

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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For the "Star of the North," SPIRITUAL MAGNETISM.

BY R. W. WEAVER.

It is a great pity that every scientific investigation must be perverted by mountebanks and chicanery to a base and ignoble purpose. But it has ever been so; and since the discovery of the magnetic needle was abused to serve superstition, quackery has ever followed at the heels of science. All true philosophers feel how much there is still left for them to learn after they have tramped over the fruits of all past ages; and only he who knows less than nothing thinks he knows all. Swedenborg was a true mental philosopher—perhaps a little too enthusiastic—but his modern imitators are Barons of the "woolly horse" species.

In no department of knowledge are we more deficient than in that where there was most to be learned—the science of the mind.—There are a thousand mental phenomena that no mortal philosopher can explain, and every new solution of mystery only shows us more clearly how much there is yet unexplained. Some years ago two scientific men (Messrs. Thilorier and Lafontaine) conducted a series of experiments in which they demonstrated that there exists in the human nerves an imponderable fluid which may be considered as intermediate between the electric and magnetic. Like the latter, the interposition of glass does not prevent its transmission, and like the former, it may be felt at a distance through the medium of copper wire. Upon this fact instantly sprang up a score of theories and a swarm of lecturers. La Roy Sunderland called his science of life Pathemism. Dr. Dod called his science Biology. Another lectured on Psychology.—Some one else attended to the part imagination played in this jugglery, and went about feeding people brandy, water, wine and lemonade all out of the same glass with nothing at all in it. And still another of these attended to the clairvoyant department—took the spirit out of the flesh, and led it off on a journey of discovery. This latter seems to be the toughest business, and its operators sometimes run against very crooked customers. One English Professor, to test the skill of the clairvoyants, wrote out a line of Shakespeare and locked it in a box, offering a large sum of money to any clairvoyant who would read it there. It has not yet been taken. Since the world has become interested in the fate of Sir John Franklin many clairvoyants have told distinctly where he is, but we may as well remark that no two agree in their report of him.

But a new philosophy arose in the wake of all the old theories, and what I would prefer to call mental magnetism was perverted into the business and art of calling up the spirits of the dead to rap out messages like an electric telegraph, or to lift about tables and make chairs dance. Perhaps I can furnish you nothing more interesting upon the subject than a brief account of the origin of spirit-rapping in this country. In 1846 there lived in a small house in the town of Arcadia, New York, the family of Mr. Michael Weekman. One evening he thought he heard a rapping on the outside door but upon opening it found no one there. The rapping was soon after repeated, but upon opening the door instantly there was no one visible. Mr. Weekman said he could feel the jar of the door very plainly when the rapping was heard. It seems that Mr. Weekman soon after moved away from the house and nothing more was heard of the rapping or other manifestations, till it was occupied by the family of Mr. John D. Fox, who have since become so conspicuous with the advent of spirits. In March 1848 they for the first time heard the mysterious sounds which seemed to be like a slight knocking in one of the bedrooms on the floor. It was in the evening just after they had retired.—At that time the whole family occupied one room and all distinctly heard the rapping.—They arose and searched with a light but were unable to find the cause of the knocking. It continued that night until they all fell asleep, which was not until nearly or quite midnight. From this time the noise continued to be heard every night. After having been disturbed and broken of their rest for several nights, in a vain attempt to discover from whence the sounds proceeded, they resolved one evening that this night they would not be disturbed by it whatever it might be. But Mr. Fox had not yet retired when the usual signs commenced.—The girls who occupied another bed in the same room heard the sounds and endeavored to imitate them by snapping their fingers.—The attempt was made by the youngest girl, then about 12 years old. When she made the noise with her fingers the sounds were repeated just as she made them. When she stopped snapping her fingers the sounds stopped for a short time. One of the other girls then said in eggs, (for they were get-

