The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE BASIC WORD OF THE OLD CHURCH.

No. IX.

Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake: "Come, let us go to the Seer; for he that is now called a Prophet, was beforetime called a Seer."—1st SAMUEL, 9: 9.

NUMBERS.

We now have a gathering of Rods,—the pastoral crooks or staffs,—a Rod for each tribe, and bearing a record of the Drover's families of men and animals. These ancient, magical Rods appear to have written upon them the memoranda of the daily doings before the Lord. That Rod, which nearest resembled the little joker, and secured the most of riches, or power, was the staff of accomplishment, or the Rod of God. At this time, the priesthood is confirmed to Aaron by the miracle of the blooming of his Rod.

Moses, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and hence well skilled in Egyptian magic, had the engineering of these Rods, and "laid them up before the Lord in the tabernacle of the testimony." But lest the testimony should be impeached by too curious witnesses, it was decreed that "whosoever approacheth to the tabernacle, he dieth." So, on the following day, it was found that "the Rod of Aaron, for the house of Levi," had budded, blossomed, and bore almonds. "Moses, therefore, brought out all the Rods from before the Lord to all the children of Israel; and they saw, and all received their Rods." The little joker, or the Lord, was manifest in the fruit-bearing Rod of Aaron, which confirmed him and his in the priesthood forever. Such was the testimony to be kept in the tabernacle, "for a token of the rebellious children of Israel, that their complaints might cease from the Lord lest they die."

Now all this budding, blossoming, and bearing of a Rod, which took place in the tabernacle, where witnesses were not allowed to approach "lest they die," we are directed by our stupid theologies to receive to-day as the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes; while modern phenomena, appearing all over the land, in the sight of all Israel and the Sun, are denounced as not being at all, or of the Devil. But how know ye that the Devil did not engineer the old in the name of the Lord? Very devilish are most of the doings in that name throughout all time. Even the Harvard Professors can swallow the *old*, as of the Lord.

The Jewish Lord and his priesthood had their "service of the altar within the veil," and beyond the scope of the people's vision. Orders were given that "If any stranger approach, he shall be slain." The Lord appoints Aaron supervisor and receiver of all the first fruits which are sharked from the labors of the weary and heavy-laden, while all the operators in the name of the Lord would not so much as lighten the burdens with one of their fingers.

Says the Lord, "All the best of the oil, and of the wine, and of the corn, whatsoever first fruits they offer to the Lord, I have given them to thee." "All that the ground bringeth forth, the first born of all flesh, whether it be of men or of beasts, and everything by vow," the Lord gives to the priesthood; but the blood should be poured upon the altar, and the fat be burnt as "a most sweet odor to the Lord."

The Lord gives directions for slaying a cow, and burning her for sin, and other senseless observances which whoever did not perform "shall perish out of Israel."

No wonder that the people, so heavily taxed to support their priesthood and their Lord, again exclaim, "Would God we had perished among our brethren before the Lord." It would seem from this that it was of no use that the Lord's wrath was enkindled against them, to the slaying of thousands, as they themselves chose rather to die before the Lord than to serve in the wilderness, which appears to have been rather scanty of "flour tempered with oil, libations also of wine, and buck-goats for sin." Moses was then told to take the Rod, and, with Aaron, assemble the people, "and speak to the rock before them, and it shall yield waters."

Moses "struck the rock twice with the Rod," and out gushed the water in great abundance. But Moses and Aaron, though they denounced the people as "rebellious and incredulous," appear at times to be unbelievers in their Lord, who says to them, "Because you have not believed me, to sanctify me before the children of Israel, you shall not bring these people into the land which I will give them."

Whatever may have been the private doubts of Moses, in his message to the King of Edom, he says, when "we cried to the Lord, he heard us, and sent an angel who hath brought us out of Egypt." Here we see that it was not God, but the angel, that delivered from Egypt. Aaron, for his unbelief in the ability of the Rod to bring water from the rock, is commanded in the name of the Lord to go up Mount Hor and die there, which was done, and "his vestures given to Eleaser, his son.

