The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

WHAT IS THE WORD OF GOD?

ABSTRACT OF A LECTURE DELIVERED THROUGH L. JUDD PARDEE, AT THE MELODEON, SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 25th.

Not a little difference of opinion has always existed and still exists as to what *is* the Word of God. Each nation or era entertains its own peculiar notion thereupon. All, however, have a tendency to limit it to the sphere of Religion, as if whatever was outside of a Church and a Faith, was not a part of the Word. This arises from a misconception of the nature and diversity thereof—the Word. Some find it all embraced in Biblical Literature, with its *exterior* and its *interior* meanings; others in the Koran, the Shaster, or some other national sacred book. The so-called Christian world predicate the authority of their opinion as to the undeniableness and absoluteness of the Word in the Bible, upon the assumed fact of the *peculiarity* of the Jewish people. Admitting that they *were*, the same process which makes them so, likewise confers the like thing upon any other people. As every man, so every nation is peculiar. Each individual is *sui generis*, after his own kind—a peculiar man, and unlike anybody else. So it is with collections of individuals, nations and peoples; they have, each and all, idiosyncrasies, marked characteristics, peculiarities,—in a word, are *peculiar* peoples.

Undoubtedly, then, the Hebrew nation were peculiar, and that peculiarity consisted in the striking development of the reverential and mediatorial principle. They divined the unity of God; after their way they devoutly worshipped Him as they understood how. They were a nation of mediums; their history is a series of mediatorial, inspirational and spiritually phenomenal events, and, too, of such as were grossly and debasingly external and material. That peculiarity of theirs originated in climatic, physiologic and planetary-impregnative influences; and so they were marked and stood out boldly defined, a peculiar people. But the same natural laws which operated upon and affected them, operated upon and affected other nations and peoples—even if dissimilarly—because of a different receptiveness.

If the Jews, then, were peculiar, were not likewise the Egyptians, the East Indians, the Chinese, the Greeks and the Ethiopians? Any predicate, upon the basis of peculiarity, applicative to the Jews, must be applicative to the others, for "God is no respecter of persons," individual or collective.

Now the Word of God is not simply theologic. If anything is that Word, it is—it must be—*Truth;* and though this, in its universality, is unitary, yet, also, is it multi-varied as to nature, many-sided and phased. Indeed, I know of no other Word than Truth; and this was from God, in God—*is* God, in its infinite vastness. So, then, we find *this* Word, as to its infiniteness—a unit. But it is not only a unit, or unitary, but a duality. The Word of God, in its duality, is Science and Religion. I thus extend its meaning and push it beyond the simple and relatively limited confines of Theology—the science of Religion—into the vast kingdom of a many-sided Science itself. What is Science? It is the exhibition of facts and their exposition, and may be defined as, first, mathematical, relating to universals; next, astronomical, referring to generals—the innumerable solar systems—then geologic, having to do with the particular, and lastly, as chemical, fingering the minute. Either Science is divine, or it is not.

Religion—what is Religion? It is an affectional consciousness of the soul's co-relation to the Divine nature; and as each national consciousness—because of national peculiarity—finds and has a different external expression, so we have had and have different systems of Religion—divine and good—in the sphere of *use*, because adaptive. What would the noble old Socrates—who spake as the spirit of Inspiration gave him utterance—say of that method which should exclude, as *un*-divine, and not the adaptive Word or Truth of God, the memorable things that were instilled into and distilled to him from the sphere of Wisdom? or, on the other hand, others—the composite Plato, whose Word has so deep an interior meaning that not as yet is he fully plumbed and apprehended—Confucius the moralist, Zoroaster, Brahma, Mahomet, and not a few beside?

God reveals himself to men through man—in the flesh as in the spirit. We always find the divine instrumentalized in its exposition. It may be some of these—the foregoing—taught more of the moral Word or Truth, than the strictly religious—such as Socrates and Confucius; but a true, just, rational and practical Religion, includes morality. This last is the externalization to humanity of the essential spirit of Religion, which is Love. Christ so indicates when he defines the duty of men—to love God and man.

The Word of God, however, is not only unitary, or a unit, and a duality, or dual, but, as respects the planes of its exhibition and operation, it is a Trinity, or triune. Thus, it is expressed in the natural, the spiritual and the celestial, between which, though discretely removed as they are, there is a consonance and a correspondence. They do not contradict, but they interpret, translate each other. God is not in antagonism with himself. Any revelation, then, from the celestial, contradictory of the natural, not harmonic with it, may well be deemed as mistranslated, as mistaken. Now the Word (or life and method of life) of God is operative on and from the natural plane in that varied way we find. All Science, dealing with external facts, the most divine law of Progress, and whatever exhibition we see having most to do with the outer or external, is here comprehended.

Is not Nature divine?—the nature we limitedly specify and nominate as such—the outer of this vast round world and other worlds? Either it is or is not. If it is not divine, it must be (to use rather a strong, yet expressive phrase,) *devilish*. The only devil I know of is misdirected, inverted, or extremized, power or life. And, too, the Word of God (this life and method of life) is operative, and finds speech upon and from the plane of the spiritual. That is the internal or interior, as the natural is the external or exterior. So the multi-varied ways and methods of spirit-life, the laws of progress there, its progressions and apparent retrogressions, its different exhibitions and combinations of Science and Religion (Wisdom and Love), and whatever pertains to the stretching kingdom of the internal or spiritual, harmonious or inharmonious, is a manifestation of the Word of God, just, inverted, or extremized.

But there is still another phase or sphere of this manifestation—the Celestial. In one sense that bears the same relation to the spiritual as the spiritual does to the material. Life and thought there is fine and subtle. Here are comparative and relative perfectitudes; and Science and Religion, conjugally conjoined, thence descending, give us their divine speech. It is the sphere of Harmony—is the Celestial—and God is most manifest there. Compared with the natural life and thought, this seems unreal, unsubstantial, phantasmagorial. Wondrous are the ways of God there. Thence souls descend and await incarnation, going thither again, divinely individualized there. This sphere of the operation of the Word of God has many things to say which the race is not yet fully prepared to receive, but by and by will. The triune dispensation, now being ushered in, of Truth, Love and Wisdom, ultimates thence; and even now Celestial inspirations fall, like fire-seeds of Truth, into disciplined and open and receptive souls. If we are to become Celestials, our rapid-transit destiny, we are not to become *un*-naturalists. One of the problems of the times will be and is the harmonization and unitization within men and women, of the triple Word of God—natural, spiritual and celestial. This accomplished, individuals will be divinely individualized.

A certain memorable man and seer lived and taught a century or two since—Emanuel Swedenborg—perhaps the most versatile and vastest genius of all the eras, as Christ was the greatest religious, and Socrates the greatest moral genius. With one arm he seemed to sweep around the empire of Science in the past (anticipating not a little of the present), and with the other he embraces much of a future and a Celestial Religion. He is a bridge, connecting the past with that future we tend to. But whoever walks on this bridge must keep his eyes (spiritual judgment) open, his feet (the rationalities) safe, strong-planted and, oft, poised. Grounded in prevalent theologic thought, he (Swedenborg) looked at things through the spectacles of a previous belief. We must not look at his interpretation of the Word of God through his glasses, but through our own. Clarified by the processes of rationality, they then subserve a good and useful end to us.

There the works of Swedenborg are, vast, sweeping, profoundly suggestive of thought, and opening us to Celestial views. But we must interpret them not as he exactly gives them, but by the Bible of Nature and the ascertained ways of the spiritual. It does seem as if the Divine, or the Wisdom Consiliums, permitted, for wise uses, the mixing of Error with Truth, alway. Swedenborg fulfilled his mission, as did other representative minds. He was an adaptive man,—he cannot be to us authoritative, nor can any other, till the composite Celestial shall come. Swedenborg has an interior meaning to his Word—

Concerning the interior meaning of the Word, as to which not a little markedness of opinion just now prevails: All things have interior meanings. The interior of the natural is the spiritual, and of this the celestial; but, as I have said, these meanings do not contradict, but harmonize and interpret each the other. Besides, as to any truth, no man ever yet plumbed it entirely—for a subtle co-relation and fraternality obtains in the empire of Divinities. All truths are but brothers and friends, and stand as white-browed angels and radiant, interpreters of each other. They introduce you to their diverse company, and say, most courteously, "Mr. So and So, permit me to make you acquainted with Mr. This and That." Such is the linking long drawn out of the sympathies of things and thoughts. You know *This* now, you get acquainted with *That* hereafter. This Truth I speak of and its diverse meanings—its exterior or natural, its interior or spiritual, and its inmost or celestial—is independent of man, but he not of it. The same method of reasoning which gives an interior meaning to the first book or all the books of Hebraic or Biblical Literature, *must* confer the like honor on all other so-called and really as sacred writings. Is Plato completely plumbed yet? Besides, as to antecedence and the merit thereof, the same are with Egyptian oracles and East Indian mediatorial utterances and their theologic and mythologic beliefs. The Bible, undoubtedly, has an interior and celestial meaning—so have all other national books; but the interior must not to us contradict the exterior. With what propriety can it be demanded of us, or we be called upon to accept the interior and celestial meaning of anything, unless it harmonizes, correspondentially even, with the rational or natural, and the interior or spiritual? I do not estimate either as carnal or *un*-divine. I but state the simple truth, I think, when I make the statement, that psychological states and conditions have as deep an interior meaning as any one book, or any other thing. God permits the intermixture of Error with Truth, vast, and high and fine and celestial though that be, in that men may exercise and rely upon a rationalized and spiritualized *individualism*. It is the individualizing age, as well as the inspiratory and mediatorial.

As to the *absolute* Word of God, in conclusion:—that, I think, is the Celestial, as it is the highest God-revelation man in the body can now get. That realm encompasses and sweeps around the natural and spiritual like an ocean, and hangs over them like a golden firmament. Thence man gets all of Truth—food fitted to nourish him here—if his soul, uplifted through the spiritual, demands it. Its teaching is use and harmony—the best expressions of the absolute divine. The *unitary* Word of God, or Truth in its universality, selectness and applicative use, descends from the Celestial; and the *dual* Word of God, Science and Religion—there beautifully conjoined—brings forth broods of thought-children—as messengers and cup-bearers to man, to celestialize and harmonize, and so save him.

For the Spiritual Age.

PHANTASY.

Old elfin Phantasy
Cries through infinity:

"I am a craftsman, a master, a maker,
A mighty creator, and thus I will order it!

"The low-vaulted sky shall be starless forever;
The inwedging shadows shall deepen to darkness;
The reign of that Darkness shall be everlasting.

"The mountains shall topple, shall burn, and shall thunder
Away up, away up at marvellous altitudes;
Flame-wrapt, the cones shall all wave in the upwind,
As flags of the fabulous giants of chaos.

"The meandering rivers shall crawl irredescently
Down through the darkness, as sea-seeking reptiles,
Instinctively down to the infinite water-waste.

"The wild, lighted waters of the magical ocean
Shall curl up cloud-clasping,
In zephyrless silence—
The billows shall roll up, and roll up, and spread out,
Their vast sheets of splendor on the black sands and ledges!

"The plant-spangled valleys, the flowers gigantic,
The stream-spanning vines, and the far-spreading mosses,
The ferns and the lichens, shall come forth anew
From a thousand miraculous cycles and seasons,
Embellished with upflowing fires unquenchable.

"The fanciful forests, root-writhing, fantastical,
Flashing, sky-climbing,
In fiery garniture,
Luminous-limbed,
Intertangled, shall flutter,
And leaf out, and blossom, in fiery frondescence!

"Shifting incessantly,
Seared not, unquenchable,
All things shall pass on through phases stupendous—
The world shall be sheeted in vividest scenery!"

