



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

A. E. NEWTON AND S. B. BRITTAN, EDITORS. PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, (UP STAIRS,) BOSTON, MASS. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

VOL. II...NO. 15.

Spiritual and Reform Literature.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.]

THE IMPROVISATORE:

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

INTRODUCTION.

The world scarcely estimates the service rendered by those who have unlocked the gates of sensation by the revelations of science and the resources of art; and yet it is to the clear perception of things which we obtain by the study of Nature's laws that we are enabled to appreciate her many varied gifts and the answering chords within our own hearts, which make music only when we know how to combine sweet tones into harmony. Thus we owe to the study of poetry a recognition of poetic tendencies in our own natures. The complex and almost infinite science of mathematics revealed in the arrangement of sounding music, opens a wealth of sensation to the student unappreciable by those who have not reached its profound depths. The sciences of geology and astronomy are but keys which unlock the cabinets of infinity in space and omniscient wisdom in order, while the instructed mind everywhere feels the clue of first principles to be the birth of some latent gift within, which could never be externalized but for the primal revelation of its existence.

The world's acceptance of modern Spiritualism is an especial illustration of this position. Who has ever recognized the tangibility of its facts without perceiving that it was but the solution to a problem that had had a world-wide and infinite existence? The understanding Spiritualist receives the phenomena as nothing new, but simply as an explanation of that which had hitherto existed without an explanation; hence the science leaves the facts precisely where it found them, but removes the sphere of their agency from unknown to known causes—from the world of supernaturalism to the realms of law and nature.

The following passages from the life of one whose history would appear as an insoluble problem, except in the light of modern Spiritualism, I offer to the world with a view of showing how intimately the phenomena repudiated by the savans of the world for their strange aberrations from natural law, have in reality been underlying all the familiar phases of that life which derives its chief beauty, excellence and ascension to higher unfoldments from the constant yet unrecognized ministry of the inhabitants of another world.

The leaf I have thus torn from the book of life-history I shall take leave to remodel in the shape of my own speech, and illustrate with my own sentiments; or, more properly speaking, with the light which a certain dearly loved demon, manifest to me in the form of a voice, and to the eye of many a seer as a bright particular star in human shape, flitting around me ever, counseling, sustaining, inspiring and warning me, until the flower of my own thought takes the hue and shape of my precious familiar's wider and more spiritual vision—enabling me to present many a tale to the public which good Mr. Coles in a late letter to the *Spiritual Age* pronounces as "evidently composed in a normal condition." Of course he knows this, as he asserts it thus positively.

Dear spirit companions! it little matters to the world whether it can estimate the highly prized boon of thy low breathings of inspiration, or no. I rejoice in them, and that is enough for me. As an honest teacher of the philosophy which I have been thus far practically instructed in, I am bound to tell the whole truth, as it is presented to me; and whether I encounter the scoff of the skeptic, or the blustering censure of the ignorant, the fact remains unchanged; and the silent current of thy inspirational flow, my spirit friend—best vein of my heart—remain still my counsel, inspiration, strength and warning!

PAGE FIRST.

All the world (at least the operative portion of it) remembers La Gabrielle. Within the last half century her history, if not the name thus given—which I have purposely substituted for the real one—has flitted through the giddy mazes of fashionable and artistic life like a blazing comet, distancing all rivalry by its brilliancy, and leaving in its swift and meteor-like track a memory as bright and fleeting as the shining phantoms of the skies.

La Gabrielle, the orphan child of a poor Italian musician and a French danseuse, had been in very early childhood adopted by a celebrated English actress, and by her trained as an opera singer. Endowed with rare beauty, and a voice whose wonderful power, compass and sweetness marked her for the highest range of excellence, every charm which artistic training could confer upon such natural gifts, combined with her protectress's care, to complete an artist who, on her very first appeal to public favor, gravitated, by virtue of necessity, at once to operatic sovereignty.

We first present her to the reader's notice at the age of nineteen, as she sat in a sweet snug home in Brompton, a spot where the hum of busy London life melted away into the still-

ness of suburban repose and that luxurious tranquility which the immediate vicinity of a great city with all its appliances for comfort and convenience admits of when long shady lanes, deeply embowered lawns, and wide-spreading perfumed flower-gardens intervene between the last aristocratic squares of the modern Babylon, and the almost monastic seclusion of a choice suburban retreat.

Turning down the long green lane, with its arching bowers of noble horse-chestnut and fragrant lime trees, you arrive at a gate which leads through many a mazy turn in the midst of a cultivated wilderness of rarest flowering shrubs and choicest blossoms, statues, fountains, perfumed arbors whose deep stillness and thickly curtained foliage suggest immeasurable distance beyond, and carefully trimmed hedge-rows whose cunningly contrived windings resolve the really small domain into an appearance of great space and extent, until you arrive at a succession of lawn-like terraces adorned with classic vases of choicest plants ascending to the open French windows, whose gorgeous hues of many-tinted glass cast the sunlight in rainbow glory upon the fairy-like summer parlor within.

Cottage and garden, boudoir and lawn, were all in keeping, and all eminently artistic, beautiful, and replete with the appliances of taste and luxury,—choice books, pictures and musical instruments everywhere proclaimed the inmates' sympathy with art. A fairy palace it was, needing but the sunlight of an illumined soul to make it a reflection of the homes of the blest. Half shaded by the clustering roses and star-eyed jessamines that trailed their perfumed wreaths over the entire front of the house, and swept by the summer air, lay in masses on the very floor of the drawing-room, stood a couch whereon was stretched the mistress of this fair domain.

We have said La Gabrielle was beautiful; and the portraits of the operatic queen, with their wealth of sunny chestnut locks, deep violet eyes, long lashes, and dewy, peach-like cheeks, would bear to all beholders testimony to our record. Those, however, who have beheld that slight but exquisite form, and that wondrously mobile face, irradiated by the power of genius into living embodiments of the poet's and musician's most graceful imaginings, declare that mortal woman never yet impersonated so fully the unspeakable perfection of that beauty whose highest attribute is its nameless response to the soul.

Fancy her now, as the sunlight, seemingly imprisoned in every thread of her golden curls, lights up her beautiful home, so entirely in keeping with her beautiful self; but fancy what you will, and you never will arrive at the reality, which we with the mind's eye can even now behold, and reproduce to you, my unimaginative reader, not as the image of what the externals of so much excellence would promise you, but as what the internal really fashioned, namely, a petted, spoiled child of fortune, actually unhappy because she had nothing to find fault with.

By her side, deeply engaged in the mystery of knitting, sat her quiet, gentle protectress. Long since removed by Gabrielle's brilliant success from the necessity of laboring in her old vocation, Mrs. Martin was now a retired actress. Gabrielle worshipped her; but as she was the nearest person just then upon whom the wearied beauty—flattered and almost idolized into selfish petulance, could discharge her weight of ennui—she had been laboring with an assiduity worthy of a higher aim, to awaken the imperturbable composure and good temper of the matron into some sympathy with her own restlessness.

"Mother!" she cried for the twentieth time within an hour, "you have no sympathy with me. To be condemned to act with that great gawky creature, with his big Italian eyes presuming to admire me, and his horrid coarse falsetto, like a consumptive life whining out *Amima mia*—oh, it's heart breaking! And if Signor Luigi does not find me another tenor for the new opera, I'll flit off to San Carlos and break him up for the season. Now what say you to that, mother?"

"Say, child," replied Madame, quietly, "that it's no wonder poor Pasco admires you, because you know everybody does that; and I have no doubt but if you say it's best to go, that it is so."

"Oh, mother, do listen!" cried the beauty, in a paroxysm of disgust, as the remote sound of a street-organ reached her sensitive ear; "is it not dreadful that I should be driven from my peaceful home by these shocking itinerants? Mother, do you hear? I tell you for the hundredth time since this room was fitted up for me, now quite one week, that I shall either have to change my boudoir, or be driven in a foreign land to seek a home where these cruel grinders are not allowed to disturb the calm of a sensitive soul."

"I fear, my child," replied Mrs. Martin, quietly, "that you must not go to San Carlos then. Your poor father, like yonder grinder, doubtless came from Italy, where he, like other lazzaroni, sang his first way into public notice in the streets. You will have to flee a long way, dear one, to escape the appeal of the poor wanderers plying for bread in the city streets."

"I am a fool, a brute, an ingrate, dearest, kindest mother!" sobbed the impulsive creature, springing from her couch and falling at her friend's feet, "and I do indeed deserve this reproof, and I'll—I'll—I tell you what I'll do, mother, something better by way of atonement than spoiling my eyes with

tears; I'll go and beg the man's pardon and give him a shilling." So saying, and without waiting for her more sober companion, who, putting aside her work, prepared to follow her, with a view of preventing some display which she knew by experience any new change of impulse might call forth.

