The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

GOD ABOVE NATURE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

It is a gross error to confound the Creator with his Creation. Yet it is common to speak of "the laws of Nature," without referring to a higher origin; and the language of many in conversation often betrays an inconsiderate deification of matter. Even in books, "the God of Nature" figures in reasoning so equivocal as makes it uncertain now whether the visible or supernal is meant, and then whether the unseen is more than a shadow of the seen. It becomes necessary therefore to recollect, for logical purposes if for no other, that Cause and Effect are distinct principles, and that *Nature is no part of God.* As attraction is but the lever of nominal water-power, and heat that of so-called steam-power, both being grasped and instrumentally wielded by the material hand of supernatural Causation, so Reason distinguishes the patent from the latent everywhere, as apparent and real, passive and active, creature and Creator. And yet the twain are indissolubly conjoined, so that the overt implies the occult. The creature is of the Creator, and the Creator graduates such in the act of Creation. Nature could not be without its Author, neither were it possible for God to exist without performing his appropriate work; for, like every finite entity, inasmuch as he can, he must obey the positive impulses of his essentia. attributes. If, therefore, we could penetrate the Divine Mind, we might foreknow and predict all that he will do in the future of eternity. On the other hand, could we but fully explore the past works of God, it would be easy from that to infer the outline of his character. To Man, the former of these conditions is impossible. The latter we possess in part, and in so far as enables us to discern the general attributes, if not the personal features, of our Heavenly Father.

"Every tree is known by its own fruit," and so the worker by his work. Since the senses are the only means by which the soul in the present sphere recognizes matter and its properties, and our most effective knowledge arises from our experience in this direction, there appears to be no other method by which we can positively find out God or he can communicate with us. Of his being primarily we know nothing; because the plane of our development determines our mentality—we are immersed in the medium of effects. How can the blind earth-worm know of light? In some future sphere of our interminable development, we may find ourselves in the plane of celestial causation, (I do not affirm so much,) and then may we *see* our Father face to face; but at present we know him only by his works. Nature is the standing proof, and to us the only proof, that God is. Here is the true Revelation. Turning from this, men ignore their Maker. Therefore the most thorough naturalist, that is the rationalist, is the wisest theologian.

Nature reveals God; and in making this assertion, I reason as I do of the works of men. When I read a book, I always attach to the author those degrees and qualities of talent which I think must have been employed in composing it. When I meet with a fine painting, though I have never seen the person who executed it, yet I feel introduced to an artist whose genius I see displayed in the tone and finish and suggestiveness of the picture. Do I err in applying the same rule to the works of God? When, aided by the former researches of Copernicus, and the Keplers and Herschels of later times, I look into the mechanism of the Universe, measure the distances of certain planets and stars, ascertain their magnitudes and marvel at their velocities of motion—with a moderate proficiency in astronomical science, is it logical to speak of *the Power of God?* When I examine the construction of an eye, and study its adaptations to the reflective and refractive agencies of light, as well as its internal relations to the varied organs of mind and the remoter intents of thought and emotion, is it any part of human intelligence to attribute *Wisdom* to our Maker? And had I the intellective capacity to grasp the full meaning of the great complex arrangement which we call *Nature*, the merest fraction of which has as yet come within the scope of human conception; and should I, with the telescope of Reason, descry the far ultimate of Creation, in the expanded life and waxing joy of all that breathe, would it be just and rational to ascribe *Goodness* to the Creator of Heaven?

I think the notion of Deity tallies ever with the conception of what he has wrought.

> The ignorant gazer on an evening sky,
> Admires the folds of darkness, and the sparks
> Of the spent day which light the world to bed,
> If he have heard, he laughs to scorn the tale
> That stars are suns, and that the heavy Earth
> Hangs upon nothing. Talk to such a man
> About the Solar System; tell him what's
> The fulcrum of Creation—what the tie
> Which holds revolving spheres in equipoise;
> Mind him of the velocity of light,
> Or think to teach him what old mysteries
> The modern lens and prism dissipate;
> "Pshaw!" he answers; "away with your moonshine;
> Who's been to *see* if such strange lore be true?"
> Now change the topic,—draw him out on God,
> And Man's celestial home; and mark how much
> His worship of Divine resembles fear
> Of superstition's Devil.
>
> He dotes on
> A leaf torn out of an old manuscript,
> On which 'tis writ (by whom nobody knows,)
> That God made all that is in six short days;
> Since when he has done nothing but repent
> Of what he wrought in haste. The mischief was
> In making Adam good as Gabriel,
> But not so wise; then Eve a very witch
> Of beauty without wit; and last—no, first,
> An ugly snake, the shrewdest of the three.
> So runs the tale to Eden's sad finale:
> Forbidden fruit was proffered by the brute,
> Which wheedled Eve her Adam to deceive,
> Whereat both fell, "and so came Death and Hell
> And all our woe," as all the World must know.
>
> Such nonsense Ignoramus puts for Truth,
> For Revelation—Bible—Holy Writ;
> And to his faith adds a fool's argument
> For sin on Earth and Satan everywhere.
> So man will err, till Reason teaches him
> "To look *through* Nature up to Nature's GOD."
>
> For wiser heads the learned Paul confessed,
> "Who *know* in part, but *prophesy* in part;"
> And Pope for Man, 'Tis *but* a part we *see*"
> Of God's stupendous work. "A mighty maze,
> But not without a plan," almost imports
> The reach of science and philosophy.
> No wonder, then, that ignorance makes faith
> A virtue, and oft worships *but* the maze.
> Thus *miracle* becomes the bigot's god,
> And Reason his Apollyon. Hence there are
> Who dare not look at TRUTH; it hurts their eyes,
> As daylight does those of the nightly owl.
> Hence the Church lives and moves in mystery,
> And all her nurslings worship in the dark.
> So browsing woodchucks choose the dullest weather
> I marvel not that such odd wights can see
> Nothing of God in Nature.
>
> But there are,
> Unwarped by prejudice, in head or heart
> Untaught to cherish a religious lie,
> Who wisely ponder on the flowers of Earth
> And stars of Heaven, as oracles of God.
> They see, with more than eyes of poesy,
> "A SOUL in all things," whose all-quickening Love
> "Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives in all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

To such, Nature is the genuine Book of Divine Revelation, wherein God translates to human language the archives of his Eternal Thought. Here is the fountain of Inspiration and source of human knowledge. All the sciences are mere dippings from this fountain; and all the varied useful lore envolumed in the libraries of ancient and modern times, consists of the copyings men have made from this magazine of God's Own Writ. Ho! ye lovers of Truth, ye saints sincere, souls long fed on faith who feel your leanness and long for knowledge, come to this fountain of Wisdom. Away with your old mythologies, and mysteries, and creeds, and dogmas; leave all the reputed oracles of Heathendom and Christendom—the Zend Avesta, Veda, Shaster, Koran, Bible—leave all the scriptures of superstitious men, and come to the Bible of Reason; *study God's works, and be wise.*

The Relation of the Sexes.

Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love, in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician—let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our everyday existence, our moral welfare? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery, and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why then should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

"It is always best," says an old writer, "to ascertain who is in error before pronouncing judgment." We think so too, but only 'tis not yet quite so fashionable about these times as we should like to see it.

Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY REV. WM. WHITTAKER.

We copy the following article from the New York *Evangelist.* Everything is here conceded essential to the doctrine of the Ministration of Spirits:

Of the nature of spiritual and immaterial intelligences, we can know, comparatively, very little; and all the information we have in our possession is derived exclusively from the Word of God. In the Scriptures we are informed that two of these glorious beings conducted righteous Lot out of Sodom—one of them went before the trusty servant of Abraham while on his journey to seek a future partner for his master. An angel was sent to stop the mouth of the lions when Daniel was cast into their den. When the Son of God became incarnate a multitude of heavenly hosts announced the wonderful event, and revealed his birth to the shepherds of Bethlehem, and when tempted forty days in the wilderness, "Angels came and ministered unto him."

During the whole course of his ministry on earth they "had charge concerning him," and at last, when prostrate in the garden, crushed beneath the weight of a world's iniquities, "an angel appeared 'strengthening him.'"

An angel awoke Peter while in prison, knocked off his fetters, and conducted him forth in safety, and another of these celestial visitants was commissioned to assure Paul, while on his memorable voyage up the Mediterranean, that he and his fellow passengers should be saved from going down into a watery grave.

And now what are we to infer from all these interpositions of angelic spirits in behalf of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises? Do they not teach us, that so far from being *indifferent spectators* of human conduct, they take the liveliest interest in our welfare and feel the deepest concern in everything that bears either directly or indirectly upon our future and eternal well being? for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

They have been so long conversant with the beings and events of this lower world, that they must be more intimately acquainted with us than we can possibly be with one another; and we are not forbidden to indulge the delightful thought, that the pure and beautiful inhabitants of the spirit-world are ever hovering around our pathway, taking part in our holier pursuits and aspirations—watching and guarding our footsteps and seeking by their unseen and mysterious influence, to guide us safely to happiness and Heaven. "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

May not *we*, in our ignorance and weakness, be permitted to claim a share in that gracious promise made to the saints of old—"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to *keep thee* in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy feet against a stone."

Prone as we are by nature to wander from the right path, and tempted as we are by the follies and fashions of the world, do we not *need* the holy influences of these blessed spirits to restrain us from wickedness—to strengthen us under affliction, and to beckon us onward and upward to bowers of rest and peace?

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

And if so, why may not our sainted relatives and friends, who have gone to Heaven, stoop down to perform some kind office and be our guardian angels through this wilderness of woe?

> "The spirits of the loved and the departed
> Are with us; and they tell us of the sky,
> A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,
> A house not made with hands, a home on high!
> Holy monitions—a mysterious breath—
> A whisper from the marble halls of death!
>
> "They have gone from us, and the grave is strong!
> Yet in night's silent watches they are near!
> Their voices linger round us as the song
> Of the sweet skylark lingers on the ear,
> When, floating upward in the flush of even,
> Its form is lost from earth, and swallowed up in Heaven."

There is a German legend which says that each of us at our birth have a guardian angel appointed to attend us in all our wanderings, and to remain with us to the last hour of life, unless driven away by our wicked deeds.

This belief, if not *warranted* by Scripture, is at least not in opposition to it, and has been embraced by good men in all parts and periods of the world.

Our Savior says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that *their* angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

It is a delightful reflection that the glorified spirit of a departed Christian friend is with us wherever we go, to warn us of danger—urge as on in the path of duty—smooth our pillow when thrown upon a bed of languishing, and when the vital spark has fled, safely to convey our ransomed spirits to the paradise of God.

> "Hark! they whisper, angels say,
> Sister spirit, come away."

* * * * * *

Let us then open our hearts to receive the impressions which this doctrine is calculated to make, and when beset with the temptations and ills of this probationary state—when struggling with difficulties and discouragements, let us remember that our departed Christian friends who have weathered the storms of life are watching with unutterable longings for the moment when we too shall finish our course with joy, obtain the victory, and receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

> "I am not quite alone. Around me glide
> Unnumbered beings of the unseen world;—
> And *one dear spirit* hovering by my side,
> Hath o'er my form her snow-white wings unfurled.
> It is a token that when death is nigh,
> She then will wait to bear my soul on high."

