#### DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM

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VOL. I.---NO. 15.

## Poetry.

#### [For the Spiritual Age.] UNION OF THE DWELLERS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY CHARLES BARBACK.

In breathless silence now we gaze a  $\operatorname{id}$  stare on yonder sky Where spirit friends like angels pure in Godlike splendor

Descend now from thy starry height, move gently from above, "Oh comfort and inspire us now ye massengers of love,-

There are no ties to keep ye from uniting here below. Alas cur day yet keeps as bound from moving to and ire Hark, hark I hear their breathing now they are coming

They've left their gorgeous mansions, they're moving from on high,

Converse now dear departed, let's hear thy heavenly

Unite our minds, unite our hearts with spirit's silvery cords!

Be silent brothers, sisters, for our loved Father's nigh; I've touched his golden garment white passing slowly by Behold, there too is mother, pressing his spirit hand; She also is a member of that bright angel band. What joy pervades my bosom when silently I see A group of angels meeting with sinful dust like me. Commune now, dearest mother, I see bright smiles on thee.

And looks of scraph's beauty of heavenly degree. Thou knowest it's but a few months that bitterly I wept, When death in his pale luster within our dwelling crept. How apt in lonely moments, I've watched the purple sky, Desiring to be roaming with thee and Father high. Come father, press my hand once more, how oft on youder height

I've gazed when heart was vacant, eyes beaming with de

For seon I learned thou'rt happy, far more so than with

The bright and purest angels are hovering there with thee

ANGUL'S REPLY. My children, I thy father am ever at thy side; I guard and shall protect thee-I am thy angel guide. Dear children hear thy mother-she's speaking to thee

And with her mother's love shall chase clouds from thy

[From the Home Journal.]

## THE DREAM OF LOVE

BY GEORGE P MORRIS.

I've had the heart ache many times, Though from it inspiration came. It is in truth a holy thing, Life cherished from the world apart-A dove that never tries its wing, But broads and nestles in the heart.

That name of melody recalls Her gentle looks and winning ways Whose portrait hangs on Memory's walls, In the fond light of other days. In the dream land of Poetry, Reclining in its leafy bowers, Her bright eyes in the stars I see, And her sweet semilance in the flowers.

Her artless dalliance and grace-The jey that lighted up her brow-The sweet expression of her face-Her form-it stands before me now ! And I can fancy that I hear The woodland soug she used to sing, Which stole to my attending ear, Like the first harbingers of spring-

The beauty of the earth was hers, And hers the purity of heaven; Alone, of all her worshippers, To me her maiden vows were g'ven. They little know the human heart, Who think such love with time expires; Once kindled, it will ne'er depart, But burn through life with all its fires.

We parted-doomed no more to meet-The blow fell with a stunning power-Aifd yet my pulse will strangely beat At the remembrance of that hour! But time and change their healing brought, And years have passed in seeming glee, But still alone of her I've thought Who's now a memory to me.

There may be many who will deem This strain a wayward, youthful folly, To be derided as a dream Born of the poet's melancholy. The wealth of worlds, if it were mine With all that follows in its train, I would with gratitude resign. To dream that dream of love again.

#### THE TEMPEST

BY R. ROLLINS ROCKBRIDGE.

Upon a mountain rough and high, Whose craggy peak reached to the sky, Stood eastle strong ; its turrets proud. Pierced through the light and fleecy cloud. The tempest flapped the wicket gate, Near which the gray, old Warder sate-The owls hoot loud, the ravens croak, As o'er their heads the tempest broke.

The eastle shook with fearful sound. And maked with fear the beagle hound. The ivy tower rocked to and fro, As round it fierce the whirlwinds blow. And ne'er before was tempest known To shake the deep foundation-stone-To rend the clus and sturdy oak, As through their limbs it wildly broke.

The bearle hound of footsten fleet. Crouched close beside his master's feet, He loudly howled, in fright and fear, As vivid flashed the lightning near. The Warder sat and groaned aloud-Upon his breast his head was bowed,-But not a word the old man spoke, As o'er his head the tempest broke

Full fast, as though the floods of heaven, By demon grim were savage driven, In torrents dense down poured the rain, And made the wicket flip again. The fox and wolf in bog and glen, In terror sought their mountain den-The heron wild, in fear awoke, As o'er his head the tempest broke.

The Warder sat with dismal look, His form like forest aspen shook As howling fierce the blast went by, And thunder harshly rent the sky. The drawbridge cracked with spectral sound-The castle-wall fell to the ground-The grinding stones caused fire and smoke, As round them wild the tempest broke.

Next tell the castle to the ground, And killed the Warder and his hound, And crashing down the mountain side, Rolled stones and torrents foaming wide. The tempest o'er the mountain swept-The Warder and his bound both slept-They sudden died, by grim death's stroke, As o'er their heads the tempest broke.

## CALUMNY.

BY NAOMI GRAY.

Once beside a fountain gleaming, Stood a maiden blithe and fair Laughter in her eye was beaming, And adown her brow was streaming. Wealth of shining auburn hair.

Joyously she gathered flowers, While she gaily dallied there ;-Sweetly passed the summer hours, 'Mid those fragrant breezy bowers, And she smiled at pain and care.

Once again when day was dying, And the autumn sun was low ; Came I; but the breeze was sighing, And the flowers all dead were lying ;-Silent was the fountain's flow.

There the maid sat sadly weeping-From her cheek the bloom had fled; While the chill bleak winds were sweeping, She her tearful watch was keeping, O'er the grave where Joy lay dead.

Redely had the spell been broken-Crushed the heart once free from care; Calumny her name had spoken, And had left her poisonous token, Impressed in its blackness there.

A curious epitaph on a tombstone in South Car olina reads as follows: Sacred to the memory of Mary Charlotte Alsobrook, daughter of L. H. and C. M. Alsobrook, who was born at Chesterfield Court House, S. C., 24th March, 1848, at about 7 o'clock A. M., and departed this life at Salem, Forsyth county, N. C., (where she was a pupil in the Salem Female Academy College,) in Adam Buttner's house, (Salem Hotel,) in room No. 1, down stairs, in new part of building, on Thursday, the 4th day of June, 1857, at about 20 minutes past 4 o'clock A. M., aged 14 years, 2 months, and 10 days, 21 hours and 20 minutes, and was brought home and buried here in the Mount Moriah Baptist Church burying ground, Union county, N. C., on the 7th of June, after her death, in the afternoon of the day, it being the Sabbath day.

## Correspondence.

thing in its behalf.

There can be no mistaking the tone of the popular thought particularly among Spiritualists, in reference to this question. In the light which within a few years has shone upon it, they have discovered a wide extent of the field which constitutes its domain and which claims attention both in respect to the present deplorable condition of things in our social institutions, and the demand for the services of carnest and strong workers to improve it. The state of Society as viewed by the advocate of Humanity is infinitely short of that standard which one might have supposed the teachings of Christianity for eighteen hundred years would have enabled it to reach, and though it has unquestionably advanced in certain necessary directions, as in the development of learning, science, discoveries and the various productive arts, and thus more perfectly establishing its material basis, this advance has been made less through the motives which that religion inculcates, than that selfishness which it condemns and which seeks individual gain as the reward of all exertion.

The activity of Society even after so much preaching and teaching, gathering of congregations and building of churches, is impelled by no motives arising from what has been asserted as man's highest conceptions, viz: the religious element within him-it is, even now, influenced and directed almost solely by considerations which begin end end in individual profit-by desires, hopes and fears which exclude all sympathy or connection with the neighbor's good, and center in the self alone, thus creating in all communities as many distinct and opposing forces as there are individuals forming them, and thus necessarily leading to the discord, confusion and antagonism every where witnessed. In all ages of human history this condition has obtained among all peoples not favored with spontaneous and abundant supplies, and who have been called upon to exercise their faculties in the development of their social state, and although it may at times have excited the wonder of christian, philosophers that should so far have overlapped the advent and promulgation of the opposite teachings

of Jesus Christ, it evidently indicates that

the general consciousness of all parties, unmitigated a greed for the things which ments of man." more especially Spiritualists, in reference insure to the gratification of mere self, as to the necessity of practical social reform; ever characterized those to which this epinotions of right and justice by those who porch of selfishness, the glimmerings of a here in view. have considered the subject of reform at better light being but occasionally presentany length, and which form its fundamental el to him, perhaps once a week or so, and ideas, but will aim rather to set forth a almost from the cradle he is taught that he few practical suggestions as to what can be is to take good care of "number one," and undertaken at the present time by those that the opportunities and powers of life who are carnest in their desire to do some- and existence are to be seized for the acquisition of the things of earth for his sole gratification-that his energies and industry are to be devoted for the accumulation of its riches, not merely as objects of nepraiseworthy reward for his exertions .-

tual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under

these doctrines of his have not even yet due laws-of-war, named fair competition, soized the minds of his professing advocates and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. Wo MR. EDITOR:-The views which will with the force of that perception which is have profoundly forgotten everywhere that be presented in this and in succeeding pa- necessary for a practical application of Cash-payment is not the sole relation of hupers, if they will be allowed a place in their truths. In our so called "Christian" man beings; we think, nothing doubting, your columns, are proposed in response to communities of to-day, there is perhaps as that it absolves and liquidates all engage-

It is not intended in these papers to speak particularly of other disorders than meaning of course, those who are conscious that has been denied-indeed, it would be those that pertain directly and indirectly to of such a necessity in these disordered easy to show in a comparison of professions, the general producing or industrial interests times. They will not, however, embrace a practice and results that in many instances of society: other relations and institutions full discussion of those abstract principles | the difference would be in favor of the growing out of the family and other inwhich constitute the basis of the general latter. The practical light which now stinets will form only incidental references question, for they will suppose a very gen- lighteth every man that cometh into the perhaps, in the present discussion, dependeral recognition and understanding of the se world is supplied from the overpowering ing upon their connection with the end

> In the consideration of this subject it must be owned that it is far easier to perceive the necessity of reform then to decide upon the means and method for undertaking and promoting it. Surrounded as we are with the environment of the evils which we see, involved in them, too, and controlled more or less by the circumstances of our respective positions, and influenced as we are by the general contagion, we find cessary and healthful use, but as agents of it hard to attain such a footing outside and power and aggrandizement and a most independent of it, as will enable us individually to apply the proper remedial lev-Hence the general scramble in all classes of ers for its overthrow even if they were men, and monopoly of any and every discovered. The utterance and dissiminameans for the desired end, with its jost- tion of ideas thereby enlightening the poplings, its competitions, trickery, fraud and Jular mind, seems to be all that can be atcorruption, its rascality and grinding the tempted. There have not been wanting faces of the poor, its oppressions, wars and large-hearted and able-minded men to see fightings, forbidding the fact-observing eye | with wide-reaching sight the primary phase from wandering even in the realms of im- of the question, and they have endeavored agination for a more hideous Pandemonuim by laborious and earnest study to compreand torture house than our poor veritable | hend its solution. St. Simon, Owen, Fouearth contains among her Chsistian, child- rier and others have been conspicuous in ren, and caused by their blind and corrupt. their efforts in this direction, and have found a few true practical sympathizers to Further analysis or exhibition of these test, with what success the world already most obvious features of our present social knows, the feasibility of the plans suggeststate is not required here; the experience ed by them. That these plans have had a of every observing and reflecting mind fair trial under the necessary conditions produces a painful consciousness of the un-essential to their complete solution as aphappy results which everywhere flow from plicable to their designs, this writer does it. The recognized channels for human not believe; but it is certainly demonstrapowers and activity are believed to lie | ble that the time has not yet arrived for through conditions of falsehood and injus- their commanding such a confidence in tice, recognizing no claims of humanity or their utility as will put them in operation. brotherhood, as if the providences of crea- Individuals, too, feel that it is a great risk tion consisted solely in mere material pos- to engage or to assume any responsibility sessions, and these too were limited in in any movement of reform which of course supply for the well being of a select few of calls for a change of custom and habit; it the strongest or the most cunning. This is easier to move along with the general seems to be the common sentiment of the current as already established, then to decommunity, and it of course outworks it- viate from and oppose it; hence the better self in the general conviction that the high- informed, who generally are the more comest relation between man and man arises fortable as well as influential classes, notfrom the interest which pertains to these withstanding their convictions of abstract material things, or in other words bargain right and what is just in the case, prefer to and sale. Thus is founded our actual keep aloof or else to exercise in opposition practical religion with Mammon for su- to the demands of the question that conserpreme Deity, a most partial god, one would vation which is the most fatal barrier to all suppose, judging by the few worshippers progress, if allowed to prevail. It has whom he saves. Thomas Carlyle, in his ever been considered a dangerous business strong and true sketch of what he calls to undertake experiments; faith in old 'Gospel of Mammon' says, "True, it must t mes and our fathers' ways, is stronger then be owned, we for the present, with our faith in principles however well demon-Mammon Gospel, have come to strange strated-a sign that true intellectuality, and conclusions. We call it a Society; and may we not say spirituality? is yet to be go about professing openly the totalist sep- developed. The dim intuition of all men aration, isolation. Our life is not a mu- of the need or social reform, has always (Continued on 8th Page.)

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red according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. H. Chapse, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

## MINNIE. THE MEDIUM

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY, of The Spiritual Aor, Author of "Te tors," "The Mission of Charity," &c., &c.

PART II.

Then her tears flowed in grief, yet she wept not as those who mourn without hope. Having paid this tribute to the memory

of one of the best of mothers, she said to me in the same confiding way as of old, "I am very glad you have come, Charles,

for the cottage has been so lonely of late." "But your uncle-the kind old doctor" -I hesitated, fearful to ask, lest he too had been called bence.

"He still lives here," she replied, "but he is very feeble for one no older than he is, and I fear his earthly pilgrimage is nearly completed."

After a brief pause, she enquired if I had received her letter.

"I did," I replied, "or I should not have been here."

I watched her narrowly, hoping to see a flush mantling her cheeks; but alas for my hopes, there was no sign that a tenderer emotion than friendship existed in her heart. The reflection vexed me, and from being moudy, I became silent. She seemed to read my thoughts in a moment, and then the rich blood mounted to her temples, suffusing her angelic face with something of earthly beauty.