The fair Gabrielle darted through the window, and very shortly found herself leaning over the green wicket which separated her dwelling from the unfrequented road. Here, however, a fresh sound changed the current of her purpose, and one which vibrated in her astonished ears with scarcely less emotion, though with very different effect, than the noise of the organ grinders. This latter had passed from the scene, and in his place the tones of a man's voice sounded in the road fuller, sweeter and more deeply pathetic than any to which even this experienced artiste had ever before listened. He sang a wild, unfamiliar strain, but one which in the cadence of his magnificent voice struck like an echo from another world on her keenly susceptible soul. Riveted to the spot, she never even moved her eyes in search of the singer until the song was ended, when they encountered the gaunt form of a ragged and most woful looking itinerant musician. His pale and haggard face was nearly concealed by a thick mass of black beard and hair, from out of which preternaturally large eyes gleamed like coals of fire. He held in his hand a little instrument of the lute kind, and this he played with a skill in harmony with his voice, which produced tones scarcely to be expected from its rude appearance.

Never did heavenly strains issue from a more unpromising looking source; but Gabrielle's disappointment was changed into absolute terror as the gaunt creature caught sight of her; and springing forward with a wild cry of "Eulalie!" attempted to take the fair hand with which she had half opened the gate. Her action of fear produced a corresponding movement in the singer, who, after gazing at her for one moment with the most piercing scrutiny that the human countenance is capable of, humbly retreated with a murmured apology in the Italian language. Addressing him in the same tongue, Gabrielle requested him to continue his singing, and strain after strain of the same wild unfamiliar character, the stranger poured forth, while the entranced artiste, satel with all that the refinement of culture could produce, fairly forgot the earth on which she stood in her excessive delight; indeed, she was only recalled to herself by the voice of her mother, as she termed her protectress, suggesting that as the poor stranger looked weary, and the heat of the day must render the dusty roads oppressive, he had better follow them to the shady lawn and partake of some refreshment.

With a deposit of the first few shillings that ragged doublet had known for many a long day, and the good cheer of a meal of bread, meat and milk, the grateful singer readily accepted the ladies' gentle invitation to seat himself beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak and indulge his curiosity and interest by a recital of his antecedents. His father, though an Italian born, had been a soldier in the hated Austrian service. They said he was a brave man, but he died ere the singer had learnt to love the father as he did his memory; but of the widowed mother, with her lone cottage in the depths of the far-off mountains of Calabria, her tender love, her precious counsels and gentle teachings, how much he told them! He had an uncle, too, a venerable old priest, with whom his mother dwelt.

The patriarch of a wild and savage district, mostly composed of forlorn or desperate characters, the old priest he represented as a home missionary from the very courts of God to shepherds, herdsmen and bandits, who, without his self-sacrificing life, passed in the midst of such rugged scenes and persons, could never have heard holy word or pious prayer. Here, in the free air of vast mountain ranges, with no other companionship than his gentle mother and reverend uncle, the singer had spent his early life—sometimes supplying the humble home with the spoils of his daring sportsmanship, and sometimes whiling away the hours in tending the meagre flock of goats, which was the chief wealth of the scanty household. While the hillside and deep ravine re-echoed to the strains of his wondrous voice, the rude population scattered about in these regions had learned to listen and admire with such a fervid appreciation of his fascinating gift, that they had been accustomed to assemble together at stated times to hold a musical fete and drink in the tones of melody which none but the vibrating chords of Italian hearts could truly respond to.

There, on the purple mountain tops, with the wide range of glittering alpine peaks for a temple, with the crimson glories of the sinking sun for a dome, and the far horizon of a blue Italian sky for a canopy, the strange, uncouth figures of the mountaineers, with their picturesque costumes, swarthy features, and wild flashing eyes burning with the fire of passionate enthusiasm, kindled up by the delicious strains of their mountain minstrel, held their sacred harmonic meetings in the holy and regal halls of Nature. Sometimes their "echo of Paradise," as they called their singing idol, chanted to them stories of the glittering stars, or the silent, loveless moon, while the Italian summer night spread out her shining page of revelation for a song book. Sometimes the tinkling of their

guitars kept chorus with their leader's lute, while the graceful peasants with bending forms flitted in mazy dance beneath the moonlit sky, like the guardian spirits of those airy heights. More commonly, however, the one precious voice filled the space like the prince of air, till the first faint streaks of sunlight pointed with rosy finger to the dial-plate of another day. Then would they part—the peasant with full heart dedicating purposes purified by the holy influence of music to the Patron Saint of the coming day,—the bandit with choking sobs vowing a life of penitence to the blessed St. Cecilia, which the very next hour saw dedicated to the spirits of rapine and murder.

A day came when the rich tones of the mountaineer were heard for the first time in one of the grand city churches. His uncle, the priest, being called upon to assist at a requiem, had tendered the young man's services for the choir. An enterprising operatic manager was present, claimed the prize, and under the promise of educating him, carrying him to all the cities of the world, and by the exercise of his voice, cultivated by celebrated masters, securing an immense fortune, which the young mountaineer was to come back and lay at the feet of his beloved mother and uncle, he was finally lured from his free mountain home, and self-bound a musical apprentice to the wily speculator.

At this part of the narrative the speaker's voice became strangely husky. "My mother!—Home, home, my mountain home! so far, far away!"

Bitter sobs told the whole story of the parting scenes with far more force than any words could have done. His listeners wept with him, this poor child of the Alpine mists, and in fancy beheld the old priest and the forsaken mother, their forms melting away in the remote mountain gorge, waving their last farewell to the wanderer. But why this abject poverty, this desertion? Where was the master? Dead,—gone down in the fatal wreck which befel the Santa Cecilia one sad night, when on the iron-bound coast of that England which was the home of the manager, all but two of the crew and the poor mountaineer perished.

"I heard their death-shriek," he said, "and above all the wild wail of my only friend. It said, 'Farewell, earth, home, Ernest, forever—forever!' as clearly as ever human tongue could speak."

"Santa Cecilia the ship's name? Yours, Ernest? Then your master was Jerome Luigi?" murmured La Gabrielle.

"Twas so, my lady; yet how should you know?"

"My manager was his brother, and has told me many stories of the wonderful tenor singer whom his brother and partner had found in the mountains and was bringing home to educate. His death and the sad details of the wreck are incidents familiar with us all; but we thought you had perished with the rest, and it is now three months ago. Heavens! you have then been begging your bread since, I fear. What hardships you must have suffered! A long sickness, the rude hospitality of a poor fisher's hut, and his subsequent efforts to sing his way to that London where he confidently hoped to make his fortune, was the conclusion of the story, while Gabrielle, in frantic delight at the romance of the adventure, and admiration of the vocal prize she had captured, despatched messengers in all directions to find the master's brother, Signor Luigi, the impresario of the royal Italian opera of which herself was the prima donna. Then finding her protegee considerably elated by the sudden and brilliant change of fortune which had dawned upon him, she requested him to favor her with a repetition of the first air she had heard him singing.

"Give me a subject, Signorina, and I will sing you anything you please; but I cannot repeat my songs, for I never sing twice alike," was the reply.

"How!" cried La Gabrielle. "Do you then compose as you sing?"

"Yes, madame."

"And the poetry?"

"It is hardly worthy of that name, madame," he replied, modestly, "but when the sentiment is fixed the words seem to come with the air, and both come, I know not from whence, unless it be that Santa Cecilia sings to me and I echo her song."

"Why, this is better than all!" cried La Gabrielle, in an ecstasy of triumph. "At last I have found a real Improvisatore!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRUE MAN.

Never yet

Knew I a whole true man, of Jove-like port,
But in his heart of hearts there lived and reigned
A very woman,—sensitive and quick
To teach him tears, and laughter; born of toys
That meander souls make mock at. If a man
Include not thus a woman, he is less,
I hold, than man.

ANON.

The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility; for as we advance in knowledge, our deficiencies become more conspicuous; and by learning to set a just estimate on what we possess, we find little gratification for the passion of pride. This is so just an observation, that we may venture to pronounce, without exception to the rule, that a vain or proud man is, in a positive sense, an ignorant man.—Mrs. Macaulay.

MARRIAGE.

