That this is the basis of all education, the great intellectual as well as moral power in the development of the child, the fitting of him for his future position and work. Far be it from me from underrating, or in any way speaking disparagingly of home culture and home influence. Connected with home are the sweetest, associations of human life, and would that they were always what in the counsels of God they were designed to be. The true home is the green bower of childhood, the quiet resting place in mature years, the hallowed spot upon which fall the last lingering rays of the sunset of life.

The work of the teacher is but supplementary to the culture of such a home. The elements of a true education are firmly implanted in the earliest years of life, even before the threshold of the school room is crossed. Obedience to parental authority is the chief corner stone laid deep in the heart by loving hands. In the power and willingness to be governed, lies the essence of self-government. A free people, is a self-governed people, and a self-governed people, is a people capable of being governed. In a true home this is the earliest lesson taught the child, and a lesson daily repeated with increasing power. When school days arrive, and the school room is entered, this lesson has become the controlling power in the life of the child.

The ability to govern successfully is considered the highest qualification of the teacher. In the case of the child who comes from the true home, this work has been anticipated. Such a child quietly and cheerfully submits to school authority and discipline. This home culture is not discontinued when the child is sent to school.

school. It extends thro' all the school years, being transferred to the teacher only during the few school hours. But the home lessons are so positive and deeply implanted, that the teacher finds no difficulty in fulfilling his duty, or meeting for the limited period the transferred ~~activity~~ responsibility. I am fully confident that I give true expression to the experience of teachers when I say that the governing of these children who are governed at home is only a pleasant duty. A school building containing many hundreds of children was on fire, and there occurred one of those terrible panics often terminating in fatal results. One child, a little girl, sat still in her seat. Her face was pale, for she was seized with the common fear. An explanation being sought, the child replied, that her father had told her she must sit still if the building should take fire. It was a grand illustration under the most trying circumstances, of simple obedience to parental instruction. When the child enters the school room under the controlling power of such parental discipline there is nothing left in the way of government for the teacher to do. He simply makes known his wishes, and the child cheerfully and heartily obeys. I have several such children in my Academy to day, some of whom ~~are~~ have been with me nearly three school years. In all this time their government has given me not one anxious thought. With an intuition that is almost wonderful, the teacher's wishes are all anticipated, and every duty is cheerfully and faithfully done.

In governing and teaching such children, a teacher never becomes weary. In all their school ways and work he finds no "I Cant" to contend with. It matters not what duty is laid upon them, or what task is assigned them, their response is prompt and hearty. If the task is a heavy one, it is grasped with an increase of power and de-

determination, and faithfully accomplished, if to do this is within the range of possibility. If doubts exist of their ability to accomplish the task, their watchword will be, "I will try" - I will do the best I can. Children of this ~~class~~ character we are proud to classify in the "I Can" department.

But there is no human pathway which is not more or less shaded, no earthly avocation which has not more or less of trial and discouragement. This may be spoken with special emphasis of school teaching. The material furnished the teacher for building the national temple is not all of the finest quality, and yet he is commanded by the powers above him, to produce only finished work.

Consider some of the defects of the material with which he has to do. A lady of wealth but without education, placed her daughter under the care of the principal of a boarding school, directing him to purchase for her whatever books or requisites she might need in her work. Her instructions were faithfully carried out, and still the daughter made but little advancement. The lady ascertaining this fact in some way, made complaint to the principal. After an unsatisfactory explanation, the principal frankly told her that her daughter was wanting in Capacity. Why did you not purchase it for her was her prompt reply. I instructed you to purchase whatever she needed in her work. Blinded by parental love, parents are not always qualified to measure the exact capacity of their children, and so often demand of their teacher results which it is impossible to produce.

But the number of children whose capacity is exceedingly limited is not large. This is not the most marked defect of the material with which the teacher has to do. The "I Can't" does not arise so much from want of capacity, or deficiency in natural ability to accomplish successful work, as from other causes

the more prominent of which may be traced either to the absence or character of home culture.

Many children are not governed at home. They are allowed the free exercise of their own depraved will. During spare hours of the day they are sent to school, and the rest of the time they are where their own inclinations lead them. They are not taught habits of industry. They have no attractive and useful books to read, and hence they have but little if any mental discipline. No thirsting for knowledge is awakened in them. They receive no instruction respecting the importance of an education, and the golden value of the moments of time. Most of their time outside of school hours is spent in street associations and in the formation of street habits. The school bell rings, or the hour for school arrives, and with no ambition, ~~with no~~ purpose in view, no lessons of obedience inculcated, no moral instruction impressed, filled with the corruptions of the street, they slowly move on towards the school house, lingering outside until the latest possible moment.