We sat in silence for several minutes, communing with our own and each other's thoughts. O, those silent communings, when spirit mingles with spirit! There is no deception then—no hypocritical words to conceal the truth. During the time we sat thus, I reviewed the past two years of my life, and was astonished at the contrast it offered to what I had been previously. I compared my present state of mind with what it was the morning I so abruptly left the cottage, and although not before aware of any change, I could now discover that I was a very different sort of person.

My absence had been a school of discipline. Probably my passionate nature still existed, but a great mastery had been acquired over it. In a word-I had learned to suffer and grow strong.

I loved Minnie just as devotedly as ever, but my love was holier and more elevated -purified as it had been by mental suffering. I felt that my love for her now partook somewhat of the nature of her own angelic affection. I thought of the vexation which I had experienced a few moments before, in discovering how calm and self-possessed she appeared, when I was hoping to see her embarrassed, and I was ashamed of myself. I now knew that she loved me-loved me better than any earthly heing, but not as mortals often love.

Seating myself beside her, with no more of passion in my heart than if she had been my sister, my arm encircled her waist, and her head rested upon my bosom. She did not repulse me, but calmly reposed there with all the innocence. of a weary dove, who has long sought for a resting place. Neither did she blush and tremble, as might have been expected from one of 1 her modest nature.

Thus we sat in silence for a long time. No thrill, like the gentle shock from a galvanic battery, agitated us; no passion of earth stirred our blood; but in the holy quiet of a warm, spiritual love, our souls seemed blending into that heavenly unison, that free and perfect love, which can alone constitute a paradise on earth. So much shove mortal existence did our communings , seem, that it was a long-long time before I Lifelt an inclination to break the silence.— This I at length did by saying to her,

"Minnie, do you love me?"

· "You know I do, Charles, but if it will . make you happier to hear me say so, I will repeat that I do love you. I always loved you, even before you came to the cottage; I loved you for your nobleness of soul, afsterwards, and for your deep penitence. I .kmsw. too, that you loved me; but there

was not an affinity between us then. Your wild passions were not subdued—they were only reposing after the fearful shock you experienced when Conrad passed on. This repose you mistook for a revolution, and in your then state of mind you fancied that the attraction between us was perfect. Deeply impressed that my stay in the form would be brief, I feared that I might pass away before your self-discipline should place you in the same sphere with myself. Therefore I gave you no encouragementwould not even bid you hope, for I was fully determined never to wed-except with one whose thoughts and desires were duplicates of my own. I was deeply pained when you left me so abruptly, but your angel mother came and comforted me, and from her I learned to believe it would all be well. She told me of your trials, your disappointments and your sufferings, as time progressed. Then when you became so desponding, and resolved upon going to America—and when it became so necessary that you should return to Germany, she told me to delay writing to you no longer. You have arrived just as I was expecting you, and notwithstanding the momentary pain you occasioned me, when your looks seemed to ask if I had not written you to return only that I might be benefitted thereby, yet I feel assured that the thought was

only transitory on your part." "And now you can say, without reservation, that you love me?"

"I can, and do say so, Charles."

"And you will marry me?"

"Yes, if you should still desire me to, after hearing of the reproaches which have been heaped upon my good name since you have been away."

"Reproaches, Minnie? Who has dared to say an unkind word against you?"

"The college Professors," she replied, in the abundance of their thirst for knowledge, having heard that the cottage was haunted, and also learned that Mesmer imputed it all to a sort of witchery which you exercised over me, desired the privilege of investigating the facts in person. I was very greatly opposed to it, having suffered much in my mind from the criticisms of Baader and Mesmer, but at the earnest solicitations of my uncle, and against the wishes of my mother, I finally consented. They accordingly came for three successive evenings; but they were so critical, so scientific, imposing so many conditions of their own, in order to guard against imposition, that no satisfactory manifestations were obtained. In the mean time, some very absurd scandals, in reference to you and myself, had been put in circulation by the students. Your sudden flight, accompanied with the fact of the conveyance of all your property to my mother, gave these scandals the coloring of truth. Whether from this, or actuated by tor. a desire to serve what they considered the cause of truth, these college savans reported and caused to be published in the Munich Courrier, a statement that the whole affair was an imposture, cunningly devised by a man-meaning yourself-whose character for truth and integrity, had been impaired, and by a young girl, who concealed the loss of her virtue beneath a most hypooritical garb of modesty-and that it had been practised in order to withdraw public attention from the peculiar manner in which they lived together."

I could hear no more—the old spirit of revenge was upon me, and springing up, I hastily rang the bell for my servant. It was my purpose to hurry back to the University, and shoot, like so many dogs, every person who had in any way assisted in giving publicity to so base a slander. But Minnie divined my feelings in a moment, and as the big tears started to her soft spiritual eyes, she clung around my neck, and said beseechingly,

"No, Charles, no! It is not the good spirit which moves you now-it is a bad spirit, and you must resist the influence.-Come, sit down again and be calm."

Yielding like a child, I suffered her to lead me back to the sofa. When my servant entered, I informed him that I had changed my mind, and that he might with- on him whom she prizes above all others.

"This is not all, Charles," she resumed, "nor even the worst. But you must keep your stormy passions in better subjection, if you wish me to proceed. Remember that these gentlemen have committed a blunder, rather than suppose they have been actuated by an unworthy or malicious motive. But admitting they sought to injure us through malice, the blessed truths taught by Jesus of Nazareth-charity, forbearance and forgiveness-which you profess to believe as standing highest among moral precepts, forbid that you should treat any one with violence. So try and calm this exeitement and I will tell you everything."

Never in my life have I felt so utterly my own unworthiness, as I did at Minnie's gentle reproof. Promising her that I would put a double guard over my passions hereafter, she proceeded.

"These scanda'ous reports crushed the already broken heart of my poor mother .-She had borne up against everything but the disgrace of such a kind as this, and now she bowed her head in utter despair.

"O, it was hard-very hard, dear Charles, to watch that sweet mother, as day by day her step grew more languid,-her form more bowed beneath her weight of suffering. But she never complained—never spoke of dying, until one morning when I awoke and spoke to her, she told me that my father and Conrad had been with her all night, and that she would soon join them. But I will not dwell upon the particulars of that sad bereavement now.

"She continued failing until sunset, and then her pure spirit passed on as quietly as an infant to its slumber. We buried her beside Conrad and came home to weep in solitude. My uncle, whom you might have expected to support me through this trying hour, was as helpless as a child. Something like remorse seemed to mingle with his grief at the recollection of having pursuaded us to have the Professors invited here, which was the origin of all our troubles. In vain have I endeavored to drive this impression from his mind-it still preys upon him, and he is fast sinking into his earthly grave.

"My mother had not been buried a month, before another disgraceful slander was put in circulation, being nothing less than insinuations that it was improper for him to live here alone with me. He was dismissed from the University upon some frivolous pretext, but really on this account. Yet fortunately he did not hear this ridiculous slander until quite recently, and now he is sinking rapidly. He would have at once avowed his name and relationship, to me, but this would have made matters worse, for he would been thrown into prison, and then, with my reputation sullied, I should have been without a single earthly protec-

"I should have written to you long ago, but I feared your impetuous nature. The demon of revenge would have controlled you, and you would not have listened to me then as you did just now.

"But there is another affair I may as well tell you, and then you will know all.

"Soon after your departure from Germany, your uncle Ferdinand instituted a suit in Chancery to recover possession of your title and estate, under a plea that your parents were never married. No evidence could be produced to the contrary, and in the end the Court decreed in his favor. He now assumes the title of Baron, and resides at the old mansion. I have now told you everything of importanceand except my uncle, there is probably no person in this vicinity, who has ever heard of me, who does not think I am the poor creature which I could not be, and maintain my moral existence for an hour .--Knowing how my name has thus become a bye-word for all that is most vile in my sex, can you still ask me to become your wife?"

"Yes—a thousand times, yes," I replied, folding her to my heart, as I would a poor dove whom the hawks had worn down with pursuit. Kindly, lovingly, she nestled there, giving me that perfect confidence which no true woman can bestow, save up-Approaching darkness interrupted our

been brought in, I recollected that I had not yet enquired for the doctor. Minnie informed me that he had ridden out to see a patient—having resumed his practice since his dismissal from the college—and was not expected until late in the evening.

Tea was soon after announced, and as we sat there—no one but Minnie and I, she doing the honors of the table—I experienced such a degree of happiness, as to feel the utmost indifference for the opinions of the world, its wealth and honors. Minnie was my world, and for her I should have felt a pleasure in sacrificing everything

It was late bed-time before the doctor returned. Although prepared to find him changed, yet I did not expect to see him looking so old and feeble!

He greeted me kindly-expressed great pleasure in seeing me again, but was evidently so much fatigued that it wearied him to talk. After some preliminary explanations, I informed the doctor of the compact between Minnie and myself, and thet I desired a speedy consummation of our

"It is well," he replied, "and since you are both agreed, there had better be no delay."

Some arrangements were talked over, but it was thought best to have our marriage celebrated on the following day, with as little display as possible. Having come to this understanding, we separated for the

The next morning the doctor was more feeble than usual. He excused it by saywas evidently the cause, and that the consequent debility would soon pass off.

In the afternoon, the doctor, Minnie and myself. rode over to the bishop's, where, in the presence of his family, after due ceremony he pronounced that Minnie and I were husband and wife.

## CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

In works of fiction, it is customary to conclude with the marriage of the heroine. But as this work partakes of a sort of triplet character, being historical, philosophical and ethical, I am led to believe something more will

The good old doctor survived but a few weeks after our marriage. We buried him beside Conrad, and subsequently I succeeded in obtaining the remains of Baron von Wieser, which were placed beside those of his faithful, loving wife.

I immediately instituted proceedings against my uncle Ferdinand to recover back my estete, not so much for the sake of the property itself, (although there was a prospect of our soon being reduced to the necessity of doing something to secure a competency,) as to establish my own, and the honor of my parents. In the prosecution of this suit I was governed entirely by spirit direction.

My mother informed me through Minnie, that her marriage certificate was at an old castle in Wiemar, in a secret drawer, describing exactly the place where ther uncle, the poet Wieland, formerly resided, when the friend of Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. She said it was lost there accidentally, while she was on a visit to her relatives, and having been thrust into this drawer for safety, had been forgotten and

there remained for more than a score of years. She also informed me that there were other evidences of her marriage which my uncle Fordinand had obtained, and that they were in the drawer in his library, whither I had accompanied her in my first vision, but that they had since been removed to our old manison, in the old-fashioned secretary. These evidences would have been sufficient to defeat the conspiracy at that time, but now it became necessary to produce the marriage certificate, the loss of which she had forgotten, but had recently discovered after a long search.

Taking Minnie with me, I visited Wiemar, and there found the certificate, just as it had been described. On our return, I went directly to my uncle Ferdinand, and without hinting at the baseness of his conduct, quietly informed him that he had been laboring under a great had been legally married—and that I not only had the marriage certificate, but that one of the witnesses thereto was living and could

he proposed to compromise, by his paying me and but very few whom I could consider reliaa certain sum of money and retaining the es- ble.

hallowed communings, and after lights had | tate and title. To this I assented, only stipulating that the suit should proceed far enough to establish the marriage of my parents, which should become a matter of Court record; to which, finding he had no escape, he finally

> I now pass over my ten years of wedded life, in which I lived with Minnie as happily as it is possible for mortals to be, at this era of progression. The time may come when men and women will live in closer observance of the laws which governs their being, when a higher state of happiness may be attained.

For many years the spirit of Minnie continued to tarry in its tenement of clay, bound there by the strong cords of affection which cannot subside even with subsiding nature. Then it was released so gently—and still hovered so near to me, that but for the cold, inanimate form which I saw deposited, beside her father, I could not have realized the change through which she had passed. I mourned, for a time, the loss of her beautiful earth-form, but her loving spirit was always so near me, soothing, comforting and encouraging me to persevere in the right, that I soon became reconciled to my lot.

Our secluded life at the cottage, surrounded by bright spirits, with whom we held daily and hourly intercourse-shunning and shunned by society—the continued subjects of cowardly sneers and insinuations, had so weaned me from all things earthly, that soon after my beautiful Minnie had been horn into spirit life, in order to satisfy my desire for still greater seclasion, I retired to the cave formerly occupied by the good old doctor.

There I remained for twenty-five years, leading the life of a hermit-seldom meeting any earthly mortal, but in the constant enjoyment of the company of my spirit friends.

One day a gentleman called to see me, and upon wondering why I was not lonesome, I frankly told him of the presence of my, to him ing that the fatigue of the previous night unseen, visitors, and the pleasure which I derived from their society. He appeared somewhat astonished at this announcement, but finally informed me that recent news from America, contained the intelligence that in all parts of the United States, there were people called "mediums," who pretended that they saw and conversed with the spirits of the departed.

When he was gone, I enquired of my spirit friends in reference to how much truth was contained in this information, when they assured me that in substance it was all truethat a new dispensation had been commenced, which, in the course of a few generations was destined to revolutionize and elevate to their proper standard, all the nations and families

"But at present," continued the spirit of my quondam friend, Mesmer, "there is but little that is reliable. The scientific world scouts at the whole affair, and folding their garments of educated ignorance closely about their mathematical shoulders, declare that it is either the devil, fraud and collusion, imposture, or mesmerism.

"It is almost laughable," he continued, "to observe how easily and rapidly men are becoming converts to my theory of mind influencing mind, and then explaining away spirit communication upon that theory-men who have steadily denounced me as a quack and imposter, until the phenomena arose, and which they could discover no means of refuting, save by admitting the truth of mine.

"I was right in my theory, while in the earthly form, as far as I went, but I paused midway, declaring I had reached the end. The whole secret of witchcraft, apparitions, strange noises, and in fact everything which has ever been considered as belonging to the supernatural, may be summed up in the brief sentence, 'spirit influences spirit, whether in the body or out of the body."