O, noble, aspiring young man, with eagle eye, and soul leaping forward to battle in the world's strife, canst thou, darest thou go forward without the love of woman as a shield, without the sacred name of woman bound up in thy heart of hearts, a talisman to thee against the persecution and scorn and oppression which the world may bring against thee? You cannot measure the word love, except you can gauge the height and depth of eternity. Will you not make it holy?—will you not do something to make it more sacred than the cold, empty, formal name of marriage this day proclaims it to be? Marriages there are on every hand, in every home, so sacred, so precious, so truly spiritual, as to convince us that God himself is the priest who has joined them together. But where are the mates—where are the two parts of this most sacred union? On the one hand, you find sensuality roaming the world under the pretence of searching for his affinity. Doing what? Making a mistake, either through ignorance or design; breaking through the trammels of society, and reduplicating his mistake fifty fold. Is this doing good? Is this making the marriage tie, or breaking it? It does not touch marriage at all. It is simply giving loose rein, perhaps through ignorance, to sensuality. We denounce it as one of the most pernicious and fatal mistakes which society can sanction, in the so-called reforms of the day. On the other hand, what do you see? There are wretched women, or helpless, broken-hearted, spiritless men, bound in unequal ties, in matches formed from "expediency." O, we loathe the word! Men and women! you are fathers, mothers, guardians! know this: it is a crime against God if you dare to force into a union two beings whom Nature herself, the great High Priest of life, has not called into that union. Men and women, guardians and parents! you perform an equal act of desecration against Heaven when you dare to interfere with parental authority, to separate that which the voice of Nature has proclaimed shall be bound together in holy wedlock, where there are none of the external disabilities which society justly regards as sufficient reason why the union should not be consummated. So long as these disabilities of physical or mental condition are provided for by society, neither parent, guardian, or friend, has a right to abstract one rose-leaf from that full and perfect flower which God himself has fashioned and bestowed upon man and woman under the name of marriage. So long as these disabilities that we have stated, and others that wisdom, affection, and care for the race will suggest, are regarded, men and women violate the first law of Nature when they form matches for what is termed "expediency." O terrible name! Is Nature expedient? Ay, is she? She fashioned the sunlight, and she fashioned the earth which needs that sunlight, and gives, in return, the emanations which surround it with the fiery mists that make it shine; she fashioned its satellite, the moon, and she gave, between the earth and that moon, that inevitable law of attraction which prevails between them; and Nature, when she makes the sun of human affection, and the moon of human love, marked the line of attraction arbitrarily between these, as she has between the bodies that are revolving in space. Let not man place the hand of authority, nor bind the fetter of his iron yoke upon this most sacred, most natural tie. Men and women soon recognize the sweet voice of Nature, which speaks in that unselfish love which would lie down and die for the thing it has selected from the midst of the world to be the polar star of its hopes.

O, beautiful love! Far deeper, far more glowing, far more gracious and beautiful than ever poet sung or painter represented in color, is the union between those outreaching minds that feel they have supplied the lack which Nature has devolved upon some being of the opposite sex to supply. O, surely, surely, the whisper which the voice of attraction itself pronounces in the ears of those who love—the call which Nature herself, in the out-yearnings of affection, sounds in the ears of those who love—should render holy this union between the two halves of the perfect angel.—Emma Hardinge.

Equal Justice to Man and Woman.

The refined woman recoils with virtuous scorn from her fallen sister, but often welcomes him by whom she fell. We are told that Christ said to the woman's accusers, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone;" but smitten by conscience, they went out one by one. And who is not in some way allied to this great guilt? The fact of common weakness should at least make us merciful. It is not just that upon the woman alone should fall the blot of shame. The text is a great lesson of charity and mercy, and it is a great lesson of justice also. There is neither justice, honor nor delicacy in our modern custom, which scarcely frowns upon the guilty man, while pouring out all the vials of wrath upon the guilty woman. It may or may not be true, as some insist that this foul cancer in society can never be eradicated; but we pught at least to insist upon it that the shame shall be fairly divided, that the sinning man shall be branded as deeply as the sinning woman. Suppose every guilty man bore the mark of shame in his face in the market, or at church, how long would the evil continue? But the meanness of man has thrust the whole shame upon woman.—Chapin.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON, S. B. BRITTON, L. B. MONROE,
EDITORS.

Principal Office, No. 14 Bromfield Street, (up stairs), Boston, Mass.

LEWIS B. MONROE, BUSINESS AGENT.
New York Office, At Munson's Bookstore, 5 Great Street.
S. B. BRITTON, AGENT.Chicago Office, At Higgins' Music Store, 45 Lake Street.
HIGGINS BROTHERS, AGENTS.
Buffalo Agent, S. ALBRO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS!

With a view to extend the usefulness of our journal, and disseminate the truth more widely among the people, we are induced to make the following offer:
Subscribers may order the paper sent to any address.

SIX MONTHS FOR ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

This will give an opportunity for those interested in the subject to make a trial of the paper at a very slight cost. Each of our patrons has one or more friends on whom he would be glad to bestow this compliment, or who would be willing to pay that trifling amount. Let us have from one to a dozen names from each of our readers. This offer holds good through the present month.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. V.

SEVERAL TOPICS.

"Man, know thyself!—all wisdom centers there."—Young.

The greatest truths are the simplest. There is a universe of truth in the above line by Dr. Young. Man is apt to look afar off for that which is near at hand. No grander mistake has Theology ever made, than in turning man's attention away from himself in his yearning to "find out God." There is no need of ascending into heaven, or of going down into the deep (in an external sense), for the truth is nigh us, even in our mouths and in our hearts. Man needs but to ascend into the heights and explore the depths of his own being, and he may obtain as distinct, positive and restful conceptions of Deity and His modes of operation, as he has of himself. True, there are, and doubtless always will be, limitations to his knowledge in both directions, though it be ever extending; but he may be fully assured that a thing or Being is, though he may not fully understand either *what*, *how* or *why* it is. By simply tracing, however, the analogies drawn from man's own being, much more may be ascertained than many have been wont to suppose. Let us pursue this inquiry a little further.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE—PRAYER.

Take, for example, the subject of prayer, and answers to prayer, which is a source of much perplexity to many minds. On the one hand, the devout religionist deems it his privilege and duty to make known his wants and troubles by verbal supplications addressed to a personal Being, and insists that such supplications are often answered by special dispensations of Providence in his behalf. On the other hand, the skeptical fatalist deems it incredible that God, if there is such a Being, can stoop to notice the trifling affairs of myriads of puny individuals, and impossible that He should violate the fixed laws of the universe by specially interfering in their behalf. There is truth on both sides of this question, as a glance within ourselves enables us to see.

Every distinct particle which exists in our frames is connected by fibres with the sensorium. When pain or discomfort is felt in any part, a prayer for relief at once goes up to the central seat of life and energy. Through the involuntary forces of our systems are a general providence, ever working to beneficent ends—as the promotion of health and joy in every part, and the overcoming of disease wherever it may appear—yet the voluntary power may also, and often does, interfere and take special measures for the aid and relief of a disordered member. Such interference must of course be in harmony with the fixed laws of the organism; but its exercise, according to our skill and ability, is one of the fixed laws, so to speak, of our voluntary nature. It proceeds, however, from a distinct and higher department of our being, and is governed by laws peculiar to that department.

Must not the Universe, the Grand Man, be supposed to have a sensorium—a Central Seat of Life and Energy—to which are telegraphed by an analogous process the wants and woes of all sentient creatures? And must it not be a law of His Being to voluntarily minister to these wants by seemingly special interpositions, as really as gravitation is a law? Such interpositions imply no suspension or infraction of fixed, *involuntary* laws; but simply the superintendence of higher but equally orderly forces, acting in accordance with the universal principles of love and wisdom.

But how can we conceive that God acts *voluntarily* towards us, insignificant creatures as we are? We answer, in this way, if no other—*through the agency of ministering spirits*. He, dwelling, in the inmosts of all beings, can and does, in proportion to their godlikeness, prompt and move them to watch over, aid, act upon and minister unto others; according to needs and conditions of receptivity. Parents know the needs of their children, and are prompted by love to provide for and discipline them. Guardian spirits perceive the wants of their earthly wards, and are moved by the same love (though usually guided by higher wisdom) to supply these wants, ward off dangers, and administer suitable discipline. And thus there is a universal, parental providence, both general and special, reaching from the Highest down through all ranks and grades of being. But this Love—this omnipotent and all-pervading Providing and Blessing Principle—what is it but the inmost of God Himself? For "God is Love."

True prayer is the sense of need, coupled with openness to receive, whether expressed in words, or silently felt in the soul. Most verbal prayers are unanswered, indeed; because the supplicants, through lack of wisdom, ask for that which would not satisfy their real needs. Some, perhaps, are unwisely answered; because the immediate guardians of the suppliant, in this life or the other, may lack the highest wisdom. But all this does not invalidate the great fact of a Universal Loving Providence, nor the grand law of want and supply.