WOMAN'S SOCIAL DISLOCATION.

BY REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

He is idle, she is idler, who attributes to any temporary excitement the great and gradual movement in these times, which assigns to woman her equal position in the future, as man has had his predominance in the past. For want of this movement, for ages, a minor key of sadness has run through all the words and works of woman. No man can ever speak of the position of woman so mournfully as she has done it for herself. Charlotte Bronte, Caroline Norton, and indeed the majority of intellectual women, from the beginning to the end of their lives, have touched us to sadness even in their mirth. And the mournful memory of Mrs. Siddons, looking back upon years when she had been the chief intellectual joy of English society, could only deduce one hope, "that there might be some other world hereafter, where justice would be done to woman."

It is not alone in the great tragedies of life—it is more in the unseen and private sorrows; it is more in the prosperous classes than in the unprosperous; it is more among women who make no complaint, than among the complainants, that we see the wrongs in the position of woman. The life—the ordinary life of single women in the community—their life from eighteen years to their wedding-day—what is it, in tens of thousands of cases, but one long, petty tragedy! A life reputed blameless indeed, but also aimless; a life without a noble hope, without a large enjoyment, without an earnest purpose! It is impossible that the soul should be satisfied with what society gives young girls as the solid material of their lives—dancing parties, a crochet-needle, the last new novel, and the occasional amateur manufacture of rather indigestible sponge-cake. The soul demands an object, or it dies. This emptiness of life, to unmarried women, has led again and again to insanity and premature decline, for which the doctors could find no sufficient reason. Every man knows it, whose position has given him the confidence of woman. Again and again have I been asked by women, almost with tears in their eyes—persons who had everything that fortune could give them—"Do not merely preach to us resignation, but point out to us some object in existence." How hard it was to answer.

What is education, what all the varied culture of modern times, to a perplexity like this? It is only giving wings to a caged bird. I remember a young friend of mine, now a happy and successful school-teacher, who was asked by a companion, some years since, "why it was that she was so unwilling to leave school?" "I don't want to leave school," was the answer, "because then I shall not have anything to do." "Nothing to do!" was the astonished answer. "Why can't you stay at home, and make pretty little things to wear, as other girls do?" It was a correct description. "It is a sad thing to me," said another accomplished female teacher, "to watch my fine girls after they leave school, and see the intellectual expression die out of their eyes, for want of an object to employ it. I once heard a mother say, "I have not thought much on this subject, but I know this: my daughters are more gifted than my sons, more cultivated, have higher aspirations; yet it seems to me, when I think of it, that my girls live, all the year round, very much the sort of life that my boys do when they come back from college, for a few weeks of relaxation. I like it well enough in my boys for a week or two at a time, but I should be ashamed to have brought them into the world if they lived so permanently."

Again and again, in different forms, this problem comes before us. It is a transition age. The old employments of woman are passing by. Lowell does the work of the spinning-wheel. The sewing-machine is annihilating the needle, and society is to solve a new problem in the position of women. I pass over the darker aspects of her existence. I say nothing of the crime which fills our streets, of domestic tyranny and sensuality—of the woman whose life, at first happy, is wrecked by the baseness of manhood, and who then turns to the laws which should protect her, and finds the law worse than the husband. For it is but a few years since laws were repealed, of which that Vermont statute was a specimen, which confiscated to the State half the property of every childless widow, thinking that the State could probably find better use for it than she. But I speak now rather of that more common position of the woman, who, cradled in comfort or luxury, finds no place in life for her energies, and has to take her chance for existence in the choice between a husband and nothing; and as some one has said—that is often a chance between two nothings. And yet these women thus wasted and weary, what is there in existence which they might not claim?—what place in the universe that they might not nobly fill?

As women are now educated, their whole lives are dependent and accidental. I said to a physician once, speaking of a certain woman who had been under his care, "How great she was in that emergency." "Don't you know," said he, "that all women are great in emergencies?" And so it is—they are. But emergencies do not come to all; and those who are thus great when they come, are not educated to create them. I take it, every woman that ever lived had wings enfolded in her being, and it was only time and circumstances which decided whether she should prove an angel or a moth. Every woman becomes a Madonna by the cradle of her first-born child; and other things may ennoble her also. I have seen a fashionable beauty who seemed as if she thought butterflies were only made that she might imitate them in the waving lustre of her garments; I have seen her forget all that gorgeousness, and throw herself down in the miry street to save a beggar-child from the horses of an omnibus. From the other extreme of society, I have seen a woman who seemed utterly lost and degraded—I have seen that woman mount guard like a lioness in defence of her younger sister not yet fallen like herself. It is so, often; the heroism and power are there, only grant the emergency. But this is not enough.

We do not educate a man to be great in emergencies only; we ask that he shall have manhood in him, that he shall create his emergency for himself; that he shall not wait for victory to come to him; he should, like Napoleon's marshal, be 'victory organized." We must train woman to meet the same demand.

Men judge of women as they personally see them. How can you expect a man to honor womanhood, if you do your utmost to dishonor it by wickedness or frivolity? How can you expect any man to labor for the elevation of those who spurn at the very laborers, and take pains to explain to the world, that they themselves, at least, are not 'strong-minded;' as if anybody supposed they were! How can any man reverence womanhood beyond the personal experience of his own household? I do not need to visit a man to see what his domestic relations are; I can talk to him about the rights and powers of woman, and his answer gives me the true daguerreotype of his sister, wife, mother, daughter. How can he get beyond the standard of Thackeray—every woman weak or wicked—if he can only judge from a wife who knows nothing in the universe beyond her cooking-stove, and a daughter who has not much experimental acquaintance with even that?

On the other hand, what tales of mesmerism or alchemy can fitly symbolize the power of a noble woman over him who loves her? The tale of Undine is only half the story. Dryden's story of Cymon and Iphigenia needs to be placed beside it. Woman not merely finds her own soul through love, but gives it to her lover. Woman has this mighty power—when will she use it nobly? There are thousands to-day who are looking out of their loneliness, their poverty, or their crime, for the new age, when women shall be truer to themselves than men have ever been to women; the new age of higher civilization, when moral power shall take the place of brute force, and peace succeed to war.

A new age is coming for woman as sure as the law of gravitation. Every demand now made by the strongest advocate for her equality will be fulfilled. What is now called fanaticism will one day be called simple common sense. Every claim for her culture, every desire for her employment or enfranchisement; it is all coming, it is all there; none of us can prevent it, while every woman can do so much—more than any man—to promote it. And oh, if my voice, a stranger's voice, can reach one woman's heart within these walls, may this, at least, be the result of its imploring, that she who cannot yet join in the new claims now made for woman, may, in bare justice to her sex, remain neutral. Let her, if she will lift no hand for helping, at least have the generosity to refrain from opposing those who are casting down reputation, friends, time, wealth; casting them all down, that they may be made living stones in the temple of the future of "Woman in Christian Civilization."

There are people of so little courage as to be afraid to say that the wind blows cold, no matter how much they may feel it, unless they have previously heard others express and maintain similar thoughts on the subject.

Human arrogance, says Douglas Jerrold, is assuredly never so pitiable as when, in the snug belief of its own election, it looks upon its fellow in this world as irrecoverably lost.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 21st, 1858.

Civilization, Human Progress, Individual Growth—at what a cost are these attained! The pioneer enters the primeval forest. He confronts the stern old monarchs which have here held undisputed sway for centuries untold. He raises his puny hand against them, armed with that mighty sceptre of Progress, the woodman's axe, more potent than magician's wand; he strikes blow after blow through weary days and months, till at length each towering and sturdy giant lies prostrate before him. He has conquered a little patch of territotory, on which to inaugurate the reign of Civilization. He next calls to his aid the devouring element of fire, Speedily the noblest products of Nature's handiwork, elaborated through long years, perhaps centuries, of secret toil, are reduced to ashes and blackened, smouldering ruins. Still remain the unsightly stumps with their spreading and strong-clinging roots. One by one, with slow and patient labor, must these be wrenched from their stronghold, and removed from the surface. Then, too, there are bogs, and stagnant pools, the haunts of slimy and venomous reptiles, which must be drained and purified. Next the strong plow must run its ruthless share through the bosom of the earth, tearing out every remaining root, and burying every spontaneous springing flower and every cheerful green blade, in utter desolation. Then, and not before, is the soil ready for its best use; the seeds of richer and more useful crops are cast in, and behold in due time come forth broad fields of golden grain, and orchards of luscious fruits, to reward all this weary toil, and to more than compensate for all this seemingly rash and ruthless destruction!

Analogous, or correspondential, to a great extent, is the mode of Human Progress, both in the mass and in the individual. When one type of human development, one peculiarly national idea, or one phase of civilization, has fulfilled its mission in the grand economy, and reached its acme, then goes forth against it the decree of destruction—national decline and desuetude follow, often bloodshed and carnage and devastation of all that was cherished and pleasant, sweep over the land, and for a time all seems blackness and ruin. Yet out of these desolations, in the lapse of centuries, rise nobler types of manhood, new and higher grades of civilization, and the temples of loftier and purer religions. So must it be in the future. And need we wonder or fear if one of these revolutionary epochs be even now at our doors? Is there not, in the effete and and decaying institutionalism of both Church and State in this day a sufficiency of chaff and stubble to invite the consuming fire? Surely, not far off can be one of those "days of the Lord," which shall "burn as an oven" among the rubbish of the past, and light the way to a more glorious future for Humanity. "Whoso readeth let him understand."

But the analogy of this process with that of individual internal growth and experience is not less impressive. Who that awakens to an aspiration for a truly spiritual life—a life of higher uses and goods—does not find at once that the soil of his mind and heart is pre-occupied by growths of opinion, habit and desire—sometimes gigantic and firmly-rooted—which require uprooting and a thorough clearing away? These may have been implanted by education, or they may be a heritage from those who have gone before, or they may have sprung up spontaneously in an untilled soil. Nevertheless, whatever the source or the strength of erroneous beliefs, unlovely traits, or disorderly desires, we find that they must be removed before the soul's garden can be brought to its highest condition of beauty and fruitfulness—become an Eden of plenty and harmony. And ah! what labor it costs, oftentimes, to cut down and tear up by the roots those old cherished opinions and loves!—what pain, when the searching fire lays waste our precious things, and blasts our fondest earthly hopes!—what anguish, when the plowshare lacerates the bosom, lays bare the tenderest affections, exposes roots of lingering error and selfishness, and buries in desolation every green and beautiful thing in which we had found external delight!—and with what fear and shrinking, sometimes, do we approach and let in the light upon those poluted pools of passion, where lurk the serpents and loathsome creatures of the inner world! These, alas! as in the outer world, are often the last to be extirpated and the springs of life purified from their foul presence. Yet from none of this, cost what it may of pain or struggle, will they shrink who are seeking for the highest and truest culture of their own natures. Never will they be content with merely *natural* and easy goodness, or spontaneous fruits, beautiful and noble as some of these may be in their time and order. But cheerfully and resolutely will they invite the axe of criticism, and the fire of truth, and the plowshare of sorrow, and will welcome even the harrow of misinterpretation and slander, if so be that thereby the soil may be mellowed, and the unsightly weeds and fruitless plants of the natural man may be exterminated, that the more lovely and delicious "fruits of the spirit" may be brought forth in their stead.