Foolish old Phantasy, prythee, be quieted!
Cheerful, intelligent creatures of hopefulness
Could not inhabit thy terrible wilderness—
Could not exist in thy phantasmagoria—
Could not survive through a *world's* self-sufficiency—
See sun nor sign, by the world's light or darkness, nor
See the wide firmament of *Life Everlasting.*

Man must be cherished, illumined, enlightened,
By the Love, Light, and Wisdom, of all that is over him. F. W.

HABIT.—Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere. As I have heard suggested, it is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall be able to combat the bad ones.—*Jerrold.*

TRUTH.—He who in this world resolves to speak only the truth, will speak only what is too good for the mass of mankind to understand, and will be persecuted accordingly.

Great men are like great rivers in winter, that break through the fetters and frigid restraints which bind the smaller streams.

For the Spiritual Age.

GEORGE FOX;

HIS SPIRITUAL INSIGHT AND POWER—HEALING GIFTS—PRESCIENCE—SIMILARITY TO MODERN EXPERIENCES.

In many Quaker families one finds in the household-library eight fair-sized volumes, bound in the plainest calf, and lettered on the back in the simplest style, "Works of George Fox." They are much read by the more intelligent and earnest-hearted; but in many cases the dust gathers on them, as it does often on the "Evangelical Family Library," and books of kindred stamp bought by those of other sects because the minister commends them and they furnish a cheap advertisement and certificate of godliness.

The "Journal" fills most of the two first volumes—a narration in a style of quaint simplicity and manly frankness of the anguish and travail of soul of the writer's youth; of his long years of effort as a preacher; his trials, sufferings and imprisonments,—all counted as naught for Truth's sake,—and the rapid growth of the "precious seed," the wondrous spread of the "inner light," the precious conversion of many "tender souls." Two hundred years have given their verdict in favor of the sincere earnestness and great power of George Fox, and his name is almost clothed with apostolic sanctity, not only among Friends, but with many who would not class themselves as his followers.

Unlearned as he was in the lore of the schools, he had that wondrous power over men, that a large and genial soul, rich in intuition, ready to "follow the light," and roused to earnest action on the highest questions that affect or awaken humanity must exert. We may differ from some of his views—we may see his errors—but we can see him as one of the world's benefactors, earnest, strong, truthful, inspired.

His spiritual experience, his insight into the souls of others, his prescience, his healing powers, his hearing voices, and going here and there in obedience to inward promptings are strikingly like modern mediumship; and it is singular how many who accept his experience as true will be so wholly skeptical and even ridicule that of others so like it.

For instance, he tells of coming to Litchfield: "Then I was commanded of the Lord to pull off my shoes. I stood still, for it was winter; and the word of the Lord was like a fire unto me.

"Then I walked about a mile, and as soon as I got within the city the word of the Lord came anto me—'Cry, wo to the bloody city of Litchfield!'

"So I went up and down the streets and into the market-place, and cried, 'Wo to the bloody city of Litchfield!'

"As I went, there seemed to be a channel of blood through the streets.

"When I had declared what was upon me, and felt myself at peace, I went out of the town. Afterward I came to understand that in the Emperor Dioclesian's time a thousand Christians were martyred there.

"So the sense of their blood was upon me, and I obeyed the word of the Lord."

Many a staid Quaker would call anything occurring to-day, one-half as absurd as this, apparently, the vilest delusion. But who shall say what gleam of spiritual light was in the soul of Fox in this matter? or what may be in other souls?

As an instance of his wondrous power over others—

"While I was in Beverly a great woman came to Justice Hotham about some business. She told him, 'The last Sabbath,' as she called it, 'there came an angel or spirit into the church, and spoke the wonderful things of God to the astonishment of all that were there; and when it had done it passed away; but it astonished all—priest, professors and magistrates.'

"This relation Hotham afterwards gave me."

He always deemed himself guided in these things by Deity, and had little idea of aid or counsel from immortal beings in the spirit-world.

In Leicester a servant came with a rapier in his hand and stood with raised weapon to thrust him through. He says, "I looked steadfastly at him and said, "Alack for thee, poor creature! What wilt thou with thy weapon? It is no more than straw."

The sword dropped—the fearlessness of a man relying on Right conquered.

In Nottinghamshire a voice was heard: "The Lord showed me that the natures of those things which were hurtful without, were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The natures of dogs, swine, vipers, of Sodom, Pharaoh, Cain, &c.—the natures of these I saw within, though people had been looking without. I cried to the Lord, 'Why should I be thus, seeing I never was addicted to these evils?' And the Lord answered, 'It was needful I should have a sense of all conditions; how else should I speak to all conditions?' In this saw I the infinite love of God. As I was walking by the steeple-house in Mansfield, the Lord said unto me, 'That which people trample on must be thy food.' And as the Lord spake, he opened unto me that people and professors trampled on the life of Christ and fed upon words, living in airy notions."

Again, at Ulverstone, at the home of Margaret Fell, a woman of high repute, when asked to go to a church to speak, he walked in the field and the word came, "Go to the steeple-house."

These things remind us of the voice on the banks of the Hudson coming to the waiting mind of A. J. Davis.

The correspondence between scorpions, &c., and the condition of the soul, carries us back to Swedenborg; and we find too, something of the sublimely beautiful insight of Plato in the glimpse of perception that the external and material is but the prototype of the internal and pre-existing ideal.

The gift of healing—the wondrous magnetic and psychological power, are yet simply natural, obedient to which the spiritual life-currents flow temperately in their accustomed channels, giving health to the body—was his too.

"I went to a meeting at Arnside, where Richard Myers was, who had been a long time lame of one arm. I was moved of the Lord to say to him amongst all the people, 'Stand upon thy legs.' And he stood up and stretched out his arm and said, 'Be it known unto you all people that this day I am healed.'

"He came soon after to Swartmore meeting and declared how the Lord had healed him."

When on his visit to America one Captain Batts, a man of note in Carolina, asked him of a woman who had been given over by physicians and healed by prayer and laying on of hands. He replied, "We do not glory in such things, but many such have been done by the power of Christ."

It is not strange that with such gifts and his spiritual power many heard him gladly, or that his own heart should glow with that warmth of feeling that led him to declare after a great meeting at Waterdale, "Largely and feelingly did I declare the word of life unto them."

He says, "The Lord hath given me a spirit of discerning, by which I many times saw the states and conditions of people, and could try their spirits."

After an interview with Cromwell, then Lord Proctor—he says, "As I was turning he caught me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said: 'Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer each other;' adding he wished me no ill."

Some time after, "Taking boat I went to Kingston, and thence to Hampton Court to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of the Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, he bid me come to his house.

I went next day to Hampton Court to have spoken further with him. But when I came he was sick, and the doctors were not willing. So I passed away and never saw him more."

This remarkable fact, as well as some others, is mentioned by other writers.

Thus I have given a few among many instances of the gifts of this remarkable man. The candid and thinking mind will see the likeness to the phenomena of our day, and perhaps learn therefrom that the spiritual world has been ever waiting to lend light and aid to those here who were seeking for truth and obedient to their own souls' highest behests.

Possibly some may decide that it is as well to recognize the marvellous beauty of spiritual power manifested among us now as to see it only through the mellowed light of centuries.

G. S. STEBBINS.

PROGRESSION.

Our evil propensities follow, like rabid dogs, along the pathway of every footstep we make toward the divine and eternal good. Beware, then, of serpents; beware of dogs, we would continually say, and beware of reliance on any theological charms or talismans that would hinder your renunciation of their company or power. But renounce them, and your repented sins will become as bracelets girding your character, and every additional virtue will but add a gem of spirit-brilliancy to your soul, giving to what would have been a scale to the festering reptile, the hue of the brightest topaz and emerald. Neither in this life nor that to come can I hope a forgiveness for any sin not repented of; no sin is repented of, the habit of which is not changed. Can words express the incentive of a truth like this to help us to avoid a retrograde life and inspire us to advance in that eternal progression for which our nature was designed by its beneficent Creator, and in which alone he has ordained its highest happiness?

Progression! yes, progression; a word not merely to be wondered at but to be revered by all honest minds. Hypocrisy may decry it; delusion may cover it with a mask; pride may contemn it; but it is the only cure of error; the only offer of freedom from woe; the only light that leads you from the prison walls of superstition and bigotry. It shines on the pathway of unending felicity. Its light is the light of God to man, and in man. And it will shine on; our little ones will yet bask in its rays; our aged ones will yearn for its future revealings, until the remotest boundaries of our earth shall chaunt its glory, and angels come down to send upward the song of an everlasting jubilee of liberty and love.—*J. B. Ferguson.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

SCIENCE BEHIND THE TIMES.

The recent Festival of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard was the occasion of an expose of the fact that the University is, in some important particulars, entirely behind the age. The fact itself will not, we apprehend, excite any great surprise. Indeed, the arrogant and dogmatic opposition of some of its Professors to many of the best attested and the most astounding physical and mental phenomena that have ever arrested the attention of mankind, seemed to justify the conclusion that they preferred undisturbed repose beneath the shadows of the Past to intelligent activity in the light of the Present. But we certainly had not anticipated—from such unquestionable authority—this speedy confirmation of our suspicions, knowing, as we do, that among the precious secrets of learned men the knowledge of their own ignorance is usually held most sacred and inviolable. But while the facts escaped and took an airing at the late Festival, they are not so likely to escape the world's observation. It appears that although the Harvard Library is the largest in this country, by several thousand volumes, yet its recent contributions have been rather miscellaneous and exceedingly limited, compared with the rapid increase of new books and the growing intellectual demands of the age. In the department of the Latin Professorship, since 1842, no particular effort has been made to keep pace with the times, by the addition of recently published works. The Professor thus exposes the poverty of the Institution:

"The Latin department of the Library *is therefore sixteen years behindhand*. The scholar of 1842 found his wants tolerably well supplied. The scholar of 1858 will seek in vain for the various philological, linguistic, archæological and historical works which the unremitting activity of the past sixteen years has produced."

In the Historical department, Old Harvard is leading the world at a similar rate and in the same direction, as will appear from the following brief extract from the testimony of the Chair of History:

"On that subject it will suffice to say, that the last considerable sum at the disposal of the College for that department *was expended ten years ago or more*, and that those ten years have been a period of great activity in this branch of inquiry."

The Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Political Economy, tells the same story. The student is required to pass in review the same great army of defunct authors, much of whose mental and moral science might as well have been buried with their bones. The gentleman who occupies the Chair of this department, has a few recent works in his own private library, through which the students occasionally draw instruction *from the living world*, and without which they would be left to uninterrupted communion with the dead. Here is what the scientific gentleman who presides over this department has to say:

"The sciences which I am expected to teach are progressive sciences; every year, almost every month, something new respecting them appears from the English, French and German Press. The Professor is expected to keep abreast with the advancing tide, to know the latest word which has been uttered in the philosophy of human nature. * * It is hardly fair to expect him to buy books out of his scanty income; *but I believe my own private collection is considerably richer in recent works than the Public Library.* The students sometimes come to me for the loan of books which cannot be had elsewhere, and it is but seldom that I can aid them. I would gladly compound the matter, and give up the hope of supplying present deficiencies, or of obtaining the works which have been already published, if means could only be provided to keep pace with the Press in future, or to purchase each coming year the publications of that year only."

Altogether it would seem that Harvard is rapidly becoming a museum of antiquities, and that very soon its Professors will only be expected to keep and exhibit the fossil remains of other men's ideas, many of which have been demonstrated, by more recent discoveries, to have been born of misconception and nursed in the lap of ignorance. What would be thought of the Agriculturist and the Mechanic who should pretend to do business and compete with their neighbors while in the knowledge of principles and the use of instruments they were "*sixteen years behindhand*"? More especially, how would the world treat their pretensions if they were to set themselves up as teachers of mankind in general, including those who have kept pace with the world, and have already availed themselves of the more modern improvements in their respective departments? And yet a learned Professor at Harvard undertakes to teach certain "*progressive sciences*," while *it is but seldom that he can aid the student* who seeks instruction at his hands; and what is still worse, he rather complacently "*gives up the hope of supplying present deficiencies.*" To secure the honors of the chief University in the land, one must expect to make all necessary and reasonable sacrifices; and there may be some consolation in the reflection, that *those who graduate at that Institution will only be set back from ten to sixteen years behind the world!*

YOUNG MISSES LEADING THE OLD SAVANS.