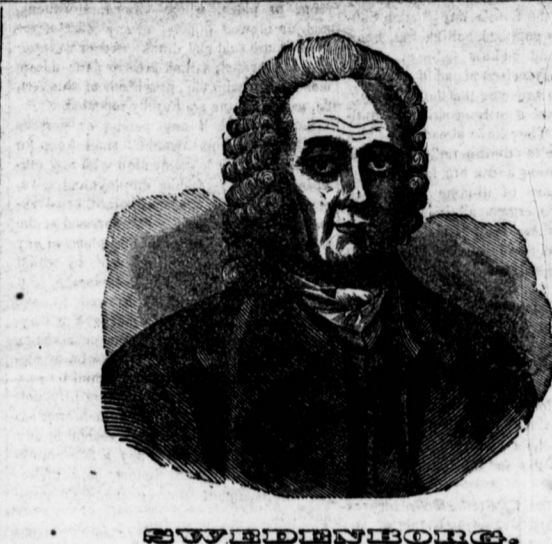
ting to be more amused than alarmed.)—"Now do what I do. Count one, two, three, four, five, six, &c." At the same time striking one hand in the other. The same number of blows or sounds were repeated as in the former case. Mrs. Fox then said "count ten," and there were ten distinct strokes or sounds. She then said, "will you tell the age of Cathy?" (one of her children) and it was given by the same number of raps that she was years of age. In like manner the age of her different children was told correctly by this unseen visitor. Mrs. Fox then asked if it was a human being that made the noise, to manifest it by making the same noise. There was no answer to this request. She then asked if it was a spirit; and if so to manifest it by making two distinct raps. Instantly she heard two raps as she desired. She then proceeded to inquire if it was an injured spirit, and if so, to answer in the same way, and the rapping was repeated.—In this way it answered her until she ascertained that it purported to be the spirit of a man who was murdered in that house by a person that had occupied it some years before—that he was a pedler—that he was murdered for his money and buried in the cellar. To the question how old he was, there were 31 distinct raps. By the same means it was ascertained that he was a married man and had left a wife and five children—that his wife had been dead two years. On the following Saturday they dug in the cellar for the body until they came to water and then gave it up. From that time on the daughters of Mr. Fox practiced the evocation of the dead, and improved very fast in their influence and control over the spirits. Chairs, tables and beds moved up and down, and to fro, and were suspended at their bidding by the unseen power. At Auburn, N. Y., on one occasion sounds on the wall, bureau, table, floor and other places were heard as loud as the striking of a hammer. The table was moved about the room, and turned over and back. Two men in the company undertook to hold a chair down while at their request a spirit moved it, and notwithstanding they exerted all their strength, the chair could not be held still by them—a proof that spirits are far more strong and powerful than men. On another occasion the sounds proper to a carpenter shop were heard, apparently proceeding from the wall and table. Sawing, planing and pounding with a mallet were imitated to the life, say the spiritualists.

But Astinburg beats all this in its draft on our simple credulity. It appears from the history that a young woman's husband had gone to California and was killed, as his spirit writes, by "swallowing an alligator." The widow was directed by the spirit of her mother to marry a pedlar. The spirit wrote out their directions, and these documents are sworn to and subscribed by two witnesses as the hand writing of the medium. The spirit was trying to bring Pa into the faith and directed the mediums to appear like idiots, talk all that came in their minds, baptize each other and Pa too. This done, a large Japan server was filled by spirit direction with spoons, thimbles, scissors, shells and other traps. A work-box was also filled with spirit ammunition. At the striking of the clock the spirit seized the medium and forced her to throw the server and all its contents down the stairway, which echoing and reverberating like so many Chinese gongs, started all to their feet. One enters the stairway and down comes a box of traps like Hall Columbia upon his head. He went up stairs—every thing in the room was in the wildest confusion. One young medium stood in wild affright at the physical demonstrations. The widow lay sprawling on the floor, the ghosts giving her fits—her hair disheveled, eyes rolling, mouth drooling, arms akimbo and limbs awry.—When the old man turned his back a brush, a shoe or something else was hurled at his head. It is needless to add that the widow was married to the pedlar.