Thus, in the first and simplest labors of the pioneer of civilization are plainly typified the requisites of a progressive spiritual life. Thus are strikingly symbolized the processes of the soul's true regeneration. Thus is clearly set forth and justified the ministry of sufferings, of sorrows and of persecutions,—of heart-rendings and utter desolations of soul which often prepare the way for a truly noble and unselfish life.

Such, reader, was the train of thoughts which came trooping into my brain, as I was being whirled along upon the rail from Dunkirk to this place. The route lies through a country comparatively new, where large tracts of the old forest still remain, where many of the clearings are yet thickly studded over with unsightly stumps, and the fires of the woodsman are still burning. It was these, with the usual indications of fall husbandry, that suggested this, perhaps to you, strange series of analogies. If you see in them anything of truth, or beauty or value, make the most of them; if otherwise, let them pass as a dream of fancy. To me they are fraught with mighty and momentous import.

Cleveland rejoices in the title of "The Forest City," and of all the places I have visited, east or west, it is best entitled to that attractive designation. With the exception of a few streets in the exclusively business portions of the city, the houses generally are literally embowered in trees and surrounded by gardens. The present, however, is the time of the "sere and yellow leaf," and the glory of summer is fast departing. Mr. Frost, the artist, whose magic doings in another quarter I mentioned in my last, has hardly deigned to visit these parts as yet,—otherwise the Forest City would now be truly in a "blaze of glory."

Cleveland has some peculiarities which strike a New-Englander quite oddly. Its principal business streets are *floored* with plank—omnibus drivers, like pharisees of old, sound [tin] trumpets before them in the streets—a practice to a Bostonian strongly suggestive of *sell-fish* proclivities—and portly porkers dispute the sidewalk with biped pedestrians. I ought in justice to add, however, that since I have been in the city, the Marshall has issued a proclamation which stares us in the face at every street corner in English and Dutch, threatening to impound all swine hereafter found running at large. Let this important fact be noted, as indicative of the westward progress of civilization! When the people of this country can be persuaded to take another advance step, and interdict swine from passing down their throats and running at large through their whole constitutions, then may we look for a less swinish and more spiritual race of men.

Spiritualism in Cleveland is in a rather *diffused* condition. That there are hundreds, probably thousands, of people who believe in the cardinal fact of spirit communication, there is no doubt; but for some time there has existed little unity of feeling or action among them. One cause of this has doubtless been the lack, among those who have undertaken to give direction to the spiritual sentiment here, of a disposition or an ability to direct it to the promotion of any useful ends, either of public benefit or personal improvement. Whenever Spiritualism is received as a mere pleasing theory, or a source of amusement and self-gratification instead of as a help to the discovery of vital truth and an aid to a more true life, it is sure ere long to pall upon the taste and to lose its hold upon the individual and the public mind. It must present some important and valuable end to be attained, in which to enlist the consciences and hearts of men and women with an earnest and religious purpose, or it will fail to bind them together, and will be,—and *deserve* to be,—scouted from the community as a thing of no real worth. A true Spiritualism will tend surely to practical results—to greater personal purity, spirituality, and an earnest self-consecration to works of use and beneficence. These remarks are not caculated for this latitude alone, but, like the Old Farmer's Almanac, "will answer for any part of the United States."

Lately, Bro. J. H. W. Toohey, well-known to Spiritualists in all parts of the country, has located himself here, and, in conjunction with other earnest spirits is zealously laboring to unitize and concentrate the disintegrated elements. Through his endeavors, seconded by others, a hall has been secured and tastefully fitted up for Sunday meetings through the winter. Bro. T., besides being the advocate of a rational and religious Spiritualism, is a naturally ordained apostle of the Gospel of Cheerfulness and Physical Health. One of his favorite maxims is, that "there is a good deal of religion in a hearty laugh;" and he is very successful in inducing those who associate with him to reduce this maxim to practice. From a recent public address of his on "amusements," I clip the following pithy sentences:

"Why should not man laugh? Laugh deep, loud, and long? He is the only creature capable of such experiences, and should be taught to consider it one of the crowning excellencies of his coronated manhood. Natural history authorizes the statement, and human experience demonstrates its truth."

"Of the relations of mirth and amusements to the religious and devotional mind, much might be said, as reform was never more needed than here. As it is, we can only say, that a continuance in opposition to the mirthful and recreative, is not only a great, sad mistake—it is a crime! Theological teachers are becoming sensible of the fact, if we can rightly comprehend the statement of Henry Ward Beecher, when he told his congregation it was "better to laugh—even in the church—than sit like the remains of one taken from a mummy pit."

"Every person should cultivate an acquaintance with the mirthful and fun-loving side of life, that his health may be good and his religion natural; for excessive sensibility and morbidness of feeling is the result of disease, and disease only, though the inspiring and producing cause may be religion, theology, social isolation or business exclusiveness."

I had the honor of giving the first addresses in the newly fitted Hall, on Sunday last, (the 17th,) to good and attentive congregations. In my second lecture, which was on "Spiritualism as an Agency of Reform," it came in my way to speak of its application, among other directions, to the marriage relation,—showing that a true Spiritualism must lead to a higher morality and purer relations between the sexes than those now sanctioned by State or Church. I was not long in ascertaining that my reference to this delicate subject was the occasion of some *fluttering* on the part of a very few individuals present—not as I can learn, on account of the views advanced, but because it was desired that the topic itself should be wholly *tabooed* in Spiritualist meetings. I had the rare satisfaction of hearing my name associated with some not specially complimentary epithets, spoken from excited lips. The disaffection, however, was very limited; and I have only to add that a Spiritualism which fails to reach and purify the very springs of life, in the most intimate and important of all human relations, will prove of very trifling worth to mankind: and the Spiritualist who shrinks from the application of pure principles to every-day transactions and duties, is of little value to the cause of Human Progress, and would find more fitting associations in the bosom of some "respectable" though lifeless church-organization.

I had designed to notice several other matters of interest which have attracted my attention while here. But the already too great length of this epistle compels me to defer them.

On Sunday next, I expect to speak at Geneva, and on Tuesday evening following at Painesville. Thence I go to Ravenna to attend a two days' mass meeting called at that place.

P. S.—*Oct. 29th.* Since the foregoing was written and forwarded, I have had the pleasure of an interview with the gentleman mainly alluded to as objecting to one of my lectures in this place. It appears that his exceptions were founded chiefly on misapprehensions which are now happily dispelled. He expresses himself as not only agreeing with the sentiments advanced, but as satisfied of the propriety and wisdom of avowing them. Thus it often happens that a mutual understanding is all that is necessary to remove antagonisms and to secure fraternal co-operation.

A. E. N.

THE DIVINE MATERNITY.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

"Every woman becomes a Madonna by the cradle of her first born child."—Rev. T. W. HIGGINSON.

In the glow of many a sunset,
In the hush of many an eve,
Sits a young and sweet-voiced mother,
Where the plaintive low winds breathe
Through the leaves of the latticed window
A song of the summer day;
While she chants a sweeter measure
To her darling at rest from play.

Young mother! thus singing at twilight
To the baby upon thy breast,
Lulling with tenderest carols
Its beautiful form to rest—
Dost thou feel the encircling presence
Of the God who hath chosen thee
To clothe in His glorious image
The soul of Humanity?

Very near to that Infinite nature—
Very near to the heart of God—
More blest than the "hills of Beulah"
Which the white feet of angels trod,
Is the sacred heart of Woman—
The nature through which alone
The Divine can become embodied,
And the spirit reach its home.

Look up, O, my drooping sister!
To the crown which awaiteth thee
When TRUTH like a mighty anthem
Shall float o'er the land and sea;
When Woman, the Mother of Nations,
The cherished, the noble, the blest,
Shall be to the future millions
An angel of peace and rest.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 20th, 1858.

CLERICAL HEALTH.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* (J. B. W., of Still River, Mass., who, we think, is himself a clergyman), repudiates the common idea that the prevalent ill health of the clerical profession is attributable to a lack of physical exercise, improper dietetic habits, etc.; but rather to supineness of mind, and want of living sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age. Hear him:

"Clergymen are not healthy because of the deadness of their occupation. Our age is not a religious one. There is not a question on gospel interpretations that has excited the slightest interest in our community at large since the Trinitarian controversy raised by the fathers of the Unitarian denomination. And it needs old men to remember that battle. Contrast the interest felt by the citizens of the United States in the questions arising on the constitutional formula 'held to service,' or on Mr. Choate's gloss, 'glittering generalities,' with the interest they show in relation to any question relating to the Sermon on the Mount, and we can understand somewhat why we hear nothing of the ill health of politicians and everything of the ill health of clergymen.

"For the former there are no more physical exercise, early hours, pure air, well-chosen diet, than for the latter; nor one-tenth so much. But there are, for the politician, bright, earnest controversies, manly battles; there is variety of life, there is brilliant hope—for our people are intensely political. For the clergyman there is no one of these things; for things religious our community generally care not one straw. And it is a question worthy of consideration whether, for this general supineness, the clergymen are not in great measure to blame. For if they have thrown out upon the world many questions or suggestions worthy of much serious thought and earnest action, during the last ten years, such questions and suggestions have escaped my notice, as they have that of the majority of our people. And I honestly think that the ill health which pursues most of our clergymen is well-earned and well-deserved. This is a very severe charge, but I hold myself bound to make it good."

There is certainly some truth in this. Poring year after year over such ghastly and worn-out themes as Original Sin, Election and Reprobation, the Retributions of Eternity, and others which form the staples of discussion in many pulpits, is enough to induce dyspepsia, liver-complaint, and any amount of morbid physical conditions; while the dreary repetition of thread bare ideas, so common to clergymen, we had almost said, *ought to* produce bronchitis, if it doesn't. There is no *inspiration* in such performances, and no hearty response from the hearers; hence there is no recompense, either internal or external, for the vitality expended. If, then, clergymen would enjoy physical health, to say nothing of mental and spiritual vigor, let them leave their ancient and musty theological lore and their lifeless "gospel interpretations," and grapple with the vital, *practical* questions of to-day. They need not become "politicians," at least in the objectionable sense of the word; for in the grand and living themes of a Spiritual Philosophy, a Rational Theology, and Practical Reform, there is surely enough to enlist the utmost energies of any philanthropic mind.

A. E. N.

Beautiful Incident.

The Boston *Herald* publishes the obituary of Mrs. Ellen Carter, of Hyde Park, Dorchester, Mass., who recently passed to the spirit-land at the age of fifty years. She passed away sleeping, her cheek resting upon her hand. It was a sweetly peaceful exit. During her last days a very beautiful little incident, well worth commemorating, took place. Her husband, who lay sleeping in her room, saw all at once a wondrous light, and in the midst she stood, as though already an angel, and bending said, "Henry, here are some lines for my tombstone."