I may as well state here, that Mesmer became a convert to spirit communications, just before his death, which took place a few months after his visit at the cottage, and that he wrote a letter to the doctor, admitting that such was the case, and that it was also true that while young, he was secretly married to a lady whom he intended to publicly acknowledge as his wife, but was prevented by her sudden and untimely death, which induced him to remain silent in reference thereto, ever afterwards. The doctor also became a believer, for which he was constantly reviled and sneered at by by his professional brethren and the savans of the University. But to conclude my history,

At the expiration of a quarter of a century, I emerged from my hermit cell, and speedily making what arrangements were necessary, I sailed for the United States. My first stopmistake in reference to my parents that they ping place was in Boston, where, in the character of an investigator, I visited every public medium of any note. Some I found to be imposters—others the mediums through which none but unprogressed spirits ever communi-Upon being convinced that I spoke the truth, cated-many who were but partially developed,

Having made the acquaintance of Profes- ling" us. The fact of spirit communication is ed to oppose the whole theory. The investi- en us all over with vile slanders? gation by the Professors of Cambridge, with And these revilings sometimes come from past, that I at once quitted Boston.

I have since made the tour of the United States, stopping at all the principal places, and am forced to the conclusion that spiritualism is now enjoying a more healthy and correct development in Boston, than any other place I have visited. Men and women, with intelligent minds and loving hearts are nobly working for the same cause, and it will not be many years before it will not be considered a disgrace to believe that we can so Peter, a warm-hearted, zealous advocate for live as to enjoy the sweet communion of our the truth, yet he could not get over his loathspirit friends.

Because impostors, and persons of vicious cured by a "vision." Acts 1, 1 to 48. lives are found in our ranks, it is no more evprivate character of the followers and believhis mission. As of yore, so even now—the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before the self-righteous pharisees.

That spirits have communicated with mortals, no person who believes the Blble can deny. Sam. XXVIII, 11-12. In this case it is evident that "the woman of Endor" did not know Saul, until informed who he was by the spirit of Samuel. The case of Saul, 1 Sam. xvi., 14-15, was something like a man insane. Closely resembling this "evil spirit," are the "unclean spirits." Matt. x, 1; also Mark v, 1 to 17. The "dumb spirit," Mark IX, 17 to 30, differed but slightly from "evil," and "unclean" spirits-there being the same distinction between them as is found to exist in the different cases of insanity. But the most renowned spirit, was the one who deceived Ahab, by the express command and permission of God Himself. This was a "lying spirit"-1 Kings XXII, 21-22-and even in these days his representatives are "legion."

It is no argument against the theory that spirits communicate, to say that these were all bad spirits, for I admit the influence of bad spirits, and sometimes fear there are more bad, than good spirits now, as of yore. The same effects are produced, and it is only reasonable to conclude that they result from the same

But there were good spiri's in olden time; whom men saw and held communion with.-The Bible abounds with accounts of angels who were "messengers" or "spirits," according to circumstances-Psalms civ, 4, and Heb. 1, 7. The spirits of Moses and Elias—Matt. xvII, 1 to 8, were evidently good spirits. They were both seen and heard by the disciples. The book of Revelations is clearly a communication from spirits, from beginning to end. John had the gift of seeing and conversing with good spirits. That these angels were spirits.

affords evidence that clairvoyance is no new nicated.

erful imagination, where there is really no apcondition is, a room nearly dark. The reason his picture?"

4 To those who admit that spirits once held communication with man, but deny that such is now the case, I have only to repeat my former argument-"first prove to me that at least one known law of God has ceased its operation, before you assume that an unknown houses?" law—the law of spirit communication has ceas-

For argument's sake I will admit that every man who believes as I do is a cold-blooded villain, and every woman a harlot. But what does the Infidel gain by this admission? Just this, and no more—that "evil spirits," and "unclean spirits," and "lying spirits" are "troub- be done to-day.

sor Agassiz, I found him both a spiritual man established just as well through bad, as through and a medium. Yet with such an atmosphere good spirits. Then why these wholesale dewas he surrounded, that he was actually oblig- nunciations against us? Why seek to black

their brief report as published in the Courier, professed Christians! But perhaps they justiafforded such a remarkable coincidence, and fy themselves upon precedents to be found in so painfully recalled the reminiscences of the the New Testament! Yes, I am sorry to say that so good a book should afford any such examples. But the Scribes and Pharisees were very nice sort of folks, and like their imitators of the present day, they were fashionable, educated, and held the controlling power. It is very hard to give up these luxuries, and become abused, and despised, for conscience' sake, and so they will not be converted.

> Besides, even after being converted, it is hard to abandon old prejudices. There was ing for things "common and unclean," until

But I have both the promise and assurance idence against its divine truth, than was the that the believers in spiritual communications will soon arise in their strength, purged by the ers of Christ, an evidence against the purity of fires of persecution, and having cast out the bad spirits which now give so much cause for reproach, stand forth in the strength of their purity, a blessing to each other and to all the

> And now, dear reader, farewell. I trust you may derive profit from having read my history, and that a recollection of my errors may prove a warning for you to avoid the shoals on which my happiness was so nearly wrecked .-Strive to imitate the character of my beautiful Minnie, and whether hated or beloved by the world, you will have the answer of a good conscience-the assurance of having done rightwhich will be of more value when you have passed beyond the vale, than the wealth of a Cræsus and the fame of an Alexander.

> Again farewell. I return to Germany by the next steamer, in the hope of prolonging this weary pilgrimage so as to take my last look of earth-life in the cottage, and that my mortal remains may repose by the side of my angel Minnis.

A CEYLON JUGGLER .- As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rains of the monsoon, ere recommencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, steadied himself, on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain; catching pebbles thrown up to him by his confederate. below, which, upon opening his closed hand we must believe, if we believe the record at all. flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell and Rev. xix, 10, the angel tells him, "I am thy allowing a small serpent to escape from it; fellow servant;" and commentators refer this and keeping a series of brass balls in motion passage to Acts x, 26. Rev. XXII, 9, shows by striking them with his elbows, as well as conclusively that a spirit of one of the prophets his hands. Balancing on his nose a small was talking with John. And Rev. xx1, 10, stick with an inverted cup at the top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended phenomenon. But references to the Bible are by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in unnecessary to prove that spirits have commu- his mouth, and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a cor-A few words about seeing spirits will be suffic- responding aperture in the ball, till the whole ient. First, it may result from fear, or a pow- twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away. This, and endparition to be seen. Secondly, some persons less other tricks he performed, balancing himhave a peculiar gift for seeing spirits at all self all the while on the single pole on which times. Thirdly, under certain favorable con- he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or ditions, a disembodied spirit can clothe itself seven inches in diameter, and probably fourwith the elements of organic matter, always teen pounds weight, and, standing with his found in abundance in a pure and healthy at- arms extended in line, he rolled it from the mosphere, and thus be visible to all persons wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the blessed with good eye-sight. One important wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms of this is because light acts chemically upon than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of his the particles of organic matter, tending to scat-back; then seizing it in both hands he flung ter them, and preventing concentration. The it repeatedly twenty feet high, and, watching critic who scouts at this, because darkness is it in its descent till within a few inches of his a necessary condition, will please enquire of skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the Daguerrian artist why it is necessary to ex- the ball each time between his shoulders; then, clude the light of day, in order to "bring out bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience.

> An Irishman observing a dandy taking his usual struts in Chestnut street, stepped up to him and enquired :-

"How much rent do you ax for one of them

"Why do you ask such a question, you blockhead?

"Faix, an' I thought the whole street belonged to ye," replied Paddy. Exit dandy, walking rather fast.

Never put off till to-morrow what can

# Capital Story.

THE WELL IN THE ROCK.

"Why, father, what is the matter with

Rachel Woolcoot asked this question, from which she was cutting some slices for

or a man suddenly struck blind.

"Yes, father, what is the matter?" queried the alarmed voice of Mrs. Woolcoot, as she ran out of the bedroom, where she

was just laying away the week's ironing. "I guess, I'm kinder shaky, wife .-Won't you bring me a cup of water-

A moment later Mrs. Woolcoot returned her mug filled to the brim with the clear liquid; which her husband seized in his great hands, but they shook so that he could hardly convey it to his lips, while Rachel stood by, looking at her father in

"He says he was taken about an hour ago, in the fields; its a fit, like," whispered | elongated into a look of solemn anxiety. the girl to her mother.

"Mercy on us! how in the world did it heart is as hard as Pharaoh's." come on, father?" cried the pale, little woman, and she peered into the sunburnt, but old oak chair. "Father, you've run against | money." some trouble!"

be deceived long.

"Don't, don't, mother!"

The man put up his hand deprecatingly, but a great groan heaved up from his iron chest.

Mrs. Woolcoot's face grew pale, as did her daughter's, but it was only for a moment. She bowed down under the unknown blow which had prostrated her husband .--"Isaac," she said, taking his great hand in both of hers, "you know when you took me, a young, inexperienced thing, twentythree years ago, with nothin' but the little pastur' lot in Cow's Lane to bring you for my portion, I promised to stick to you, a true and lovin' wife, to the day when death should part us. I reckon I've tried to do it, Isaac. We've had bright times and sorrowful uns since we've walked the same road, but I reckon the good uns have outweighed t'other, and we've pulled together in all things, and never had a hard word or a hard thought for more than a minit ag'in each other. I've been the mother of your children, of them that's in heaven as well as them that's on earth, and it's the first time, Isaac Woolcoot, that you ever hid your heart from me, or carried a cloud in your breast which your wife didn't share.

She was not much of a talker, little Mrs. Woolcoot, but now her true woman's heart fired her lips with native eloquence, as she stood there with the still tears in her eyes and the brave smile about her pale mouth.

Farmer Woolcoot looked at his wife, and for a moment the man forgot everything but the true heart which beat for him in that little woman's breast.

"It's true, Massy, every word you've said. You've been the blessedest comfort and helpmeet that ever man had; you've taken the heaviest side of my burdens, and borne with my faults, and I've allus felt I never deserved such a blessin' as you, any more'n a frail mortal man does an angel to walk by his side; and it isn't for myself half as much as for you I care; but it comes tough to give it up." And the man's head sank down heavily.

"Got to give up what, father? Don't hold it back any longer."

"The old homestead, Massy, where you and I have lived so many years, and tried to bring up our children in the fear of

"Our home, father?"

Mrs. Woolcoot cried out the words sharply, as though there dwelt great pain and amazement in them.

got hold of an old deed of the land, which seen a good deal of the rough side of hu-

belonged to his grandfather, about fifty years ago, and I learned it this afternoon for the first time. The orchard, and the old house itself, every timber of which has the face of an old friend, will have to

"O, what'll become ot us all?" cried Rachel, and she sank down and burst into and set down the large loaf of rye bread | tears. An hour ago her heart had been like a country full of fragrance and sweet song, and far-reaching mountains of delight; The father came into the room, the large, and now the mists had arisen from the sea stalwart man, in his farmer's trowsers of and blurred out all the goodly prospects, towcloth, and he groped like a little shild, and the winds lashed and the storm gathered over the young girl's life.

Mrs. Woolcoot took it quietly. The tears ran down her faded cheeks as she moaned out, "O, it is hard, so hard, fa-

"That's it, Massy! I am gettin' past my prime now, and I've little hope of ever buildin' a new roof to shelter my head in its old age. You know what with my rheumatis, and the children's sickness and deaths, and failures in the crops, I never was forehanded."

"He won't show us any marcy, will he, father?" wound in the soft, broken voice of Rachel, while Joseph stood by twisting his fingers together, his rubicund visage

"Not a bit, daughter; Seth Rogers'

"Well, Isaac, we must look to the Lord in this great trouble; He's on our side, ghastly face that now rested against the and that is better than all that bad man's

"That's it, mother; them words of Mrs. Woodloot's wifely heart could ont | yourn are amazing comforting to a man in

> At this moment a cracked, tremulous voice was heard at the door.

"What do you think I come across this blessed day up in my garret?"

"Why, granny, how did you get over here?" they all exclaimed, as a crooked, withered old woman hobbled into the kitchen. She carried a pipe in her mouth, and a staff in her hand; she were an old brown silk bonnet, and a blue gown of linsey-

"Yes, it ain't often I get down here, chillren, but I was so flustrated I couldn't sleep till I telled you," panted ald Mrs. Woolcoot, as she sank down into the armchair which her son vacated for her use.

"We are in a peck of trouble, granny," interposed Joseph, who was very fond of delivering news, whether good or bad.

"What's the matter, Isaac? Massy, seems to me you all do look mighty struck

"You tell granny, mother." And Mr. Woolcoot turned to his wife.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, and listened to her daughter-in-law's sad story, while an occasional wreath of smoke curled up slowly from her pipe, and tears ran over her withered cheeks.

When Mrs. Woolcoot ceased, her mother took her pipe out of her mouth, laid it carefully in her lap, and, clasping her wrinkled hands together, sat still, evidently lost in deep thought. She shook her head frequently, and at last she bowed it as though she had settled some purpose in her own mind, and then she turned to her son.

"I'm sorry for you, Isaac, for I know it'll come like death on you to give up the old homestead, and I'm sorrier for Massy, for a woman's heart clings tighter than a man's to the spot where she's lived ever since her husband brought her, à young, unexperienced gal, to his home. I'm sorry for you all, children, but I've nothing to offer you but the little red house your granther built on the land the town gave him when he fought the Injuns so bravely at Neck Bridge. If wust comes to wust, you can take that, with the two strips of medder land and the pasture lot."

"I guess we'll have to turn in there a little while, mother," answered her son, "leastwise till the Lord shows us where to turn about, for Seth Rogers will hustle me out without honor or marsy, now he's got the law on his side. You know he ain't got no more heart than a stone."

"Don't say that, Isaac, of any man .-"That's it, mother. Seth Williams has Your poor, dead father used to tell me he'd

man nature in his life, but he'd never found a man's heart so hard that there wain't a tender spot hidden somewhere away down in it. Massy, he used to say to me, it may be just as bleak and hard as the rock of old did to the Israelites, but, depend on't, there's a well of water down deep in it somewhere, if only the right Moses was at hand to smite it."

"Well, mother, in most cases father was in the right of it, and it don't become his son to contradict his words, now he's dead and gone-specially when he was sich a God-fearing man; but I can't think there is any Moses on airth that could bring water out of sich a rock as Seth Rogers' heart."

"Don't be too sartin, Isaac. God never put the well there for nothing, and I kinder reckon I see his hand here. Anyhow I'll try to-morrow."

"Try what, granny?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Woolcoot.