For several years past our young ladies in city and country have amused themselves and others by lighting the gas with electrical sparks emitted from their own delicate fingers. The *modus operandi* of doing this consists in moving over a Brussels or velvet carpet, with a rapid sliding or shuffling step, and then instantly applying the end of the finger to the gas-burner while the gas is escaping. Such carpets being partial insulators, the electricity excited by the friction is diffused over the body, and on touching the metalic burner (which is a good conductor) it is *disruptively discharged*, the spark at once igniting the carbureted hydrogen. We submit the substance of what Professor Loomis has to say, respecting the conditions necessary to be observed in order to insure success in the experiment. We copy from the *Daily Times:*

"1. A low temperature of the external air. Electricity is not abundant unless the thermometer is below 32°. 2. A high temperature of the interior of the house, accompanied by dryness of the air. Houses heated by furnaces are more favorable than others, probably because the atmosphere throughout the building is more uniformly free from dampness. 3. A thick and substantial woolen carpet. With a bare floor no electricity is produced. An ingrain carpet is but little better. With a Brussels carpet the electricity begins to be abundant, and a heavy velvet carpet is the best of all. The carpet serves as an insulator. 4. A dry slipper, with a thin sole, is the most favorable to successful experimenting. A boot or shoe, with a moist sole, succeeds but poorly. A thick sole is not so favorable, because it is more likely to be moist; and also because, if it were dry, its thickness would interfere with communication of electricity to the body as rapidly as it were excited. Ladies, from being confined to the house more than gentlemen, have their thinner shoes freer from moisture, and succeed better in exciting electricity. Professor L. is decidedly of the opinion that the electricity is excited by the friction of a leather shoe upon a woolen carpet. No particular quality of the dress is essential. Although silk dresses prevent the electricity accumulating upon the body from being dissipated, they are by no means necessary. A paper from Professor St. John on the same subject, strengthens these conclusions."

Thus, after the fact is generally known, and the experiment has even had its day as *a popular amusement*, the *savans* all at once make the important discovery and proceed to give us their learned disquisitions in Professor Silliman's *Journal* and elsewhere. Behold how Science does progress! St. John has probably been shuffling with the girls, of late; and the grave Professor Loomis, after going through with the same process, entertains us with a cool explanation of the philosophy of scientific "sparking," in "a high temperature" and with *delicate soles!*

S. B. B.

OUR VACATION.

It may not be known to all the readers of the AGE, that the undersigned, since the famous Rutland Convention, has been sojourning among the hills of Northern New England, in the pursuit of rest and recuperation. It would have afforded us pleasure to have communicated some sketches of our ramblings for the entertainment of our readers, had not the demand for a total relaxation of mental labor seemed imperative. It must now suffice to say, that our vacation has been mainly occupied in ranging the "grand old woods," climbing mountain peaks, bathing in upland streams, angling for trout in crystal brooks (we don't say *catching*, but prefer leaving it to friends Landon and Toohey to tell *what* was caught!) swinging the scythe, handling the rake, pitchfork and hoe, and sundry other athletic amusements peculiar to the rural districts.

We have had the privilege, during this tour, of taking the warm hands and enjoying the generous hospitalities of many old friends and some new ones. Among those to whom we feel specially indebted for tokens of kindness, we would mention Messrs. Landon and Weeks, of Rutland, Vt; Dr. S. G. Perkins and lady, of Castleton; Mr. and Mrs. Townsend of Bridgewater; Mr. and Mrs. Simmons of Woodstock; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walker, of Claremont, N. H.; Mr. George Watkins and Mr. Enoch Currier, with their families, of Warner; and Mr. D. Gilchrist, of Franklin. May each and all of these,—and many others who we are confident lacked only the opportunity to make equal manifestations of good-will,—be abundantly recompensed in both temporal and spiritual things.

Among the places visited which afforded us special gratification, were the homes of those heralds of the Spiritual Gospel who have been so greatly instrumental in kindling the altar fires of a new faith on the hill-tops of the Green Mountain State—Miss Sprague, Mrs. Townsend, and Mr. Simmons.

The first, unfortunately for us, was absent from home; but as we passed through Plymouth, Vt., on one of the most delightful mountain rides we ever enjoyed, we were shown the modest white cottage among the trees which she purchased with her own earnings as a public speaker, and where, from the same source, she has maintained with filial devotion her aged parents. (One of these, her father, as our readers have been informed, has recently been called to the other life.)

Mrs. Townsend resides in a beautiful valley, between two lofty mountain ranges, and on the banks of a branch of the lovely Quechee, near its junction with the latter. Her husband is a young farmer, seeking by laborious industry to become the possessor of the estate which he occupies. We found Mrs. T. mistress of a neat little farm-house, and not only mistress but servant—performing with commendable democratic independence, the humbler domestic duties as well as hospitalities of the mansion, besides answering calls nearly every Sunday to speak the truths of a higher life to public audiences in the neighborhood or at a distance. We commend this example to the notice of those imbecile devotees of fashionable religion, who never dream of attaining such freedom and self-reliance as to be capable of ministering to their own physical necessities, much less of preaching, or even thinking for themselves!

Mr. Simmons and his amiable companion we found occupying a most delightfully retired and romantic situation, elevated as far above the common haunts of men as is their plane of spiritual life. Mr. S. is an independent farmer, owning and tilling with his own hands an estate redeemed from the primeval forests by his ancestors. After following the laborious occupations of the farm during the week, he is usually called upon on the Sabbath to stand up as a mouth-piece for disembodied intelligences, often uttering thoughts which greatly disturb the equanimity of fogydom. Mr. Simmons' experience in Spiritualism commenced at an early date, and he has borne the heat and burden of an intense period of obloquy and opposition. But by a manly and blameless life he has lived down all indignities, and now enjoys the personal respect and esteem of his townsmen, however earnestly they may repudiate his Spiritualistic faith.

We had the pleasure of visiting also, for the first time, the famous medicinal spring at West Henniker, N. H. The virtues of this spring, it will be recollected, were discovered by spirit agency,—being pointed out to an invalid gentleman from Cincinnati, through a medium at New York, at a time when its waters were used only to supply a horse-trough at the roadside. This gentleman (Mr. Goodman), in gratitude for the benefits received by himself, purchased the spring, erected a platform and curb over it, and dedicated it to the use of humanity forever. We were told that the water is now used by many of the inhabitants of the neighboring region, for its recognized medicinal value in scrofulous and other diseases, while many barrels of it have been transported to great distances. It is visited almost daily by more or less of pilgrims from various quarters, many of whom would remain for days and weeks, could they find suitable quarters at the place; but as yet no accommodations exist in the immediate vicinity for the entertainment of boarders or visitors. A suitable hotel or boarding-house would doubtless be well sustained; and it seems singular that no one has had the enterprise to provide such a house. A platform with seats for fifty or more persons has been built under the trees between the spring and the Contoocook river which flows close by, forming a most romantic location. Here assemblies have often convened on Sunday to listen to addresses on Spiritualism. Such a gathering is to take place next Sunday.

But the space assigned us will admit of no further details. We are happy to say that the end sought in this tour has been in some measure attained—though we have found it vain to expect that the exhaustion resulting from years of almost incessant mental toil, should be wholly compensated by a single month's respite. Duty to our associates and to our readers, however, seems to require that we resume the labors of the sanctum, and we hope by another week to have fully adjusted ourself to the editorial harness. Numerous favors from correspondents, which have been reserved for our personal attention, will receive notice as speedily as practicable. A. E. N.

DECLINE OF PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

AT THE SEPULCHER. The crucifixion was not alone associated with the person and life of Jesus. Many of the churches founded in his name are being "put to death" by the unprogressive, sectarian and intolerant spirit of those who govern these outward institutions. Without such essential modifications as shall adapt them to the increased light and progressive tendencies of the age, they cannot be sustained. It is well-known that the masculine intellect of the country stands without the consecrated pale. It is but four days since we heard of a church in Rhode Island that had *not one male member*. Paul, in discussing the relations and privileges of men and women with respect to the church, says, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." (I Tim. 2: 12).

If the authority of Paul be respected, the minister will of necessity have to do all the teaching in that parish. It is also obvious that no charge against the ladies—founded on the Apostle's second specification—could be sustained; and, moreover, if the women obey Paul and "learn in silence with all subjection," the church in Rhode Island may confidently anticipate a very quiet time.

The following paragraph from the New York *Daily Times*, indicates that the church in Maine is progressing at a similar rate, and in the same direction:

A pastor in Maine writes to the *Inquirer* that he is left almost alone in the work in his parish; that his Sunday School has no Superintendent, and none is likely, as the office has been offered to every fit man in the Parish—that his Sunday School needs teachers—that the Church has no deacon—and that he needs *one* man in the evening meeting to prevent it from becoming "an incipient maternal meeting."

Now if a church cannot be properly constituted without a *deacon*, the Maine church is of course disorganized and *dead*; and if women have no right to speak in church, it follows that no one is prepared to meet the improbable contingency of voting in a new member; nor is any one authorized to vote out the old pastor. He can, therefore, hold his place *ad libitum*, provided his "lease of life" does not run out. As there is *not even one man in meeting*, and the ladies, according to Paul and Doesticks, have "nothing to say," the parson is sure to have everything in his own way, *with the possible exception of the payment of his own salary.*

LECTURES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

WARNER.

On Sunday, July 18th, the undersigned spoke on Spiritualism at the above-named place. The Universalist meeting-house was freely opened for the purpose, and good audiences, embracing some of the most intelligent minds of that and adjacent towns, listened to our addresses with evident interest. Warner has had, for many years, a little band of earnest and intelligent believers in spirit-communion, who have been accustomed to meet in private circles; but until recently no one who could act in the capacity of a public speaker. Lately their need in this respect has been supplied in a way unlooked for, though not uncommon. A lady—a Mrs. Hardy, residing in the neighborhood where the circles were held—who had been an earnest and conscientious opposer of Spiritualism, being a rigid member of a sectarian church, was suddenly arrested in her opposition by a dream, or vision, produced evidently by spiritual interference, and was induced to attend the circle. She was speedily entranced, and has since been used as the mouth-piece of invisible intelligences, much to the gratification and edification of those who hear. Meetings are regularly held at private houses on Sundays, at which from sixty to seventy persons are often present; and the whole neighborhood is becoming pervaded by spiritualistic sentiments. Mrs. Hardy is also employed successfully as an instrument in treating disease, by invisible practitioners.

FRANKLIN.

At this place we spoke on Sunday, July 25th, to large audiences. Spiritualism has obtained a strong hold upon the intelligence and influence of the town. Previous to last winter it had made little progress here. At that time, the question was brought up for discussion in the village lyceum. The officiating clergymen of the place united their forces to "wipe out" the "delusion." The side of Spiritualism was ably sustained by Mr. Gilchrist, merchant, and Mr. Elliott, formerly a clergyman. The debate was continued three evenings, before crowded houses, and with great excitement. The clergymen were so hotly pressed with facts as to be constrained to admit the phenomena, without being able to give any satisfactory explanation of them. The result was, that so far from Spiritualism being exterminated, mediums began to multiply in the town, till at least a dozen—some of them church-members—are now known to be instruments of spirit-manifestation in various forms, and believers have increased accordingly.