Besides, it should be remembered that as the heart involuntarily throbs and sends the life-current gushing through the arterial system, so the will has power, voluntarily, to some extent, to concentrate and project the nerve-spirit with special force to or through any part of the organism, as occasion may require, causing every fibre and atom to thrill and quiver with intense life. So, by analogy, the Divine Will may specially project that most vital of all magnificents, called the "Holy Spirit," to any part or particle of the universal whole—not arbitrarily, but in accordance with the eternal laws of wise volition—awakening new life and energy in every world and every individual soul that receives it.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

And, here, in connection with the truth of a Parental Providence, comes in naturally the idea of the Maternal element in Deity. It is common to speak of Him only as a Father; but does not the heart, equally with the reason, demand also the recognition of the Mother? It is written, "God for rather *Elohim*, the Gods," created man in his own image. . . . male and female created he them." Surely, mankind being male and female, proves the existence of the same distinction, in some *real* sense, in the First Cause. But how shall we conceive of it? As two distinct Persons? Not necessarily. If the common theory of conjugality be true, neither man nor woman alone is more than half a person! We are accustomed to speak of "two willing souls melting into one." The highest conjugal angels are described by seers as being "two in one"—that is, male and female counterparts so completely blended and absorbed into each other that to the vision they appear as one in form. This cannot be the case with the *forms* of this rudimentary state, but it is often approximated to in *spirit* by happily conjugated pairs even on earth. Furthermore, the primal Deific Principles of Love and Wisdom, corresponding to Life and Form, are readily apprehended as sustaining the relation of positive and negative, or masculine and feminine, to each other. These hints suffice to show that there is, in the universal Parent, full ground for all that tenderness of affection which the word Mother in its highest and holiest significance calls forth. Some persons use the phrase "Father God and Mother Nature;" but this does not meet the case, since Nature is but the *external* of God, while the distinctions of masculine and feminine plainly run through all degrees, internal as well as external.

NOTHING OR SOMETHING?

One word here on a question over which theologians and materialists have wasted an incalculable amount of breath. Did God make the material universe out of nothing? "Yes," says the theologian, "for there was nothing to make it of!" "No," affirms the materialist, "for out of nothing, nothing can be made. It therefore never was created, but always was!" The first answer is a palpable absurdity. The second is true in its premises, but mistaken in its conclusion. We prefer, with Swedenborg, to say, He made it out of *HIMSELF*. Being himself, as to his inmost, the Essence of all substance, He includes within himself all forms of substance that can possibly exist. That our earth, and by analogy all other worlds, have been created or formed out of *materials* previously existing—that is, *gases*—is now generally conceded. Of what these gases were produced, our analysis may not tell; neither can it affirm that they are the primal forms of substance. Whatever forms it may assume, it is inconceivable that a particle of essential substance has ever been added to that which always was, and is, and shall be.

PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

Finally, as to the term Atheist. This is usually applied to one who denies or doubts the proper personality of Deity. Such denial may be merely theoretical and comparatively harmless; or it may be practical and positively pernicious. The most important part, so to speak, of Deity, is the *inmost*,—the primal principles of Love and Wisdom; or, as manifested in action,—Beneficence, Order, Justice, Truth, Purity, Fidelity, Progress, etc. He who recognizes these and incorporates them into his own daily life and conversation, is a *godly* man, even though he be unable to conceive of a Personal Deity. He who denies these principles by a life of selfishness, disorder, injustice, untruth, etc., however orthodox may be his theories and professions, is a *practical Atheist*, whose influence is to be dreaded, and his example shunned.

Such, reader, briefly and crudely, are some of our ideas of God—ideas which Spiritualism has enabled us to entertain. Judge for yourself whether it can be justly charged with tending to Atheism and impiety.

"He Ought to be Punished."

How common this remark, or something equivalent, in relation to the perpetrator of any crime or wrong. "It is to be hoped that the villain will be arrested and brought to condign punishment;" is a more elaborate form of expression for extraordinary occasions. But was ever a villain enacted that was not duly punished? Is such a thing possible in the constitution of human nature? We think not. No man can do a wrong, the least or the greatest, without inflicting a corresponding injury upon himself—the pain of which he will feel, sooner or later, so sure as he exists. The ever-present God within himself will not fail to arrest and bring him to a just judgment.

If the teachers and guardians of the public morals would but insist upon this momentous truth with half the zeal they manifest in propagating the opposite atheistical error—namely, that the wrong-doer escapes punishment when he eludes the officers of human law—they would do far more for the establishment of order in this world.

Fresh Fish versus Salt.

Here is a live specimen just *hooked out* of the Atlantic.—"I find," says The Professor, "that there is a very prevalent opinion among dwellers on the shores of Sir Isaac Newton's Ocean of Truth, that *salt fish*, which have been taken from a good while ago, split open, cured and dried, are the only proper and allowable food for reasonable people. I maintain, on the other hand, that there are a number of live fish still swimming in it, and that every one of us has a right to see if he cannot catch some of them. Sometimes I please myself with the idea that I have landed an actual living fish, small, perhaps, but with rosy gills and silvery scales. Then I find the consumers of nothing but the salted and dried article insist that it is poisonous, simply because it is alive, and cry out to people not to touch it. I have not found, however, that people mind them much."

THE BIBLE AND OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Arguments in the case of the Eliot School Rebellion, by H. F. Durant, Esq., for the Defence, and Sidney Webster, Esq., for the Prosecution, have been published in a pamphlet by H. W. Swett & Co., 128 Washington st., Boston. Both arguments are very able productions, but we regard that of Mr. Webster, who took ground against the enforcement of Protestant formularies upon Catholic children, as the sounder of the two.

THE BEAUTY OF HUMILITY.—"The spirit life," said a departed friend in conversing with us the other day, "is but an extension of the life begun on earth; only we lay off our stove-pipe hats and our haughty airs, and walk the streets of the New Jerusalem hand in hand like little children, ashamed of the 'manhood' we once so much boasted."

MR. BRITTON has been lecturing with success for the past week or two at Macon, Ga. He is now about returning North and East. See his card under Personal and Special.

A PUZZLE FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

History, like individual experience, abounds in life-problems for which common philosophy furnishes no sufficient solution. By ignoring the spiritual,—by leaving the so-called "supernatural" out of the account,—as is the custom with modern writers, we neglect the only clew which can possibly guide us through many an historic labyrinth of mystery and confusion.

We propose to illustrate this truth, not by studying the lives of ancient heroes, bards and seers, whose insight and inspiration have dug the channels of history,—but by taking a less lofty and antique subject, which will answer our purpose, while it will perhaps amuse the most casual reader.

The character of Timothy Dexter, self-styled "Lord Dexter," who flourished in Newburyport some more than half a century ago, appears so full of strange and contradictory traits that biography wonders at it. Some of the anecdotes of his "lordship" have almost passed into proverbs. The story of his sending warming-pans to the West Indies has given an American form to the old adage of "Coals to Newcastle."

Other anecdotes of his marvellous stupidity and marvellous less equally authentic. Being told that there was a great demand for stay stuff for ships, he at one time bought up all the whalebone in the markets; an accidental monopoly that caused a rise in the price of the article by which he reaped great profits. During the French Revolution he became impressed with the idea that the royal family would retire to America; to meet which emergency, he purchased a large stock of provisions to keep them with when they should honor him with their company.

Being the only "lord" in America, he seemed to take it for granted that they would come directly to him. Although disappointed in this expectation, he had the satisfaction of selling his superfluous stock at a large advance, in consequence of a change in the markets. Another time he sent a ship-load of produce to the West Indies with orders to the captain to bring it home again if he could not get a certain price. Nobody believed that such a price could be obtained, as it was at least double that which produce was accustomed to bring at the West Indies. The ship, however, had scarcely reached its destined port, when some British vessels arrived that were in need of the cargo, and gladly took it at the captain's own terms. Dexter also sent some woolen mittens to the same warm latitude. The warming-pans were turned into ladies and skimmers—but what could be done with woolen mittens? Just at the proper time, an empty vessel, bound for the Baltic, came along, looking for a cargo of some kind, and purchased the goods at a round price.

In view of these singular "chances" Dexter's critics and biographers have been puzzled to know whether he should be considered as insane, a fool, or a wise man in motley. That he was a person of extravagant vanity, gross ignorance, and shallow mind, there can be no doubt. Yet that in all his speculations he was successful beyond the wisdom of the wisest is undeniable.

What, then, is the secret of his extraordinary success,—his amazing "luck"? It is a little singular that all who have written of Dexter's eccentricities have missed the spiritual key to his character.

Among other things Lord Dexter did to acquire fame and greatness, was the writing of a book, which is probably the most heterogeneous mass of ignorance, absurdity, and bad spelling, with occasional gleams of insight, ever printed at the author's own expense. In this literary attempt, entitled "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones" we find the following significant passage, throwing light upon his speculations. We take the liberty of punctuating—the author of the "Pickle" having placed all his stops on the last leaf of his book requesting his readers to "peper and salt it as they please."