"Try to find the well in the rock of Seth Rogers' heart," answered the old woman, putting her pipe in her mouth and getting

"Why, granny, ain't you mad struck?" queried her amazed son, while his family stood looking at the old woman in dumb amazement.

"Not a bit, Isaac; I know all what I'm about, though I shall keep my own counsel, and not tell you one word of what brought me over to-night. Only don't any on you give up; only jest trust in the Lord, and cast all your care on Him."

"O, grauny, do stay and have a cup of tea. We've got some real fresh."

"Not to-night, Massy," shaking her head and hobbling across the room; "I've got to be all alone, to hold counsel with myself; only don't forget what I said about casting your care on the Lord."

Seth Rogers put down his scythe, took off his straw hat, and wiped his forehead with his blue and white cotton handkerchief. It was a warm day, although it was wearing towards the middle of October, and the farmer had been hard at work for the last three hours, mowing a strip of salt hay in some low meadow land about a quarter of a mile east of the little red house where old "Gineral Woolcoot's widder," as the neighbors called her, resided. He had a coarse, hard physiognomy, a large, stalwart, rugged frame, beetling eyebrows, with dark, gloomy looking gray eyes, and his iron-gray looks hung over his forehead, brown and wrinkled with hard labor, for Seth Rogers had not yet passed the. prime of his manhood. He was a stern, lonely man, and the neighbors said his heart was as hard as his face.

All his near relatives were dead, and there was no heart of man or woman or hild in the world which beat with one throb of love or pity for Seth Rogers .-He was a widower, and childless, for he had laid his wife, in her youth, in the village grave-yard, and he lived in the great brown house by the creek with only his hired men and his old housekeeper-a man whose creed and whose gospel were worldly gain-whose only ambition was to add to his broad lands-a man without fear of God or love to humanity! Yet the old neighbors shook their heads and said it was not always so-that Seth Rogers was a pleasant little boy, and that he had a praying mother and one little sister with the face of an angel. They could still remember the clusters of her shining curls that waved in the winds like the golden rod o. September, and her eyes deep and blue as the skies in which midnight stars are set. There were a few old women in West Farms who still grew warm and eloquent when they spoke of the wondrous beauty of the sweet child Mary Rogers, and they said her brother, who was four years her senior, had cared for her with a tenderness and watched over her with a pride and love which were like those of a mother over her first-born. But Mary's beauty had never blossomed into womanhood.

One time, a score and a half of years ago, a company of Indians had made a descent upon the little village of West Farms, scated at the foot of the hills. Trembling women had clustered together, with hushed

(Continued on 6th page.)

L Stille . 1

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe

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THE TRUE "WORD OF GOD."

In a preceding article, it was shown that the common Protestant theory of the "Word of God is without support either from reason or fact."

The theory of the Roman Catholic Church is a little more expansive and less objectionable. That Church, instead of accepting a specific number of ancient writings, as constituting the whole of God's revelations of truth to man, claims to have the right of determining, through her constitutional authorities, upon the truth or error of more modern productions. She canonizes the works of many of the Fathers and Saints, and from time to time adopts as binding new dogmas which before were unknown or unsettled. Witness the late promulgation of the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," never before settled in the Church, but which is now a part of her "Word of God."

This practice virtually admits that Deity is continually revealing Himself in and through His Church; and is thus some improvement upon the Protestant assumption that the gates of Inspiration were forever shut down when the Apocalypse was finished. But the despotism of the Roman Church, in allowing no room for the action of individual judgment, and consigning to the dangeon or the rack here, and to eternal perdition hereafter (so far as she is able to do it,) those who accept as God's truth either more or less than she endorses, is a most flagrant assumption.

Another theory is that of Swedenborgians and some Spiritualists,—that the writings of the Bible have an inner or spiritual sense, distinct from the natural or literal meaning, in which are set forth, to those who can understand it, vast treasures of truth not at all perceived by the external reader. Some affirm also (as T. L. Harris) a third or celestial sense, in which are hidden, beneath the crude symbols of ordinary language, arcana of the most comprehensive, profound and exhaustless description. These "inner" and "inmost" senses, it is claimed, may be perceived and understood, by those whose spiritual and celestial perceptions are properly opened, with as much definiteness and certainty as the natural or historical sense may be understood by the natural understanding. According to this theory, the external or literal sense of the Bible is of comparatively little consequence; it may have verbal and historical errors, and portions of it (the first eleven chapters of Genesis, for example) are not historically but only symbolically true. Its truth is to be found in its inner and, to most eyes, hidden meanings. And, when fully understood, the Bible will be found to be a complete whole, an epitome of all truth, and is thus, in an exclusive and comprehensive sense "The Divine Word."

The writer is not disposed to deny the existence of inner and inmost senses to the Bible writings. He is too familiar with symbolism, in both ancient and modern literature, to dispute its existence in these scriptures, even to the extent claimed. He has learned to regard every object of the natural world, even, every rock and plant and animal—as having an inner sense and an inmost essence. The fact of a complete correspondence, or universal analogy, between the natural and the spiritual worlds, so that whatever is true in one is correspondentially true in the other, seems to be one of the "fixed facts" of a spiritual phil-

osophy-self-evident to every mind whose spiritual perceptions are at all clear. Hence he cannot say but that, when the spiritual and celestial planes of his own mind are sufficiently opened, he will be able to discover, beneath the external and humanlywrought letter of "the Word," all those recondite and wonderful areans that Swedenborg and Harris have portrayed. If such a revelation ever comes to him, its disclosures will be reverently and thankfully

For the present, however, his perceptions are, like those of most readers, mainly on the natural-historical plane. And while he finds in the Bible a most useful record of the religious history, experience, instructions and inspirations of a most remarkable portion of the race, he does not see that it embraces by any means the whole of the natural truth,—much less that it exhausts the domain of Universal Wisdom .-Natural truths, in fact, have but just begun to be revealed to the world, through the slow processes of scientific research. All true sciences are revelations of God; and natural sciences form the bases of corresponding spiritual and celestial truths.

Deity speaks to us in all the phenomena of nature, as well as in the experiences and intuitions of the inner world. Suns are His thoughts, systems are His sentences: and their motions and laws declare His will as truly as do the loftiest inspirations of prophet or apostle.

The truly Catholic definition of the "Word of God," then, is ALL TRUTH, whether yet revealed, or to be revealed-all that expresses or sets forth in any degree the attributes, character, purposes or methods of the Invisible and Universal Cause.

Moreover, there can be no revelation to the individual mind, except as its capacities are opened and its perceptions qualified to perceive and apprehend truth. What is a revelation of the Divine to one, therefore, is not to another. The Bible is no revelation when read in a foreign language, or to one who does not comprehend its meaning. It reveals the Divine only when the interiors are opened to perceive and accept as Divine and saving truth the affirmations it. records. Hence the effort to enforce the acceptance of the Bible, or any other writing, as a Divine revelation, or authority, or by any form of outward comparison, is worse than useless—an outrage on the soul.

"No creed is a finality . . . . Truths descend From God through minds according to their state. There's no finality in highest heaven, More truth, more light, more life, more blessedness Grows, multiplies, unfolds or is revealed With every change of state, with every new Consociation of accordant minds, Or spirit-union of love-blended hearts.

Angels know more of God from Day to Day. More perfect revelations are made known According as the human mind is made Their fitting medium, or the human heart Asks wisdom from the Father, who is Love." LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

## "MUNDANE SPIRITUALISM" (?)

Our philosophic cotemporary, the Spiritual Telegraph, has the following:

"Many good friends of truth and progress have been sorely tried with what they supposed were the inconsistencies, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities, in what they at the time thought were communications from Spirits. These things are spoken generally through persons supposed to be entranced by Spirits. The more rational Spiritualists, however, have always insisted that these communications do not come from Spirits, but are utterances of the prevailing states and thoughts of the circles, or of the publie generally. An illustration of this latter theory has recently occurred, relative to the loss of the steamer North Star."

The Telegraph goes on to say that it was recently stated, as from Spirits, through a medium in N. Y., that the North Star had been lost, with various particulars, all of which subsequently proved untrue. It

"Now, was this communication from a Spirit, or was it the utterance of the prevailing excited feeling in this mundancephere? All rational, disorlminating Spiritualists say the latter, and all mere word-authoritarian Spiritualists say it was the former, and a lying Spirit. We will not now discuss the question, but leave it to the private reflection of all persons concerned, and will only add that this is just the point of difference be-

difference between the self-styled evangelical and the humanitarian common-sense Christians.

"We hope, and confidently trust, that the thorough examination of modern Spiritualism will ere long settle this whole question to the credit of humanity, to the honor of God, and to the absolution of all beings in the Spirit-world from the suspicion of cherishing malice against mortals."

It seems to us that our cotemporary is a little hasty in affirming that "all rational, discriminating Spiritualists" adopt its peculiar theory on this subject. For, so far as we are acquainted, Spiritualists in general are convinced that no essential, instantaneous change of character takes place in mankind as they pass to the spirit-world, but that individuals continue to manifest the same moral as well as mental characteristics (for a time, at least) there as here; and that the fact of spirit-manifestation, through almost every medium, prove the existence of untruthful spirits, as clearly as that of truthful ones. The contrary idea we had supposed to be confined almost exclusively to a very limited coterie of super-eminent philosophers who are wont to deliver their oracles through the columns of the Telegraph. Possibly this little junto does embrace "all" the "rational and discriminating" class; but others may not be quite ready to concede it.

At any rate, it seems rational to common minds that such moral differences as we see in this life should extend into the other; and it looks very much like authoritarianism or dogmatism to lay down the arbitrary rule that all "inconsistencies, immoralities, contradiction, falsehood," etc., occurring in spirit intercourse, must have their source on the mundane side, whatever the evidence of a spirit-origin. We venture to say that the majority of investigators, if compelled to adopt this rule, would find no ground left on which to base a belief in the supermundane source of any manifestations; while to many, the very occurrence of falsehoods, vulgarities, etc., have afforded the most conclusive proofs, of extra-mundane agency—as when such have been given through persons who of themselves would not for the world have been guilty of any thing of the kind.

Moreover, we opine, it lies beyond the "rational, discriminating" powers of most minds to see how it can be any more "to the credit of humanity," or "to the honor of God," to absolve disembodied spirits from the suspicion of untruthfulness, malice, etc., than those in the body. This world is just as much God's world as is the next; and men are just as truly spirits here as they will be there. Now, if spirits in the body, in certain grades of development, will deceive, pretend to be what they are not, to teach when they are ignorant, practice vices and crimes,-and if God allows them to do it,-why should we not expect disembodied spirits of the same grades to do the same things?

A. E. N.

### LITERATURE SHOULD BE WID-ENED AND SPIRITUALIZED.

'For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs. And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of

the suns." "National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of the World's literature is at hand, and each man must strive to hasten its approach." GOETHE.

There seems, on comparing notes, to be a common presentiment among the more earnest spirits of the present time that some comparatively sudden change is to be soon wrought in the institutions of the world. The shadow of the "coming events" is resting, prophetically, on many minds, which irresistibly induces them to utter their "word of prophecy." We have no reason to believe that there is any collusion in this matter—that one prophet merely kindles the forecasting light of another, but that this general (among lofty and spiritualized minds) ominous feeling is independently coincident. Their hearts begin, in common, to feel the growing heat, and their mental eyes to see the rising light, which are inevitably resulting from a law of the universe. This need not surprise us; for is man not fated to grow ?-can he long remain stationary?

The human race must ever be in a comtween modern Spiritualists, and just the point of parative childhood. It is true, we are acold—its relation to time affects not its durration. Time is not its lease-giver, but of a well-regulated, interior life. only its primary school-master. Time is spirit has infinite germinal possibilitiessight, but even to imaginative thought !must knock off our clogs, and quicken faith-confirming aspect. our pace toward the delectable mountains!

AGE.

That we are about to do so in some larimmediately past generations. These great- | faith—a gospel of sweet trust and joy! ly experienced men have grown tired of pacing, backward and forward, within the narrow limits of the old landmarks; they must be removed, and the area of spiritual life be enlarged to correspond with its growing wants. It must have more spacious tabernacles to operate in. "The feeling infinite" stirs within us more and more, and we are becoming impatient of institutional bondage. We can no longer submit to have our limbs, which feel the impulse of growth, lashed to the unyielding iron bed of that old robber, Procrustes. We must be permitted to arise and bound freely and joyfully forward on our preappointed race.

This enfranchisement, we repeat, must be. It is a matter of fundamental, providential and eternal necessity. "The divinity that shapes our ends" has decreed this endless progress of man, and he has no choice but to go forward, willingly and joyfully if he will; but go he must! It will not avail for him to perversely stop and skulk and hide in the dark nooks and corners that skirt the thoroughfares of time-a rising and all-searching destiny will at last drive him forth, and make him a willing partak- ship before her laseivious altar. er of the common good.