This is not an overdrawn picture. It is a truthful presentation of the training many children receive. The truth cannot be otherwise than patent to every observing thinking mind that there is a great laxity in the discipline and culture of the children in many American homes. And it is unquestionably true that this evil is increasing, and thus the work of the teacher is becoming more and more difficult.

The most experienced and skillful mechanic cannot produce good results except he have furnished him the best of material. The finest sculptor of earth cannot make a finished statue from a coarse sand stone. Good results can only be produced with good material.

Can the teacher be expected to make a man and a scholar from much of the material placed in his hands? At greater disadvantage does he



labor than the mechanic or sculptor. Their material lies passive in their hands. They can cut and carve at their pleasure. Their ideal is before them, and in the shaping of material they have no opposing elements to encounter, no will power to overcome & direct, no "I Cant" to contend with. But the teacher must turn out only finished work, whatever be the material, or his place will be filled ~~with~~ by another. He must procure capacity; create a purpose, awaken ambition, imbed in the soul moral precepts, wash away the filth contracted in the streets; bring the ungoverned into a state of cheerful obedience; send in due time every child home with a perfect character, and completed education.

But to do this, he finds no easy task. It is no easy task to govern those who have never been governed at home. much of his valued time must be taken from his legitimate work of teaching and expended in governing the school. He must have the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, and the adroitness of a modern politician. The school must be governed, order must be maintained, for this is the basis of successful school work. If it is not maintained, the most troublesome and vicious scholars, those who have nothing to do but to watch others, and see what is going on, and contribute all they can to every disturbing element, will make complaint at their home, and at their places of street resort that they cannot study, there is so much confusion in school.

Order must be maintained. It is God's first law. It must be the first law of the school room. Nor does the teacher find it an easy task to awaken ambition in those who have no books at home, and because of the absence of correct home training, have formed no reading habits, and no habits of study. The modern method of home training, even in many so called leading families, consists largely in evening parties, late hours, home dancing, or using the more modest, modern term,

"Games". Even in merest childhood these things are allowed and really encouraged. After an evening thus spent, the children are sent the following morning to school, tired, sleepy, wholly unfitted for study. All they can possibly do is to visit reciting to each other the lovely times they had last evening. But the teacher must take them as they are, and produce in them the most finished work. They must return at night to their home with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, and full of the inspiration of the school room.

Few there are outside of the schoolroom, who have any just conception of the task laid upon the teacher. Children of all classes and conditions are placed in close relation and association under his care. He must have such controlling power over them, that all evil passions of the vicious shall be restrained, that no physical or moral harm may come to the virtuous. The parent who cannot, or does not govern his own family, demands that the teacher shall perfectly govern all the families of the district.

The per. cent. of school children who are really ambitious for an education, and who make the best possible use of their time is not large. There are always a few of this character, a few really ambitious and independent minds. These are the "I Can" department. They do their own work. There is no "I Cant" in all their mental make up. They work their own examples, solve their own problems, analyse, diagram, and parse their own sentences, look out their own questions on the map, find their own definitions of words, write their own compositions. They seek help only when it is really needed, when the work is positively beyond their ability. The minds of such scholars are rapidly unfolded, gathering new strength each day. They delight to grapple

with hard tasks, for in mastering these, there is a more vigorous growth of mind, a more rapid increase of power.

But, unwilling as we may be to do so, we feel that truth compels us to classify a majority of our school children in the "I Can't" department. The ambitious of this department is measured by the positive requirements of the teacher. What they must do, they do do, only this—nothing more. They learn their lessons simply to recite them. They see no special beauty in their work, and feel no inspiration in doing it. They do not like hard tasks, they "Can't" do them. They get all the help they can in solving their problems and diagramming their sentences—in all their school work. All this is solid gain. If the teacher is exacting in his class requirements, they think he is severe. He does this for his benefit, not theirs. Such, not unfrequently, seems to be their opinion. They sometimes find great pleasure in cheating the teacher, little realizing how they are cheating themselves. The advancement of this class is necessarily slow. Their growth of mind is slow. They greatly increase the labor of the teacher, and give him intense anxiety. He must bear with them, using all his own mental resources in his endeavors to quicken their ambition, to give them new inspiration, and increase of power. Such children, when to late, see their mistake.

How numerous, diversified, and intricate are the problems which daily confront the teacher. The solution of these problems taxes to the utmost, all his physical, mental, and moral powers. Matter develops energy only when acted upon by an external force, but the mind force is inherent. It possesses its own moving power. The teacher works upon mind. He is to determine so far as possible, the resources and the possibilities of each mind committed to his care. These resources he is to develop, so that in future years the possibilities may be realized.