"One more speck—Drole a Nuff. I dreamed of warming pans three nites, that they would come in the west inges. I got no more than forty-two thousand,—put them in nine vessels for different ports,—I cleared seventy per cent. The pans they made yuse of them for cooking—Bery good, masser, for coukey! blessed god, in Deade, missey; got good handel! I found I was very lucky in speckulation. I dreamed the good book was run Down in this Country; gone so low as halfe prixe—the bibel I mean. I had the Ready cash. By holesale I bort twelve per cent under halfe prixe. I put them into vessels for the west inges, and sent a text, all of them must have a bibel in every family, or if not they would goe to hell.—Here comes the good luck; I made one hundred per cent and little over."

The main point to be observed here is that Dexter *dreamed* of the speculations which turned out so "lucky." Now what other influence can we draw, than that this man, so vain, so shallow, so ignorant, was a medium for spiritual impressions? Dull and short-sighted as he was, far-seeing minds made him their instrument. Was it a company of waggish spirits that surrounded him? or a board of departed brokers hungering after their old occupation? or a society of satirical moralists whose design was to write out in this man's career a burlesque upon riches, pomp, and titles?

Other acts of Dexter's life show that he put faith in the revelations of spirits. "On a time," says his biographer, Knapp, "Dexter had a bed of melons robbed night after night, of the richest and best of fruit." He was advised to apply to Madame Hooper, a fortune-teller, for information. The thief was shown to her, and she "represented him as a grave looking man, in drab clothes, one that was never suspected by the owner of the melons, but she distinctly told him how to find the house, and that there he would find several melons that had been marked by him. Precisely as he was directed he did, and there were his melons concealed, to be sold the next day."

From that time Dexter frequently consulted Madame Hooper, who, it appears, possessed unusual powers of clairvoyance and prophecy. He also put faith in the predictions of a certain astrologer, of whom Knapp relates, while sneering at his pretended science: "He said of himself that he should never die until the sun was blotted out of the heavens, and to fix the credulity of thousands, expired in a miserable manner on the 16th of June, 1806, during the great and total eclipse of the sun on that day. He was stretched on his death-bed, so exhausted that he could not raise himself without assistance to gaze on the phenomenon. Being supported by some one and handed a piece of smoked glass to look at the sun, he reverted to his former philosophy, and at the moment of total darkness when all nature around him seemed distressed, the chill of death came over him and he expired without a sigh."

Dexter also had a *poet laureate*, named Jonathan Plummer, an eccentric genius, of a religious turn of mind, who dreamed dreams and saw visions; and who, outliving his patron many years, finally hastened his own death by self-mutilation. When asked what prompted the horrid act, he replied that God commanded him three times; twice he refused; but again the Spirit called him, and he obeyed. "But now," said he, "I begin to fear it was not God that ordered me, but the devil."

Dexter himself died in 1806, aged over three-score. From his "Pickle," and from the character of his associates, we are convinced that he was no mere lucky blunderer, but a man whose temperament, if not his qualities, fitted him for the reception of spiritual impressions, which are not always, as we know, vouchsafed in amplest measure to those who make wise and virtuous use of their powers.

"THE CHRISTIAN RESURRECTION," ETC.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 8th, 1859.

MESSES. EDITORS OF THE AGE.—In your issue of March the 6th, you give a very interesting article on the subject of the "Christian Resurrection." The idea presented is, as you remark, not a new one; prominent spiritualists having given expression to it within the past few years. Such being the fact it is a matter of surprise with me that spiritualist papers should delay giving it notice until Mr. Sears comes out and gives it utterance in his "Athanasia." Does Mr. Sears' avowal of his belief in the possibility of such a phenomenon make it any more probable or worthy of investigation than Davis' or Harris' views in regard to it? From what I have read of Mr. Sears' "Athanasia," I do not perceive that he has uttered a single important thought which has not at some period been advanced through our spiritual mediums.

A young man in this city who makes no pretensions to great scholarship, neither to great mediumship, gave the subject of your article a clear and full illustration, expressing the same idea while under spirit influence. He never read Davis' works, nor Harris, nor Swedenborg, and he uttered the sentiment long before Mr. Sears' "Athanasia" was conceived.

Now, my good brother Reformers, what appears mysterious to me is, that while the world is demanding of Spiritualism that it should reveal some new idea in the world of thought and intelligence—something that Orthodox leaders have not discovered—when a new idea is exhumed from the great quarry of all truth through spiritual mediumship, we must take no notice of it until some polished gun from foggydom mixes it in with his charge, and booms it out with a great noise, claiming it as part of his thunder—the result of his shrewd theological conceptions.—Why not give support to this beautiful idea when avowed by Mr. Davis, or Mr. Harris? Surely the perceptions of our seers, in relation to important phenomena of a spiritual nature, are more reliable than those who shut their eyes and close their reasoning senses against the present spiritual movement.

You say that Mr. Sears' "Athanasia" proves that Saint Paul teaches this doctrine. I would be glad to see the passage in any of Paul's epistles where he even intimated that such might be the process of resurrection. Christ's resurrection, and the one which was supposed to have such vast importance to the world rested in it, was always spoken of as that one which took place the third day after the Crucifixion, and which was believed by all his followers, to be the veritable flesh and bones body of the man Jesus, which had always been with them.

This continued attempt to make the Bible prove every new thought or idea shows such a disposition to a weak dependence on *authority*, that it merits the contempt of honest and liberal minded progressionists. I do not believe that Paul himself understood the *philosophy* of spiritual intercourse. No more did John, Peter and the rest of the prominent mediums mentioned in the Bible. They were themselves overwhelmed with wonder at the manifestations produced through them. It was such a profound mystery to them that they could only account for it by attributing the manifestations, both physical and mental, to direct inspiration and interference of God himself. How then, could they have any knowledge of this transformation of the material into the spiritual?

Yours for truth, B. A. RICHARDS.

REMARKS.—If our friend's criticisms were intended to apply to us (A. E. N.), we would say that we put forth substantially this idea of the Christian Resurrection in the first public lecture we ever gave on Spiritualism, several years ago, having derived it directly from the spirit-world. But the little favor it then met with from spirits and spiritualists generally, caused us to some time to reserve it for more mature consideration. Its clear and forcible presentation by Mr. Sears, on independent grounds, reassured our own convictions, and led us to think that the world, both spiritualists and others, might now be more ready for its reception. It is not our habit to dogmatize on such questions, nor to accept of the opinions of others, whether spirits, seers, or "orthodox leaders," without careful scrutiny.

SPIRITUALISM IN TROY, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Troy have associated under the name of the "First Independent Congregation of the city of Troy." The following articles drawn up by Mr. Tiffany, forming the basis of association:

"Being members of a common humanity we recognize God as our Father, and man as our brother. We mutually covenant to live true, virtuous and religious lives. It shall ever be our aim to be right in spirit and to do right in deed. In our religious work we will strive for the perfection of our own character in every virtue; and also for the aiding of others in the like work.

The statement we will seek, shall be that of harmony with God and his government. The salvation, that which is only attained through obedience to all his requirements.

We would ever recognize as the highest authority, God's truth revealed in our own souls; and our highest responsibility to God and Humanity dwelling in our own sense of Justice, Truth, Purity."

Our correspondent—Miss MELINDA A. BALL, of Troy, who furnishes the above—appends the following remarks:

It will be seen by these articles, that the key-stone of liberty of conscience, is placed in the hands of every member of the association; and all that is required of Aspirants, is to keep her sails set in the right direction, and keep a good look out from her post of observation. This surely, is a principle that every true heart will fraternize, and when placed before a people as a standard of action, it becomes as it were a centre-light, around which all forms of thought may gather, and behold themselves in the eye of the All-Mind, to receive its approbation, or condemnation; just as its reflection from this compound magnetic lens accords with each one's sense of the Beautiful, the True.

HIEROGLYPHICS.—We have been favored with several pages of curious and elaborately executed hieroglyphics, of which we are requested to furnish "the true interpretation, and answer the same for good of the medium" (we follow the orthography of the letter), the statement being added that the message is "on business."

We wish to inform all spirits, whether in or out of the body, that we lay no claim to "the gift of interpretation," and prefer to transact all business matters in plain English. We never regard these mysterious scrawls, of which we have received many, as worthy of the least attention—believing that any sensible spirit who has anything of importance to say will put it in intelligible language.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

New York, March 31st, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—The weeks are like birds of passage—they fly swiftly away, but unlike the airy voyagers, they never return again. We linger behind, chroniclers of passing events—brief historians of the hour, culling the flowers of thought, plucking up the rank weeds of society, and preserving the good fruit for the benefit of those who are to come after us,—the links which bind the present with the past and the future, in an endless and unbroken chain. But to end this colloquy, allow me to say, that New York is a great city and that there are many people in it, all striving to obtain the bread of life; some by their wit, some by their knowledge, others by toil, and the few live on the labor of many. It is both instructive and amusing to see some of the various and ingenious methods which are resorted to, to make soul and body keep company and live together in harmony.