It would seem that the ways of Providence, and the steadily shining light of nature, should, ere this, have taught man this lesson of his own beneficent destiny. But his mind has, with limited exceptions, remained impervious to this great end. He is, however, yet to see it and rejoice exceedingly. We feel that the divine, full revelation, with respect to this destiny, is now at hand. The light is rising with increased momentum, and the great Divine Plan will be, at least, more generally dis-

Literature, institutions, society and individual man, will derive a quickening influence from this nobler and larger theory of humanity and the universe, and grow in the direction of its fulfillment. Literature will then deepen and have more copious influxes of spirituality. It will utter a profounder harmony. It is now, it must be confessed, comparatively crude, "earthly, sensual and devilish." In the new transformation, it need notpart with any of its its "carnal weapons." It will have, under the new dispensation, a greater suffusion of pure, vital blood, and will reflect a truer and broader life, and present, prophetical-

"run and not be weary." Individual man, the intellectual powers build up moats, re-

customed, in our ignorance, to name the too, will be accordantly better. Seeing that stages of our growth-infancy, childhood, virtue and purity are his end, he will as youth, mature manhood, old ago, etc., -a involuntarily and naturally as he breathes, style of speech which we shall now have to conform his life to the divine order. His modify. Pope uttered a deeper truth than morality, in the more advanced time now at he, perhaps, was aware of when he said hand, will not be a forced and arbitrary that "men are but children of a larger thing, induced by motives without itself growth." The human spirit does not grow | and for ulterior rewards, but will be of free and spontaneous growth—the natural fruit

Man's great business is faith and adoraits birth-place and nursery. It is not the tion. The character of his living is regusnirit of man, but its integuments that lated by the principle of his faith. He has grow old. We repeat, the spirit of man but to recognize, have faith in, vindicate by must ever remain in comparative childhood his word and deed, the great ETERNAL -should always have the joyous faith- | Plan or Goo! He should feel that he the ever-kindling hopes—the same intense can neither make nor mar this plan. Great relish of "the living present," that charac- as he may justly regard himself, he may terized the healthy and unhackneyed child. | not arrogate to himself sufficient power to Grow large as it may, it has still other thwart in the slightest degree, the infinite heights to attain—is still at an immeasura- order. That is fixed, and on this may we ble distance from the goal. The human base a sure sense of safety. The divine purpose, formed in infinite wisdom and love, its prospect is interminable, not only to is subject to no whims, no croethets, but ad vances with a steady, methodical process. What hinders us, therefore, from having | To human eyes, blinded by limited notions, increasing height and breadth of view? - it may present, like revolving light-houses, What apology have we for the littleness of alternately light and dark shades, but to our thoughts, and deeds? None! We the illuminated mind it has but one glorious,

From this large and unfaltering faith in the sure, universal plan to be worked out ger, even epochal way, is clearly indicated by the very constitution of things, should by the advanced instincts of the more spir- our literature take its life and hue. Lititually-minded men of our own, and the erature should be but the word of human

## Correspondence.

#### AUTHORITY-No. 7.

But when man's spiritual power reigns supreme, with Conscience as his State's Attorney, and Veneration as his chief Courtier; while Marvelousness lays all the armor of heaven at the foot of his throne; then he demands the reason, and the intellectual powers to obey his behest, or he lays them prostrate at his feet. And then in turn he wakes up the fire of man's animal nature, which raves like the hidden flames of Tartarus, and lend their terrific energies to his unrelenting despotism. Self-Esteem directs the Car of State, Acquisitiveness becomes Prime Minister, and Destructiveness State's Executioner; Man's affectional nature which first paid a chaste homage to his moral power, is now raised upon a pedestal, robed in all the tinsel of an harlot; and all the other powers are led by her blandishments to fall down and wor-

And anon, she is hurled down to the companionship of dogs and swine, and her kindly yearnings are answered with a taunt and a frown, while she is banished to the shades of night in the regions of frost; and Love that has been her constant companion, and the life-inspiring force of the reigning powers, shrinks away into solitude, and pines away and dies! And now the grim monster, feeling his own chilling solitude, demands new victims, and retires to his dreary cave, and there issues forth his mandates to his servants, the intellectual powers, to find a reason for all his follies and cruelties; and each one that fails in this service is doomed to fall beneath the Executioner's axe. Thus intimidated they hide from observation and paralyze for want of exercise; or, amuse themselves on sophisms, and appease their tyrant by unraveling the mysticisms which his court has sent for them to reveal. But even this hopeless task calls up all their powers to renewed activity, under which they grow vigorous and strong. And by and bye as their strength increases they begin to demur at smiting, rousing force, but only lay aside the dictum of a tyrant that compe's them to prove that fancies are facts, that myths and miracles are logical truths; that they must ignore the deductions of their own reason, the conclusions of their own investigations. ly, still more glorious ideals to be practi- These demurs are first heard in quiet whiscally realized by individual man and socie- pers, next in low murmurs, then in the loud protest, and lastly in the fierce crash of Consequent upon this better litterature, mighty forces. Long and devastating are society will clothe itself with institutions the conflicts between these two powers: the suitable to this freer and larger life. It spiritual tyrant bringing forth tornadoes. will discard every institutional fetter, and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, while

#### THE AGE.

from which they open their battery of negative artillery which the reigning tyrant is unable to repel; and thus abandons all his outposts, one by one, till finally his citadel is taken, and he himself dethroned, and all his attendant courtiers ignominiously discarded. And now the intellect reigns supreme; jealous of a rival and disdaining a companion; and thus sits like Mont Blanc -cold, serene, and alone-a crystalized marshal's baton and the tyrant's crown; and as the individual is, so is the race."

"Remember then that each department is authoritative in its own domain; from the animal, or basis, springs forth life, warmth, and vigor, with your affectional nature which culminates in love. But this needs elevating, purifying and refining; and hence your moral, spiritual and religious nature stands ready to perform its kindly office. and whose gentle forces culminate in adoralimating process need a friendly aid to give mission, of Spiritualists. them shape, form, proportion and useful but indispensable task; and whose powers when harmoniously developed culminate in wisdom. Yet this triumviate needs an umpire to preside over, and harmonize their activities; and hence they must submit to the Authority of the Great Unknown—the Central and Eternal Cause of all things-

I now felt the gentle vibrations of the magnetic or sympathetic, and which still attached me to genial natures on the earth; heart, and perceived an ethercal light permeating my brain and levely voices greeted my ear; and I then saw that vast hosts were ascending to this fourth sphere. And this I learned was the central, or pivotal. sphere in man's nature, into which all past progress culminates, and from which prophecy issues forth its cheering declarations of the future. It also corresponds with the earth's children can meet angelic natures and receive instruction and consolation.

What more I heard and saw in this sphere I leave to some future period, when I shall describe man's present social degradation, and predict his future social joy.

Meantime Adieu, M. W. HAMMOND.

pulpits and religious press, the sad intelligence, that Chistianity is depreciating; that infidelity is raising its hydra-head, and stalking abroad throughout the length and breadth of our land; is as great an opposer to Spiritualism as any other that the world of mankind is growing worse, instead of better; (rather a sad comment by the way, on the religious preaching and effort of the present day;) that religion is on the retrograde, or de crease, rather than on the increase; that "because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore, the hearts of the children of men, are fully set in them to do evil," &c., &c.

Now Mr. Editor, I believe these assertions to be it to be a divine principle; a divine truth; as imhimself can depreciate or retrograde.

But that the Christianity, or religion of the present day, as practiced and lived out, in thought. word and deed, by some, at least, of its professed adherents and advocates, is meeting with less in- minds of reasonable men and women. terest and attention by reasonable and philosophic minds, I grant.

and lived out "even to the death," by its blessed the commands of Christ, whose disciple and followfounder? "Love the Lord thy God with all thy er you profess to be--prove whether or not you are heart, &c.," "and thy neighbor as thyself."-"Do unto others as ye would others should do unto if haply you may find" within you, that germ you." "Love one another," and as the principle which was in Christ; that divine principle which progressed and developed, in and through the lives flowed from the depths of his soul, when he said of his Apostles, we are commanded by them to condemn thee; go in peace and sin "love all mankind," for "God causeth his rain to no more,"—be honest and upright in your denunfall on the just, and on the unjust;" "to exercise ciation, as well as in praise of your fellow-men;charity." Paul says, "If I have not charity, I if you believe "an evil exists in the land," meet it am as sounding brass, &c.; "Charity vaunteth not and oppose it like a Christian and a man-with itself, speaketh no evil, &c.;" "Charity hideth a multitude of sins, &c."

vocates, and even by those who hold responsible the honest and dishonest—the good and the evil meat and their drink to vilify, slander and abuse if you cannot conceive of a Love which is pure

doubts and fortifications in solid musonry, their fellow men, in the place of loving them; instead of practicing charity, their souls' highest conception of Christianity as manifested to the world, is hurling their impotent shafts of malevolence at a portion of their fellow beings, and anath. emetizing them, because they are above the low, grovelling plane upon which they themselves

All will acknowledge that the Press (especially free press) wields a mighty power for "weal or for woe," and when an editor (and he a professing Christian, a member of Christ's Church, a member of a church professing to be of God's right egot sm! "Thus you will perceive that | hand planting,) will attempt to make that power when any department of your nature ig- subservient to his own vile purposes, and make of nores all authority, it assumes to itself the it an instrument with which to belch forth his venom, and hurl slander, vituperation and anathemas at tens and hundreds of thousands of men and women, who will certainly stand as high as himself in point of moral integrity and honesty of purpose :-- is it to be wondered at, if he is to be regarded or looked to as a specimen of Christianity, that reasonable minds should disregard it, and become disgusted with it; well may it retrograde. and God speed the day when such Christianity or religion shall be utterly annihilated.

These thoughts have suggested themselves to my mind, by reading at various times, the effusions and comments of the Christian editor of the Providence Post, in regard to the misdeeds, (theotion! But this life, this activity, and sub- logically speaking) the sins of omission and com-

It is not, that fears need be entertained of Spirdirection, when the intellectual faculties itualism suffering from aught he can say or do, for step forward to essay this most difficult, the old saying has been fully realized in the case of greater men than himself, viz., "that only give them rope enough, and they will bang themselves." Greater men than the Editor of the Post-greater philosophers and metaphysicians than the said editor ever was, or ever will be, have thought by the powerful arm of their logic and acumen to crush it, but it still lives and progresses, and why then need we fear the head or the hand of the Christian editor of the Providence Post. Would it not be but manifested to us in Divine love—the well for him to heed the injunction of one certain-Life-giving Father-and Divine Wisdom- ly as wise as himself, "Let him who thinketh he the Preserver-and Soul-restoring Mother." standeth take heed lest he fall." Where are those great master opposing and exposing spirits of the past? Where is Prof. Faraday with his clerical automatons, reading the service of the Episcopal Church, (or Church of England, which is the same,) and I felt an animating warmth about my and which at the time was a perfect Godsend to the Materialists of both hemispheres, and at which multitudes thundered forth, Eureka!!still it lives, and is obtaining daily, increasing attention and respect in the minds of the refined and elevated intellects of Europe; -but where is Prof. Faraday? echo answers, where?

Again, there is Prof. Mahan, with his mighty battering ram, that master production of that giant intellect? where is that incontrovertible expose, that finale of all finals, which was to scatter, exterminate and annihilate the cherished faith and fourth sphere in the spirit realms, in which hopes of millions, and be the eternal quictus of Spiritualism? Where is that great book of books. and its great author? I hesitate not to say, that a large number (if not the majority) of the copies sold, can be found with libraries of Spiritualists, while the remainder (if not gathered in) are a dead letter covered with dust, on the bookseller's shelves. But where is the Prof., that Solomon of the West? "Behold how the mighty have fallen," from the exalted position of Prof. in a college, to the humble paster of a small congregation, in a small inland town.

Again, where is the refined and exalted Prof. of Greek of Harvard University? to what a depth of degradation has he plunged himself. When such a man as Bonner of the New York Ledger, (who man, though in his opposition manifests more of spirit of a Christian and a gentlemen, than many others,) I say, when such a man will denounce Prof. Felton, in his abusive and slanderous course of opposition, and classify him Prof. of blackquardism, may we not with propriety exclaim! "behold! how the mighty hath fallen," and when we take into consideration the fact, that he is associated with, and consequently is a representative false, and why? what is Christianity? I conceive of a Christian-a religious institution, and without reprimand from that institution, he is allowed mutable as the Eternal Being who gave it birth, with impunity to spew forth Billingsgate slang, and can no more depreciate or retrograde than God and heap abusive epithets upon a portion of community, many of whom are more pure, more sincere, more conscientious and more Christ-like than himself; can any one wonder that such Christianity or religion should lose ground or favor in the

Therefore, I would say to our Christian editor, analyze and test the spirit of your own Christiani-What are the principles of Christianity as taught ty or religion, -compare it with the spirit, and living and acting out the Christ principle-"seek, sound logic, and not with sophistry-with argument, and not with slang and falsehood-in the But, what, I ask, is the Christianity of the pres- spirit of honesty and reason, not with prejudice ent day as manifested by some of its professed ad- and bigotry; do not classify in the same category, situations in society, and of whom we should ex- the just and the unjust; be not eternally harping on pect better things? It would seem to be their the frailty and short comings of humanity; and

and holy, without associating lust with it, do not blame us if we look upon it as presumptive evidence that you are still "in the gall of bitterness, &c.," and a stranger to "that love which purifies the heart, and casteth out all fear." What would our Christian editor say, If the Spiritualists should condemn the various Churches of this city, (which I could name were I so disposed,) who have been compelled within the past two years to expel one or more (each) of their members for immoral conduct; what would be say if Spiritualists should descend so low, as to make capital of one half the cases of moral delinquencies among Church Members and Ministers of the Gospel, which occur in our land for even one year? would he acknowledge it just and right? no, he would not. And if they should go still farther, and charge it as a result of the Christian faith or religion, would be consider it a righteous conclusion? Most certainly he would not. Again, suppose Spiritualists should charge Temperance Societies with practicing deception on community, because some of its members violate their sacred pledge, and some members of the Sons of Temperance when they go to Clam bake, Picnics and Shore Excursions, they take their Cherry Rum and Brandy with them; would they be justified in the assertion that it was the legitimate results or effects of Temperance, or an outgrowth of the principles of Temperance? Certainly not. Once more, if we should charge Swartwouting, Post Office and Custom House defalcations to be the natural effects of Democracy, or the fruits of Democratic principles, what would be the verdict this Christian Editor would pass upon us? Why sir, methinks the vocabulary of the English language would be inadequate to furnish epithets sufficiently scorching and withering with which to "lash us, as with a whip of scorpions." In conclusion, I would say to our immaculate editor, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," for the doom of Spiritualism is sealed; in the words of one of old, "If it be of man, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrown it; therefore, take heed lest ye be found fighting against God."

Yours for "Freedom to worship God," A Spiritualist in principle. H.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS, Nov. 9th. Messes. Editors:-Perhaps some of your readers would be interested by reading the following letter which I sent to the Methodist Minister of this place some weeks since, which he has not seen fit to answer yet.

Whether he thinks that I am sufficiently enlightened or not, I cannot say, but I think, however, that he deems it beneath the dignity conferred upon him by the ecclesiastical hierarchy to notice it, having previously shunned a personal interview with me.

In order to have the letter understood by your readers, it is necessary to state the reasons that called it out.