Mr. Elliott, whose name is mentioned above, and whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making, some years since was a preacher of the Christian denomination. Becoming dissatisfied with the popular theology, he had mostly vacated the pulpit and engaged in secular business. Recently Spiritualism arrested his attention. After a careful investigation, he found not only that it was based in fact, but that it furnished light to clear up the fogs and darkness in which his mind had long been shrouded. He now contemplates devoting a part of his time and energies to the public advocacy of spiritual truth, and is to speak at Henniker Spring on Sunday next. He may be addressed as follows: J. Elliott, Franklin, N. H. A. E. N.

OVERTHROWN BY THE GIANT.—President Mahan has been overthrowing Spiritualism in Battle Creek, Mich. The result is, the cause there was never in a more flourishing condition. Immediately following his efforts a list of *thirty-two* subscribers to the AGE was raised in the place, with a fair prospect of speedy additions to the number. Thanks, kind sir! Will you have the goodness to overthrow Spiritualism in a few more places? We wish you good health and abundant success.

LIGHT ON THE TADPOLES.—The editor of the New York *Daily Times*, in commenting on the decision of our great Naturalist to reject the munificent offers of Imperial France, and to remain in this country, is especially inclined to felicitate himself on the occasion, because "there is a rich abundance of embryonic mammalia, and a fruitful yield of promising tadpoles yet undescribed. Who can enlighten us on these subjects so ably as Professor Agassiz?"

SATAN IN AN ORTHODOX PULPIT.

On Sunday morning, 24th ult., the Baptist church in Middleboro' was the scene of events not on the regular programme—events indeed strangely anomalous to the sober precincts of the sectarian sanctuary. The exercises on the occasion alluded to, opened with the usual formal prayer, *long* enough unquestionably to reach the far-off heaven to which it was addressed, and sufficiently *dry* if ever required as tinder in the other place; after which a sermon was put forth, designed doubtless to annihilate Spiritualism. The speaker, a Calvinist of the old stamp, had proceeded but a few moments when the attention of every person in the assembly was arrested by certain strange sounds, at first faint, but continuing to increase in loudnesss until the whole congregation was set astir with curiosity and excitement. These mysterious rappings were heard from all parts of the house, even from the sacred precincts of *the pulpit*. The preacher was so disconcerted that he could with difficulty proceed with his sermon, and once in fact came to a halt saying, "Well, really my friends, I don't know what is the matter this morning!"

The strange noises continued at intervals throughout the services, sometimes slight, and at others loud and heavy, resembling the muffled beating of a distant drum. But perhaps the strangest part of the matter was the intelligence displayed. When certain obnoxious sentiments were advanced, one loud rap signifying NO! was heard reverberating through the house; and as here and there a grain of wheat was dropped from the forty bushel baskets of the speaker's weeds and tares, a continuous rapid succession of raps followed as a token of approval.

The church presented at one time quite an unusual spectacle. Good brothers got up and went out to ascertain if these rappings could be traced to some cause outside the house; many of the people were stretching their necks in the direction of the gallery, while those in the gallery were peering down below; good old ladies might be seen fidgeting about in their seats, while some younger and more nervous, showed evident symptoms of hysteria. Altogether the event was one that will not soon be forgotten by the witnesses.

Some cool heads in the audience found a solution of the mystery in the fact that Mrs. J. W. Currier, the spirit medium was present, and though quietly seated in the pew of a friend, listening to the good minister's discourse, yet the Invisibles had for some purpose of their own been enabled thus to signify their presence, and assume a part in the proceedings. This explanation would seem to remove all difficulty, unless the Orthodox method of accounting for these marvels be correct, namely, that these manifestations are all the work of the *Devil*,—in which case do tell us how in the name of the Thirty-nine Articles, Infant Damnation, Election and Reprobation, did the Devil get into this Orthodox pulpit!

The Flaming Sword and the Doomed City.

It appears that the ancient Jerusalem was not the only doomed city whose destruction has been prophetically represented by the appearance of the same startling and significant symbol. The Salt Lake city *News* of the date of May 26, contains the following curious story:

"This morning, at twenty minutes past 1 o'clock, we saw a most singular appearance in the meridian over this city. A red stream of light issued from the heavens, as though the sun was enveloped in a cloud. It resembled the tail of a comet, but in a few moments assumed the shape of a sword of massive dimensions, lying horizontally, and pointing due east. The shape was quite perfect, the hilt much brighter than the blade, and variegated like a rainbow. The moon stood southwest. There was a ring formed around it of a reddish color, but not so bright as the sword, through which ran two lines forming a cross, the one pointing to the earth extending, apparently, about two feet below the circle. On the west side of the circle there was a smaller sword, of fainter colors, pointing northwest.

This appearance was kept up for fifteen minutes, without any alteration, after which the ring around the moon assumed the shape of a belt, and then disappeared. The color of the sword then grew lighter; after which this magnificent sight disappeared altogether at 1: 44.

The atmosphere was perfectly calm and the moon shone out as beautifully as ever.

It is impossible to describe the awfully grand appearance of this singular spectacle—the sword hanging over this almost deserted city, with its point ominously extending toward the east, while the silence of death reigned all around.

JOHN M. BROWNE, LEO HAWKING, J. V. LONG, G. CLEMENTS.

The Philanthropic Convention.

NEW YORK, July 29th, 1858.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—Last week Mr. Davis wrote you concerning a proposed Convention to be held ere long at Utica, N. Y. He is now able to inform you and your readers that the committee have succeeded in making arrangements for the Convention to be held in Mechanic's Hall, Utica, Oneida Co., N. Y., on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September next. This hall is convenient and commodious, holding probably from fifteen hundred to two thousand people; the friends of Reform in Utica and vicinity will do all in their power to entertain strangers and aid the objects of the Convention; and the locality of that city is so central that Reformers from all quarters can reach it readily and at small expense.

The purpose of this assemblage will be, as Mr. Davis stated last week, to consider "THE CAUSE AND CURE OF EVIL;" and it is his earnest desire that the true friends of Humanity, of whatever nation, sex or creed, should meet on the open field of free expression, discourse and discussion, that thereby truths may be eliminated by means of which this vast human wilderness of sin and suffering may be made to "blossom as the rose."

The Call for the Convention is being extensively circulated for signatures, and encouraging letters are coming to us like the whispered words of angels, from many an earnest worker in the holy cause of Humanity.

We think that by next week the Call will be ready for the AGE, and then *the age* will *call* for the truest thoughts and freest expression of its noble men and women. Yours, for the millions,

MARY F. DAVIS.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN A MEETING-HOUSE.—Under this head the Namasket *Gazette* publishes the following paragraph respecting the occurrences in Middleboro' referred to elsewhere in this paper:

On Sabbath forenoon, July 25, 1858, the religious services of the Congregational Church at Middleboro' Corners, conducted by Rev. I. C. Thacher, were disturbed by repeated and loud raps. It was annoying to the minister, who stopped several times in his discourse. Once he said, "I don't know what is the matter here to-day." Investigation proved the sounds to come from a certain Spiritualist lecturer. Comment on such transactions, during the light of the nineteenth century, is unnecessary.

Will the *Gazette* inform us *what* investigation was had that *proved* the sounds to come from a "certain *lecturer*"?

NEW MUSIC.—Higgins Bros., 45 Lake street, Chicago, have just published the following vocal pieces: "Two on Earth, and Two in Heaven," "She came an Angel bright to me," and "Scatter the Gems of the Beautiful,"—the first a song, the other two quartetts. They are pleasing pieces, with easy accompaniments. Everything in the musical line is furnished by these gentlemen with promptness and dispatch.

SKETCH OF MRS. HYZER'S EXPERIENCE.

The following is an outline of the statement made by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, at the Melodeon on the 18th ult., in compliance with a request from some of the audience.

Just eight years have passed away since I first learned that such a subject as Spiritualism was agitating the public mind; and then I only heard of it through that portion of the press which manufactures nothing concerning it but anathemas and prophecies of the fearful inroads it was destined to make upon the morality and harmony of society, and the discord and wretchedness which its influence invariably brought into every department of domestic relationship. Therefore I resolved to repel all approaches of it as I would fortify myself if possible against the approach of cholera or yellow fever.

At the expiration of two years from the period named, during which my physical powers had become prostrated by disease, and my mind thereby rendered so excitable that the slightest demand upon its energies frequently resulted in nervous spasms through the whole system, a sister, residing in Ohio, whom we had not seen for more than ten years, and who had become a Spiritualist, announced to us by letter that we might soon expect a visit from her. Dearly as I loved her, I dreaded her return, for I so feared the contaminating influence which as a Spiritualist she might bring with her. She came, but knowing my weakness and bitter opposition to the subject, she never in my presence made any allusion to it. I had begun to feel quite strong in the belief that I had power in my great love of truth and trust in God, to withstand the great moral contagion, when to my great horror I learned that this dear sister had become a *medium!* Through her my mother, brothers and sisters, were every day receiving such proofs of the presence of the departed, and of their power to communicate with the children of the earth-sphere, that they could not well succeed in concealing from me the joy and peace thus newly born within them. Feeling that they were all becoming Spiritualists, and that I stood all alone in my defence of truth, as far as family sympathy was concerned, save that my husband in his great tenderness and solicitude for me, withheld himself from investigation, I became more resolute in my opposition, yet every day more fearfully prostrated by the nervous suffering which was so rapidly wearing my life away. At this crisis, my sister received a communication from the spirit-world purporting to have proceeded from Dr. Franklin, which, as nearly as I can remember, said thus:

"Your dear sister will soon pass from you unless aid can at once be brought her. She is so perfectly destitute of magnetic action that without some medium of magnetism between her and ourselves, we cannot reach her. If we could once get control of her *mind* we could not only restore her to health, but make her a most useful instrument in the great work of spiritualizing humanity. The *thistle* contains more magnetism than other plant that we can now procure for her. Obtain it, make a strong tea of the root, and if possible induce her to drink it. We will be present, and will endeavor to get control of her through it."

My mother and brother were delegated to treat with me regarding the matter. They only informed me that it was a prescription for my nervous weakness, withholding from me that portion of the communication which related to my mediumistic nature. I firmly refused to drink it, and not until my mother with tearful eyes said to me, "Will you not drink it for *my sake*?" did I yield in the slightest degree to their persuasions. I replied, I will drink for your sake, mother, but remember that when I place the cup to my lips I drink to God's living truth, speaking through your love to me, but with a perfect abhorrence of the *source* from whence the prescription is said to emanate. I drank, and instantaneously my whole physical structure received a shock like that received from the force of a galvanic battery; the pain from which I had been so long and so intensely suffering, passed away, and joy, inexpressible joy seemed to fall like a baptism over my whole being.

My mother seeing my deathly paleness exclaimed, "My child, what ails you?"

I replied, "I do not know; I only know that I am well again. My pain has all left me and my mind is at rest. I am happier too than ever before in my life. It seems to me that the world is full of beauty and every body in it is so lovely. I believe this is a spiritual influence, and that I have been foolishly, ignorantly contending against angel-ministrations, and now they have succeeded in showing me my darkness and saving me from myself."

At this moment my brother came into my room and I sprang past my mother who stood weeping in her joy, threw myself into his arms and cried, "My brother, I am a Spiritualist!" and while his tears of gratitude mingled with my own, he drew me still closer to his affectionate heart and exclaimed, "Thank God! my sister is free!"

And from that hour I was free to grow, and day by day did I realize more and more deeply the vital beauty of that growth. My physical health was restored to its former condition, and my nervous system became more vigorous and evenly balanced than at any time in my life before, while deeper and clearer continued to flow the stream of my interior experiences.