The following will give you an idea of the character of the communications rapped out by the spirits under the auspices of Miss Margaretta Fox. The first is from a very profane spirit who says—"Now I am ready my friends. There will be great changes in the nineteenth century. Things that look dark and mysterious to you will be laid plain before your sight. Mysteries are going to be revealed. The world will be enlightened. I sign my name Benjamin Franklin."

One of the communications from Swedenborg informs us that the pious Melancthon in the future state was sometimes in an excavated stone chamber and at other times in hell—that when in the chamber he was covered with bear skins to protect him from the cold—and that he refused to see visitors from this world on account of the filthiness of his apartments. A female clairvoyant at Cleveland reports an interview with Tom Paine, who, she says, recounts his errors and is at present stopping with General Washington and Ethan Allen at a hotel kept by John Banyan.

In the New York Tribune of February 28th 1851 I find the prospectus of a journal to be published at Auburn "to be dictated by spirits out of the flesh, and by them edited, superintended and controlled. Its object (I quote from the paper) is the disclosure of truth from Heaven guiding mankind into open vision of paradise, and open communication with redeemed spirits. The circle of apostles and prophets are its conductors from the interior, holding control over its columns, and permitting no article to find place therein unless originated, dictated or admitted by them. I have also seen advertisements of



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spiritual letter paper and envelopes to enclose the same for those who wish to avail themselves of an opportunity to write to their deceased friends in the other spheres.

In the Spiritual Telegraph there are many advertisements where mediums propose to cure all diseases. One lady clairvoyant gives public notice that her charges for every examination of disease will be one dollar, and where a personal examination can not be had the subject shall send a lock of hair and the charge will be three dollars.

In the *Skeptical and Spiritual Telegraph* the organs of the most ultra of the new philosophy find the certificate of some people in Springfield Massachusetts who say that on one occasion the table around which they were seated was moved by an invisible and unknown agency, with such irresistible force that no one in the circle could hold it. Two men standing on opposite sides and grasping it at the same time, and in such a manner as to have the greatest possible advantage—could not, by the utmost exertions of their powers, restrain its motion. In spite of their exertions the table was moved from one to three feet. A medium inquired if the spirits could disengage or relax the hold of a Mr. Foulds, when suddenly—and in a manner wholly unaccountable—Mr. Foulds was seated on the floor at a distance of several feet from the table, having been moved so gently, and yet so instantaneously as scarcely to be conscious of the fact. It was proposed to further test this invisible power, and accordingly five men whose united weight was 855 pounds stood on a table (without castors) and while the men were on, it was repeatedly moved a distance of from four to eight inches. That would seem to have been quite a job for the spirits.

In a neighboring county a Methodist clergyman of intelligence, character and correct life came to believe in the spiritual manifestations, and concluded that the spirit of Dr. Fish called upon him to write a denunciation of the new faith. He did so, and was indelicately suspended from the ministry for heresy. I have now shown you what the spiritualists claim.

But these new philosophers like other people have had their troubles. Mrs. Culver, a member of the Fox family has recounted her new faith and published her version of what she formerly called "phenomena." As a part of the history of rappings it is interesting.

Now as Mrs. Culver has never been challenged by the Foxes to prove the genuineness of her toe-rapping it is somewhat difficult to arbitrate between these ladies.

One case which has come to my attention is to be explained in a different manner. A well dressed Professor of Spiritualism with a wise look and face full of hair was working wonders in a small village in New York. He called up scores of ghosts and made them tell the genealogical history of all the old families in the place. The credulous were delighted and the skeptics staggered. The ghosts brought back old reminiscences until the whole generations of the past were heard from; and names and dates were given with astonishing precision. The Professor was a lion and the village was all in agitation. Finally it was discovered (for there are always impertinent and meddling people about) that the hostler at the hotel had a quarrel with the Professor and refused any longer to go out at night to copy inscriptions from the tombstones; and very soon thereafter the Professor left the place in disgust.