Some weeks since, I was visited by one of my brothers and his wife, whom I had not had the pleasure of seeing for about six years-Sunday evening July fourth my brother wanted that I should accompany him to the Methodist prayer meeting, he being a thorough going Methodist and a class leader in Cohoes Falls N. Y. As soon as we had taken our seats, I noticed that some of the Brethren began to look around and noticed that I, one of the three infidels who had the presumption to erect a building where the friends of freedom and lovers of humanity might meet in, was present; then it was that the fallacy of their loud profession was made manifest in forgetting the Bible maxim, of the lost sheep. They seek the lost sheep with hounds, theological cubs, and offer to them the sweet incentive of damnation and eternal misery; they are eloquent in picturing to them an opened hell and one would have them fed onold musty straw instead of fresh green grass.

Pretty soon one of the "Pillars" rose up and said, "I arise to give my testimony for Jesus; a man of this place told me some time ago, that Jesus was nothing more than a medium! I declare my brothren, it fairly makes me shudder when I think of it!" So they went on with that peculiar spirit of bigotry which their Creed must of a necessity inspire, until our clerical friend's turn came, who said in putting on the finishing stroke to the work of the evening, and with all the bombast so peculiar to some of his class, that Jesus was not of that class of mediums through whom the devil works now-a-days. Now, Mr. Elitor, if my friend Mr. Harris Morse or any body else, is Methodists or anything else, I have no objections. Each man's action, either mental or being! Real worth cannot be known, except deeds and loving words.

My friend Mr. Morse, when speaking of Spiritualists or Spiritualism, uses the name of a certain individual with such aptness and consummate relish that one might think that his "good Lord" was the devil himself. "There are Lords many and Gods many," one loves to mention the name of his friends. The name brings to the mind the individual with all his

#### JOTTINGS.

By Chas. Robbins, M. D .- "God help the poor," is a fine sounding ejaculation! It costs nothing; a man may use it and sit over his pipe and chew Haschish, until befuddled into the belief that there is no evil, only a lesser good, hence, no duty to perform, no ways of pleasantness, no paths of peace, until he feels himself a God, or his vicegerent and no good will result. That which costs a person nothing, is of little value. The man who from his soul says,-"God help the poor," and hands out his dollar, God and the world knows that he is honest, and God will bless him. I believe in God and prayer, and that practical enforcement of prayer just named. It is this divorcement of preaching from practice, that has spread the frosts of oldage and decrepitude over our churches--that has made creeds and associations a hissing and a scorn. It is in this frigid hoary state that she is loaded down with old theologies, prejudices and superstition; she, once so glorious in her moral and intellectual attainments. She was once the glorious advancing genius of the age, but sad to relate, she is now seen antagonistical to progress; she philosophizes when she ought to act; she prays in words and does not follow her prayers by her acts-there is no life, no soulin the soldiers militant! But engaged rarnestly about their own private business!!

Any cause will die out under such a culture. Spiritualism must make the press strong, by a steady prompt support. Spiritualists must be good men, and true, kind and liberal, other than in mere words, or it is no better than oth-

A Spiritualist paper has copied the following gem-"The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven, make mean music when whistling through a key hole."

If this is not a careless quotation, the Editor must believe that the welfare of society is in the ratio of her growth in knowledge; that ignorance cannot become the organ of light and cultivated minds; that spirits could not force Charles river to run through a goose quill; though he may think it policy not to openly declare the fact.

I have had a very good opportunity to learn something of mediums. I think our temperaments effect a difference. There are no two alike; so each individual must at present study his own conditions, his or her own law. No two attaches the same meaning to the same words, while they awaken entirely different feelings in different individuals. This fact renders the idea of certain creeds absurd. There are different grades in society, different minds, different positions, different destiny. The truth of Nature declares eternal progress, and on them are written infinite variety, harmonious, cre

Love is a bird of song, My Dear, Of plumage pure and white, Its mellow notes are heard always, At morn, at noon, at night.

Amid the howling blasts of life While darkest thunders roll, The thrilling tones of love doth use In sweetness over the soul.

The very innermost, its Home, Omnipotent its reign, No power can contravene its might, Its steady, broad domain.

It falls not on the common air, It has an inner ear. Noiseless its tread, and true its voice,-He that hath ears, doth hear.

CENTRE St., NORTHAMPTON, Mass., July 10, 1859.

Mr. Morse: - Dear Sir-I feel it my duty to express to you my regret that last Sunday evening, in conformity with my brother's wishes, I went with them to the Methodists' prayer meeting, when we could feel the sweet outflow of brotherly love towards each other; although we do not believe alike or view things from the same standpoint, we nevertheless feel that we are brothers in the highest sense; that on that particular occasion you, a professed follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene, should judge so harmly of your brother man; that you should attempt to chafe a vain love for Creeds, Dogmas, and Sectarianism. physical, is an expression of his condition of at the cost of this brotherly union, and thus feed your gravings for the establishment of your parit is made manifest or eternalized through kind | ticular creed? Do you not feel in your better modes of thoughts, in your highest aspiration for the love that actuated the prayer of Jesus, that your attempt was mean, low and cowardly, infinitely unworthy of a free and generous soul?-Just look at your assuraption; you assume a perfect knowledge of the character of every medium, a thorough acquaintance with the interior motives that stimulate them to action: thousands of them you never have or never will see, and contrary to the spirit of "Judge ye of these things for yourselves," you pronounce them

all, as wrought upon by the Devil! whose character you seem to have made a special subject of study.

All this may be well enough in your present condition of development, but you must bear inmind that all your members can not bear this . kind of food; you have those who can not much longer bear this priestly intolerance and sectarian slavery. Their hearts begin to open and feel God' made manifest even outside of their little sheeppen; the love of the Great Father Spirit welling up in their souls compels them to recognize in every human being their brother, the child of the Great Father of us all. May your soul expand and take in more of this spirit.

I do not question your honesty in being what you are, but I would impress you with the necessity of being more liberal. Let not the love of creed deprive you of the sweet communion that you might enjoy with your fellow-man; be ever alive to this fact, that since God withholds not his breath of life from the lower creation, that you, I, or even the church have no right to gather our garment and pick our way through the world with a "stand by," I am holier than thou.

I hope that you will be true to yourself; if you see any need of light that you will impart it in meekness and love. Respectfully,

ZEPHYR C. PARENT.

## Interesting Miscellung.

WOMAN'S LOVE OF THE HEROIC. - If women have one weakness more than another, it is towards veneration. They are born worshippers. makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which, of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven.

The first step towards their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or funcied superiority; and, having made him up, they worship him.

Now a truly great man, a man truly grand and noble in heart and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so the very painstaking, ingenious sex have less trouble in getting him up, and can be ready to worship on short notice.

In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellect. Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the image that "Nebuchadnezzar the king set up," and all womankind, coquettes and flirts not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and so forth? Is not the faithful Paula, with her beautiful face, prostrate in reverence before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting in the world, an emblem and sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems noblest in man? Does not old Richard Baxter tell us with delightful single heartedness, that his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long, pale faceand how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him less sour and bitter than she expected?

The fact is, woman is burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than she knows what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peac, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb by-and when they can find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flatters of admiration, to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero who never wooed them, except, by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life. [Mrs, H. B. Stowe.

SMALL BIRDS.—Several years ago we made an open war on the destroyers of small birds, and succeeded in inducing the Legislature of New Jersey to pass a law for their protection. This law was imitated by many of the states, and for a time it seemed to arrest their destruction. In some districts of country these insect-destroying birds increased rapidly, and . the crops were materially augmented in consequence. More recently, however, the farmers seem to become lethargie in prosecuting those who offend the law, and in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey, gunners may be seen, not only patrolling the roads, but factually crossing cultivated fields, almost without unmolesta-

In England where gunners require a lisence and game laws exist, notwithstanding the apparent inequality with which justice is thus dispensed, the farmer, in a degree is protected, by the increase of small birds; but here, having men of all nations feeling the liberty to gun a privilege, we seem to be destined to lose our main protecters, the birds, by the folly of these gunners, many of whom, are of less importance. to the community than the birds they destroy. In our estimation, it is the moral duty of every farmer who finds a gunner on his premises shooting these insect-destroying birds, to have him apprehended and punished, strictly according to law. Nothing can be more despicable than to see the self-styled sportsman, shooting robbins, chipping birds, etc. Such a fellow should be punished, by having as a task the destruction of masquitoes, horseflies, etc., and should be bastingdoed whenever he ventures to . destroy larger, game.—[Working Farmer.

(Continued from page 6.) breaths and haggard faces, in the cottages, and at last a company of the bravest men had gathered together, shouldered their arms, and gone out, in the name of the God of battles, to fight for their wives, their children and their homes. Jedediah Woolcoot led this little band of brave men, and earned thereby the title of General. They soon succeeded in routing the Indians, who had stationed themselves at the northern part of the village, and the white men lost but two of their number. But that night Mary Rogers took her death cold; for the child, hearing the war-cry of the Indians, which started her from her sound slumbers, had sprang suddenly out of bed, rushed out doors in her night dress, and remained for nearly an hour crouched down on the damp grass, under the apple tree, convulsed with terror. In less than six months afterwards Mary's beauty lay under the summer grass, and her broken-hearted mother followed her a little later. So, with all his money, the neighbors affirmed Seth Rogers had had a hard time of it, for it was a terrible thing to have all one's kith and kin cut off from

"Seth, Seth Rogers, I want to have a few minutes' talk with you."

The farmer started, and looked round in amazement, as he saw old Mrs. Woolcoot hobbling slowly towards him just as he was putting his handkerchief in his hat.

"I see you from my back door, a-mowin', and I knew you was good deal interested in what I'd got to say, so I concluded to get over though it was quite a walk, as old folk's limbs ain't so spry as young uns."

"No they ain't, that's a fact," responded Seth, for want of something better to say; and then he remembered his claim on Isaac Woolcoot's cottage, and concluded the old woman had come to confer about that, and the muscles of his hard face settled down into iron rigidity.

There was an old oak tree very near .-The old woman dropped down ander this, and laid her crutch at her feet. Seth Rogers stood a little way off, silent and gloomy, his arms folded on his broad breast.

"Seth," slowly commenced the old woman, "I came across somethin' yesterday morning in my garret, that belonged to Mary-dear little Mary!"

Ah, those words must have been a rod which smote the granite rock, for the man's face changed suddenly, and there was eager curiosity in his tones.

"What was it. Miss Woolcoot?"

"Won't you set down here under the tree, and I'll tell you, for I'm an old woman, and it tuckers me out to talk so loud."

He sat down on the grass, under the cool shade of the oak tree, close to the old

"It cut me up, Seth, dre'fully, comin' across that ar. I, just sot down and cried like a little baby, for it jest brought back the time when Mary's little golden head used to go a-diddlin' and a-dancin' 'longside of my Temperance—that, I trust in the Lord, is in heaven this blessed day-to the old school-h use where the four roads meet. Was there ever a pootier creetur set foot on the ground, with that face full of dimples, and the smiles cotchin' apart the lips and kindlin' the eyes, and a pair of cheeks that the rose in the medders wasn't to be mentioned by the side of?"

Seth Rogers' mouth, that rigid mouth. was working almost earfully, and quick changes hurried over his face, telling how the old woman's words were smiting the

"And it's brought right back to me the last time I ever sot eyes on her, Seth. I dun know as I ever told you, but it won't hurt you to larn how much store she sot by you. You know there was a singin' school sot up in the meetin' house for the first time that winter, and the young folks had been the night afore, and Mary had run over to talk with Temperance about the boys and gals. I was bilin' doughnuts that afternoon, and Mary was mighty fond o 'em so I sot the pan on the table, telling the gals to help themselves; and Mary stood there a cranchin' 'em down, and bobbing her bright head around like a butterfly among clover, and laughin' out-O, can't you hear that laugh now-somethin'

imposed golder the course of the first of

old woman had smitten the rock—the well woman handed a paper to her son. had been found.

your turn. Which of them boys you go- land about it—the gift of Seth Rogers. ing to take to?' Mary's face flushed right | I cannot tell you what happened afterup, and she jest spoke out in her quick wards, when they learned the truth from Miss Woolcoot! There ain't a boy there whole story, stopping several times to that's half as scumptuous and handsome smoke her pipe. What tears of joy were as he is to my mind; and I know he's goin' shed, what prayers of thankfulness were never could love another man so well as I | coot's cottage that night! do my brother Seth.' And you oughter to have heard how proud and tenderlike she cold of thy fellow-men, remember always said them words—'My brother Seth.""

about me?" cried the man, in a voice which rod d d the waters of Meribah.-[Godey's was like a plaintive little child's. "My little Mary! My little Mary!" Then the sobs broke out and shook his iron frame, and the great tears rolled in swift showers over his rugged cheeks. The rock had been cleft, and the waters gushed out.

"Yes, Seth, she said them very words, and when I hear folks say you're a badhearted, tight-handed man, I sometimes think if Mary'd a'lived, you'd a'been a different one." And tears of sympathy rolled down the old woman's cheeks. "And now, Seth, I must tell you what I come across in the old garret yesterday. I was a-huntin' there among some old blankets I spun afore I married, when suddenly I came to an old wooden box which your mother gin me the week afore she died. You know you was gone off among the mount'ns to hunt up bears then. Well, Miss Rogers and I allers sot great store by each other, and she gin me in that box, a linen spread, three silver spoons, a string of gold beads, and number of other little trinkets like .-I hadn't seen the box for years, and I was fingering it over, when all of a sudden the bottom dropped out into my lap, and lo and behold! there was a false piece laid over this, and somethin' like a corner of canvass stickin' out. I pulled it out, and what do you think it was, Seth Rogers?"

"I'm sure I don't know Miss Woolcoot." And the man's face was ashen pale with

"It was that picter of Mary which the English gentleman painted when he visited "Order" with "Organization;" you make them our village; and it just fitted square in synonymous. This is error—it was sophistry the bottom of the box, so there warn't a -perhaps not so intended. Do inform yourber, now, your mother said there was somethin' in the box when she gave it to me, but jest then she was taken with an awful fit of coughin', and finally she said, 'Never mind; I'm so tired, and I'll tell you about it to-morrow, Miss Woolcoot.' But she must have forgot, for her memory purposes, will produce the most perfect order. seemed kinder to leave her that last week."

"O, granny, you let me see this?" and there was a greedy cry in the man's voice.