Tests of the presence of our departed loved ones were often given through me by impression, and at the expiration of two years, I became most suddenly and unexpectedly influenced to improvise both music and poetry. I was not controlled mechanically to play, but tunes accompanied by appropriate poetry would float into my mind and I could at once find the external correspondence upon the melodeon. I have no knowledge whatever of the science of music, and never played until taught by inspiration. My development in this direction became very rapid, and I soon became influenced to improvise poems to those who were perfect strangers to me; not only descriptive, in a most accurate manner, of their character, but also identifying their spirit friends who inspired me to sing to them thus. At length, from going before the public to sing for lecturers who came to labor among us, I found myself influenced to pour forth the spiritual philosophy as well as poetry and music, and that too, without any externally manifested controlment, or without thought of who would approve or disapprove of my movements; but I went forth impelled by the great tide of joy that flooded my interior nature. My soul was too full of new life to be restrained by the artificial barriers thrown up by the external critic who lives upon the deficiencies in the external education of public laborers in this promulgation of truth, just as the lawyer lives upon the inharmonies of his fellow beings; neither did I stop to inquire of my sisters in the great human family, whether it would be delicate or not for *woman* to speak the *truth*. But like the warbler in the forests of my dear Vermont, I sped on my way in obedience to the vital promptings of joy and love within my soul.

The joyous song bird doth not ask
Who his sweet song shall hear;
For his glad soul it is no task
To sing so sweetly clear;
His nature glows with joy, and so he sings—
It bids him fly, and so he spreads his wings.

The morning sun waits not to see
On whom its rays will fall
Before it shines—its light is free,
And goeth forth to all;
Its inmost nature is to warm and bless,
Whether we mortals prize it more or less.

And the great heart-throbs of rapture awakened in the bosoms of those who knew not where to look for departed treasures, but who through my inspirations have not only grasped the hands of cherished ones beyond the dark waters of transition, but who have thereby grasped the great truth of immortality, more than repays me for all the chills or storms that may sweep over my pinions in their flight. So on I speed, only resting in action, and without thought of resigning my mission till the Eternal resigns his claim to the universe.

MISS HARDINGE INDISPOSED.—It is with regret that we inform our readers that Miss Emma Hardinge is at present suffering with a severe attack of quincy. A note from her physician informs us that she will be obliged to suspend her efforts at public speaking for two or three weeks. It was with reluctance that she yielded to the necessity of disappointing her friends at Worcester last Sunday, and that she is obliged to withdraw her appointment at Providence. We hope she will soon be able to resume those labors of love and usefuiness in which she so much delights.

A sweet cherub in visible form was welcomed to the arms of Mrs. Emma F. J. Bullene, on the 20th ult. May the child prove as great a blessing to the world as is his mother—we need express no better wish.

Correspondence.

Jottings of a Trip to the Provinces.

LOWER HORTON, N. S., July 26, 1858.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—In accordance with the promise made to you before leaving Boston, I send you a few memoranda, made by the way. I am fully aware that your paper is devoted to the dissemination of spiritual intelligence and the elucidation of its phenomena; but as we cannot live by bread alone, I have entertained the thought, that perhaps a descriptive letter, though somewhat fanciful in its tone, might not be a serious infliction upon your kind readers, even at this heated season. Acting upon this conviction, I send you this letter, to be disposed of as you may think proper.

You are already aware we left Boston in the steamer "Eastern City," Capt. Winchester, at eight o'clock, A. M., on Monday, July 19th. There is always something to me deeply interesting in watching the departure of a large steamer from port, and to observe, unobserved, the various phases of human character which are manifested on such occasions, and which usually emanate largely from the *self* department.

We were on board in good season, and found a large number of passengers, all bound eastward. The first bell rang out its warning notes of preparation and departure near, while boxes, trunks, bales, and other miscellaneous freight were being (un)fairly thrown upon deck in glorious confusion, not only to their own detriment, but likewise to the great hazard of the unfortunate passenger who happened by any unlucky mischance to step in the way of Slam, Bang & Co. Such shameful treatment of personal effects I never before witnessed, and it is quite time that travellers took the matter in hand and demanded ample recompense for the damage that is hourly done to their luggage. If these baggage porters are not actually in league with trunk-makers, and paid by them for their destructive services, they certainly are their best friends.

The second bell only increases the confusion; friend adieus friend, and the lips of some nearer than *friends* come in close juxtaposition to each other, while not a few betray their weakness (?) by the presence of the pearly tear, which trembles for a moment in its parent cell, and then bedews the cheek with its silent but touching sympathy, which has a more potent voice than the most eloquent tongue. Thank God for the tear!—it is indeed the dew of affection.

There is much, very much, in these little partings, that constantly reminds us of the final parting of the spirit from earth, when it shall plume itself for its higher flight. This thought was illuminated and vividly presented to my mind, as I saw poor Nell standing upon the wharf with a sad face and swimming eyes, as she began fully to realize that a few short moments would separate her from her little charge, which she had tended almost from the hour of its birth up to the present, when it threw her a kiss from its tiny hand. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The third and last bell rings its farewell. The belated traveller springs on board, while those who do not wish "to go down upon the sea" leap on shore; the plank is drawn in, the "last link" that binds us to *terra firma* is withdrawn, and the noble boat, freed from her fetters, glides swiftly down our beautiful bay and pursues her course over a smooth and resting sea.

Nahant commences a panorama of our voyage along the eastern coast of New England, which is in itself typical of the people who are nurtured on its rugged soil—bold and free. In the distance, Lynn, Marblehead, Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport, and many other villages and towns present themselves to our passing view. Cape Ann, with its double light, salutes us with its mournful fog-bell. Portsmouth is passed, and, rounding Cape Elizabeth, we enter the tranquil waters of Casco Bay, and are quickly moored at the pier of the rising city of the East—Portland. An hour is soon passed in the partial exchange of passengers and freight, and we "cast off" and pursue our way.

Unfortunately for them, two or three of our passengers, who had wandered "up town" to see the sights of the Forest City, returned just in time to be *too* late, and to witness the graceful evolutions of our paddle-wheels—placing us in that poetical position where "distance lends enchantment to the view." Among the tardy ones who learnt too late that steam, like tide, waits for no man, was the Hon. Mr. Howe, of Halifax, who was most anxious to reach home by our boat.

The day was delightfully cool and calm on the water, and the usual disagreeable concomitant of a sea-voyage (sea-sickness), was dispensed with, and all seemed to enjoy the delightful passage. The sun stole down beyond the western hills, and the soft twilight fell around us like the golden memories of past joys; and I could almost fancy, at times, that I heard whispering in the gentle breeze of the new born eve, the sweet voices of those on the *other* shore. One by one the beacon-lights along the coast were set, to pilot the returning mariner into port.

Night having at length drawn her curtains about us and shut out our panoramic view of the shore, the evening was passed in social chit-chat by the friendly passengers, until the lateness of the hour warned the prudent to seek their berths and the necessary recuperation for the journey of the coming day. Among the topics of conversation during the evening, Spiritualism was not forgotten,—but how very different the tone in which its merits were discussed, to what was employed five years ago!—no expressions of contempt—no humbug—but a spirit of rational inquiry and respect.

July 20th.—The sun rose majestically and clear above its bed of waters, revealing to our vision in its burnished light the walled shores of Maine. At seven o'clock our boat nestled into the exquisite harbor of Eastport, where, after a stop of two hours and a second exchange of passengers and freight, we pursued our way and were quickly skimming the waters of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. At two o'clock the "Eastern City" rested at her wharf in St. John, N. B., where we bade adieu to her very gentlemanly commander—Capt. Winchester—who ever wins the kindest feelings of his grateful passengers for his many polite attentions and good offices—which are natural to the man, and not borrowed—and I regret that I cannot say as much for the guardian of the remainder of our voyage. [This has not been written as a puff-recompense by a "dead-head," but by a comparative stranger to Capt. Winchester, who paid his fare and asked no favors, and who is only prompted to offer this simple but just tribute to one who deserves a far more lasting testimonial.]

After our arrival we spent the afternoon in taking a hasty view of the city, and were struck with the apparent struggle between two *ideas* for the mastery—Progress and Conservatism—Republicanism and Despotism. St John is situated on a hill at the mouth of the St. Johns River, and presents a somewhat commanding aspect as you approach it from the water. There are some very fine buildings, and many of the stores are large and elegant, and stocked with rich goods. The clerks, however, do not have the reputation of being over civil to their customers—at least such was the testimony of several of our lady passengers—from personal experience.

No traveller from the "States," with any discernment, can fail to see the superior working and enterprise of a republican form of government over a monarchial one. Old notions and forms are cherished with all the pertinacity that a parent clings to a child. One building will be an elegant structure—the next a mere hovel in comparison; and thus is the city made up. It was also somewhat interesting to read the various placards on the walls. One would inform the reader of the price of certain wares in pounds, shillings and pence, while another vender, leaning towards Yankeedom, would sum up the price of his goods in dollars and cents. A large business is done at St. John in deals, and I observed several large American ships in port, loading for Liverpool. The place presents but few sights worthy the attention of the tourist, except the suspension bridge.

At half-past nine we left for Windsor, N. S., on board the steamer "Emperor," Capt. Chisholm. This is a very fast and showy boat to look at, but certainly unfit to navigate the dangerous waters of the Bay of Fundy. Nothing short of a first-class iron sea-going steamer should be put on this perilous route, which, I believe, is in part supported by government, and may account for the want of accommodation and courtesy on the part of those having this line in charge. *We* experienced a far different feeling on leaving the "Emperor" than the "Eastern City."

Windsor has recently risen in importance through the completion of the Nova Scotia Railroad, which makes a through connection from Halifax to Boston, via St. John and Eastport. The usual time occupied, when the weather is good, is two and a half days. The distance from Windsor to Halifax (forty-five miles), is run in the almost *incredibly* short space of three hours, which speed is about as fast as they do things in this Province, which is blest with many natural advantages, and would soon rise into notice under a less foggy (fogy) government.

In my next I shall have something to say in regard to the progress of Modern Spiritualism in the Provinces.

W. R. H.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, July 30th.

Dr. ORTON said: At the close of the last session, Dr. Gray remarked, incidentally, in allusion to our relations to the Deity, that a normal government of Law and of the Will, could not co-exist; that is, that God governs the Universe either by fixed laws, or by the arbitrary operations of his will—one or the other, and not by both—for the two were incompatible with each other. He did not see the force of this conclusion. On questions of this nature, it seemed to him, we are in the habit of taking our positions very loosely, much to the confusion of ourselves and others. "God never violates his own laws," says one. "If I fall in a river it is not to be expected that he will suspend the operation of his laws in order to save me. I shall, of course, be drowned." Now this does not follow, "of course." It is admitted by this same class of reasoners that our spirit-friends—his ministers—often interfere and rescue us from danger; or some witness of the catastrophe among ourselves might dive in and save the drowning wretch; and in either case, the rescuer, in the act, would be but the agent of the Common Father. And it matters not whether these interferences with the operations of law are performed directly by the outstretched hand of God, or by one of his agents. But it is nevertheless true, as is asserted by this class of cast-iron reasoners, that everything is under the operation of *fixed and unyielding law*. In the case cited, the quality of water which empowers it to take life, under certain circumstances, was not removed from it, but the lower law relating to an element, was superseded by the higher laws relating to muscles and mind. It was the LAW OF WILL, which is Supreme on every plane of the Universe, that saved the man. So it is true that everything is under fixed law, and under special law, too—that there is a general Providence and a special Providence—a government of Law and a government of Will, at the same time; and in order to reconcile all these things together, it is only necessary to bear in mind, that one of these Fixed Laws, that cannot be broken, is, that the *Lesser Law shall always give way before the Higher*. We, every day, violate or suspend these fixed laws. All our achievements as a race are due to our having learned how to suspend or nullify them, and harness them as horses to do our bidding. We conquer gravitation; we run our ships in the eye of the wind; we discharge the lightning from a cloud, which otherwise might destroy us; we rescue one another from impending dangers; and shall God be the only one in the Universe prohibited, in our philosophy, from controlling, either directly or indirectly, the operation of his laws?