Now some of these ghosts are spiritual in a double sense, and do not seem to have shaken off all their bad habits of the flesh. Let me give you a case from the spiritual books, well authenticated. Kern had engaged Habas servant to stay with him. One night, as Kern lay in his bed, and this man was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement, he beheld a jug of beer which stood on a table in the room, at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced and the glass lifted and emptied as by some one drinking, whilst John the servant exclaimed in terrified surprise, "Lord—it swallows!" The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor.

After this, if your tea, sugar or brandy disappears in a mysterious manner you will know where it has gone; and if any thing is wrong in the household your servant is not to blame, for the spirits have doubtless been paying you a visit and enjoying your hospitality.

Many persons may think that no such developments as I have related have ever been heard of before; this modern spiritualism came in fashion. But such are far deficient in their education upon mental philosophy and the history of popular delusions. There is no novelty in this spiritualism, and its assumed philosophy is very old. Homer tells us of walking tripods in his day. That the Witch of Endor raised Samuel from the dead you are all taught to believe from your early childhood. I have read the report of a trial for sorcery which took place in London about the close of the 17th century, in which twenty or thirty witnesses (all admitted by the court and the counsel on both sides to be entitled to credit) declared upon oath that they beheld certain prodigious occurrences which we find to be analogous, in all respects, to the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.—Then we have the era of the Salem Witchcraft; and in all ages the superstitions have been awed by unaccountable mental phenomena, and the credulous acts of magic.

At one time a sect arose among the Welsh called the *Jumpers*, who were affected by a magnetic epidemic, or mental illusion. In France a similar sect arose called the Whippers, who sought relief by whipping each other. They were sad and gloomy, and swelled to thousands. Multitudes of them—priests and cardinals—were often seen in the streets with leathern whips whipping each other naked backs.

In 1837 a sect of Dancers sprang up in Flanders. They would all at once fall to dancing in the most violent manner, and when exhausted by the exercise would fall down together in a trance, had visions, saw spirits, and would finally awake from the trance. The sect was numerous, and Moseheim tells us they were cured by music. He traces them down to the present Shakers, who, it seems, have had writing and speaking mediums for more than a century. In 1688 a sect of Convulsionists appeared in France. Five or six hundred Protestants of both sexes regarded themselves inspired by the Holy Ghost. They in the main resembled the *Jumpers*. Their number swelled to thousands, and they were of all ages and sexes, but chiefly boys and girls and persons of middle age. They had strange fits, staggered and trampled, and fell down as in a trance. They struck themselves, fell on their backs and heaved their breasts. They remained awhile in trances and declared they saw Heaven, Hell, Paradise and angels. They had violent agitations of the body, and the hills resounded with their cries for mercy and imprecations against the priests.

The earlier Mormons were frequently attended with twitching and convulsions, and in one of their meetings which I attended I saw the manifestations of minds that enthusiasm had prepared for any distorted impressions.

The believers in Millerism record some phenomena as mysterious as any of the new philosophers have seen, and give us about equally good authority in proof, which we may accept if we please. At a meeting of the friends of Millerism held in Waltham in 1842, a lady was taken from her seat (they say) by some unseen power, and carried up to the ceiling of the room; and she afterward declared that it was done without any effort on her part. More recently another lady of the same place testified that she has in a similar manner been taken from her seat in church and carried up above the tops of the pews, and at times at the advent meetings strange noises have been heard. Hoaxes also have been shaken, mirrors shattered to pieces and furniture broken.

How much like this are the cases which the Harmonial Philosophers furnish. Take one by La Roy Sunderland, for he is among the highest authority. A clairvoyant medium was taken to Cambridge for the purpose of visiting a gentleman (who had been confined by a spinal difficulty some ten years or more). The spirits gave beautiful responses for his consolation, and in the night of all present the sick man, and his bed were moved by spiritual hands alone. The sick man and the bed whereon he lay were both moved by attending spirits without any human power. After this the story of Mahommed's coffin can be believed.