In my many walks through the *perfumed* streets of this metropolis, I meet many an odd character and see many strange things, some accountable and some unaccountable; among the latter class, at least to many wise heads, are the

DANCING HATS.

Passing up Broadway (rightly named) amid the throng of fashionable loungers and feminine dry goods advertisements, sweeping the dusty sidewalks with their magnificent silk dresses, we let them sweep on, while we turn down Bleeker street among the more humble pedestrians, and passing a few doors, suddenly descend into a subterranean apartment where "oysters and drink" are dispensed to the votaries of Bacchus, Venus and the night. As we enter, the brilliant jets of gas make the place cheerful, and we tread lightly on the saw-dusted floor. There are a dozen or more gentlemen present. (We judge them to be such by their clothes). They are discussing the various topics of the day, prominent among which were the war question, the death of Mike Walsh, and other matters both spiritual and temporal. We listen to the sage remarks of an elderly gent with a white neck-cloth, who is causing his presence by saying that he is commanded to "prove all things and to hold fast to that which is good" (the liquor?)

"Do you wish to see the *Peppergram*, gentlemen?" exclaims a young man with a smiling face, to whom all eyes are immediately directed.

"That is what I came for," squeaks a little man with a corkscrew nose, who has been carefully examining the room, the floor, and the furniture to discover the concealed wires or other apparatus by which the hats are made to dance.

The master of ceremonies now takes a seat near the centre of the room with accordion in hand and opens the "peppergram" with the following brief introductory:

"John, bring some of those hats here and let us see if they will oblige the gentlemen with a crotillon all round."

Several dilapidated and venerable hats are at once forthcoming.

"May I examine those hats, sir?" asks our corkscrew friend.

"Most certainly sir, they have been left before this." Several laugh at the attempted pun. Inspector pronounces the hats to be genuine, honest hats, and the operator places several of them a few feet apart before him with those of any of the company present who are ambitious to have their titles join in the merry waltz. The fingers of a *Dexter* hand are now placed upon the keys of an accordion which gives forth the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." "Do they miss me at home?" and other appropriate airs. For a few moments the customers appear to be ecstatically indifferent to the power of music.

At length one grave hat bows partially to the company, which seems to be the signal for a general "Right and Left," and away they go, black, white, and grey, in a double shuffle, as though they really were conscious, intelligent, thinking hats.

One gentleman who has been watching the movements very closely now vouchsafes the opinion that it is a *real* spiritual manifestation, and offers to back up that conclusion with the contents of his portly purse. A more cautious individual is not so sure on that point and wants to "wait a little longer."

The operator, or "middleman," sets up no special claim, volunteers no opinion, nor attempts to account for the (to the bystanders) mysterious power that makes the hats dance, but assures a learned doctor that if he will but take hold of his hand for a moment, he can impart to him sufficient influence to do likewise; and that if he will only open his mouth, the hats will instantly fall over; all of which occurs, and the disciple of Esculapius acknowledges himself a convert. But passing from gay to grave, let us turn for a moment to the more sad reality, and say a word about

MIKE WALSH.

who was recently found dead in an area in Sixth Avenue. Two or three weeks before his unfortunate end, Mr. Walsh, with a couple of friends, were attending a Spiritualist circle held by Mrs. Hayden at Munson's rooms. At that sitting he asked the spirits if they would tell him of the whereabouts of a friend of his, who, only a short time before, had suddenly disappeared, and who, it was said, was last seen coming out of the "Hone House," where he himself, singularly enough, was so soon to leave on his walk of death to the gates of the other world, as it was the last place he left before he was found dead.

HORACE GREELY AND JUDGE EDMONDS.

It affords me much pleasure to inform you, from the highest authority—the gentlemen themselves—that Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, has offered to Hon. Judge Edmonds the use of one column of his paper, once a week for ten weeks, to present the facts and claims of Spiritualism. This is a very fair and generous offer, which the Judge has accepted. The first article of the series has already been furnished to that paper.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

The secular and the religious press are often telling the world of some misfortune or crime that has happened, as they say, through the influence of a belief in Spiritualism; just as though a man's belief in the power of spirits to communicate would of necessity imply him to do a wrong act. The doctrine is about as erroneous as many other of their dilapidated notions. With just as much propriety might the spiritual press ask if a belief in Christianity caused Sikes to kill Key, if Mrs. Sikes and Butterworth were Christians? I have been led to make these remarks from something spirit recently did, and Spiritualism did not do.

A Rev. gentleman belonging to one of the stricter sects called at a medium's rooms in this city a few evenings since, evidently entertaining the belief that the spirits of the other world and the mediums of this, were no better than he was. The room being somewhat warm, it had the effect to raise the spirits in his stomach to his head, and he soon became very loquacious. Wit being out, he expressed himself very freely—thought that free-love doctrines were not so bad as represented; hadn't any objection to making love to a pretty woman himself; thought the church was too strict, and ought to allow more license; for "are we not commanded to love one another?—didn't Christ love Mary and Martha? and don't I love you?" addressing himself to the medium. Medium opened the door and showed the Rev. lover out into the cool air to refresh himself with the cooling reflection that he had made a mistake in regard to the true character and mission of mediums. Will the anti-spiritual press give currency to the above fact and charge it to the Rev. gentleman's belief in Christianity?—Mrs. Hatch has given three lectures the past week at Clinton Hall; Mrs. Spence one; so we have not been without a *quantum sufficit* of spiritual food.

Ever thine, W. E. H.

WILLIAMTIC, CT.—Bro. Jabez Swan has been laboring here and speaking with his usual freedom of the character of all liberal people and sentiments. Under his influence the Orthodox *non-reader* was so far psychologized that he inserted in the copies of the *Age* and *Banner* a notice that he should no longer furnish those papers, on account of the skeptical character of those buying them; yet the *Police Gazette*, and books, with "bundles of trash," clutter his shelves. But he found he had for once, at least, "raised a spirit" which threatened to found his pockets. Then he suddenly forgot his scruples, and has promised still to take cents from sinners. The *Age* and *Banner* will be had by the people, at all events. Cordially yours, E. S. WHEELER.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—"You are aware that Mr. G. B. Stebbins is stationed here to speak Sundays for three months from Feb. 6th. Our meetings have steadily increased; the audiences are intelligent, and appreciate the doctrines and principles so ably set forth by Mr. S. We are now making arrangements to have Mr. S. remain with us for one year. Yours truly, JACOB VOLLMER."

Interesting Miscellany.

PRESAGES OF CESAR'S DEATH.

We are told there were strong signs and presages of the death of Caesar. Many report that a certain soothsayer forewarned him of a great danger which threatened him on the ides of March, and that when the day was come, as he was going to the senate-house, he called to the soothsayer, and said laughing, "The ides of March are come," to which he answered softly, "Yes; but they are not gone."

The evening before, he supped with Marcus Lepidus, and signed, according to custom, a number of letters as he sat at table. While he was so employed, there arose a question, "What kind of death was the best?" and Caesar answering before them all, cried out, "A sudden one."

The same night, as he was in bed with his wife, the doors and windows of the room flew open at once. Disturbed both with the noise and light, he observed, by moonshine, Calpurnia in a deep sleep, uttering broken words and inarticulate groans. She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him murdered in her arms. Be that as it may, next morning, she conjured Caesar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the senate, and, if he paid no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other species of divination, or to sacrifices, for information as to his fate. This gave him some suspicion and alarm; for he had never known, before, in Calpurnia, anything of the weakness or superstition of her sex, though she was now so much affected.

He therefore offered a number of sacrifices, and as the diviners found no auspicious tokens in them, he sent Antony to dismiss the senate. In the mean time, Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, came in. He was a person in whom Caesar placed such confidence, that he had appointed him his second heir, yet he was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius. This man, fearing that if Caesar adjourned the senate to another day the affair might be discovered, laughed at the diviners, and told Caesar he would be highly to blame, if, by such a slight, he gave the senate occasion to complain against him. "For they were met," he said, "at his summons, and came prepared with one voice to honor him with the title of king in the provinces, and to grant that he should wear the diadem both by land and by sea everywhere out of Italy. But if any one go and tell them, now they have taken their places, they must go home again, and return when Calpurnia happens to have better dreams, what room will your enemies have to launch out against you? Or who will bear your friends when they attempt to show, that this is not an open servitude on the one hand, and tyranny on the other? If you are absolutely persuaded that this is an unlucky day, it is certainly better to go yourself, and tell them you have strong reasons for putting off business till another time." So saying, he took Caesar by the hand, and led him out.