Dr. GRAY said: When a human being controls or applies the laws of the Universe, it is a special providence. The general government of the Deity provides for the development of human reason, and man is the special providence. He could not conceive of the two kinds of government, the one of law and the other of caprice, being mixed. To his mind they were incompatible; and he had seen no evidence in his whole life that the Divine Power ever interferes directly with the affairs of mankind. That spirits do, he did not deny. He was well satisfied that they warn us of dangers and interfere for our protection.

The Doctor then called the attention of the Conference to an article in the last number of the *Telegraph*, from J. T. Calkin, of Iowa, on the subject of Evil Spirits, in which the position occupied by himself, Dr. Hallock, and others, on that question, was very ably opposed. He read the paper at length, and followed with comments.

Mr. Calkin, it appears, is a medium himself, and opposes his own experience to the denial of those who say there are no evil spirits. He commenced his investigations agreeing with them in belief, but found himself obliged to change his opinions. Almost at the first step he was met with "arbitrary commands and false information and promises." Contrary to his will, he was dogged by a spirit whom he constantly detected in falsehood, who was bent on subjugating him, and so far succeeded, at times, as to compel him "to weep, laugh, pray, swear and crack jokes;" and there was no way by which he could successfully resist his persecutor, only by resisting *all* spirit influence whatever. In opposition to the position of Dr. Hallock, that "there is no ratio between one man and another by which one person is competent to say that another is *worse* or *better* than himself," Mr. Calkin says that there is an "immovable standard of virtue," however often we may mistake in applying it, and that this standard is "the loves of the heart." It is the "dominance in the heart of a pure, universal love of man," and his well being; or, on the other hand, the "dominance of self-love and supreme self-appropriation," without regard to the interests of others, which makes the difference between men; and the standard is an invariable one.

Dr. GRAY said: The writer of this article is evidently an earnest, generous man; but his experience, he thought, capable of a very different interpretation. He has, doubtless, given a correct diagnosis of his disease, but has probably misjudged as to the cause. We are subject to psycho-dynamic influences from persons in the form, as well as from spirits. Mr. Calkins' case was probably one of bilious melancholy. At any rate, he saw no *proof* in it of the action of an evil spirit.

Dr. ORTON said: The opposers of the doctrine of evil spirits exhibit as much ingenuity in evading the force of evidence, as the opposers of the general question of Spiritualism do, in disposing of its facts. There is an unbroken line of testimony to the point, from the earliest records, running through the spiritual writings of all nations, and embracing nine-tenths of our modern mediums. All agree that there are evil spirits; and by the term we meant simply corrupt or malicious spirits, who, like men on this plane, for purposes of self-gratification or revenge, commit wrong. It is a common experience with mediums, that some spirit undertakes to subjugate them, to master their will, and too often succeeds in reducing them into a condition of absolute slavery. Now there is no person in this room who is not sufficiently developed, morally, to know and appreciate the fact, that he has no right to coerce the will of another; and yet a large part of our communicating spirits, however wisely they may talk, do not appear in their progress, as yet, to have reached this stage of elevation.

Dr. HALLOCK said: Give us proofs. The difference between the Spiritualism of the past and present is, that the present rests on facts. Swedenborg had no facts in support of his theory of evil spirits. Is truth such a miserable affair that it is not able to exemplify its own reality? Heaven can demonstrate itself to us; he had felt its gentle influences upon him. Hell can also demonstrate itself, if there be one.

Dr. GRAY related several cases of fantasy, hysteria, etc., supposed to have been cases of spirit-possession, which he had cured by a little sensible conversation and medicine.

Dr. GOULD called on Dr. Hallock for proof, that he had felt the gentle influences of the heavens. Dr. H. believed in Spiritualism because he had seen and felt. How did he know that the raps he had heard, and the manifestations he had witnessed, were not produced by some wag?

Mr. COLES said: He was sick of this quibbling. If he was ill and cured by a medium, the credit is given to the spirits. But if well, and made sick in a circle, it was a *psycho-dynamic* influence belonging to this plane. If a drunkard who maltreats his family is reformed by the spirits, it is well; but if that man's next door neighbor, who has always lived in harmony with his family, goes to circles, and there makes the discovery that Miss Jones is his affinity, and deserts his wife and children, what is it then? Dr. Hallock has "seen and felt." Where is it? Let him give us the proof. His testimony is as good as another's, and no better. He could see no difference between the evidence on which the main question of spiritual intercourse rests, and that which goes to prove the existence of evil spirits. They are of the same kind—the one as good as the other.

J. R. O.

SPIRITUALIST PICNIC.—There will be a grand picnic of the Spiritualists of New York City and vicinity at Pleasant Valley, on Wednesday, August 11th, 1858, or, if it rains on that day, the picnic will take place on the second day following, Friday, August 13th.

The committee have made arrangements for the ground and good music, and to cover that expense have issued tickets at 10 cents each, which covers all expenses, except the fare on the steamboat. The fare on the boat is 10 cents each way—and children at half price. The whole excursion will only cost 30 cents. The steamboat Flora will leave the foot of Spring street at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and touch at the dock at 22d street each trip, for passengers.

Tickets are now on sale at Munson's book store, No. 5 Great Jones street, price 10 cents, and they can be had after each meeting at Clinton Hall. It is hoped that all persons intending to go will purchase their tickets as soon as possible, as by so doing they will lighten the labor of the committee.

Compend of Facts.

Sad Premonition Fulfilled.

A melancholy accident took place on Wednesday of last week, at the machine shop of Franklin Reed, in Canton, Mass. One of the workmen, Edward Rice, went to a room containing the grindstone to sharpen some tools, and shortly after an explosion was heard. When the other occupants of the shop repaired to the spot they found the grindstone burst into a large number of pieces, and Mr. Rice lying upon the floor insensible, and blood gushing from his nose. He lived but three hours after the accident. A wife and two children survive him.

A very singular incident is related in connection with this sad affair. As a gentleman who was proceeding to the residence of the deceased to inform Mrs. Rice of her bereavement approached the house, she met him at the door and exclaimed,

"You need not say a word; you need not say a word. I dreamed all about it last night!"

Although no report of the casualty had reached her, the mysterious premonition of her sleeping hours suddenly rushed upon her mind with all the force of reality, and no words were required to inform her of the fatal event.

We derive these facts from the Boston *Journal*.

The Dead Are Raised.

Mr. P. H. Whelden, of Belvidere, Ill., makes a statement in the *Standard*, which he offers to substantiate by credible witnesses besides himself. He affirms that his child has been literally *raised from the dead*, by spiritual influence, through the mediumship of Mrs. Merwin. Mr. Whelden says: "I have an infant son, now fourteen weeks old, who, when about three weeks old, was taken with spasms, of which he had over thirty. To all appearance he was dead—quite stiff—so much so that the friends present commenced to lay him out. But the spirit controlling the medium would not give the child up, but told them to pry its jaws open, and for the medium to breathe into its lungs. This was done—the child caught breath, and from that moment commenced to recover. It is now a healthy, happy child."

"Murder Will Out."

We find the following going about in our exchange papers:—

A correspondent from North Haverhill writes to the Laconia *Democrat*, under date of June 29, that N. P. Rideout, of that place, while digging sand by the roadside on that day, found the skeleton of a man buried about three feet deep in the sand. It is supposed to be the remains of a Mr. Blaisdell, a pedlar of Campton, who was supposed to have been murdered in that town about twenty-five years ago.

A singular circumstance, which may have some connection with this affair, occurred within our knowledge about twelve years ago. Two young men, of good character, sat up with an old man, living near where the body was found, on the night of his death, and the next day went before a Justice of the Peace and made oath that just before his death he confessed to having aided two other men, both dead, in murdering a pedlar.

They also swore that they saw a ghost in the room at the time of the confession. Our own impression, from a conversation with one of them, a few days after, was that the man made the confession, as sworn to, perhaps in a state bordering on insanity, himself declaring he saw a ghost, and frightening them into a belief that a ghost was really present. The deposition was taken before a man, now one of the leading lawyers of New Hampshire, who professed to believe their whole statement.

A Singular Case.

A daughter of Henry S. Wooder, of Mount Hawley, Ill., eight years of age, died of hydrophobia last week. She had been bitten by a cat. The Peoria *Transcript* gives the following particulars of the case:

"On Tuesday of last week, Sarah Ellen returned from school, and complained of feeling unwell, so much so that she did not attend on the following day, although still able to be about the house. Thursday she was no better, and her parents thinking she was threatened with the typhoid fever, sent for Dr. Murphy of this city. The doctor arrived there about two o'clock in the afternoon, and found her sitting upon the sofa at the side of her mother, to all appearances in perfect health; her pulse, however, was very irregular, with an occasional wildness in the eyes, and it was not long before she gave a sudden start, and placing her hand upon her throat, exclaimed, 'It troubles me to breathe, mother.' Minute inquiries were now instituted, when the fact was elicited which had not been previously thought of, that some five weeks since she had been bitten by a domesticated cat on the outside of her foot. A glass of water was ordered to be brought her, when the sight of it at once threw her into terrible convulsions. This was at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was the first intimation had by her distracted parents of the terrible disease with which their daughter was afflicted. Her agony and struggles in the spasms were awful to behold, and in one of them she bit her mother severely in the shoulder, and at another time scratched the father badly in the hand.

"In her spasmodic efforts the saliva from her mouth was at times ejected across the room, and the only relief experienced was by the use of chloroform, which in the end, seemed to lose all efficacy. She remained all the time in perfect possession of her faculties, and at three o'clock on Friday morning, exactly twelve hours from the attack of the first spasm, her spirit departed to the God who gave it.

"And now comes the most remarkable incident connected with this heart-rending affair. Some four hours previous to her death, and soon after one of her most violent spasms, she told her mother that she had been visited by the spirit of her sister (the family are believers in Spiritualism), who left this earth for the better land about one year since, and that this sister had informed her of certain remedies which, if applied, would relieve her sufferings and smooth her passage to the tomb. The remedies were applied as soon as possible, and, strange to relate, the desired effect was produced. She was freed from her convulsive fits, was enabled to breathe easier, converse freely with her parents and friends, occasionally drinking a little water, and finally falling into her last sleep as gently as an infant reposing in her slumber."

A Mystery of Paris.

The early death of the favorite "lion" of the Boulevard de Gaud, from inflammation of the lungs, brought on by imprudently plunging into the Seine at midnight, on leaving a crowded soiree, has given rise to much regret amongst the fashionable world at Paris. A curious circumstance which attended his death, is recorded by the friend who watched by his side. When given over by the doctors, the patient, who retained his faculties to the very last, called that friend close to his lips and whispered in his ear, "The doctors say I may live for twenty-four hours, and no more. There will be a letter to-morrow from abroad; do not give it to me, but burn it instantly. Another will arrive before I am nailed down in my coffin; place that one upon my head, and let it be buried with me. The next, which is already written, will arrive after the funeral. I trust to your honor to burn that likewise. There will be no more after that—it will be the last."

Each letter arrived in the order set down. The friend executed the order of his deceased comrade without hesitation, but is still lost in perplexity at the sudden cessation of the correspondence, which took place exactly as the dying man had predicted. It is very clear the friend could not have been a female one, else she never could have resisted the curiosity of her sex.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings."

We have known some cases of remarkable manifestations through the young, but never heard an instance so extraordinary as that related us a few days ago. About a month since, the infant child of Mr. J. Fletcher of Fayetville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.—a female child *only six weeks old*, was taken with singular influences like those sometimes manifest in controlling mediums, and was made to speak out in very distinct language the words, "My friends." Since that time the infant has frequently appeared to be under spirit influence, though no intelligible language has been spoken.—*Clarion*.

Public Test.