Now it will occur to us all that if the spirits of the dead are permitted to resist the earth it will be for a wise and benevolent purpose—for a design commensurate with the other providences of the Creator which we witness and experience every day in the world of the beautiful and the good around us. If a sainted mother were allowed to return to the earthly home of her children it would be to hover over them and with her spirits wings to shield them from danger. If she could converse with them it would be in messages of the most tender love and kindest admonition. She would instill lessons of devotion and duty; and would guide and guard the erring step of youth, instead of breaking mirrors and making chairs dance. She would lead the mind upward to the contemplation of a higher and holier existence hereafter, instead of suspending dumb matter in mid-air as an object of mystery, astonishment or terror.

If death does not smother the life that here binds kindred minds in sweet communion, their converse from sphere to sphere will be such as that, when, in silence, soul answers soul through mortal eyes that beamed with a spirit, till each forgot the frailty of mankind and the hollowness of earth. If spirits can revisit those who were near and dear in the flesh it will not be only to gratify idle curiosity but to enlighten and instruct—to prepare the earthly being for fit companionship with the beings of a higher and better existence.

Some of the spirits we read of in the spiritual publications have worked conviction on skeptics by such treatment as that at Astinburg, and in other cases by pounding and blows. These must have been the spirits of the old inquisitors, and some of us can only regret that they did not let us find them subject.

The new philosophers prove to us that the spirits exercise a great degree of muscular force; and now it will occur strange to you, as it often has to me, that if they are good spirits this power should not be applied to some practical good purpose—as, for instance, to stopping a locomotive when it runs off the track—arresting children when about to fall into accident or mischief—restraining the hand of crime—or chastising the offenders against divine and human laws. The only practical purpose to which I have yet heard that the new power has been applied is the cure of nervous diseases in ladies; and after reading the case of Perkins' celebrated metallic tractors and some other instances of that kind, our faith may well be shaken except so far as electro-magnetism has cured some cases of nervous disorder. But music and light have also been effectually used in the cure of diseases.

I believe there was a Bank started at Chicago under the auspices of the spirits, but as it suspended payment and its vaults had to be opened with crow-bars, of course those spirits were not genuine but "bogus," and the whole school must not be held responsible for the acts of one bad scholar.

And let not Pennsylvanians be too vain glorious of their fame for wisdom. It is solemnly recorded that once upon a time an old woman was put upon her trial for sorcery in Philadelphia. Wm. Penn was the judge before whom the proceedings took place and he delivered a grave and learned charge to the jury, who reported that the friends of the old lady should go bail for her good behavior.

Now the spiritual phenomena could not be designed to convince mankind of a future state of existence. If reason and revelation—if the instinct shown by the untutored savage when he prepares for his other hunting-ground beyond the stream of Time—if the design of rewards and punishments which is manifested in all nature, and yet often not completed in this life—if all these are unheeded by any mind, and pass by as the idle wind—that mind would not be convinced though one arose from the dead! Indeed it would do violence to the free moral responsibility of man to force conviction against such stubbornness.

But let us do justice to the honest investigators of this and all other subjects. It is too late in the world's history to dress out any novel phenomenon with hoofs, horns and tail, and thereupon forbid any one to go near or look toward it. Thirty thousand pulpits and twenty thousand presses have waged a five years warfare against the whole subject of spiritualism, and yet in that time it has made one million of proselytes. The very existence of a counterfeit and hypocrisy implies the preexistence of sincerity and reality. And so too do jugglery and imposture imply and demonstrate a preceding verity. If we investigate honestly there is no risk that we shall find anything supernatural or dangerous—not a whit more so, at least, than electricity or some chemical phenomena were once believed to be. Scientific research will not show us any thing in the world of spirits, but only a little more of earth.

Now it has been demonstrated that one person can, under certain circumstances, exert and maintain an undefined power over the nerves, the motion, and over the perceptions and will of another. There certainly is in the human organism an occult or latent power entirely transcending the bounds of every-day experience. Medical books of observation written centuries ago record such phenomena as those of modern Clairvoyance and Magnetism, and equally without the do-

main of vulgar probability. That sick persons, especially when near death, have often exhibited a condition termed coma, trance, or catalepsy; wherein the soul would seem to have shaken off its carnal fetters, and taken cognizance of whatever attracted its regard, in absolute defiance of physical impediments as well established as any fact of unusual occurrence.