'Tis sweet to die when gone before
The loved one of my heart,
My angel son says, "Mother come,
We never more shall part."

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF EVIL.—The lecture of Andrew Jackson Davis at the Utica Convention on this subject has been published by Bela Marsh, Boston. The pamphlet is got up in such good shape, with large type and clear paper, that it is a luxury to read it aside from the intrinsic excellence of the production.

We improve this occasion to say, that as we have already devoted all the space we have to spare to the proceedings of the Convention, we shall not be able to publish in the AGE any portion of this speech, nor of the letters read at Utica.

The only way to render Spiritualism truly "respectable"—to make it command the regard of the really sensible portion of the community—is to apply it directly and without compromise to the removal of acknowledged evils. This will necessarily give rise to opposition, obloquy and misinterpretation for a time; but truth is mighty and will prevail.

P. B. RANDOLPH.—The papers have it that Randolph, the mulatto, who has figured in times past in New York and elsewhere, as a trance-speaker—little to his own credit, less to the credit of the cause—has received a call to the "Christian ministry."

The Spiritualists in Drewsville, N. H., are fitting up a Hall, which will be ready for occupation in a few weeks.

DIDACTICS OF THE WISE AND WORTHY.

PREPARED FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, Truth might as well be in prison as in the folio. The schoolman, and those who release her from her cobwebed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering* her.

The true end of freedom is to develop manhood and womanhood, not to make authors, mechanics, or statesmen.

On a night when the winds are hushed, how noiseless falls the snow! With what profound quiet it accumulates! Yet the mighty and hitherto invincible army of Napoleon was subdued by a Russian snow-storm. Thus it is with the soul. But a small part of its deepest and truest activity can be displayed.

To speak truth, reader, there is no excellent beauty, no accomplished grace, no reliable refinement without strength as excellent, as complete, as trustworthy. As well might you look for good fruit and blossoms on a rootless and sapless tree, as for charms that will endure in a feeble and relaxed nature. For a little while the blooming semblance of beauty may flourish round weakness, but it cannot bear a blast; it soon fades even in serenest sunshine.

True peace of mind is like the deep, still-flowing river, over its pearly bed. However it is stirred, it doth not cast up mire and dirt.

Fear to displease and dare to displease.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable—so far, indeed, therefrom, that the active alone have the *true* relish of life. None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do, or who will do nothing.

Voltaire somewhere tells a good story of a man who was about to ford a river, and who asked another, on the opposite side, which was the safest place. "Turn to the right," said the latter. The questioner went in at *his own right*. "Not that way!" bawled out the other; "you will be drowned; turn to the *right!*" waving his hand to his own right. "The right! *this* is my right," persisted the man in the water, and so sunk and was drowned.

In the character of a complete gentleman, *satire* should occupy no position of consequence. It should be held subordinate to the higher principles and nobler sentiments. A desire to diminish and ridicule is meaner than the ambition to elevate and surprise. It is even more agreeable to find eulogy in excess, than censure. A boaster ranks above a tattler, and a vain-glorious fellow is always better received than a carking, contemptible deprecator. Easy, pleasant raillery is not the thing we mean; but a cold, malicious, sneering humor,—a turn for degrading and vitiating everything.

It belongs only to little minds, and such as move in a narrow sphere, to be decided and and opinionated. The farther we extend our progress in life, and the more we observe upon society at large, the more cautious do we become of pronouncing judgment upon others.

A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that the titles of nobility could ever add.

Man is partly a creature, and partly a creator of circumstances.

The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body.

Whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart. CALVERT.

Another Sell.

The *Clarion* gives a facetious account of a late anti-Spiritualist performance in Afton, Iowa. The hero of the affair was a sort of second-rate juggler, who claimed to have discovered a new electrical law to account for all the modern spiritual phenomena. He professed to be a very pious Simon Magus, and the clergy with their flocks turned out in great glee to witness the utter annihilation of Spiritualism.

The man said that he had been in all the spirit-rooms in the east, and could make the raps, tip the stands and tables, and do everything himself. Well, he did rap and upset the stand, but when called on to raise the stand, he said his electricity had become exhausted! He then went through a series of second-rate "slight of hand" performances, closing with the feat of swallowing several jack-knives, and offering to teach any person who would come on the platform how this jack-knife business was accomplished. What the man had said against Spiritualism wrought so far on the confidence of the pious, a devout old Methodist brother took the platform for the purpose of practising in the jack-knife line. The juggler placed the old gentleman with face fronting the audience, and made him throw his head up back, and open his mouth wide, close his eyes, and then told him to stand thus till he was otherwise ordered.

The old man followed directions to the letter, while the juggler slid back out of sight and left his Methodist pupil standing with expanded jaws and closed eyes till the audience exploded with laughter. The good brother and the clergy were sold. The open-mouthed Methodist was only an illustration of their gullibility and readiness to swallow a greater humbug than Spiritualism ever was supposed to be. The performer left town early in the morning, swearing a blue streak at his landlord's bill. The clergy and their flocks were chop-fallen, and now the people are ready to hear some good spiritual lectures.

HOW TO SPEND MONEY.—*Zion's Herald* repeats a falsification about a man out West who, it avers, has lost a fortune by following spirit-direction, and says, "We believe that all who spend small sums of money to get spiritual information are equally foolish."

It would be perfectly safe for any one to "spend a small sum of money" in a subscription to *Zion's Herald*, for there is no danger of his getting any spiritual information from that source. Heralds of the modern Zion have little to do with spiritual things.

We have received a note from Mr. Foster, the medium, contradicting the statements of Mr. Von Vleck as given in our Conference report last week. It is not necessary to publish it. Detractions from such a source cannot harm either Mr. Foster or any one else. The public will place little reliance on the assertions of one who by his own confession has deliberately acted and spoken egregious falsehood.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—Among the interesting articles we intend publishing in our next is a sketch of the wonderful career of Hume the medium, and a spicy letter from Battle Creek, Mich.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Wayside.

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 21st, 1858.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—Since I last wrote you, we have flown on the wings of time and the steam-horse from the pleasant locality of New Bedford, to ye anciente citie of ye witches—Salem—the birth-place of your very humble correspondent,—a place around which the misty vapor of dark days and darker deeds still lingers, like the solemn shades of night, tinging the minds of the people with an awe for all things spiritual, except that which comes through the regular (irregular) channels of the church and the clergy.

WITCHES AS THEY WERE.

On Tuesday morning, in company with Mr. Johnson, as guard of honor, we paid a visit to the Salem Court House, a beautiful granite structure, fire-proof, in which are preserved the archives of the city and the valuable documents of Essex County. Through the courtesy of Mr. Hodges, one of the gentlemanly clerks of the court, we were shown the original depositions and death-warrants upon which the wizards and witches of that time were tried, condemned and executed, by the various processes of hanging, burning, drowning and crushing.

In a small glass vial, closely sealed, to protect its contents from *pix-thieves*, were thirteen of the identical little brass pins, which it is asserted were taken from the arms and flesh of the victims of witchcraft.

There is something deeply and painfully interesting in perusing the old records of Salem witchcraft, although the people of this enlightened age laugh at the tales told by the fireside, of wizards and witches, as being but the mere fancies of a diseased brain. I am satisfied, however, from the array of evidence presented, that those strange phenomena had a real existence, and were not, as it is asserted, drawn entirely from the fountains of the imagination, but were *bona fide* spirit manifestations; as much so as those of our own day and time, although it must be conceded that they were of a very different character and of a low order, and were produced in the presence of mediums of like merit who attracted to themselves *sable* influences.

There was something remarkable in the evidence presented by the various witnesses, as it was not of a conflicting character, but agreed in all the leading and essential points. For instance, they nearly all testified that the apparitions presented to them a *black book*, in which they importuned them to enroll their names; and if they would not do so, to touch but the lid of the cabalistic volume.

The witnesses further testified, that the phantoms choked, pinched, pricked, and did otherwise torture them most grievously. They were also prevented from eating, drinking or sleeping. Their nights were made hideous by the nocturnal visits of the witches into their locked sleeping apartments; and when once in, they would present before the terrified vision of the occupants the corpses of persons whom they knew;—the *dead* testifying to the manner of their death; one asserting that he was killed by being pierced under the arm with a knitting-needle; a second that his throat was cut with a knife—and thereupon the wound would gape and the crimson current of life flow out. One woman testified that a neighbor had sorely bewitched her sow, and still another her cow, and so on through the entire catalogue.

Although the accused were generally from the most humble walks of life, the poor and illiterate, yet many of their answers to questions were exceedingly shrewd and apt, betraying more than ordinary intelligence. If I were not fearful of trespassing too much upon your valuable space, I would send you several specimens of the evidence. As it is, I take the liberty to enclose you the following copy of a deposition as a fair sample of the whole:

[COPY.]

The deposition of Mary Lewis, agt 19 yr. who testifieth and saith that in the latter end of April 1692 there appeared to me the apparition of a short old woman which told me her name was Goody Martin and that she came from Amesbury; who did most grievously torment me by biting and pinching me, urging me vehemently to write in her book; but on the 2d of May 1692, being the day of her examination, Susannah Martin did torment and afflict me most grievously in the time of her examination, for which she looked upon me personally. She would strike me down or almost choke me, and several times since the apparition of Susannah Martin has most grievously afflicted me by pinching and almost choking me to death, urging me to write in her book; and also on the day of her examination I saw the apparition of Susannah Martin go and hurt the bodies of Mary Walcott, Elizabeth Hubbard, Abigal Williams and Ann Putnam. Signed MERCY LEWIS.

It will be seen from the above deposition and other like testimony, that even hanging did not suffice to cure the evil of witchcraft; for some of the poor creatures who were executed did not cease from tormenting their victims after their mortal bodies were cold in the silent grave.

Some of the accused stoutly denied the charges preferred against them, protesting their innocence, while others again confessed their guilt, pleading in extenuation of the foul crime that they were acted upon by some mysterious influence over which they had no control, and were compelled to bewitch their accusers.

Truly, "time works wonders," and the asserted falsehood of yesterday becomes the truth of to-day. The penalty of being a medium in 1692 was *Death*; in 1858 it is beginning to be *respectable*, although all the persecutors are not dead, as we have ample evidence.

QUITE AS BEWITCHING.

A few more words about Salem witches, and I will change the subject. From my own observation, I am fully convinced that there are really more witches in this city to-day, than there have been at any time since the place was first settled. Although I don't wish them any very *serious* harm, still I must give my evidence against them for their enchantments in having wittingly or unwittingly affected my eyesight, which I have heretofore considered tolerably good. On numerous occasions since my arrival here, both in and out of doors, have they placed before my eyes many *very* bewitching visions of earthly angels; the magnetism of whose dark lustrous orbs, rivalling in beauty the stars of heaven, thrilled me with a strange fear for the effect of their wonderful power and beauty, and I really think if I had not found a market years ago, I should have fallen an easy prey to the most fair witches of Salem of 1858, and enrolled my name in their sweet but magic book of life.

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES.