He went to the senate-house, where he was assassinated by the conspirators.

MISTAKES ON MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his celebrated lyrics—that souls were paired when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, least of all the most intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials and efforts. Let two persons then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be for either a draw-game at self, or for walking *aquis passibus*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first sight may have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect that, for aught we know, they may appear in the spiritual world; as Mr. T. L. Harris says, like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas, apart, they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriage must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better; ideal men want practical wives—ideal wives want practical men; and the earth-side and the heaven side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be conjoined, and not adjoined.—*Monthly Religious Mag.*

AN ANAGRAM.—An objection has been raised to the name of Leviathan, as applicable to a ship, because it is one of the appellations applied in the Bible to the Father of all Evil. It is very curious, however, that the words "Steam ship Leviathan" may be exactly transposed, or anagrammatized into the following sentence:—"I have spelt him—Satan!"

Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody.

STONE BROTH.

A poor desolate traveller, overtaken by a storm of wind and rain, and being also oppressed by fatigue and hunger, came by chance to a house of affluence and begged for a little charity, but was repulsed with a surly answer that there was nothing for him. He then begged only to be permitted to dry his clothes and warm himself by the kitchen fire; as this request cost nothing, it was granted him. Finding that it was not probable that he should get anything in this place, he set his wits to work, and first humbly requested the cook to permit him to have the use of a saucepan and a little clean water, and he would make a dish of stone broth.

The oddity of the thought raised the curiosity of the inmates of the kitchen, who seconded his request. The traveler then picked up a stone from the high road, and washing it perfectly clean, put it into the saucepan of water. He then craved a morsel of salt and a little pepper, and an onion and some scraps, which the cook had discarded. Thus he made a very savory mess for himself, to the great amusement of the spectators, who not only let him enjoy his stone broth in peace, but were so much pleased with his ingenuity that they gave him also a dinner; and he departed dry, warm, and well fed.

This story gives an example of the beneficial effects of a little ingenuity when aided by perseverance and activity; how unlike those idle fools who drop all endeavor on the first check they receive, and if everything does not answer their silly expectations, quickly cry out, that it is impossible to be relieved and therefore useless to make any further effort. Such is the conduct of the slothful and short-sighted, who must again and again be reminded that nothing is denied to industry and perseverance, and nothing is to be got without them.

Romance.

All prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists made romance. They do—just as craters make volcanoes,—no more. What is romance? whence comes it? Plato spoke on the subject wisely in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, "Man's soul, in a former state was winged and soared among the Gods; and so it comes to pass, that in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth, even as children in teething." And if an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discoursed thus gravely on the romantic part of our nature, whence comes it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole care of it to ballad-makers and opera-singers? Let us look up in fear and reverence and say, "God is the great maker of romance. He from whose hand came man and woman,—He, who strung the great harp of existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them one to another,—He is the great Poet of life." Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder of the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

A Precocious Child.

A friend related to us this morning a scene in a schoolroom, which we think will do to publish, and is too good to keep. It is the custom in the schools to read a moral lesson each morning, when the scholars are questioned on what has been read. The day our friend visited the school, the lesson was in regard to the taking of fruit, and was a sort of narrative, in which it was stated that a teacher had told his class not to touch the fruit which grew in a neighboring orchard, but to wait until it was perfectly ripe, and they should have a share of it. They all disobeyed the commands with the exception of one little girl,—she alone refraining from touching the fruit. The first question asked by the teacher was:

"Which did right, the little girl, or the others of the class?"

The unanimous answer was—"The little girl. The next question asked was—"Why did not the little girl also take the fruit?"

This appeared to puzzle the class, and for a long time there was no ready answer. At length a little fellow at the bottom of the class held up his hand, which was equivalent to saying that he thought that he could give the answer. He was told to proceed—when he astonished the teacher and convulsed our friend by exclaiming—"Pleath, sir, I geth she was too little to reach the fruit!"—*Glasgow Journal.*

Spirit Rapping no Novelty.

Humbert Birk, a Burgess of note in the town of Oppenheim, had a country house, called Barenbach. He died in the month of November 1620, a few days before the feast of St. Martin. On the Saturday which followed his funeral they began to hear certain noises in the house where he had lived with his first wife; for at the time of his death he had married again. The master of this house, suspecting that it was his brother-in-law who haunted it, said to him:

"If you are Hubert, my brother-in-law strike three times against the wall." At the same time they heard three strokes only, for ordinarily he struck several times. Sometimes, also, he was heard at the fountain where they went for water, and he frightened all the neighborhood. He continued this knocking repeatedly until masses were said for him and alms given to certain of his poor friends.

A Connecticut peddler, calling upon an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no peddler had ever traveled?

"Yes," said she, "I know of one and only one, that no peddler has ever traveled, (the peddler's countenance brightened,) and that's the road to Heaven."

"My good woman," said the Evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No sir, we hav'n't," was the reply, "but they have got it awfully down to New Orleans."

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?"

He answered with much simplicity, "poor relations, sir!"

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation were weeping except one man, who begged to be excused as he belonged to another church.

An old negro woman once prayed—"O, Lord, let there be a full Heaven and an empty Hell." We have faith that this prayer will be answered.

Poetry and Sentiment.

OUR PET CANARY.

(Suggested by reading an account of "Charlie's" death, &c., in the Age.)

Happy singer was our "Charlie,"
Warbling cheerily, late and early,—
Not a note with sound of sadness,
All was joyful, full of gladness;
Ebbing from every wall,
Ringing, ringing through the hall,
Songs of our canary!

Well he knew the hand whose care
Placed his cage in open air—
Brought him water sweet and good,
And supplied him with food—
Decked his home with simple art,—
Of each daily brought a part

For our pet canary.

But one day he missed the care
That so long had fed him there;
Death that loving household entered,
And with poisoning arrow ventured
Deadly aim at mistress dear,
And she came no more to cheer

Our dear pet canary.

Then our "Charlie" stopped his singing,
And no more was heard the ringing
Of his merry joyous song.
All was still, and then ere long
Falling down, drooping, dying,
Plaintive moaning, gasping, dying,
Lay our pet canary.

Wrapped in simple paper shroud,
And with feelings sadly bowed,
Thence we carried him away,
Buried him in humble way,
Sorry that no more he'd sing—
Sorry that no more would ring—
Song of our canary.

But one day from out the wall,—
Ringing through that ancient hall,
Right where "Charlie's" cage had hung,
Joyful notes most sweetly rung;
Each of us well knew the ringing—
All declared it was the singing
Of our pet canary.

Think not that we were deceived,
While for our dear bird we grieved;
Three times was the singing heard!
Was it spirit of our bird?
Telling us with joyous sound,
That its mistress dear was found?

Was it pet canary?

Tell us, ye who live in air,
Do such spirits mingle there?
Tell us spirits by your "rapping"—
Tell us, by your curious tapping—
Tell us by some sacred tone,
Just as plain as if 'twere spoken,—
Was it our canary?

Shall we meet the bird again,
In the world where spirits reign?
Will the birds be there to sing,
Poising on ethereal wing?
Do they to that world belong?
Shall we in the world of song,
Hear our pet canary?

To do good to our enemies is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

FAITH.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving;
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing
Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Mrs. Kemble.

True beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace.
Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

Oh, when an angel spirit walks the earth unheeded,
That when its veil of mortality is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
Wearing its glory like a starry crown."

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

MILTON.

It is the heart alone which renders a man truly eloquent. It is that alone which, in barbarous as well as cultivated ages, gives that affecting character to poetry which renders the poet immortal.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE:
FOR 1881!

A new volume of THE SPIRITUAL AGE commences on the first of January, 1881.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

No pains will be spared to make the Age in all respects a most valuable family paper. Every effort will be made to add to the high reputation which it already enjoys as an exponent of Spiritual Truth and a Pioneer Reform. In a word, it is the design of the publishers to give their patrons, in the fullest sense,

A FIRST CLASS PAPER!

The Miscellaneous Department, without presenting any of the trashy "sensational" literature now so much in vogue, will be enriched with spicy, stirring and instructive tales and sketches from the most popular sources, original and selected; with a variety of choice matter designed to meet the wants of both the heart and mind. Good taste and a high moral tone will always be observed.

On the whole we fully intend to make a journal which every Spiritualist will be proud to put in the hands of skeptic or believer and say, "There is an exponent of my principles!"

The Spiritual Age will be published every Saturday, in a large and elegant folio sheet, at \$2 per annum, invariably in advance. One Dollar will be received for six months. To clubs, five copies for \$8; ten copies for \$15; to Boston subscribers, when served by carrier, \$2.25. Specimen numbers forwarded free to any part of the world.