"Sartin, Seth. It nin't faded one bit in all these long years that its been in the bottom of the old box, where your mother put it for safe keepin', and we all s'posed it had got burned up; but it's Mary, every inch of not be a beautiful order-outward, practical, it, with the curls dancin' about her neck, and her lips poutin' out jest ready to speak, and her eyes a-shinin', and her cheeks a-bloomin' as they did years and years ago.

"O, granny, if you'll give me that picter of Mary, I'll give you anything I've got on earth!" pleaded Seth Rogers with the old

"Will you Seth? Will you give back to Isaac the deed of his house and land. that you know's his'n in the sight of God, and that you know, too, 'll break his heart, and his wife's and his children's to give up, and that your mother and Mary'd plead harder for you to do than I, if they was here this blessed minute?"

"Yes, I'll make it all over to him, this afternoon, if you'll let me have the picter," answered Seth Rogers.

"There, Isaac," said the old woman,

like a bird and somethin like a brook tum- hobbling into the kitchen, with her crutch blin' and singin' over the stones?" in her hand; "didn't I tell you your father "I can hear it, granny, I can hear!" ori- said there was a well in the rook of every ed the man in a sharp, pained voice, while man's heart, and here it's proven in black his breast heaved, and the tears oozed slow- and white! I don't believe ever a word ly out of Seth Rogers' eyes, and stood still came from the lips of Jedediah Woolcoot in the channels of his cheeks. Ah, the that wasn't sound truth," And the old

He opened it, while his family gathered "Well, just as I was sayin,' Seth, Tem- eager and curious about him. That auperance was a-tellin' what boys looked the tumn day had gone heavy enough over all best, and which uns I fancied most, when I their hearts. It was a deed which beturned right round: 'Now, Mary, sez I, it's | queathed to Isaac Woolcoot his house and

way, 'I'm goin' to take to my brother Seth. the old grandmother's lips, who told the to make a wonderful smart man; and I made, under the brown roof of Isaac Wool-

O, reader, dealing with the hard and the there is a "Well in the Rock," and kindly "Did she say them—did she say them words and deeds shall open it, as Moses'

## Correspondence.

HOPKINTON, Nov. 18th. Mr. Editor: the subject of "Organization" among Spiritualists, is soon to be thoroughly discussed; though opposed to it, for all advanced minds, I fully believe in the utility of its discussion, and that the time has fully come for it. Of course, I and my friends, should not introduce it; but we most heartily welcome its introduction and defense, by al who desire to see it established among Spiritualists and Reformers. It is quite possible that the large majority of Spiritualists will favor it. This would be so, whether wise or unwise, from the fact that nearly all have just left some kind of an organization, and are not yet progressed out of it; the discussion will result in good, anyhow. If organization is wise, it will, and should increase, and confirm the believers in it. If it is unwise, it will in\_ crease the number of those understandingly opposed to it; and though the majority of Spiritualists may adopt it, perhaps it is even well for those to do so, who cannot appreciate

I see that you have commenced it in the AGE of the 12th of Nov. I infer from that article, that we are to have more from your pen, on the same subject. Allow me to ask-"Will you grant us a reasonable space in the AGE, to criticise yours, and to advance the opposite view?"

the reasons and arguments against it. So in

any event we welcome the discussion.

Taking it for granted that you will, I will notice yours of the above date. You confound crack or break in it nowhere. I remem- | self of our position! Most all writers are, to some extent, guilty of the same sophistry when trying to defend "Organization." A fine writer, in the "Christian Philosopher," fell into the same error. We are none of us against Order, or what we consider Nature's Organization .-And we insist, that what we call Nature's spontaneous organization for material and spiritual The only question for discussion is an organization, which we insist, is not natural-is not spontaneous and always progressing. Longspun discussions are not in harmony with this active and busy age. The only way to avoid them, is for each to understand the other, and to endeavor not to make the difference more than it is. If it can be proved that there canliving order among men-advanced minds, without that which we consider as "human organizations." So far as such order has developed in the man, we will yield the entire question, and save our opponents all further labor. Or, if these opponents will tell us plainly that these organizations are needed from a lack of development within, and that they hope in this way to improve the inner man, then I, at least, will drop the subject, after adding an opinional doubt of its greater utility, even in

> I state a fact-"About twelve years of my adult life, commencing 20 years ago, has been spent in a very close relation to a band of believers, of radical come-outers, of a goodly number, who never had a scrap of what we suppose our opponents mean by organization. I have never seen, elsewhere, such perfect and continued order, in spiritual and temporal things; much of this time, we met twice a week, and often without previous appointment -guided by the Spirit-by spirits and our in

ward life, and by all of these. We had no established order as to our belief or modes of worship. Nor could we have, (we had a harmony, without sameness) as both were continually changing. Yet I repeat, we had what our opponents would call order. A living and growing inward nature kept us in uninterrupted change, which was Nature's order, and Nature's organization in growth." Now, if in anything, we cannot understand our opponents, will they define their meaning, and so shorten the discussion.

Austin Kent.

P. S .- Br. Chancy: please tell us whether you would favor organization in faith and faith-works, or simply in business and government. Let us, if possible, understand you, so that we may know whether, and wherein we agree, and wherein we may differ. A. K.

## LOVE.

Who can tell its meaning, who divine its secret workings in the heart, so inspiring, so fraught with godliness, that the angels of heaven would be as imperfect as we poor mortals without it?

Who can penetrate the mysterious depths of Love, and bring up bright crystals as mechambers of that Temple radiating in spark-Who can tell me of its pure, unsullied holiness? Who, in fine, from experience, will dare say that he has tasted its bounteous waters on this earth, so cold, so lonely, so friendless; except as now and then by inspiration, he catches a passing glance of the great Throne of God surrounded by that angelic host where Love reigns and rules in every soul.

None, none, I say, can be found. Pure Love dwells not on this earth: it is reserved for a higher, nobler existence when we shall have been all gathered together around the Throne of Him, who is just, perfect, and righteeus. He will dispense to us such portions as shall be sufficient, and from His measureless, infinite bounty, He will give us an infinite

Who dares say that there is enjoyment on this earth except by those who love Him who created them? And is it not sufficient punishment for mortals to wander through this earth, coldly and indifferently, encountering the stern and sordid realities of life, constantly in torture, suffering the pangs of an approving conscience and almost overwhelmed by the enormity of their crimes without having hereafter to endure endless torments in the preached hell, so inconsistent with the laws of God and man?

Oh! God forgive the thought that I should have sprung from weak mind making Thy Kingdom a practical and accessible only to those who are chosen and elected.

We know Thou hast placed us here to live supported by Thy boundless care and mercy, and protected by Thy Love-and when we err a pang of regret shoots through us for doing you such gross injustice and making ourselves unhappy. But we know Thou wilt forgive us. wisdom and mercy. How pleasing and refreshing the thought, that when we leave this mortal frame trusting and confiding in Thee we are to become inmates of Thy pure and holy

A Russian Hor-House-Bayard Taylor thus describes the magnificent greenthouse, which the Czars maintain for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants, amid the snows of Russia: "The Botanical Garden, in which I spent an afternoon, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 60 degrees, you may walk through an avenue of palm trees sixty feet high, under tree ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid orchards, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of these giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer and long dark winter of the north requires a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After this result is obtained it thrives as steadily as in a more favored climate. The palms, in particular, are noble specimens. One of them (a phonix, I believe,) is now in blossom, which is an unheard of event in such

"Are you the mate?" said an Irishman in New Orleans to the cook of a ship lying in throm its frequent occurrence has ceased to ocport. "No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils | casion any great degree of alarm .- I Wheelin Constitue da brade y es

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## Interesting Miscellung,

STRANGE FREAK OF A WOMAN .- A recent suicide in Manchester, England, has disclosed the fact that a person who had lived in that town for upward of thirty years, who had been twice married, who labored as a journeyman and master bricksetter, who kept beer houses and served customers at the tap as a jolly landlord, built houses, and who had obtained a reputation of being the most skillful fire-grate setter and "chimney doctor" in the neighborhood, was in reality a woman.

This man-woman went by the name of Harry Stokes. Her habits were those of a man. She attended a daily ordinary in the town along with other bricksetters, drank, smoked and joked with the hardest, and joined in the evening carousals. Yet with all this constant and close intimacy with the opposite sex, this strongminded woman contrived to keep her own great secret. Her real name was Harriet Stokes. She was the daughter of a poor bricksetter. Her early life was one of great hardship and deprivation. Ere many years had passed over her head, she was brought into acquaintance with some of the roughest and toughest work. Her lines had not been cast morials of success? Who can search the in pleasant places. She was ground to the earth by the iron hand at home, and her young ling, glittering, light of heavenly hue, and tell | soul revolted. The adventurous Harriet, when me of one imperfection to be found there? no more than eight years old, put on a tattered suit of boy's clothing, left her hard, cheerless. and hopeless home behind her, and went forth into the "wide, wide world." Arrived at the village of Whitby, she sought work of a bricksetter and procured it. Though somewhat under size, she appeared a broad-set, active, useful lad; and her first effort to please were so attended with success, she was soon taken as an apprentice.

> For something like twenty years from this point, the connecting links of Harriet's history are lost. When she appears again it is as "Harry" Stokes, a broad shouldered, muscular, active, industricus, ingenious and daring mechanical laborer. Astonishing as it may appear this female "Harry" actually committed matrimony-not once only, but twice. On the first occasion she married a plump little widow, and it is not surprising that there was a regular row on the wedding night, which resulted in a divorce. She (or he) soon married another widow who was some twenty years her senior. Her connection with this woman, with whom she lived until she committed suicide, is the most mysterious phase of this mysterious history.

> It is suggested by the writer of this narrative that Stokes and his wife came to a mutual understanding before the farce of a matrimonial union was enacted, and that the union was formed to shield Stokes from the persecution to which he was subjected.

At last he died, and by his own hand. Increasing age and poverty are given as the causes which led to this rash act.

Many "large theories" have recently been advanced in respect to ballooning; but we think Prof. Wise bears off the palm:

The air is so subtle and mobile that it requires Thy arm is ever stretched over us. Thy watch- a long and close study of its elements and ful care protects us and Thy infinite Love characteristics before we can appreciate its cadraws us nearer to Thee and teaches lessons of | pacities, powers, and offices fully. That a cubic foot of this invisible fluid should weigh 1 1-4 ounce, nearly, is of itself a wonder. Displace a bulk of it equal to a balloon of 200 feet diameter, and we gain a buoyant force and uplifting power of 157 tons. Now, to make a balloon of that size would be no difficult task, or even one of 400 feet in diameter. which would have a lifting and carrying power of 1,256 tons. A balloon of such dimensions would have a superfice of 502,656 square feet and if made of sheet copper, weighing one pound per square toot would have a lifting and carrying power of over two millions of pounds capable of transporting at a mile per minute speed, allowing for weight of gas, ballast, provisions, &c., ten thousand human passengers.

Two Thousand Acres of Flame.—We learn from a gentleman who has just returned from a deer-hunting expedition in the vicinity of Bowlesburgh, on the Baltimore and Ohio rail road, that the neighboring mountains are on fire. Our informant saw, night before last, not less than two thousand acres of solid flame, affording one of the grandest sights he ever beheld. In one place, on the top of a peak, the flames stretched up to the height of the loftiest trees, flapping their red and glaring wings in the most terfible manner. A great deal of timber and tan bark that had been hewed and prepared by the mountaineers is being destroved, and the fire has already eaten its way through the mountains a distance of twenty miles. The mountaineers drag the burning leaves away from their cabins and suffer no personal injury beyond an uncomfortable warmth. The first good rain that comes wil put the fire out. The fire in the mountains,

#### SPIRITUAL AGE. THE-

A HIGH BRIDGE FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.—This magnificent project is being dians there is a singular tradition regarding the seriously entertained among engineers and men of science. There have been equally as wonderful things effected in our day. The English papers have published some of the details of the plans for uniting England and France by a gigantic tubular bridge across the channel between Dover and Cape Grinez. In order to afford a passage to vessels of the largest size, the brilge would rest on the one side on the cliffs of Dover, and on the other side on the cliffs of Cape Grinez, the French abutment being raised one hundred and fifty-three feet higher than the English, to compensate for the difference of elevation of the cliffs. The bridge would be supported by one hundred and ninety towers, at a distance of five hundred feet apart, each having a light to guide vessels at night, and an alarm bell for warning in fogs. The greatest depth of the channel on the line proposed, is one hundred and eighty-six feet. The bridge would have two or more railways, which, it is estimated, could be traversed in twenty minutes; and it would be so built as to admit the light of day-being lighted at night by gas. In order to prevent all fear of invasion, the projector proposes that each end of the bridge shall be commanded by a strong battery. The towers, which would be one hundred feet great deal of attention to temporal affairs, and in diameter, and two hundred and sixty feet high, would rest in colossal bases, three hundred feet square at the bottom, one hundred and fifty feet square at the top. rising to a height of forty feet above the water, formed of blocks of granite united by iron bars. The elevation of the tops of the towers would thus be three hundred feet above the surface of the water. Mr. Boyd estimated the utmost possible cost of the bridge at £30,000,000, but thinks that it could be built for half that sum, and that the whole cost would be reimbursed to the company in eight years.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia News, wii ing from Litchfield, tells a good story of the Doctor out there. A party of wags got him out one dark, rainy evening, "to visit a child, dangerously sick," the corn, and join heartily in the festiviever, he quietly slipped a huge dose of physic into a bottle of choice spirits, which the boys had in a snug corner, for their private enjoyment. The boys imbibed freely, and before either the liquor or the evening was half gone, they were running hither and thither-seeking rest and finding none, and cursing the liquor-while the doctor enjoyed himself with the ladies, who often wondered, "Where's Charley?" "Where's the physic both worked well!