There are many mental phenomena in the cases of persons mortally diseased, keenly suffering or partially insane which no philosopher has yet explained, and yet which we must admit exist. And these should admonish us not to deny anything because we cannot understand it at once. Electricity is guilty of many unaccountable pranks, and the manner in which our impressions of external objects are carried over our nerves to the mind is very poorly understood. And yet, because some strange things are real, it by no means follows that we must admit every claim under the mysterious.

The adventurers who call up the spirits of Washington and Franklin to beat a rat-toe on the table or teach the chairs a gig for a dollar from each of the audience, are not such philosophers as nature generally selects for her ministers. From these you will learn nothing to make you wiser or better. But table rapping and the evocation of spirits is not the substance of the new philosophy, and so far as these go you will agree with me that we might dismiss the subject. But there are conditions of the human mind that deserve our attention. There are times when it builds a world of spirits within itself.—Then again memory unites with the organs or nerves of sight, and the past stands a reality before us for a time. Hope and imagination join with the nerves of sight and the world of the future is opened to our vision until flesh and blood dispel the reverse. Impulse and energy then often aid to realize the picture of the day dream.

Nicolas, a Prussian bookseller and a gentleman of intelligence, was wont to amuse himself by watching the phantoms that arose before his vision when the action of his brain became disordered. Sometimes he could scarcely distinguish them from reality, for they blended with the company into which he entered in the most amazing and natural manner. They appeared to him as distinct as if they were alive, exhibiting different shades of flesh color in the uncovered parts, and a great variety in the colors and fashions of their dresses. He also imagined he heard their voices when they seemed to be talking to each other. He never pretended there was any thing supernatural in the phenomena but well knew that his imagination was only taking a free sweep unrestrained by the guide of his judgment and comparison.—When he wished to dispel the strange visitors he simply used the means to restore the brain to a healthy state. But Blake, the painter, seems, according to Cunningham's memoirs of him, to have possessed the power of calling up such phantasms at will, though still they sometimes so mastered his judgment that he confounded them with realities. He was in the habit of conversing with angels, demons and heroes, and taking their likenesses, for at his request they in general sat very patiently until he had transferred them to paper. Yet no person ever saw any thing supernatural in this. Andrew Jackson Davis who is the head and front of Spiritualism, and has given it all the character it has, confesses that he wrote his first and best book as a Mesmerist and not as a Spiritual medium. By examination we will also find that all the pretended communications from the sphere of spirits partake of the character of the mediums mind, and not of that mind from which it is pretended they come. This alone should be enough to explode all claims to the pretension of the spiritual or supernatural.

But there are connections between minds that have never been defined by human ken. There are instances where one mind reads the thoughts of another before the words are spoken, just as if each was a part of the other. When soul answers soul as by a magnetic thrill—when passion and sentiment are inspired as if by magic—when mind moves its fellow as if bound by a chain—or when will communicates to mind as by an electric touch—the natural phenomenon seems wondrous strange to us. And yet we see those things in such a way that though unaccountable they are common occurrences. We see them so often that by familiarity we cease to feel the wonder and mystery there is in them.

There is nothing supernatural in one mind becoming the type of another. The skeptic can see a common illustration of this as by a magnetic thrill—where the thought is by a force it is uttered—where the same thought, in fact, inspires two minds until the very faces seem to grow more like—eye knit in kindred sympathy until even green eyed eyes shrink back appalled at the hoarseness of the mystic charm, and only infamy would loose the tie.

Or go see eloquence inspire the throng; and when the fire flashes from the soul-lit eye and burns conviction on the unwilling mind confess the mystery that moves the will. It is not the smooth utterance of honored words in measured phrase and tone that can calm the turbulent assemblage, or make stout-hearted men weep like children, but there is a will—a soul—an earnestness—a magic power behind the dull, cold words and voice.