King Arad, the Canaanite, then fought against Israel, and overcoming them, carried off their spoils. But Israel, binding himself by a vow to the Lord, said: "If thou wilt deliver this people into my hand, I will utterly destroy their cities." The Lord heard the bloody prayer, and the Canaanites were given up to destruction; but the people began to be weary of their journey and labor, and spake against God and Moses for feeding them with "light food." Wherefore, "the Lord sent among the people fiery serpents, which bit them and killed many of them." The people confess their sin of grumbling, and Moses prays for them. The Lord then has a brazen serpent made as a healing medium, who was to cure those bitten by the serpents of flesh and blood. The infallible Rod was probably wanting in the gift of healing, so the brazen serpent was "set up as a light, which, when they that were bitten looked upon, they were healed."

How can we blame cotemporary people for the worship of idols, when the Rod and the brazen serpent could perform such wonders in Jewry?

Moses is now successful in battle, and the Lord demands the fulfilment of the vow of the utter extermination of all the neighboring people.

Josephus says that in these matters Moses consulted God by the Oracle.

The Book of *Jasher* gives the lineage of the wonderful Rod of Israel, which wrought in thaumaturgy as potently as the God who dwelt between the cherubim. Moses came by the Rod on this wise: he was praying in the garden of Reuel (Jethro), "And behold a sapphire stick was placed in the ground, which was planted in the midst of the garden. And he approached the stick and looked, and behold the name of the Lord God of Hosts was engraved thereon, written and developed upon the stick. And he read it, and stretched forth his hand, and he plucked it like a forest tree from the thicket, and the stick was in his hand; and this was the stick with which all the works of our God were performed, after he had created heaven and earth. And when God had driven Adam from the garden of Eden, he took the stick in his hand and went and tilled the ground from which he was taken. And the stick came down to Noah, and was given to Shem and his descendants, until it came into the hand of Abraham the Hebrew. And when Abraham had given all he had to his son Isaac, he also gave him this stick; and when Jacob had fled to Padanaram, he took it into his hand, and when he returned to his father he had not left it behind him. Also when he went down to Egypt he took it into his hand and gave it to Joseph, one portion, above his brethren; for Jacob had taken it by force from his brother Esau; and after the death of Joseph the nobles of Egypt came into the house of Joseph and gave the stick into the hand of Reuel (Jethro), the Midianite; and when he went out of Egypt he planted it in his garden. And all the mighty men of the Kinites tried to pluck it when they endeavored to get Zipporah his daughter, but they were unsuccessful. So the stick remained planted in the garden of Reuel (Jethro) until he came who had a right to it, and took it. And Reuel, when he saw the stick in the hand of Moses, he wondered at it, and he gave him his daughter Zipporah for a wife."

Such is the origin of the wonder-working Rod of our Holy Bibles—the Rod which Jacob worshipped, and which carried him over the Jordan.

We now come to the story of the Lord, Balaam, the ass, and the angel. If Balaam's beast was a medium for the oracles of God under the old dispensation, it ought not to be objected against modern mediatorial vessels that they are unworthy of God and the angels. We do not think that even "tips" or "raps" are more undignified than the gift of tongue in the ancient bray; and as the ass was without organs of human speech, it must have made rather a wry face in the ministry of the "Word." We have manifestations through trumpets; and what was prophecy a dozen years ago by the Adventists, that "Gabriel's going to blow by and by," is the fact of to-day.

> Th' archangel's trump from Koon's room
> Awakes the dead from out the tomb
> Of chaos and old night. Each blast
> Strikes the old creed-makers aghast;
> While some Od-Force—yet others declare
> 'Tis only the prince and power of the air,
> Or Satan, not Gabriel, who thus can blow
> Against the old church battlements so,
> With seven-fold trump, more potent than that
> Which leveled a town of Jehosephat,
> Called Jericho—and great was its fall,
> By a compound blow-pipe against its wall.

Now the story of Balaam was on this wise: The Jews, on their way from Egypt, pushed rather an extensive practice of annexation, absorption, or going into other people's land to possess it, and to exterminate the inhabitants thereof. "And it came to pass that they pitched in the plains on this side Jordan." Balak, King of Moab, alarmed at their proximity, and at their peculiar way of loving their neighbors as themselves in all the regions round about, sent for Balaam the prophet, or trance-speaking medium, to prophecy against them. The seer declares he can only speak as the spirit gives him utterance. In this we see the complete counterpart of the law and condition of to-day. While the ambassadors were yet with Balaam, "God came and said to him: 'What mean these men that are with thee?'"