In the evening I joined a party of about seven hundred intelligent people, and visited Lyceum Hall to pay our respects to Miss Hardinge and to listen to her inspired breathings. She is truly a most estimable lady, and decidedly the best speaking medium we have in the country; and it is very much to be regretted that we have not many more of the same character, as very many of our teachers would find their more proper sphere in being *taught*. Miss Hardinge is of that class of mediums who reflect credit upon the cause, and whose services are of great value in the broad field of spiritual labor. She possesses that important requisite—a classical education; being well versed in ancient and modern history, and familiar with the myths and religion of the old nations.

She is a powerful opponent for the forces of old theology to combat, and so well aware are they of this fact, that *they dare not meet her in open debate* least their *machinery* should get damaged in the encounter, and their *weak* points exposed to their worshippers. They rather prefer the safer position of remaining behind their velvet fortresses and hurl forth denunciations and pious slanders against the friends of Spiritualism than to come out into a fair field of action.

The subject selected for the lecture was the "Philosophy of Miracles," which was very logically and ably handled, giving great satisfaction to the numerous and attentive audience.

VENTILATION NEEDED.

The conservatism of Salem has become *musty* and wants airing, and I am fearful if this is not done soon, it will become moth-eaten from its *closeness*. I have always thought, and still do believe, that there is more real good in every man, woman and child, than harm; but I am often ashamed and mortified at the conduct of those who profess to be God's children, yet crucify their glorious manhood and womanhood daily on the altar of public opinion, and say by acts louder than words, "TRUTH, I know ye not in presence of *these*." It is indeed *deplorable* that so many lack the moral courage to let their poor benighted and enslaved souls shine out through the grates of their dark prison house, FEAR. I entertain a pity mingled with contempt for all those who have not the heart to acknowledge their own thoughts and act themselves before those who entertain different views on religious matters. I have been led into this train of thought, or the expression of it, by the conduct of certain persons whom I have met in my travels, a type of a large class who will acknowledge the existence of a Spiritualist when there are no other eyes upon them, but are both dumb and blind to your presence when in the company of unbelievers. Poor, poor creatures, God help them is my prayer, for they have not sense enough to preserve their ean bodies.

Very truly yours, W. R. H.

Letter from Glens Falls.

GLENS FALLS, Oct. 23d, 1858.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:—Dear Sir—As I suppose there is no corner of the Master's vineyard so unimportant as to be without interest to those who look eagerly for the signs of the times, a word in regard to our spiritual state in this northern region may not be out of place.

Mrs. Ada L. Coan, the well-known test-medium, has held several circles in the Universalist church in our village, and though reports of her success in other places had prepared us for something excellent, yet the reality has far exceeded our anticipations.

The sounds have been so distinct in her presence, and the answers so decided and correct, that opposers have been completely silenced. Even the theory-mongers were at their wit's end, and forced to admit that none of their inventions would explain all phases of the manifestations.

An interest has been awakened in the adjoining towns, and Mrs. Coan has had constant calls to hold sittings in all directions round us. She will be thus engaged during the present week at Hartford, Fort Ann, Oneida Village, &c., &c.

On Tuesday of last week Mr. Joel Tiffany lectured to us, after which Mrs. Coan held a sitting. During the manifestations, which were, if possible, still more satisfactory than at her previous seances, Mr. Tiffany gave occasional explanations and remarks that were listened to with great interest and attention.

In response to a generally expressed desire, Mrs. Coan and Mr. Tiffany have promised to be with us again on Monday the 25th inst., and hold meetings through the ensuing week.

The small circle of believers here are now enjoying the privilege of listening to the preaching of J. F. Walker, and the community around us seems to be warming into spiritual life under the stimulating effect of his occasional word, for he has had invitations to preach in many of the "waste places of Zion," where the good seed sown has already taken root.

If such an unusual conjunction of good influences fail to enlighten and spiritualize our community, I fear that we must be made up of uncommonly untractable materials. In the hope that great good may be accomplished, I am, with much respect, A. E. H.

Boston and Vicinity.

Emma Hardinge's Lecture.

Not till some ingenious artist shall invent a means of combining the powers of the phonographer with those of the daguerrean and musician will it be possible to do justice to the eloquent discourses given by Miss Hardinge at the Music Hall and Melodeon. The series has proved a perfect triumph over everything in the shape of gainsaying opposition. Perhaps the best guage of success is the size of the audiences in attendance. These have increased in numbers since her first lecture, till on Sunday evening last the Melodeon was crowded to an uncomfortable degree; and notwithstanding the closeness of the atmosphere they were held, to an individual, with the most absorbed attention during an unequalled discourse of nearly two hours in length.

If there be a better test than the above of her success, it is to be found in the concessions she has extorted from the bitterest opponents of Spiritualism. The Boston *Courier*—whose most excellent representative, Prof. Felton, was present at her last lecture in the Music Hall, —amidst the most ungracious quibblings is forced to admit as much as this:—

"If any one supposes that politics—tariff, free trade, Kansas, Douglas, State rights, or the approaching State election—absorb all the attention of the good people of Boston and vicinity, he or she who cherisher such a supposition, labors under a slight mistake. The mysterious, the unknown and the unknowable still engage the minds of many, yea, very many men and women. Numerous political meetings were held last night, but we venture to assert that no such meeting held under a roof could compare in numbers, or surpass in earnestness an assembly of believers in Spiritualism, which met in the hall under the Music Hall. The special attraction of the occasion was Miss Emma Hardinge, a medium from England. The entertainment was well carried through."

We doubt if there is a man or woman in the country who would venture to enter the lecturing field and for night after night, and week after week, attempt to extemporise discourses on any theme which might be presented, which should defy the criticism of determined opponents. It would be a marvellous success for any human being unaided by those inspirational influences which are attendant upon this gifted medium.

BENEFIT OF THE POOR.—Miss Hardinge has kindly volunteered to lecture at the Melodeon on Thursday evening of the present week, the proceeds to be passed to the Ladies' Harmonial Band, for the benefit of the poor. This act of practical charity will form an appropriate finale to a month's most acceptable and efficient labor in this city, and will clinch the hold she has on the hearts of the people. We have the pleasure also to state that the beautiful panorama of the "Pilgrim's Progress" will be unrolled before the audience on the same evening, completing the intellectual and spiritual feast. As our readers are mostly aware, this panorama is no cheap affair, but is of a high order of art well worth viewing. Only 25 cents, the usual price of the panoramic exhibition, is required of each visitor. The Melodeon will be crowded once more.

THE CONFERENCE.—At the Conference at No. 14 Bromfield street on Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. Edson was chosen to preside. He explained the object of the meetings, which was moral and religious improvement and the expression of thought in a social and friendly spirit, by which he hoped both speaker and hearer would be benefitted. The question "Is anything wrong?" was taken up and discussed with ability by Dr. Child, Messrs Lincoln, Baker, Robbins, Adams, Rice, Chapman and others. The same subject is continued for consideration this week.

DEPARTURE OF AN INTERESTING AND PROMISING GIRL.—It is not often that death takes from the family circle a more beautiful or promising object than that of Anna Cora, daughter of Lewis B. Wilson, twelve and a half years old, who died on Wednesday and was buried on Saturday last, from her home, No. 885 Washington street. She possessed to more than ordinary degree a bright intellect and a winning, happy nature; and had won from her teachers and all with whom she was acquainted, not only respect but sincere admiration. During the last few days of her life, she is related to have seen angels hovering about her bedside, with whom she conversed, and her closing hours were made radiant with happiness by the celestial visitants. Her death was worthy of one far more advanced in years. Rev. W. R. Alger, in whose Sunday School the deceased had been a favorite scholar, officiated at the funeral and made a most eloquent and touching address, which deeply affected all present. The scholars of her class at the Franklin School were in attendance, each of whom brought fresh flowers to lay upon the lifeless form of their late beloved companion. The corpse, which was laid out in full dress, and with exquisite and appropriate taste, looked more like one asleep than dead. She was an only child, and one upon whom her parents centered a world of affection and hope.

A case in which Mrs. Mary J. Poole petitions for a divorce from her husband, on trial in Boston the past week, shows terrible cruelty on the part of the husband. It appears that it has been a common thing for ten years, for him to pull her hair, choke her, knock her down and brutally beat her. A daughter, eleven years old, corroborated her mother's testimony. In reply to a question from the court, she said—"I don't feel well towards my father, for he treats my mother bad, and I can't feel well towards any one who treats my mother bad." The witness here burst into tears.

THE MELODEON MEETINGS.—It will be seen by the notice that Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, whose lectures proved so acceptable on a former visit to this city, is engaged to speak at the Melodeon next Sunday. Report says that she has greatly improved as a speaker since she was with us before.

THE PARTY AT UNION HALL.—There were about fifty couples present at the Levee of the Ladies' Harmonial Band last week Thursday. Everything passed off delightfully. The second of the course will take place on Thursday evening, 11th inst.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Alden, of Claremont, for a box of the most luscious pears. May he long live to cultivate such; and may the fruits of his inner Eden equal those in purity and excellence.

We would also thankfully acknowledge the reception of a barrel of excellent apples from Mr. Geo. Bailey, of Marshfield. Will he accept the AGE as a weekly reminder of our gratefulness for a year to come?

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Oct. 29th.

Dr. ORTON read the list of questions as prepared by the committee. The discussion was continued on the second in the list, viz: "What are the causes and conditions of these phenomena, and the reasons for and against the supposition that they are produced by spirits?"

Mr. WESTON, a merchant of this city, submitted a written statement of facts in his experience, going to prove the truth of spirit-intercourse. It was in substance as follows:

In 1848, Mr. Weston was a merchant in Rochester. He had an uncle of the Fox girls in his employ, which brought him into an acquaintance with them. The rappings through them, however, he considered all humbug, and refused to investigate the subject. In 1849 he removed to New York. His acquaintance with those mediums was still continued, but he gave no heed to their pretensions. This continued until a deep domestic affliction overtook him, in the loss of almost his entire family. In four years he lost his mother, brother, sister, wife and son. This prepared the way and led him to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism.

In the month of May last he was in Philadelphia, and was invited to see young Ruggles, Prof. Hare's favorite medium. There he heard raps, and saw a table moved without physical contact. He locked the doors of the room, and they were unlocked by an invisible agency, as fast as he could lock them. The spirit of his brother Henry announced himself. Mr. W. remarked that Henry was a great hunter, when suddenly there was an explosion like fire-arms, and a quantity of shot rattled about the floor, some of which he gathered up and preserved. Water also dropped down on him from an invisible source, and marbles and books on another occasion were thrown about the room. At a subsequent sitting, his mother corrected the spelling of her Christian name, which, being an unusual one, he had mis-spelled. The lead was taken mysteriously out of his pencil, and returned to him, rolling on the paper before him, at his request.

Dr. Hare believed that the spirits could, and did, transmute metals, through Ruggles, and Mr. Weston asked them if it was true. An affirmative reply was given, and by their direction he put a quarter of a dollar under a tea-cup, no one touching the cup, meanwhile, but himself, and in thirty seconds, he found in place of the silver, a square piece of gold of about equal weight, which is pronounced good gold by the brokers and assayers of Wall-street, and others, who have tested it in every form. [Mr. W. exhibited the piece of gold to the audience.] Dr. Hare, Mr. DeWolf, and several others, were present at the time of this transmutation. This, and the other experiments, were performed in a good light.