Or watch the seductive influence of evil, leading the honest and too simple heart first by a little word, then a less hint—but leading it most without a word or hint, by what, in common parlance, we call the "sit," but what in reality is the strange mysterious sympathy of mind? Watch how the dark power drop by drop works its way into the deepest and holiest recesses of the heart, and so tringles, colors, and finally blackens and corrupts the purest soul until heaven can no more find its own. The victim sees not how the path of the new seductive promoter deviates from rectitude; for the variance is so small and gradual that the character seems not materially wrong, and so follows on, straying little by little only, until the noble ripens into crime, and at once the gulf of shame and sin yawns beneath the frightful precipice.

The spirit of remorse in the mind of evil is more powerful and fearful than that which makes strange noises and moves dumb matter. The phantoms that visit the short sleep of crime—that come unbidden to attract and torture by their chiding and reproach—the vision of sin that cannot be dispelled—the scheme of evil that comes back again and again, and will not be bid to go—until very rest and sleep are fearful and dreaded things—these spirits are stronger and more real than any you can voluntarily call from the grave.

If you study aright the book of life, you can find many cases more like spiritualism than those the rappers furnish you. If you will watch a poor child of adversity and sorrow, struggling and toiling against an inexorable fate to which mayhap his tied like the convict of old to a body of death—suffering in sadness and silence—friendless and hopeless, so far as human ken can see—no faint ray of earthly hope ever dawning into the life-long night of grief—and yet amid all this, patient resigned and strong under the sweet and holy consciousness of rectitude—elate and cheerful under the consolation of the better spirit that whispers comfort from another sphere—happy in the companionship of the guardian angel whom the world of guile has never seen, except faintly perhaps in the bright beaming eye and sweet smile of the pale, patient Christian.

If the popular doctrine of a higher state of existence be correct that sphere is one where there shall be exalted sensitiveness and intelligence, and there is nothing unnatural in the supposition that the purest and best minds on earth in their transition state approximate a little toward their future condition. Health is the natural gift of correct physical deportment. Contentment and cheerfulness are the rewards of a proper and prudent government of our passions and desires. Wisdom comes to him who woos her with diligence, devotion and self-denial.—And when all these unite in one person—may we not look for some endowment and an organization that shall seem exalted to the narrowed mind of infirmity and guile?

In a view like this there can be no tendency to evil. The faith that teaches us we shall become wiser and happier as we develop the better part of our nature—that would wean us from trifles, and turn our minds to higher and holier things and thought is worthy of our study.

And when the brilliancy of reason's sunset yields to the advancing gloom there is an indescribable beauty haunting the old man still, if in youth and vigor his soul was truthful. And even when the chill of night is upon him, his eye seems to rest upon the glories of a while departed, or looks off into the stars and reads in them his destiny with a gladness as quiet and as holy as their light. When his little day is folded up in shadows, the darkness must be deep indeed which does not reveal eternity by the rays of light that reach him from afar. But the soul that can rise above the clouds of earth, can always behold the infinity of Heaven, and perhaps every rightly taught man, before God takes him, ascends to a Pisgah of his own, from whence to look farward to the wilderness he has passed, and to catch a glimpse of the promised land lying in the overhanging orient before him.

HOPE.—Let no man ever think of a happiness distinct from that of home. The gayest must often relax their labor, and there must be some retreat for them, where they may seek refreshment for their cares, and collect the spirits that disappointments so often depress. They who live most for the public still live for the public but a small part, and they are apt to find the public service a burden, which general incitement than that of strong ambition must furnish the strength to support.

Rise from the table with an appetite, and you will not be in danger of sitting down without one.

Anger may continue with you for an hour, but it ought not to repose with you for a night.

Every second of time throughout the busy hours of the day, and during the silence of night, an immortal soul is passing from time into eternity.

HIGH PRICES.—At a public sale in Chester county, last Saturday, potatoes brought \$1 75 per bushel, and wheat \$2 30.

He who would have his business well done must either do it himself or see it done.

He who finds a thing and does not restore it steals it.