THE ASTRONOMICAL MUMMY.—The following exphia Press :

"A very remarkable fact was here related by the lecturer, who had said that he had not long pondent of the Troy Arena, says:-In Franksince met, in the city of St. Louis, a man of great scientific attainments, who for forty year. \_\_ been engaged in Egypt in deciphering the hieroglyphics where they are kept for two or three days, for of the ancients. This gentleman had stated to him that he had lavely unraveled the inscriptions upon the coffin of a mummy, now in the London Museum, and that in which, by the aid of previous observations, he had discovered the key to all the astronomical knowledge of the Egytians. The zodiac, with the exact positions of the planets, was delineated on this coffin, and the date to which they pointed was the autumnal equinox in the year 1722, before Christ, or nearly thirty-six hundred years ago. Professor Mitchell employed his assistants, to ascertain the exact position of the or poor, to send the body to the dead house, heavenly bodies belonging to our solar system on and allow it to remain a certain number of the equinox of that year (1722 B. C.) and sent him a correct diagram of them, without having communicated his object in doing so. In compli- erally followed. ance with this the calculations were made, and to his astonishment, on comparing the result with the statements of his scientific friend already referred to, it was found that, on the 7th of October, 1722 B. C., the moon and planets had occupled the exact points in the heavens marked upon ers politely called on him and paid profound the coffin in the London Museum."

SINGULAR TRADITION .- Among the Seminole Inwhite man's origin and superiority. They say that when the great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that, after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap therein and wash. One immediately obeyed, and came from the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap in until the water had become slightly muddy, and when he had bathed he came up copper colored; the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages of bark, and bade them choose; and, out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the coppercolored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike aparatus; the third gave to the white man pens, ink, and paper-the engine of the mind-the mutual, mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

SHARP PRACTICE -A distinguished railroad financier, banker and member of the church, in getting up a bank in one of the Western cities. invoked the aid of the Bishop in making subscriptions to the capital stock, by asking the loan of his note on a time for a few thougand dollars, telling him it was a mere matter of form-that he would not be obliged to pay it, &c. The Bishop complied, and not being a person that gave any not over-burdened with the "ready," his note having been passed to the hands of a brother financier, was as a matter of course protested for non-payment when it became due. Our financial friend, who had kept watch on the note, now goes quietly and with much apparent secresy to a brother member of the church, and with benevolence beaming on his countenance, informs him that the Bishop's note is lying at the bank under protest. "This is too bad," said he, "but nothing must be said about it; we must take up the note, and I will head the subscription with \$50." The requirite amount was soon raised and the Bishop's note paid. The financier made his bank stock clear at a cost of \$50 only, and at once took a position in the opinion of his fellow members, as a pillar of the church .- N. Y. Evening Post.

A Novel Advertisement .- The most remarkable among the many remarkable advertisement which fall under our notice, in hundreds of exchanges from every section of the country, is the

"A pew is for sale in the meeting house of the some five miles off. On arriving at the first parish in Amherst. The man that owns the place designated, instead of finding anxious pew owns the right of space just as long as the parents watching over a dying child, the pew is, from the bottom of the meeting-house to the top or roof, and he can go as much higher as doctor was considerably astonished to meet he can get. If a man buy my pew, and sit in it the "boys and girls" all there, having a on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he particularly jolly time! He acknowledg- will go to heaven, if God lets him go. Let a man start from the right place, let him go right. ties. In the course of the evening, how- keep right, do right, and he will go to heaven at last; and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

DISCOVERY OF MAMMOTH TREES. - A grove of trees, even larger than those of Calaveras, which have become so celebrated as California wonders, has been discovered in an unfrequented part of Mariposa county. The largest tree in the Calaveras group was one hundred and five feet in circumference. In this more recently discovered grove a tree was found measuring one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference. The grove contains six hundred of these monsters, none others of them Jim?" etc.; but Charley, Jim, and the perhaps, quite so large, but all of them of approx other boys did not appear—the joke and imate proportions. These trees grow on the south fork of the Merced river, about thirty miles southeast of the town of Mariposa. One of the trees, one hundred feet from the ground, has a circumtract is taken from a report of one of Professor ference of sixty-six feet, and a branch measuring Mitchell's lectures on astronomy, in the Philadel- eighteen feet in circumference - California Paper.

> THE DEAD HOUSES OF EUROPE.-A corresfort-on-the-Main and in Munich are dead houses to which bodies are sent previous to burial the purpose of ascertaining, whether life has become extinct or not. On the fingers of the corpses are placed thimbles, which are attached to a cord communicating with a bell. The slightest movement of a finger rings the bell. and thus, in cases of suspended animation, efforts are made to restore the body, instead of burying it alive, as, no doubt, often happens in this country. In Munich it is compulsory on the friends and relatives of all, whether rich days. In Frankfort, I think, it is not compulsory, but it is, nevertheless, a custom very gen-

> The valet of Hon. Grantley Berkeley, the modern mighty hunter, passed through Pittsburg, Penn., last week, and gave himself out as his master. Several Pittsburgdeference to his remarks.

## Advertisements.

#### MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, Trance and Test Medi um. Examinations and Prescriptions given in an accurate form. Rooms, No 11 La Grange l'lace. Hours, from 9 A. M., to 7 P. M.

J. V . MANSFIELD, Medium for answering scalde letters, will visit the principal cities South and West, during the fall and winter. Letters addressed to him at No. 3 Winter street, Boston, will receive his attention as here-

TERMS -Mr. M. charges a fee of \$1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For \$3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in thirty days from its reception.

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MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Examiner and Prescriber for the sick Also healing and developing and trance medium. Address No. 19 Green st., Boston.

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Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose \$1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 3 P. M.

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To this writer it appears that Spiritualists, of all others, have been impressed with the profoundest convictions as to the actual condition of our social relations, its menacing tendencies, and the need of correction. and by virtue of this position in regard to the question they are called apon to assume the duties of pioneers in the work of reform; if this view be correct, upon this class rests the responsibility of moving forward and meeting the demands of the case. They, of all men claim to be more deeply and truly initiated in the knowledge of the relation of the present to the future, and the necessity of so shaping and directing the elements and circumstances of the hour that they shall yield in coming harvests their best fruits. As humanitarians, as "harmonialists" as some of them call themselves, they profess to have advanced beyond other men in the true perception and significance of progress, of brotherhood of the race, and the conditions upon which its destiny depends, and as its teachers and guides as they are called upon to become, they cannot remain indifferent or fule to the duties before them; the times call upon them to be up and doing, or failing therein, the providences of God thus wasted upon unfaithful stewards must wait for further appropriation by truer workers. That Spiritualists have already stamped their influences upon these days, by their dissimination of new ideas, and thus have made a certain impression in the right direction, needs not here to be spoken of their power and position for following up this preliminary operation by a more practical work will be discussed at greater length in the sequel, but it seems necessary to enforce to the utmost the conviction, that having been the instruments for introducing the work, they stand further committed for carrying it forward.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING .- This distinagaished gentleman died at his residence at Sunny. . side on Monday night. He was born in New York city April 8d, 1783. His father was a Scotchman and his mother English. He was one of the most pleasing and graceful writers of that school of which Sir Walter Scott was at the head.

Look out for the new story next week. edica o de la Maxima de la com-

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#### PUNISHMENT.

We are of opinion that all science, all art, all government, all human institutions, are just, true, and durable precisely as they are in harmony with, and based upon the unerring laws of the universe-And the same is true of all social regulations, all moral precepts, and all oriminal codes-all laws. customs, penalties, and punishments.

The nature of punishment seems to be but poorly understood by the majority of those in authority, who have the making of our laws and the administration of our criminal jurisprudence. Almost everywhere it partakes more or less of the spirit of vindictiveness, or retaliation, of an eye for an eye, of evil for evil.

The law of punishment in the universe seems, very clearly, to be corrective. It is remedical .-It is what disease is in the organic domain - an effort to get rid of the wrong condition and restore the normal relation. God-does not afflict His cretures simply because they have done wrong; but to lead them to right action. Penalty is made the necessary consequence of transgression, so as to protect and preserve the sinner by guiding him back to truth and right. Nature does not visit the transgressor of her laws with penalties arbitrarily. She does not inflict pain because the ignorant or wicked mortal has done wrong; but she makes suffering the consequence of wrong doing, with the view of reforming the wrong doer. Thus punishment in nature, as well as with Deity, is the highest possible evidence, and the more glorious mani festation of disinterested benevolence.

It should be so with human beings in their dealings with each other. If the sinner is so incorrigible that he can not be reformed, it is mercy and benevolence to him, as well as protection to others, to cut him off from society. This would be rendering good for evil, just as God and nature always punish. But if he be reformable, all the pains, penalties, inflictions, and evils brought to bear upon him should have that end and aim in view Thousands of our criminals are punished into hardened and hopeless wretches. In our large cities swarms of juvenile offenders, who, by a little judicious instruction and kind treatment, could be easily put in the way of becoming repentant, virtuous, and useful citizens, are now, by harsh usage and vindictive punishment, urged on to deeper vices and more outrageous crimes. As we have often had occasion to say, it costs us vastly more to punish our criminals than it would cost to prevent them from becoming such.

The principle we are endeavoring to advocate is well illustrated in the doings of the New York Prison Association. The efficient agent, Mr. Abraham Beale, visits the prison, and attends the courts of ity of the above named places. Justice, and ascertains the various circumstances which have led the different prisoners to become oriminals; and the result is, that when a disposition to reform is manifested, they are provided with places where they can earn an honest living, and be surrounded by such associations as will counter act instead of aggravate the unfortunate propensity they have acquired to do wrong. . The Association also makes, according to their means, th same provision for discharged convicts, who have served out their term of punishment; and thus thousands are prevented from relapsing into crime because society treats them as vagabonds and out-

This plan is the right one. It could be extended, and should be, so as to embrace within the scope of its operations and influence all the evil-disposed persons in the land. When will society be wise enough to protect itself in the easy, cheap, and Christian-like manner of doing unto others as it would like to be done by ?- [Life Illustrated.

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Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Doscribing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands, John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Me-

Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe Prescribing, Trance-Speak ing and Lecturing Medium.

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Russell Soverence, Bradford, powerful ! Healing and Miss Emeline Cunningham, Bradford, Trance-Speaking

Healing Medium.

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J. L. Lovell, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

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Send for Catalogue. P. S .- This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n10tf

## Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procur ing subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the

Mrs. FANNIE Burnake Fetron will lecture in Putnaul. Ct., the first two Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of Dec., and the first two of January. Address "Willard Barnes Felton, Putnam, Ct., until Dec 10th-No. 12, Lamartine Place, 29th street New York until Dec. 20th, and 510 Arch street, Philadelphia until January 10th.

Mrs. R. H. BURT will give lectures on every thing per\_ taining to Spiritual and Practical life, Religion and Metaphysics under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2, Columbta street, Boston, Mass.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in In Cochettes, Sunday Dec. 4th; In Foxboro, Sunday, Dec. 11th; In Stafford,, Ct., Dec. 18th; In New Bedford, Sunday, Dec. 25th and in Portland, Me., the two first Sabbaths in January; and i Bridgeport, Ct., every Sunday in January. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address at the above places and dates.

Miss ROSA T. AMEDRY will lecture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1800. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st., prior to Dec. 28th and during the month of January, in care of 1. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Richmond, Ind , Dec 4th; Terre Haute, Dec. 11th and 18th; Attica, Ind., Dec. 25th; Delphia, Ind., Jan. 1st, 1860. He can be addressed at the above named places at the times specified.

ELDERS J. S. BROWN and W. F. JAMISON, of Albion, Calhoun Co., Mich. will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism through the southern villages and towns of Michigan, and parts of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, until 1860. Address at Albion, Calhoun Co , Michigan.

About the end of this month (November) JOHN MAYHEW M. D., will cross the Lake from Milwaukee, and visit the friends in Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Ionia, Lyons, and other places where his services may be desired. The friends on this route may address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven. This will probably be his ast journey in Michigan. He intends to spend the latter part of Jan. and Feb. in Indiana, and March and April in Illinois and Iowa, from which last three States letters may be directed to him, care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

GEORGE ATKINS will receive calls to lecture on the Sabba h. Address, No. 3 Winter street, Boston.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, Superior Lecturer, will travel in the South and West this Fall and Winter. Persons desiring his services may address him either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill., until further notice is

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE can be addressed at West Winsted, Conn., during the winter, and any friend communicating to her during her present state of health, which is exceedngly delicate, will be gratefully received and let those who can send any message from the spirit spheres that may aid to cheer and strengthen her,

J S LOVRIAND, will lecture in Oswego. N. Y., during the months of Nov & Feb ; and in Bos on the three first Sundays in Jan. Will lecture week evenings in the vicin-

Address at 14 Bromfield st., care of Bela Marsh, Bos-

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Memphis during, November. Address care of J E Chadwick. Esq., Memphis, Tenn-December in New Orleans, part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnatti in March 1860. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

CHRISTIAN LINDA, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture in any part of this western country. Address Christian Linda, care of Benj. Tenadale, box 221, Al-

JOHN C. CLUER, and his daughter Susis, will answer calls to lecture and give Readings on Sunday or other evenings. Address No. 5 Bay street, or at this Office.-

Mr. C. will act as agent for the AGE. M. P. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Vil-

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be at-St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedtly as possible at her Box, 422, Bridgeport, Conn

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers

JAMES H. SHEPARD, Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to lecture whenever the Friends may desire. Post Office address, South Acworth, N. H.

N S GREENLERF is ready to answer calls to lecture on

the Sabbath. Address Lowell, Mass. H F GARDINER of Boston, will answer ealls to lecture

on Sundays and week day evenings.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Providence, R I,, Dec.

ith & 11th, and may be addressed as above. L JUDD PARDER is engaged to speak at Dayton, Ohio,

Mrs M S Townsend will lecture in the vicinity of Bos-

on Nov & Dec-Jan,, Philadelphia. Miss A W Spraous will speak at Milwaukie, Wis., the two list Sundays in Nov; the month of December at

St Louis, Mo, and the two last Sundays in Jan at Terre Haute, Ind. Miss R R AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire .-

Address her at 32 Alien street, Boston. 33 She will also HI L BOWKER, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spir-

tualism and its proofs, for intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt. G B STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the year at

Ann Arbor, Mich; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week. A C Robinson, trance-speaker, will receive calls to

ccture. 'Address at Fall River, Mass. Rev JOHN PIERPONT will recive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address West Medford, Mass.

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A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE BROTHERHOOD hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Persons sympathizing with this movement, or desirious of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend

The Regular Spiritualists' Meetings, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, are held every Sunday in Ordway Hall, Wasnington street, entrance nearly opposite Milk street. S. J. Finney, Inspirational speaker, of Ohio, will occupy the desk during the month of Nov.

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