At the close of a public lecture by Uriah Clark, in Fair Haven, N. Y., the audience selected Mr. J. Albring, a stranger to the lecturer, to be examined psychologically. Mr. Clark took his hand, and after giving a delineation of his mental and physical condition, proceeded to describe a scene presented him by spirits, of an accident on the water, in which Mr. A. had risked his own life to save that of another. Mr. A. acknowledged to the audience that it was a correct description of an event in his past life.

Various Items.

EXCITEMENT IN MILLERSBURG, IOWA.—Quite an excitement is said to exist near Millersburg, Iowa, in consequence of the spiritual revelations of a boy, who asserts that Mr. Thomas (who mysteriously disappeared about a year ago) was shot and then thrown into the well of one of the persons arrested about that time on suspicion of being his murderer, and that his horse was "backed" down the well alive and the well filled up. A large number of persons congregated about the well on the 3d inst., to dig down and ascertain the truth of the boy's story. When they had dug down about twenty-five feet, a stench arose so nauseating that they had to fill up the well. It was their determination, however, to dig from the side of the well; but the owner swears he will shoot any one who makes any further attempts.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Searl brought his down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scriptures to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small-waisted fellows and jumped around the pulpit, slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and were in commotion as to what to do, but he explained the matter by saying:

"Brethren, don't be alarmed. The word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches."

Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

A "SNORTING" PREACHER WANTED.—A correspondent of the Methodist *Advocate* makes known the wants of the people in his region, as follows:

"Now, the fact is, we want a Methodist preacher here—*a regular snorter*—a good one—a smart one—none of your common fellows—one that can stir 'em with a long pole—it's just what is needed here. We have a good school-house to preach in. Let me hear from you."

By the term "snorter" we suppose is meant one who can,

"Conjurer like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell."

Well, some folks like mightily to hear from their own country.

A POOR REFUGE FOR THE OPPRESSED.—A runaway slave was discovered in the attic of a Methodist church at Washington, D. C., on a recent Sunday morning. He had lived there for four or five months, unsuspected, had used up the communion wine, and picked up his food by nightly sorties into the neighboring pantries. His taking refuge at the altar did not save him from a whipping, or from being sold to the slave traders.

TEMPTED BY SATAN.—It is an easy matter to knock a crotchet out of a crazy man's head, if you only hit him right. An old gentleman, whose brain was a little turned, called out to his son, one night:

"Abel! Abel! Satan has been tempting me all night to go and drown myself in the horse-trough."

"Well, he must be a fool," said Abel, "for there hasn't been a drop of water in it for six weeks!"

The old gentleman turned over and went to sleep, thinking no more of evil spirits.

A HANDSOME REBUKE.—In illustration of the controversy that has arisen concerning Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's liberal style of invitation to the communion, the anecdote is quoted of an English judge, who, on being refused the bread and the cup, because he was not a member of the dispensing church, quietly remarked,

"O, I beg your pardon. I thought this the Lord's table; I have nothing more to say, if it is only a private little supper of your own."

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

S. B. BRITTAN will be in New England during the month of August.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in St. Johnsbury, Vt., Aug. 17th, 18th and 19th, and subsequently at Danville.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON, trance-medium, will lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., during the month of August, where all communications for her may be addressed.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER of Lowell will speak in the Universalist Church, Marlboro', Mass., at the usual hours of meeting, on Sunday, Aug. 8th; in Berlin, Aug. 15th, at 1 1-2, P. M.; in Rock Bottom, at 5 1-2, P. M; again in Marlboro', Aug. 22d. Between these dates she may be addressed at Feltonvillle, Mass.

Prof. J. L. D. OTIS will speak at Portland, Me., or Milford, N. H., Aug. 8th; Lowell, Mass., Aug. 15th; Waltham, Aug. 22d; Dover, Vt., Aug. 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 5th; Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 12th. His P. O. address will for the present be Lowell, Mass.

Miss SUSAN M. JOHNSON of Medford, trance speaker, intends visiting the West about the tenth of September. She will probably stop at Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, &c., and would answer calls to speak on her route either on Sunday or at other times as friends may desire. Address at Medford, Mass.

GEORGE ATKINS, trance-speaking medium, will lecture at Willimantic, Conn., Aug. 8th; Putnam, Conn., Aug. 15th; Killingly, Conn., Aug. 22d. Between these dates he will speak, if desired, in towns adjoining these places. Address Webster, Mass.

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, in any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after Death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

The subscriber continues to receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism. He is prepared to present the subject in its Phenomenal, Biblical and Philosophical aspects; also, to discuss its claims to public favor, with any honorable disputant. JOHN HOBART.

References—Dr. H. F. Gardner and A. E. Newton.

Obituary Notices.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

"Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away!"

At Newark, N. J., June 4th, 1858, MARY ELIZABETH—aged 21 years and 2 months—daughter of Israel Baldwin, Esq., left the mortal temple of her being for an imperishable shrine and the crown of a deathless and incorruptible life.

About eighteen months before her departure, Miss Baldwin began to exhibit signs of a premature decline of the vital forces; and it soon became manifest to the family and her medical advisers that *the lungs* were the chief seat of the disease. Except at occasional intervals—when Nature seemed to summon all her latent powers to combat the insidious adversary, or when those powers were prostrated by a sudden hemorrhage—she steadily declined; yet calmly and without a murmur, as if she dreaded to excite the apprehensions of her friends. As the crisis approached, her mind, from some unexplained cause seemed to dwell on the first of June, as though an important event might be expected to occur about that time. As the last hour drew near, she exhibited no apprehension, but continued to recognize her friends and to manifest undisturbed consciousness, some time after oral communication was finally interrupted.

June came, and the mystical event transpired. Life's Spring-time closed on the fair subject of this notice; and the bright Summer of her being opened before her, beneath the cloudless skies of the Spiritual Paradise. Glorious change! For the ashes of decay we have the life that is crowned with immortal freshness, and the flowers that bloom forever by the Beautiful River.

"So pass the beautiful, the fair—
Whose lives to truth are given—
Exhaled like flowers on summer air,
To shine and bloom in Heaven!"

S. B. B.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—R. K. Browne, F. Moore, L. Burt, J. Weeks, H. H. Waldo, W. Cheever, T. S. Sheldon, J. V. Jameson, E. C. Morris, J. S. Randall, J. S. Stubbs, D. McNaughton, G. Cornelius, P. J. Connelly, F. O. Hyzer, H. S. Williams, J. W. Mashding, R. C. Pillsbury, L. Clark, Jr., F. Rice, H. E. Balliere, O. Holmes, D. Foskett, E. Sanborn, K. E. P. Hill, R. D. Searle, Higgins Bros., T. S. Sheldon, J. F. Earle, C. B. Peckham, W. R. Hayden, M. A. Townsend, J. Shannon, Jr., M. F. Davis, C. B. Wing, F. Herbin, J. Reynolds, Joel Watson, Dr. A. Stone, A. Paige M. D., Anicus, G. M. Marshall, H. P. Fairfield, S. P. Stone, A. Brooke, W. S. Gibbs, C. Brigham, J. Hulme, E. Marshall, "Franklin," A. F. Chatfield, H. W. Mayo, E. Weld, G. Smith, N. Randall, J. Horton, J. Barrus.

S. B. Brittan Going West.

TO WESTERN AND SOUTHERN READERS.

The undersigned proposes to leave New York in September, on his annual Tour through the Western States, for the purpose of giving Lectures on the Facts, Philosophy, and Moral Bearings of Spiritualism; together with its Relations to, and Influence on, the existing Institutions of the Church and the World. The course will comprehend in a general way the following subjects:

1. Relations of the Visible and Invisible Worlds.
2. Relations of the Soul to the Body.
3. Nature of the Intercourse between Spirits and Men.
4. Laws of Spirit-mediumship.
5. Classification of Spiritual Phenomena.
6. Philosophy of Life, Health, Disease, Death, and Life in the world to come.
7. Spiritualism of the Bible and Philosophy of Miracles.
8. The Spiritual Idea an integral Element in all Religions.
9. Fundamental Principles and *Legitimate* Claims of Christianity vindicated, and Popular Materialism subverted.
10. Claims of Science and Religion harmonized.
11. Religion made philosophical and Philosophy invested with a Religious importance.
12. "The Unity of the Spirit in the bonds of Peace," on the broad basis of a Natural Theology and a truly Spiritual Worship.

In order to render his labors the more effectual, the undersigned desires to make out a complete programme—before leaving New York—of his proposed travels and lectures, and to this end will thank any friend—in each place where his services may be required—to write him, in *the course of August*, making known the wishes of the people with respect to this proposal.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN THE GREAT WEST!—The writer has been on the Spiritual Battle-ground for *twelve years;* but the contest is not yet over, and he asks not the boon of *rest* until his work is done. It is his present desire and purpose to discuss the important questions and issues named above, before the assembled multitudes, and to this end your earnest co-operation is cordially invited. With your aid in the execution of the plan, and the continued presence of the invisible agents of a living inspiration, we may hope to be serviceable in a cause that merits the consecration of the noblest human and angelic powers.

AT THE SOUTH IN WINTER.—Should the writer receive a sufficient number of invitations to visit important places in the southern section of the Union, to justify the undertaking, he will spend the winter months in the Southern States, extending his travels—if sufficient encouragement be offered—as far as Galveston, Texas. Will the friends in the South, who may wish the writer to stop at the places where they respectively reside—for the purpose herein mentioned—take an early opportunity to communicate their desires?

Address the undersigned at the *New York* office of THE SPIRITUAL AGE, or at Newark, N. J., his present place of residence.

New York, July 24, 1858. S. B. BRITTAN.

Miss SARAH A. MAGOUN, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, or at any other time. Address her at Cambridgeport, Mass., care Geo. L. Cade.

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TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an *answer*, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

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Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 33 tf

Miss HODGES, Healing and Trance Medium, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 19 Berlin street. 29

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Interesting Miscellany.

THE LIGHTHOUSE MAN'S STORY;

OR, THE FOURFOLD DREAM.

If there be no city called Hippesford among the north-western towns of England, let it be there, whither I went five years ago to see the Italian hung. The name under which he suffered was supposed to be a feigned one; the crime which he expiated was that of murder; the slaying of his master and his benefactor, as he slept, for the taking of a sum of money which, in all probability, he might have had for the asking. One of those atrocities, to give a reason for which baffles the student of human nature. The defense set up for Mavoranci was that of insanity; there being no doubt whatever, as to his having committed the deed; but this plea, was, in my opinion, very properly set aside. His advocate happened to be an intimate friend of mine; and it was through the interest—morbid and reprehensible, I am well aware—with which he had inspired me in the unhappy criminal, that I found myself among that crowd in front of Hippesford Jail. I heard something going on near me, a little too jocose for the occasion.

"You cruel-hearted ruffian, if you dare to mock the poor wretch like that again," cried a deep, low voice, "I'll save Mr. Calcraft some trouble in your case."

The speaker was a fine, powerfully-built sailor, towering by half a head above the throng; and, under his flashing eyes and threatening brows, the fellow who had provoked his wrath subsided at once into mutterings, and presently into sullen silence. Having achieved this end he made no further observation, but kept his looks intently fixed upon the ghastly preparations above us. He alone, amidst the hum and noise of the crowd, maintained an inviolable silence, and strained his eyes upon the scaffold above, as though he would have numbered every nail in it; the extreme anxiety of his face was remarkable even amongst those thousand eager and expectant countenances. Not caring to look upon the dreadful sight directly, I watched that face when the death-bell began to toll, as though it were a mirror, feeling sure that I should see reflected in it whatever was happening. It was burning and quivering with excitement, when the wretched criminal was carried up by three or four persons into view. Immediately after he came in sight, this fixed expression vanished as completely as though a curtain had been drawn over some picture; and as the sailor cast his looks upon the ground, I heard him mutter, in a solemn whisper, his thanks to Heaven.