Here we see God inquiring of Balaam concerning the matter in hand in the same way that we find spirits sometimes inquiring of mortals to-day in regard to many things in which spirits in the flesh can have better knowledge than spirits out. God, having learnt the points in the case, forbade Balaam to prophecy for Balak, "because," says Balaam to the ambassadors, "the Lord hath forbid me to come with you."

Can anything be clearer than that Balaam was simply the medium of God, or familiar spirit in the name of the Lord—a tutelary or guardian spirit of the Jewish camp? Balak offers large presents to Balaam for favorable oracles, supposing that the medium could make or unmake the issues, and thus showing the same amount of wisdom as our Harvard Professors and fossil theologians who look no through the mediums up to the medium's God, or angel, or spirit. "Balaam answered: 'If Balak would give me his house full of silver or gold, I cannot alter the word of the Lord my God, to speak either more or less.'"

Such an answer as this ought to kindle the wrath of Professor Felton. O no—he would cing to the Hebrew root, or stump, and graft Greek and Yankee upon it, while he would cut up root and branch, an origina growth of modern parallel unfolding.

Balaam was willing to confer wth the Lord again, to see if there might be a word for Balak. "God therefore came to Balaam in the night and bid him to call thee, arise and go with them." Balaam did as commanded by the familiar spirit, or God, whose wrath was kindled because he went. Here the command to go, and the wrath for the obedience, seem of but little akin. Old Spiritualism, having many discords in its harmonies, requires the hand of a master to discourse eloquent music therefrom. And now, to cut the prophet short in his obedience, "an angel of the Lord stood in the way against Balaam."

It appears the ass saw the angel, sword in hand, ready to encounter Balaam if he continued on his way. Balaam, though a seer, did not at first see the angel—the natural sight of the ass proving more acute than that of the prophet. The beast was affrighted at the ghost, and shied against the wall, and bruised the foot of the rider, and fell under him. This kindled the wrath of the prophet, who vehemently beat the sides of the donkey, and he wouldn't go. The Lord then opens the mouth of the ass and she and Balaam discuss the matter, *pro* and *con*. "Forthwith the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel standing in the way, with a drawn sword, and he worshipped him, falling flat on the ground." The angel then rebukes Balaam for being "perverse and contrary," though we have seen how resolutely he refused to divine, for a houseful of silver and gold, contrary to the spirit's utterance.

The angel appears rather hard to be mollified, or suited, for he declares to the seer, that but for the ass, "I had slain thee, and she should have lived," though Balaam declared it to be the sin of ignorance, "not knowng that thou didst stand against me," and offered to return from obeying the Lord's command to go. But the angel still reiterates, "Go with these men." Then we do not see why he met him in the way to stop him, as "perverse and contrary." But the course of mediumship does not always run smooth between the upper and the nether spirits; for Balaam, going as directed, with the princes of Balak, on arriving at the court of this king, was rebuked for not more promptly coming, as if the medium, and not the operator, was at fault—the prophet still persisting that he could only speak "that which God shall put into my mouth."

After burnt offerings of calves and rams, Balaam went to seek the Lord, and "God met him," and gave him the sure word of prophecy. This word was not pleasant to Balak; but Balaam still maintains his mediumistic character, and replies, "Can I speak anything else but what the Lord commandeth?"

Again there is a burnt offering, and Balaam seeks the Lord, who puts the word in his mouth to be spoken to Balak. This king, whose dominions probably were to the extent of a five-acre patch—like many of the mightier in the regions round about, was not yet ready to give it up so, and still sought curses instead of blessings, from the Lord. When another *seance* had been had, Balak inquires, "What hath the Lord spoken?"

Balaam and his familiar still remain this side up with care, and tell Balak that he has no case—that the God of Jacob has the "strength of the rhinoceros," and that "there is no enchantment or divination against Israel," being "impressed" that manifest destiny was on this side.

By this time, Balaam, who had learnt "that it pleased the Lord that he should bless Israel," had another test in addition to those already given to convince him; for he was now entranced and "saw visions of the Almighty, and the spirit of God rushing upon him." God, speaking through Balaam entranced, still fails in impressing Balak that it was better not to curse the Jews; and the king being angry against Balaam, clapped his hands and dismissed the prophet, saying, "the Lord hath deprived thee of the honor I designed for thee."