Principal Office of Publication, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.
New York Office at Munson's Book-store, 5 Great Jones Street.

Address SPIRITUAL AGE, 14 Bromfield Street Boston.

CLIPPING WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.—We will send the Age and Atlantic Month y, for \$4.00; the Age and True Flag of Life Illustrated for \$3.00; the Age and Water Cure Journal or Physiological Journal, \$2.50.

Single copies of the Age may be procured of

Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston. S. F. Hoyt, 3 First Street, and Union Depot, Portland & Co., 9 Court Street, Troy, N. Y.
A. Hutchinson, 100 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.
J. H. Dyer & Co., 33 School Street, S. W. House & Co.,
T. S. Munson, 5 Great Jones St., New York. Woodward & Co., cor. 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis, Mo.
H. Taylor, Sun Building, Baltimore.
E. S. McDonald, 78 Central Street, Lowell. F. McElrath, Post Office, Charlestown, Mass.
Philip Hearn, Woburn, Mass. R. O. Day, 218 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.
R. S. Ayres, Portland, Me. H. E. Williamson, Lake City, Minn.
A. Rose, Hartford, Conn. Alfred Munroe, New Orleans, La.
S. W. Shaw, Providence. Geo. Judson, New Haven, Conn.
Barry & Henck, 536 Race St., Philadelphia. H. H. Waldo, Rockford, Ill.
J. S. Randall, Norwich, N. Y. L. Bache, Wellsboro', Pa.

S. T. Munson's Advertisements.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

All these remedies are compounded according to Mrs. Mettler's directions, given while in a state of Clairvoyance, and are purely vegetable, and perfectly safe under all circumstances.

Mrs. Mettler's Restorative Syrup.—For an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, bilious obstructions, unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, inactivity of the liver, constipation of the bowels, irritation of the mucous membrane, etc. Price per bottle, \$1.

Mrs. Mettler's Dysentery Cordial.—A Stomach and Bowel Corrector. Price per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. Mettler's Celebrated Elixir.—For Cholera, Colic Pains, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, Bilious Stomach, Fever and Ague, and internal injuries. Price per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. Mettler's Neutralizing Mixture.—For Bilious Obstructions, Acidity of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, Headache, and Febrile symptoms occasioned by cold or worms. Price per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. Mettler's Pulmonaria.—For Colds, Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, Hemorrhage, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Price per bottle, \$1.

Mrs. Mettler's Healing Ointment.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Cuts and Wounds of almost every description, Boils, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Swelled and Sore Breasts or Nipples, Glandular Swelling, Erys, Chapped Hands or Chaffing. Price per box, 25 cents.

Mrs. Mettler's Remarkable and Unprecedented Liniment.—For Lameness and Weakness of several parts of the human system, Contracted Muscles and Sinews, Rheumatic, Inflammatory and Neuralgic Affections, Callous and Stiff Joints, Spasmodic Contractions, etc., etc. Price per bottle, \$1.

JAMES MCLESTER, Proprietor.

S. T. MUNSON Agent, 5 Great Jones Street, New York.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

CENTRAL DEPOT, No. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, NEW YORK.

Office of the Spiritual Age.

S. T. MUNSON & Co., Agents, second door East of Broadway, opposite the La Farge, keep all the Reform Publications, together with a splendid assortment of Spiritual Books, all of which will be sold at the lowest publisher's prices for cash. All persons who wish to purchase the class of Books mentioned, will find it for their advantage to send their orders to Munson & Co., who will give instant attention to the demands of their customers. Subscriptions received for all

Spiritual and Reform Papers and Serial Publications.

Books and other merchandise ordered at our establishment, not excepting Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery, &c., will be sent through the post office, by registered mail, or in private hands, as may be directed, without delay, and all papers and post orders forwarded as soon as published.

All Spiritualists and Reformers who visit New York, are requested to call, immediately on their arrival, at Munson & Co.'s, for the purpose of registering their names. By this means they may become known to the friends in this city, and thus their interests and pleasure may be essentially promoted.

Merchants and others from different parts of the country, who want any of the Spiritual papers, should call at the office of The Spiritual Age, and subscribe. The location is central, and the whole establishment on the first floor, so that our customers are not required to ascend any lofty flights to inaccessible upper rooms to find

S. T. MUNSON & CO., Agents, No. 5 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

MRS. HAYDEN AT MUNSON'S.

The subscriber is happy to announce that he has engaged the services of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, of Boston, the celebrated clairvoyant and test-medium. Her "seance" will commence on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the rooms for spiritual investigation, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones Street, and will continue until further notice. Mrs. Hayden is widely and favorably known for her medium powers. It was through the instrumentality of this lady, while in England, that Robert Owen, and other distinguished men, became convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. H. is also clairvoyant for the examination of disease, in the exercise of which gift she has been eminently successful. Hours, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., every day (Sundays excepted).

S. T. MUNSON, 5 Jones Street, New York.

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY.

Day and evening, at MUNSON'S ROOMS. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some of the best mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 o'clock A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening circles will be from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evening the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 50 cents. S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York.

Medical Cards.

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH
JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of Self-Abuse and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

The above work, containing the most startling incidents in the practice of the author, has received the highest commendation from the leading papers of the Union, and is one of the most able ever published on the subject of such vital interest. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two stamps for postage.

Address DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 90 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 DORSET STREET, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

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 5 P. M.

W. H. NUTTER,

Trance, Healing and Developing Medium, 105 Pleasant Street, Boston. All curable diseases, such as dropsy, liver, heart, spinal, and various other diseases, successfully treated by the laying on of hands. Charges moderate. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

THE HARMONICAL MAGNETS;

For the cure of disease of the Throat, Lungs and visceral organs, upon new and scientific principles; by HENRY T. PACKER, M. D., Harmonical Physician of 31 teen years' practice.

Call and see them at his office in Wood's Block, nearly opposite the Irving House Cambridgeport, from 10 o'clock A. M. till 4, and from 6 till 9 P. M.

N. B.—The Dr. has now but one office, where he may be seen, as above. 45—tr

I. G. ATWOOD,

MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, (LATE OF LOCKPORT, N. Y.) Has taken rooms in the Saratoga Water-Cure, where patients desiring treatment by well-developed Healing Medium of long experience, may expect to receive the kindest attention and best treatment from him.

Correct Clairvoyant Examinations, with directions for home treatment, &c. SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT,

OFFICE, No. 108 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT, CT.

A true diagnosis of the disease of the person is guaranteed, or no fee will be taken. Chronic diseases scientifically treated. Strict attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Cancers removed, and cure guaranteed. The Electro-Chemical Baths will be applied when necessary, for the removal of poisonous minerals from the system. Persons from a distance can be accommodated with good board at a reasonable rate, near the Doctor's office. Office hours from 8 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. No patients received Sundays.

LIGHT BREAD,

How to make LIGHT delicious Bread with simple Flour and Water only. Merely your address and one dime will ensure you by return of mail a little book on Healthful Cooking and How to Make Light Bread with Flour and Water only. Persons interested are invited to call and see this delicious bread. TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Nos. 18 and 20 Lagrange place, Boston.

THE SICK ARE HEALED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes. Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, has fully tested her powers, and will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains instantly relieved. Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal Disease, Pains in the Side, Disease of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c. Terms for sitting, \$1.00. Will visit families if required. No. 26 West Dedham street, two doors from Washington street, Boston.

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,

Has taken the mansion No. 41 Tremont street, where he will examine and prescribe for the afflicted, under the direction of an Indian Spirit of the olden times. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

N. B. Letters must be addressed to Dr. N. C. Lewis, as above.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

B. Marsh's Catalogue.

BELA MARSH,

No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Keeps constantly on hand, for sale at the Publishers' prices, the Books named in the following Catalogue, together with many others not catalogued at this time. All new publications received as soon as issued, and the trade supplied at a liberal discount. Orders are respectfully solicited.

How and Why I Became a Spiritualist. By W. A. Danks, Baltimore. Price 38 cents.

The Educator; a valuable late work, through John Murray Spear. Edited by John H. Newman. Price \$2.00.

Woodman's Three Lectures in reply to Dr. Dwight's sermon on Spiritualism. A New Edition—stereotyped. Price 20 cents.

Mrs. Hatch's Lectures on Faith, Hope, and Love. Price 15 cts.

Mrs. Hatch's Discourses, Vol. I.—\$1.00

Magnetism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle: By Alice Putnam Price 30 cents.

A Beautiful Gift Book. The Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers. Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. S. Child, M. D.—"Gold, cold must be the heart that does not soften at the repeated coming and sound of angel footsteps."—Flora. In various bindings. Price 50 cents, \$1, and \$1.50.