As the sailor and I were borne along together by the resistless human tide, I said to him, secure of sympathy, "This is a sad sight, my friend, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "a terrible sight, indeed; but it might have been worse."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, it's a long story," he replied, "but if you like to listen to it, and to take a cup of tea with me (of which I feel the need) at my lodgings, I shall be pleased enough. It will be a relief to me, I feel, to tell it even to a stranger."

So we two went up into a little room overlooking the scene, and which had been let (as had been agreed upon when he took the apartment,) throughout that morning to a party of five gentlemen (!) and a lady (!!) who had only just evacuated it. And there he told me this story:

"You must excuse me if I am a little slow at first, for yon throng has fairly dazzled and dumbfounded me. I am quite new to sights of this sort, thank God; nor have I ever seen so great a crowd before. I live upon the south-east coast, where the folks are not so many as in these parts, and my own employment is a particularly solitary one. I am a light-house man. I sometimes pass whole weeks without seeing any other face than that of my mate, without hearing any other voice save his, and that of the sea-gull, and of the baffled wave which beats forever against our rock.

Even my holiday time is spent among people who pass almost as lonely lives as I do. My friends dwell at a coast-guard station, far away from any town, and indeed from me, only they can see every night our lantern burning steadily out to sea, which my mother and sister says is a great comfort to them when father is from home. It is lonesome, you see, for them to know that there is no human being save themselves within miles of them, the next post being a long distance beyond the head-land, whither often on the darkest nights, my father has to go, feeling for the white chalk heaps that are laid down to mark the road betwixt the stations, the direction of which in old times, they say, the smugglers used to alter, so that the poor revenue men were guided over the precipice, into the arms of death below. Twelve years ago, a vessel was cast ashore, and went to pieces one wintry night at the cliff-foot, beneath our guard-house, and all the crew, save one, were thrown by the scornful sea upon the shore, dead men; save one—." The sailor gave an involuntary look towards the thing that hung upon the high gaol-wall there, motionless, with its ghastly cowl drawn over it—"and that man was an Italian foreigner. My people took him in, and acted towards him as Christian people should do, and he was grateful, and stayed with us, making himself as useful as he could, for weeks, for months.

When he had been our guest for near upon a year, the man who was then my mate in the lighthouse, died; and mainly through my father's recommendation the Italian was appointed to be my companion in his place. I was pleased that the poor fellow was thus provided for; but yet I had rather he had been given any other post than that; not from any assignable cause, or of course this could have been prevented; but from a vague, uncomfortable feeling that I had always had in connection with him, such as I should not have dreamed of mentioning to his prejudice. I did not mention it, I am perfectly certain, even to my mother.

When I found myself in the narrow lighthouse, alone with this man upon the waste of waters, this antipathy increased. I could not meet him on the winding-stairs without a shudder; I loathed his company in that little sitting-room upon the lower story, which when my old mate was with me had seemed as comfortable a parlor as need be; and when I was at work in the lantern I was forever thinking what he is doing below there, and whereabouts shall I find him when I descend? I do not think I was afraid of him, then. Time was, when I had not quailed from a death-struggle with a far more powerful man than he, and had come off victor; but still I did not fancy taking my rest in the snug little bed-chamber as of old, knowing that this man was awake, and watching, watching all the night long.

Still, beyond being reserved and taciturn, and having this something repellant about him which I cannot explain, there was nothing evil to be said against the poor Italian foreigner, and I was ashamed of myself whenever I reasoned about the matter, for feeling as I did.

On the night of this day, twelve years ago, the sixteenth of August eighteen hundred and forty-one, my father was off-duty at home, and while he lay in his bed, combating with a certain idea, which shadowed his mind like a nightmare, my mother shook him in piteous terror.

'Husband,' cried she. 'Husband, I have had a fearsome dream, and it seems so like to truth that I am miserable. Wake, wake! I do believe our George is being murdered by the Italian man!'

'Great Heavens!' cried my father. 'Why I was awoke just now by that very dream, and cannot shake it off my mind, do what I will. But it must be only fancy; consider how full the poor fellow has always shown himself to be of gratitude to us all, and what could he get by the murder of our George?'

'George keeps all his savings in his room at the lighthouse,' returned my mother, sobbing. 'I cannot help—Hark! did you hear that scream?'

Two or three shrieks rang through the house, as she spoke and my sister Mary, with her hair dishevelled, and in her night-dress, rushed into the room.

'O mother! father!' cried she, 'I cannot stay any longer by myself; I have dreamed a dream that haunts me whenever I shut my eyes. When I left my room just now, to come to you, I thought the Italian was at my very heels, who seemed before, in my sleep, to be murdering Georgy. He has murdered brother George, I do believe.'

'You dreamt that?' exclaimed her parents.

'Yes,' said she; 'I dreamt that he cut my brother's throat in the lighthouse.'

My father rose in haste, dressed himself, and started at once, in the moonlight, for the fishing village over against the rock, which was my lonely dwelling place. It was a good ten mile walk, and when he had been about two hours on his way, and it was five o'clock, he met me coming homeward, with a distressed, and unwonted look. Little did I understand why he wrung my hand, and welcomed me so heartily, without even asking how it was that I came to be upon the chalk downlands, there, at such an hour, instead of at my post. I had a tale to tell him which I was, by that time, ashamed to relate; although I had started on the way expressly to do so.

'Father,' said I, 'I have done a foolish, cruel, cowardly thing.'

'George,' replied he, 'I forgive you before you tell it to me. I am too glad to find you alive and well, for reproach; say on.'

'I have quarrelled, father, with the poor Italian foreigner, although he has not deserved it. I have given him fair warning that I will not be his mate in the lighthouse any longer.'

'Thank Heaven!' cried the old man.

'Nay,' said I surprised enough, 'but it was a hard thing to do, since I had nothing whatever to justify it except a dream.'

'A dream!' exclaimed my father with a look of terror. 'What! Another dream? Did you dream that he was going to murder you, lad?'

'Yes, father. I dreamt that dream two hours ago; and even now, in the broad daylight, I feel that I could not venture to sleep another night upon the rock, with that man only as my companion.'

'Heaven forbid you should,' responded my father, solemnly.

'I saw him,' continued I, 'as though with my open eyes, as I lay in my bed, with his hand kept back behind him, as though it were holding some weapon out of sight, and with murder set upon his face as plainly as though the word had been written there in blood. I was on my feet in a second, but yet not soon enough to prove that my dream was true. I thought I heard his agile step upon the iron stair. I thought I saw a shadow flit for an instant across the door of the lantern; but when I got up there, he was trimming the lamps so naturally, and met all my angry suspicions with such astonishment and coolness, that I am upon reflection fairly staggered, and don't know what to think. So certain was I at the time, however, of the warning which my dream seemed to convey, that I bade him seek some other employment elsewhere, for I would have him for my mate no longer. Then I signaled for a boat, and came on shore, intending to tell you all, and to consult upon what is best to be done in this strange business. But I am afraid you think me a fool.'

Then my father, upon his part, told me of those dreams at home, and of the reason of his being upon the way whereon I had met him. It seemed to us both that the neglect of four such wonderful coincidences—to say no more—would be far from right, but that at the same time we should not be justified in punishing upon such evidence one who might be, after all, as innocent of any evil as either of us. So I turned back to the village with my father, with the intention of putting off to the rock, and coming to some arrangement with the Italian, that should not deprive him of his bread.

A little after my departure, however, it appeared that he had himself signaled for a boat, and that, taking with him what little property he possessed, he had landed, and been seen to walk away northward out of the town. None of us have ever set eyes upon this man from that eventful night. Whether he is innocent, or whether he is guilty, it is not in human power to tell. So certain, however, in my arrogance, did I feel of his evil mind, that when I read in a paper of their being about to hang an Italian foreigner at this place for the murder of a man in his sleep, I came here at once to satisfy myself—in hope rather than in fear, I am ashamed to say, that this fourfold dream would be found to have had foundation. Pity for the soul of yon poor wretch, however, soon touched my heart, even before I saw him; and when I looked upon those awful lineaments, as he was lifted upon the scaffold I thanked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, that the man was a stranger, and that our dreams, wonderful as they were and are, still need unraveling."

Here the story of the sailor ended; and presently he strode away to the railroad station of the line which was to take him home. I have never seen him since, or heard any other reference to this tale, but the circumstances under which I heard it, with all their terrible realities of vice and death, are not more firmly fixed upon my memory than are the occurrences which he related as above; neither do they bear more distinctly in my own mind, the impression of truth.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

The World's Opinion.—Who and what is this grim despot? Who is this execrable tyrant—this mixture of the mountebank and man-eater? We are pieces of him—little pieces, particles, if you will—of this same quack-salver and cannibal, christened and known as the world's opinion.—*Jerrold.*

Did we not flatter ourselves the flattery of others could never hurt us.

True worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness.

For the Spiritual Age.

SWEET ALMONDS.

Truth should not resemble a bitter almond which is good for the health, but from which our lips withdraw contemptuously; it should rather resemble a sweet almond, which is equally salutary, and which pleases kings, fair women and wise men.—*Sadi.*

. . . .

Judge no man wise before the test
Of duty, action, interest.

Men in authority should recollect,
The more they *claim*, the less they *have* respect.

That ignoramus, Envy is stone blind—
A rival's trouble makes his peace of mind.

The speech of people make not your umpire
The *praised* hold thou as high as them that praise—no higher,
For "common fame" is oft a common liar.

Praise, like gold, is much or little worth
According to its plenteousness or dearth.

Make it your business your own self to mind;
Yourself forgive the least of all mankind.

No true repentance ever sprang from fear;
Men first repent from love, and then revere.

Love is solicitous and cannot rest,
Till he has found a home in every breast.

Deep waters do most tranquil flow,
But shallows babble as they go.

Those who protest their ignorance, only hope
For such weak *lye* to get their pay in *soap*.

If some are vain because of their great wit,
Some others are vainer with not a bit.

Who cannot run had better walk than crawl:
Being less than great is not being small.

"No life but cheerful life," avers the sage,—
If so, how few do live in this our age!

The best have faults that into follies run;
Who's not sometimes a fool is always one.

Observe this rule if you would not be weak:
First weigh your words and then begin to speak.

Genuine friendship is so rare with men,
That he's no friends who fancies he has ten.

Ideal journies generally defeat
The real one up "reformation street."

A mind determined hath no brain to spare
For building "castles" in the upper air.

Silence a tower of safety is; but speech a sea
Where there's no safety save in low humility.

Jealousy doth take especial pains
To hear thy speech; but like the toad retains
Only the *poison* which it contains. CALVERT.

LITTLE VERD STREET, July, 1858.

SHE IS NOT LISTENING NOW.

I held a parley with my tears,
My tears that fell like rain;
I cannot sing in these dull years
The old exulting strain.
What though this sad declining life
Riches and fame endow,
Too late the peace, too long the strife—
She is not listening now!

To thee, my travel-wearied soul
Would ever fly for rest,
And all its dear-bought stores unroll,
Thou brightest and thou best.
Treasure above all wealth or lore,
As I shall e'er avow,
Thou hast gone hence for evermore,
Thou art not listening now!

True that for thee I would have died,
Or lived all fear above—
And rudest shocks of life defied,
With an o'ermastering love—
In vain this wild and frantic grief,
In vain each fervent vow;
Slow time, wan age, bring small relief,
She is not listening now!

Ah, bound on earth in dearest links
With the soul's brightest chain—
A whisper comes, "Thy spirit sinks,
Yet it shall climb again
To richest peace—to union sure."
My blest one—answerest thou?
O world, thy worst I may endure,
For she *is* listening now! EDWARD C. MOGRIDGE.

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DEVTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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A. E. NEWTON and S. B. BRITTAN, Editors,

L. B. MONROE, Associate Editor and Business Agent.

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