On Mr. Weston's return to New York, he addressed a long letter to his deceased wife, *in cypher*, which was answered, and his own letter translated, by Ruggles, without the breaking of the seals. He then induced Ruggles to come to New York, and continued his experiments.

The spirits would throw pears about the room; they cut a piece from a water-melon. They threw eggs and hit him and Ruggles on the head, when there were no eggs in the house, saying that they were good subjects for sponge-cake. They threw a pie against his back. They took down the bedstead when he and Ruggles were in bed. They altered the time on their watches, and then took off the hands, and subsequently replaced them with paper ones. Going on board a boat, he found he had left an important paper behind in his office. The spirits told him not to return for it—that they would bring it; and on going to his state-room he found it there, pinned against the wall, together with a pencil they had brought. On his way down from Harlem on one occasion, he lost a three dollar bill, which was subsequently returned to him on his shoulder. He went to Boston with Ruggles, and stopped at the Revere House. The room given them did not suit the spirits, and so they went to ringing the bells all over the house, and kept the waiters answering imaginary calls. While there, Mr. Weston remarked that he wished he had his Railroad Guide, which was at his office in New York, when the book—the same book, unmistakably, having his own name in it—was brought and laid in his room. He opened a bottle of champaigne and poured out a couple of glasses, when the bottle disappeared. It was soon discovered balanced on a peg, where no human being could have sustained it, with the cork replaced, and a pen stuck in it.

One Sunday, as they were about going out, Ruggles received a quantity of saw-dust on his head, and down his neck; and as he was congratulating himself on his escape, he was treated in like manner, the spirits saying that in old times it was the fashion to powder the hair, and they wished them to appear like gentlemen. They arrived at the door of their room, and found they had not got the key. The spirits unlocked the door. The spirit of his father related to him the events of his (the speaker's) life, for a period of eighteen years. At the trial of the steam fire-engines in Boston, the spirits announced to him that the Philadelphia engine would be the victor, which fact he published in Boston on the morning of the day in which the trial was to be made. A spirit announced to him that he had left money in his pocket book, not distributed by his will, which he wished appropriated in a certain direction. The spirit brought the money, seventy-two dollars in amount, each bill marked with the initials of his name, and dictated a letter; and Mr. Weston enclosed the money and sent it by mail, according to the spirit's direction, and received a reply from the recipient, enclosing a letter to the spirit, which was also answered by the spirit. He went to Barre, which was his birth-place. Letters addressed to him from different places were brought by the spirits and delivered in his room. One letter, which would have required three days to reach him by the mails, was brought in the space of a few hours. He wrote a letter to the Boston *Traveller*, enclosing a dollar. The spirits told him not to put a stamp on it. They took it from his room, and he subsequently ascertained that it was promptly delivered at the place of its destination. Last week, at Mr. Hussey's room, on Canal street, while they were emptying a bottle of Saratoga water, a letter dropped on the table containing several dollars; and the spirits informed them there was something of value in the bottle, when they broke it, and found several dollars more. This money was appropriated to a specific purpose, by direction of the spirits.

Mr. Weston was questioned at some length. Among other things he stated that he had been greatly relieved of a chronic catarrh by injecting a solution of common salt up his nostrils, by direction of the spirits, and that several cases of bindness and deafness had been cured by the same remedy.

Mr. DRESSER said, that for many years his life was despaired of by reason of hemorrhage from the lungs. By spirit-impression first, and afterward by full communication, he was directed to a remedy which effected a cure. Touching the transmutation of metals, he believed that spirits could do it. Several years ago there was a wonderful man at Albany, by the name of Sprague. This man went to California, and the transfer of the vessel in which he went was made at his (Dresser's) Law Office, which brought him acquainted with Sprague. Sprague gave him evidence that this could be done. If any one would take the trouble to examine Cotton Mather's Magnalia, they would there find evidence that the same things now occurring took place at Salem two hundred years ago. Sprague stated that he received reports of the battles in Mexico, through the spirits, as they were fought, all through the course of the war.

The discussion was continued by Dr. Orton, Mr. Partridge, Mr. Smith, of Chicago, Mr. Coles, Mr. Pierce, of Providence, Mr. Paine, of Worcester, and Dr. Gray. A perfect avalanche of facts, of a more astounding character, perhaps, than have ever been placed before the public, were poured out on the large audience in attendance, to the total discomfiture, for the present at least, of the spirit of skepticism.

J. R. O.

CHURCH TROUBLES.—It is a painful and somewhat remarkable fact that for years there have not been in the Baptist churches in this city and vicinity, at any one time, so many internal strifes and discords, as at present. There are now at least four churches in the city and its suburbs suffering from sore dissensions. And so soon after the glorious revival. And still more, all these churches shared largely in the revival—and still more, the difficulties that afflict them commenced in each case while the revival was yet in progress. The inference of skeptics and scoffers is, that these so-called *revivals* are bad things; producing fruits that are carnal and selfish.—*N. Y. Correspondent Watchman and Reflector.*

In imitation of the motto of the Fulton street prayer-meeting, N. Y., "No controverted points discussed here!" a fashionable drinking saloon in that city displays the legend, "No swearing and no religious discussions allowed here!"

Spirit Manifestations.

Spirits at a Death-Bed.

From a letter received from Dr. Geo. Atkins, we extract the following statement in his own words:

Some months ago I was called to visit a young man in the city of New London, Ct., who was an artist in Norwich, and a member of the Baptist church in that city. I found him in a condition beyond all aid, life being almost extinct; and a few hours after my arrival he passed on. There were some things connected with his sickness and passage to spirit-life which may be interesting to your readers, which I will here relate.

One evening he informed his friends at his boarding-place that he must go to New London that night and see his brother, who lived in that place. There was a severe rain storm on that evening, and his friends tried to persuade him to wait until the next morning, but all to no purpose; he was determined to go. After much opposition was raised against it, he at last said, "I feel that if I ever go there I must go to-night." He went, and a few hours after his arrival was taken bleeding from the lungs, and never afterward left his bed, in the form.

As I said above, after it was too late for any assistance to be rendered, I was sent for, and on my arrival found him dying. His speech was almost gone, yet occasionally a word could be understood, and he appeared to be conversing with others than those present in the form. Among the words which were uttered, we understood those of "Father," "Mother," and the names of other friends who had passed on before him. These names were distinctly heard by several of the friends who stood near his bed, as well as myself.

Some time after this he revived so as to converse a very little; and when asked if he had seen those named, his answer was, "Yes, they are all with me." Again he relapsed into the former condition, and was heard to say, with raised hands, "Shall I follow you?" and then, "Don't leave me."

Soon after this his spirit left the form, and, as all were satisfied, in company with other spirits passed into the interior life.

The following lines, suggested by the above-mentioned occurrence, I copy from an obituary written by one of his friends and published in the Norwich *Aurora:*

Mother! yes, 'tis mother dear,
Father! yes, you, too, are here;
Come to meet your dying son—
Come to take him to your home.
Other spirits round me tread—
Angels hover o'er my bed;
All have come from Paradise—
Come to waft me to the skies.

Earthly friends, weep not for me,
Joys celestial now I see;
Don't detain me by your tears—
Let me go to heavenly spheres.
Farewell sisters, brothers, all;
God doth for my spirit call;
Angels, take me by the hand—
Lead me to your heavenly land.

Remarkable Evidences of Spiritual Presence.

Though but little in the habit of visiting mediums, being seldom favored by spirits through any other than my own mediumship, I received, a few days since, a direct and strong impression that I should visit Mr. Foster, who is now, as I believe, stationed at Mr. Munson's Rooms, which I accordingly did, and arranged for a sitting.

With those who have been confessedly deceiving in this matter, I have nothing to do. The evidences within myself, which are repeated with every conscious moment of my life, could not be strengthened by any outside testimony. They are such as no theories outside of the spiritual, can either account for, refute or explain away by any recognized laws of either matter or mind. I did not, then, go either to be convinced or confirmed; but it was with open eyes, and an extreme sensibility to the sphere or quality of the consciousness that came in contact with mine; and thus, though without suspicion, I was actually fore-armed against deception. It might have been that I was sent there personally to hear the testimony which I shall now proceed to give.

On taking our seats at a small Pembroke, or breakfast table, Mr. F. requested me to fix my mind on some spirit from whom I wished to receive a communication. I immediately thought of Franklin, when I was requested to take a card containing the alphabet and point to the letters successively, when the spirit would rap at the right ones; taking care, however, to keep the facts thus elicited concealed from the medium. This was done, the spirit rapping so loud that I heard without my trumpet. Thus the name of Benjamin Franklin was spelt, and the instant that it was finished, the medium's hand was seized, and with the pencil which it held, two nearly parallel and deeply waved lines were drawn on a sheet of paper that lay near, he saying at the same time, with a marked and peculiar emphasis, "There, you know what that means?"

I answered "yes," for the lines had a striking analogy to the wires in a magnetic instrument, which, as I believe, Dr. Franklin is teaching me to construct; and again my response was received with unmistakable demonstrations, confirming things of which the medium knew nothing.

Up to this time the name of Franklin had not been mentioned at all, I having kept the paper where the letters were written down one by one, closely concealed; when suddenly the medium said: "I see a spirit standing by you." He then described the appearance, and gave the name of Franklin.

So also were the names of my father and mother spelt; and several little communications obtained. While this was going on I felt a hand passing slowly over and patting me, under the table; when it was immediately written with the medium's hand, "It was I, dear daughter, that touched you—Mother."

I did not understand this, and thus unconsciously opened the way for another test—for I had thought it was my child. But after a little while it was again written by the medium, who could have known nothing of my thought: "Dear daughter, it was *I* that touched you."

My mother was also seen and described before her relationship was mentioned. About this time, I heard through the interior voice which I almost always hear—"Dear child, your father wants to speak with you."

At the very instant the left hand of the medium grasped mine; while with his right hand was written "George," my father's Christian name; and to confirm the whole, the writing itself was a perfect autograph. This was followed by an appropriate speech. Thus the raps, the writing, and the words, in every instance, had an exact and specific relation to my thought, or my own knowledge of facts; while every successive motion was prompt and perfect.

The medium then requested me to sit opposite to him, that I might thus better scan all his movements, saying that the spirits would write in colors under the table. He then told me to make certain marks on several pieces of paper, by which I might identify them. These were folded, and one at a time given to Mr. F. He laid the first one under the table beside him at his right hand, being thus at the farthest possible point from my right hand, in which he directed me to hold a pencil, also under the table.

After a short time there were uneasy fidgeting motions of the table, when Mr. F. discovered that something was wrong, telling me at the same time to hold the pencil lower down. I then bethought me that I was holding the pencil with the *point up*. I turned it, holding it loosely in my hand; and though I was noting everything most carefully, I could detect no sensation in the hand. It was, however, but an instant, when the table, by three distinct impulses, as if surmounting three superincumbent billows of air, rose with an undulating motion as if buoyed up by an exceedingly elastic power, to the height of perhaps four or five inches from the floor, yet without inclining or tipping in the least. Mr. F. interpreted this as a sign that the spirit had written; and on lifting the paper it had my father's autograph, perfect in every line—written in light red. On opening it my own mark was found on the inside. Thus, and with precisely the same proceedings, the name of my mother was written in brown, and that, too, with her own peculiar spelling of the name. Then the initials of Franklin's name were written in blue.