Each mind differs from all other minds, in the measure of its capacity, its distinctive qualities, and previous discipline, and needs therefore specific treatment. The teacher is to so adjust his methods as to meet these several conditions. He is acting upon and giving direction to what are soon to be the controlling forces of the world. The great deficiency of mental and moral discipline, resulting to a very large extent from incorrect or inefficient home training, portrays to his mind the imperfections of the past and the needs of the future. He is painfully impressed with a sense of his responsibilities, almost too great to be measured even by human shot. He feels the need of the most active cooperation of all the patrons of his school, but is conscious that instead of this, he oftentimes receives their unjust and harsh criticisms. But these things do not move him. With unflinching steps and unswerving purpose, he moves forward in his noble work, the fulfillment of his exalted mission. The temple he builds may not be perfect, but he is doing the best he can with the material placed in his hands.

Prof. L. Hall

N.B. Read at the North Chatham,  
Columbia Co. Teachers Association,  
May 8, 1885.

Nassau  
Columbia Co  
N. Y.

## The Church Walking with the World

The Church and the World walked far apart  
On the changing shores of time,  
The World was singing a giddy song,  
And the Church a hymn sublime.  
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,  
"And walk with me this way,"  
But the good Church hid her snowy hands  
And solemnly answered, "Nay,  
I will not give you my hand at all,

## The Church & World Con.

And I will not walk with you;  
Your way is the way that leads to death;  
Your words are all untrue"  
"Nay walk with me but a little space,"  
Said the World, with a kindly air;  
The road I walk is a pleasant road,  
And the sun shines always there;  
Your path is thorny, and rough, and rude,  
But mine is broad and plain;  
My way is paved with flowers and dews,  
And yours with tears and pain;  
The sky, to me, is always blue;  
No want, no toil I know;  
The sky above you is always dark,  
Your lot is a lot of woe;  
There's room enough for you and me  
To travel side by side  
Half shyly the Church approached the World  
And gave him her hand of snow;  
And the World grasped it and walked along,  
Saying in accents low,  
Your dress is too simple to please my taste;  
I will give you pearls to wear,  
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."  
The Church looked down on her plain white robes,  
And then at the dazzling World,  
And blushed as she saw his handsome life  
With a smile contemptuous curled,  
"I will change my dress for a costlier one;"  
Said the Church with a smile of grace;  
Then her pure white garments drifted away,  
And the World gave in their place,  
Beautiful satins and shining silks,  
Roses and gems and costly pearls;  
While over her forehead her bright hair fell  
Crisped in a thousand curls.

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The Church & World Con.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,  
"I'll build you one like mine;  
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,  
And furniture ever so fine."  
So he built her a costly and beautiful house,  
Most splendid it was to behold;  
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there  
Gleaming in purple and gold;  
Rich fairs and shows in the halls were held,  
And the World and his children were there,  
Laughter and music and feasts were heard  
In the place that was meant for prayer.  
There were cushioned pews for the rich & the gay,  
To sit in their pomp and pride;  
But the poor, who were clad in shabby array,  
Sat meekly down outside.  
"You give too much to the poor," said the World,  
"Far more than you ought to do;  
If they are in need of shelter and food  
Why need it trouble you?  
Go take your money and buy rich ~~clothes~~ robes;  
Buy horses and carriages fine;  
Buy pearls and jewels and dainty food.  
Buy the rarest and costliest wines;  
My children they dote on all these things  
And if you their love would win,  
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways  
That they are walking in."  
Then the Church held fast the strings of her purse,  
And modestly lowered her head,  
And simpered, "without doubt you are right, Sir;  
Henceforth I will do as you've said."  
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,  
And she heard not the orphans cry;  
And she drew her beautiful robes aside  
As the widows went weeping by.  
Then the sons of the World & the sons of the Church,

# The Church & World concluded

Walked closely hand and heart;  
And only the Master, who knoweth all,  
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease & said:

"I am rich and my goods increase;  
I have need of nothing, or ought to do,  
But to laugh, and dance, and feast."

The sly World heard, and he laughed in his sleeve,  
And mocking, said, aside —

"The Church is fallen, the Beautiful Church;  
And her shame is her boast & her pride."

The angel drew near in the mercy seat,  
And whispered in sighs her name

Then the loud anthems of rapture were hushed,  
And heads were covered with shame.

And a voice was heard at last by the Church  
From Him who sat on the Throne:

I know thy works, and how thou hast said;

"I am rich;" and hast not known  
Thou art naked, poor, and blind,  
And wretched before My face;

Therefore from My presence, cast thee out,  
And blot thy name from its place."

Selected.