In the meantime I had been thinking of my dear and only child, wishing that she might come, but saying nothing; when the medium suddenly exclaimed: "I see a spirit standing by you."

My hand was instantly lifted to the height of a child of ten or twelve years, when he understood the sign, answering, "Yes, it is a little girl. She has a fair complexion and light hair. She says her name is Mary, and she is your child;" all of which corresponded exactly with the facts.

I then asked her to write; and she said she would try; but after a short interval of effort, indicated by the uneasy motions of the table, Mr. Foster wrote: "The little one would be very glad to write under the table, but has not the power."

And was not this, after all, the best test that could be given? For if it was deception, why not have it perfect and make her write?

Mr. F. then requested me to sit by his side, as a spirit wished to speak. This was necessary, in order to make me hear. I was then favored with a noble speech from Franklin, of perhaps twenty minutes in length, recognizing and setting forth facts and conditions of which the medium could not have known anything, not only giving me great encouragement and comfort, by recognizing my truest work, but multiplying tests of the reality of what I heard with almost every sentence.

In short, I am convinced that Mr. Foster is not only a seer and a medium for new and striking manifestations, but that he is soon to unfold far higher and more remarkable powers than he has yet exhibited. His demeanor throughout the whole, was quiet and almost chilklike in its simplicity and frankness; and if he could thus deceive without any material for deception, planning the whole with such art as to make a perfect correspondence, without a single flaw anywhere, he is a magician of the highest order, and one who needs looking to as the archest of all deceivers. Thus the spiritual theory cannot, at least in this case, be set aside without recognizing in its stead a host of miracles, in the centre of which is the unexplained and unanswered INTELLIGENCE, that still and continually asserts its power, and defies explanation by any other than spiritual laws. FRANCES H. GREEN.

Various Items.

In Cincinnati, a servant girl of somnambulic habits, after leisurely promenading the roof of a high building, fell into the street and fatally injured herself.

Here is a specimen of religious liberty in Austria. A countryman in the neighborhood of Mariazell met a procession of pilgrims on their way there, and neglected to take off his hat while it passed. This is an offence under the new concordat, and the delinquent has been accordingly tried for it at Vienna, and sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment with hard labor.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, who has been reading Spurgeon's Gems, is much struck with the originality of the idea there expressed, that we should all probably like to have *free passes* to the palace of Heaven. He at the same time suggests that the holders of those passes would probably be "dead heads."

Nearly all the phrases so necessary in Partialist theology, as trinity, triune God, God-man, total depravity, endless misery, eternal death, Adam's fall, endless hell, original sin, divine and human natures, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, state of probation, vindictive justice, finally impenitent, infinite obligation, or sin, or misery, &c., &c., are not to be found in the Bible.

THE IMPIETY OF CRINOLINE.—*Ladies in Hoops Forbidden to Partake of the Sacrament.* The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian's profession, seem to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery county, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

A MORMON EXEGESIS.—At Holytown, Eng., the other Sabbath, one of the Mormon preachers, during his discourse, used the expression that this was "a wicked and an adulterous generation." After a short pause he resumed, saying, "Yes, my brethren, and I will prove it, too. Are not your tea, coffee, sugar, spices, pickles, preserves, milk, meal, snuff and tobacco adulterated?—nay, almost every article of your daily consumption?" Then, stretching himself up to his full height, he with great emphasis exclaimed, "Who, then, will dare to deny the fact that this is a wicked and an adulterous generation?"—*English Paper.*

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Five weeks ago this day, the freight train upon the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad brought to two young men in a town in this county, who were partners in a flourishing business and brothers-in-law, two elegantly wrought iron fences, which they had ordered from Boston, to be placed about their lots in the village graveyard. On the gate of each fence were raised letters giving the name of the owner. The next day they superintended their erection and returned to their homes, which they did not again leave until their lifeless bodies were borne by their neighbors to be deposited in the lots they had so recently fitted up for their last earthly resting-place.—*Greenfield Gazette.*

A CHURCH INCIDENT.—The Fulton *Gazette* tells of an amusing incident that occurred not long since in a church in that county. As the "wine" was being passed, it came to a newly converted French girl, and was offered with the usual salutation—"Drink ye all of this," which she interpreted in a literal sense, and proceeded forthwith to swallow the whole, only stopping to breathe when it was half drank up.—*Albany Atlas and Argus.*

This reminds us of a genuine African communicant, who, years ago, in a neighboring town, when the "wine" was for the first time handed him in church, drained the cup, and smacking his thick lips exclaimed, "Oh! how I lub de Lord Jesus; gib me some more!"—*Syracuse Rep.*

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

L. JUDD PARDEE will lecture at New Bedford on Sunday, Nov. 7th. He may be addressed for the present at the Fountain House, Boston.

E. S. WHEELER will speak at Quincy, Mass., Nov. 28th, and may be engaged for the 7th, 14th and 21st, or any evenings in the month of November, by addressing him at that place as soon as convenient.

ANNA M. HENDERSON will lecture in Bridgeport, Ct, Nov. 7th, and in Willimantic the 21st and 28th; after which she will visit Philadelphia. Friends will please address her at Newtown, Ct., through the month of November.

A. B. WHITING will speak at Waltham, Sundays Nov. 7th and 14th; New Bedford, 21st and 28th; and at Providence Dec. 5th and 12th. Those desiring lectures through the week may address him at either of the above places.

An English girl, eighteen years of age, wishes a situation in a Spiritualist family, to do sewing, chamber-work, or take charge of children. Inquire at Miss Munson's, 13 Lagrange Place.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, O., editress of the *The Agitator*, will lecture to the Spiritualists at Clinton Hall, corner of Atlantic and Clinton streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, the 14th inst., at 3 and 7 P. M, also on the following Sunday, either in Brooklyn or New York, of which due notice will be given.

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, in New Bedford, on Sunday, Nov. 7th; Taunton, or East Taunton, Sunday, Nov. 14th; Middleboro', Sunday, Nov. 21st., and on intervening evenings in neighboring towns or villages. ☞ Will friends of truth see that all needful arrangements are made?

Mrs. V. J. BURRELL, trance speaking medium, will answer calls for public speaking upon the Sabbath, or at any time desired. Please address, Randolph, Mass. 36—3m

An American girl desires a situation as *seamstress* in a Spiritualist family. Please address MARY J. SUMMERS, through the Boston Post Office. 42—5t*

ATHELODE GUM TEETH.—A new method of constructing artificial teeth and gums in one entire piece without crevice or crack for the lodgment of impurities. It has been thoroughly tested, and for cheapness, beauty and cleanliness is superior to all others. Call and see specimens at 24 1-2 Winter street, Boston. Teeth extracted by electricity without extra charge. 43—4t AMMI BROWN, Dental Surgeon.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—L B Perry, C Brigham, C Chase, J Witt, C D Griswold, W S Wing, F E Hyer, J Barber, W Rhode, F H Green, Biggins Bros, O W Farnsis, B Kenyon, P Fletcher, J B Young, J Warner, R Parker, J W Ott, N Hill, W A Danskin C H Foster, M Kellogg, E G Stevens, S B Nichols, E B Wheelock, P Howe, M Norris, J Corwin, C B Peckham, J P. Hayden, J Larabee, E S Wheeler, D Moody, A Hutchinson, U Clark, M Sperry, H W Bullard, H Greeley, E Hall, S Edwards, A C Stiles, S Albro.

Announcements.

Lectures on Spiritualism.

The following are among the topics for the discussion of which the subscriber offers his services to the public:

1. Objections against Spiritualism by believers in the Bible.
2. Spiritualism defined and proved from the Bible to have existed during the first 4000 years of the world's history.
3. Modern Spiritualism a revival of Primitive Christianity.
4. The Philosophy of communion with disembodied spirits.
5. The Uses of Spiritualism.
6. The Abuses of Spiritualism.
7. False and injurious views of the Bible.
8. Inspiration, general.
9. Human reason the ultimate authority in matters of faith and practice.
10. God, Man, and the Devil.
11. Philosophy of Religious Revivals.
12. Spiritual growth.
13. Our enemies our advocates.

Lectures on the above topics will be furnished singly or in courses of five and six lectures each. Address, office of *Spiritual Age*,

44—3m JOHN HOBART.

BOSTON, Oct. 25th, 1858.

Owing to my constantly increasing business, and in order that my patients may receive the most careful attention, I have associated with me Mr. WILLIAM E. RICE, who is well known to the Spiritualists of Boston, as a reliable Medical Clairvoyant, and as a Medium for the prescription of Spirit remedies.

To such of the afflicted as desire spiritual treatment for their diseases, I would say that, with the increased facilities which I now have, both for ascertaining accurately the cause and nature of their disease, and for the application of the proper remedies, and being enabled to give them my constant personal attention, I can ensure them a speedy return of health in all cases in which their disease is curable.

DR. C. MAIN, 7 Davis St., Boston.

PUBLIC MEETINGS will be held regularly in Concert Hall, Burlington, Vt., every Sabbath, until further notice, at 2 and 7 P. M. Mrs. Sarah A. Horton will speak Sunday, Nov. 7th and 14th; Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, Mass., Nov. 21st and 28th; and Mr. H. B. Storer Dec. 5th and 12th. Mrs. Ada L. Coan will give public manifestations at the same place, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 9th and 10th.

H. B. STORER, Inspirational Medium, will fill engagements to lecture as follows: At Manchester, Ct., Nov. 7th; Worcester, Mass., Nov. 14th; Lowell, Mass., Nov. 21st and 28th; Willimantic, Ct., Dec. 5th; Manchester, Ct., Dec. 12th. Friends in the vicinity of the above-named places who may desire his services, are requested to address him at either of the above towns at which he is to be next after their letters are written. Early application should be made, that there may be no loss of time.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Willimantic, Ct., Sunday, Nov. 7th and 14th; and in Norwich, Ct., Nov. 21st and 28th, and Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wishing week evening lectures can address Willard Barnes Felton at either place.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Portland, Me., the first two Sundays in November; in Montreal and Philadelphia the last two. Miss Hardinge will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and will be happy to receive applications from western cities for February and March. Address during November to 194 Grand street, New York, and during December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

GEORGE ATKINS, trance-speaking and healing medium, will lecture Sandwich, Nov. 7th; Barnstable, Nov. 10th; Yarmouth, Nov. 12th; Hyannis, Nov. 14th; Harwich, Nov. 21st. He will continue on to Provincetown, lecturing and attending to the sick in any place where his services are desired, between, and also after, these dates. Address, Webster, Mass. He will act as agent for the *Spiritual Age*.

WARREN CHASE will speak as follows:—In Bethel, Vt., Nov. 14th; in Newport, N. H., Nov. 17th and 18th; in Manchester, N. H., Nov. 21st; in Pittsfield, N. H., Nov. 24th and 25th; in Natick, Mass., 28th.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock. Admission 5 cents.

A CONFERENCE MEETING is held every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Admission free.

D. F. GODDARD lectures Sunday afternoon at No. 14 Bromfield street, at 3 o'clock. Admission free.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

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.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception*. Charge for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Mrs. S. S. RUSSELL, Test Medium—Residence, B street, South Boston—next door to Universalist Church, cor. of Broadway. Hours from 9 A M to 9 P M. The sick examined and evening circles attended. Charge satisfactory.

Miss M. MUNSON No. 13 Lagrange Place, Boston. 34

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 32 Carver street. Hours, 9 to 12 and 3 to 9. Terms 50 cents per sitting. t50*

Mrs. L. B. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium, prepares medicines adapted to every case. Also, Writing Medium, and Spirit-Seer. Physiognomical and Phrenological examinations by spirit-impression. Circles, Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Mrs. DICKINSON, No. 13 Lagrange Place, Seer, Healing and Trance Medium, gives communications concerning the Past, Present and Future.

Miss R. T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 12! Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M or Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 30 Eliot street.

IN MANCHESTER, N. H.—H. C. COBURN, Healing Medium, 58 Elm St. Will also receive calls to lecture in trance. 37—10t*

THE HARMONIAL MAGNETS;

For the cure of disease of the Throat, Lungs and visceral organs, upon new and scientific prisciples; by HUMPHREY T. PACKER, M. D., Harmonial Physician of fifteen years' practice.

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

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

"WHENCE THIS SPIRITUALISM?"

The *New Englander*, the most conservative and able of the American literary standards, in the course of a protracted article on Spiritualism, puts the above inquiry. The obvious implication is, that spiritual phenomena evince an intelligence not visible and yet reliable. For a perfectly candid and reliable exhibit of these phenomena, visit 5 Great Jones street, New York. You will ascertain that the so-called "dead" and "departed" still interest themselves in the welfare of their friends, and still can make themselves intelligible to you. Hours, 9 to 6 private, and from 7 1-2 to 10 P M, Tuesday and Thursday, public. CHAS. H. FOSTER, Medium, "Central Spiritual Publishing Establishment." 42—tf

Interesting Miscellany.

A REVOLUTIONARY LEGEND.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was in the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of the battle, as the noon-day sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near that rock which rose like a huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with a dark brow and the darker grey eye flashing with a deadly light—with muscular form clad in a blue hunting frock of the Revolution—is a continental named Warren. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of Paoli.

The other man, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee. This is the murderer of Paoli, named Dehaney.

They met here by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled, twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the tory is down!—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light—that dark eye flashing death in his face!

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory as the knee was pressed upon his breast; "spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier, in that tone of deadly hate; "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give the quarter of Paoli!"

And as his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinioned the tory's arms, and with a rapid stride, dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife, a child—spare me!"

Then the continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow and those children orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

The proposal made by the continental in the mockery of bitter hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror-striken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment of serious thought the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on the rock again, and led him up the woods. A quiet cottage embosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow and children. She sat there a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in a dishevelled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years; on the other side a little girl, one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerated volume—lay open on the mother's knee. And then the pale-faced tory flung himself on his knees, and confessed he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my wife—my child!"

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! the Bible is in my lap; I will close that volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith, of a wild and dark superstition of the olden times. For a moment, the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then in a fainting voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed to the great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy, whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger on a verse.

There was a silence. The continental soldier who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit, kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then, in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short yet terrible:

"*That man shall die!*"

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turns her laughing face away and places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and the dark-haired boy were breathless. The little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny finger resting on that line of life or death.

At length gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"*Love your enemies!*"

Oh, book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe—of beauty that melts the heart with rapture, you have never shown more strangely than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahicon when you saved the murderer's life.

Now look you how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night, as the widow sat by the lonely hearth, her orphans by her side—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids, thinking of her husband who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer in the wood-embowered cot of Wissahicon.

STORY OF PRESENTIMENT.

Here is something (says Millington's Medical Experience,) that will please the ladies and astonish the men:—The singular sympathies that forewarn a future union between the sexes, have, in some instances, been most surprising. The following, which came within my knowledge, is perhaps one of the most singular:

Mr.——, a brother officer of mine, was a man of taciturn and retired habits, seldom frequented public places of amusement, and when there, felt anything but gratification. One evening after supper, he was, however, prevailed upon to go to a ball. We had not been long in the room when, to my utter surprise he expressed great admiration of a young lady who was dancing; and what still more amazed us, he engaged her to dance. Such an act of apparent levity on his part, struck us as a singularity, which might have been attributed to an unusual indulgence at table, had not the contrary been the case, for he was remarkably abstemious. The dance was scarcely over when he came to me, and told me, with a look of deep despondency, that his lovely partner was a married woman. The tone of sadness in which he addressed me was truly ludicrous. A few minutes after he left the ball-room. The strangeness of his conduct led me to fear that his mind was not altogether in a sound state; but I was confirmed in my apprehension when he told me, the following morning, that he was convinced he should be married to the object of his admiration, whose husband was a young and healthy clergyman in the neighborhood. Here matters rested, and we both went abroad. We did not meet until three years after, when to my surprise I found that his prediction had been verified. The lady's husband had died from a fall from his horse, and the parties were married. But what rendered this circumstance still more strange is, that a similar presentiment was experienced by the young lady, who, on returning from the ball, mentioned to her sister, with much emotion, that she had danced with a stranger to whom she felt convinced that she was destined to be married. The conviction embittered every moment of her life, as, despite her most strenuous endeavors, she could not dismiss the stranger from her constant thoughts, reluctantly yielding to the hope of seeing him again.

CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

The following is a translation from an old French paper. It is a bill presented to the curate of the church of Barreville in 1710 by Jaques Barbou, decorative painter:

1. Correcting and revarnishing the ten commandments.
2. Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting a ribbon in his hat.
3. Putting a new tail to St. Peter's cock and repairing his comb.
4. Fixing the good thief to his cross, and making a new finger for the same.
5. Restoring the Angel Gabriel's eye.
6. Washing the servant of Caiphas the high priest, and putting rouge on his cheeks.
7. Renewing the heavens, adding two stars and gilding the sun and washing the moon.
8. Brightening the flames of purgatory, and restoring several souls.
9. Renewing the fires of hell, and putting a new tail to Lucifer, repairing his left claw, and making several suits for the damned.
10. A new border for Herod's robe, putting in two new teeth and readjusting his wig.
11. Patching the leathern breeches of Amos, and putting two buttons on his waistcoat.
12. New gaiters for Tobit and a new belt for his knapsack.
13. Cleaning the ears of Balaam's ass and shoeing him.
14. Restoring the ear-rings to Sarah's ears.
15. A new pebble in David's sling, eplarging Goliah's head, and setting his foot further back.
16. New teeth in the jawbone of the ass in Sampson's hand.
17. Pitching the bottom of Noah's ark.
18. Putting a new shirt on the prodigal son.

Total, 70 livres, 06 sols.

"Blue Sky Somewhere."

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good, have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a pic-nic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstacies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no songs of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain—even Hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"Oh, look out for the blue sky!"

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I don't care, mother," said he when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours, "If I haven't seen it, I know there is blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky, a whole heaven full of it, clear, glorious blue sky, such as only greets us after a weary storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice; "There is blue sky!"

Then the little head dropped for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother!" exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day, yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, cos you see, there ain't no place where it could have gone to—God only covered it up with clouds, didn't he?"

THE DIFFERENCE.—"In Sweden a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections!"

In this country a man who gets drunk is entitled to vote early and late, and as many times as he pleases. On election day he is considered a good fellow and he is treated with great consideration. This is the difference between Sweden and the United States.

A MISTAKE.—"Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly asked a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger who entered it.

"I beg pardon," said the intruder, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's!"

MUSIC.—I ever held this sentence of the poet as a canon of my creede; that whom God loveth not, they love not musicke. —*T. Morely*, 1589.

For the Spiritual Age.

UP AND AWAY,

I was thinking one day, of the jarring and strife,
And the sorrows that often embitter this life,
Of the poverty, ignorance, folly and crime,
That are casting their shadows o'er all coming time,
And my spirit repined, must it ever be thus?
And is there no hope, no redemption for us?
A soft voice I heard, and that voice seemed to say,
"Despond not, reproach not, but up and away!"

Avarice, selfishness, folly and sin
Strive without ceasing, their victims to win,
And Fashion looks on like a queen from her throne,
And calls the whole race, men and women, her own.
Oh! surely the world stands in "perishing need"
Of a faith that is shown not in word, but in deed.
Shake off your fetters, be free while you may!
Manhood, and womanhood up and away!

Oh! there is work, there is work to be done,
The whitening harvest is only begun;
The toilers are few, yet the labor is great,
Why do ye sluggishly linger and wait?
Thrust in the sickle, be earnest and brave,
Think of the souls that your efforts may save,
Bear with the burden and heat of the day;
Cheerily, hopefully, up and away!

And when the dark shadows of death are descending,
And time and eternity rapidly blending,
When memory unlocking her treasure-house vast
Is linking the present unto the dead past,
And the future looms up, grand and glowing before us,
While spirits are hovering around us and o'er us,
Oh! then may our souls in that last solemn day,
Rise calmly and trustfully, up and away!

VIRGINIA.

TIOGA, Co,, Pa.

EVENING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,
Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,
Come like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symyhonies stole faintly down.

HILLHOUSE.

THE SOUL.

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently thorcughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it. Do not think of yourself as a mortal, but as an immortal. Fear nothing but sin, fear nothing but a mean action.

"They are the noblest benefits and sink
Deepest in man; of which where he doth think,
The memory delights him more, *from whom*,
Than what he hath received."

BEN. JONSON.

All difference of opinions among mankind is nothing more than a difference in their knowledge.

He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

PROSPECTUS.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE:

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST AND BRITTAN'S (NEW YORK) SPIRITUAL AGE UNITED.

A. E. NEWTON and S. B. BRITTAN, Editors,
L. B. MONROE, Associate Editor and Business Agent.

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The *Spiritual Age* will be, as heretofore, mainly devoted to the elucidation of the nature, laws, relations and functions of MAN; the mysterious capabilities of departed human spirits; together with a rational philosophy of Spiritualism, both with respect to its essential principles and phenomenal illustrations; and it will be one of its cardinal objects to reduce the accumulated spiritual elements to a more scientific and demonstrative form.

It is believed that the combination of talent and concentration of patronage secured by this union will enable the publishers to present a paper which will at once take a leading position in the ranks of progressive journalism, and which, as an exponent of the Philosophy and Practical Uses of the Grand Spiritual Reformation now in progress, will be second to no other publication in the world.

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5—tf S. T. MUNSON Agent, 5 Great Jones street, New York.

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"We have seen the receipt tried by a lady who had no faith in it, and who was surprised at the lightness and sweetness of the bread."—*Portland Transcript, April 17th.* 33—tf

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