Now, this account of Balaam's ministry of the Word, is explainable only from a spiritual point of view. Balaam is an impressible and trance-medium, possessed by a tutelary spirit of the Jewish camp, in the name of Lord or God. Both Josephus and Philo represent the Jewish mediums, seers, or prophets, as being possessed by God. So, too, the Gentile oracles were received as from a God, speaking through the priestess; and we are now in the midst of parallel phenomena, which furnish the ready key to open the counterparts of antiquity.

The Romish church has not so entirely cut off the spirit-world as the Protestant, as may be seen by the notes of the *Vulgate* Bible, and in other works. In a note on Balaam, the *Vulgate* says: "He was accustomed to commune with the spirits in the night." This communion with spirits constituted him a prophet of Jehovah; and if any Hebrew prophecy can be said to have any reference to Jesus of Nazareth, Balaam, as spokesman in that direction, may be said not to be behind the chiefest of the prophets.

Upon the question of human articulation by the ass, we are not cognizant of the law or conditions that could admit the unqualified fact. [*Credat Judæus.*] But that there might have been a spirit voice by "the angel in the way," is probable enough, without the necessity of making the ass the medium of its utterance. Angels cannot, according to modern experience, transcend the capacity of the media through whom they operate. The ass has not the physical structure of organs ca-

COMMUNITIES.

Mr. A. Jacobi gives, in the *Social Record*, the following sketch of the various communities in this country:—

1. CONRAD BEIZEL—a German—started the colony **Ephrata**, eight miles from Lancaster, Pa., in 1713. There were, at times, some thousands of members. The Bible was their guide; they had all things in common; lived strictly a life of celibacy, and increased in numbers and became very rich. Conrad was the head of the whole concern; he was the sun from which all others received the rays of light and animation; he lived to a very old age, but it was with him as with all other men, his sun was not standing in the zenith all the time, but went down hill. The rays had not power enough to warm up thousands of members as in his younger days; he, as the head, became old and lifeless, and the members began to leave. He appointed a very amiable man as his successor, but he could not stop the emigration. The property is now in the hands of trustees, who belong, as it is called, to the world, and gives an income of about $1200 a year. Perhaps there are now twelve or fifteen members. Some of the grand old buildings are yet standing. This was the first Community in America.

2. ANN LEE—an English woman—came to this country in 1774, and founded the Shaker Societies. I have visited four, and lived in two. In points of order, neatness, regularity, and economy, they are far advanced, and can be patterns to all the other Societies in these respects. They are from most all the civilized nations of the globe, and this is one reason for their great temporal success. Other Communities do not prosper as

speak even in the Hebrew tongue; though Balaam, as a spirit-hearing medium, may have heard the voice of the angel. Professor Felton would maintain the thesis that it was Balaam's conscience that spoke. Professor Mahan would declare for Odyle. Other Professors, learned in the wisdom of this world, would maintain that it was "Fluid Action," "Vitalized Electricity," or one side of "Double Consciousness," or "the Devil," that spoke. Others, again, would readily maintain, "'Twas only the fatigue of last campaign"—the result of chaplain functions in the camp of Balak; and being broken of his rest, had now fallen into a sleep of "horror and great darkness," like his brother Abraham, and had dreamed the whole story of himself and his ass. Unluckily for this part of the exegesis, Balaam had not yet arrived at the camp of Balak when the affair came off.

The book of *Jasher* makes Job the Uzite cotemporary and councillor with Balaam. Josephus says that Balaam "was the greatest of the prophets at that time," and makes him appear as having almost constant intercourse with God, who has the same position in the ancient Spiritualism that "Influence," or "Spirit," has to-day. Balaam says, "When he (God) enters into us nothing that we say is our own," and much more to the same purpose, which shows distinctly the Godhead of the ancient prophets to have been in their familiar spirits; and hence, as in our text, to inquire of God was to do so through the seer.

Philo says that Balaam was "very celebrated for his skill in divination, and was initiated in every branch of the soothsayer's art; and he was celebrated and renowned above all men for his experience as a diviner and prophet, as he had foretold incredible and most important events," and claimed that his God, angel, or familiar spirit, was "the creator of the world." But how much wiser are our fossil churches who receive this same God as creator of the world, when he speaks to Balaam within the "pasteboard barriers of the Bible." "I will turn aside and inquire of God," says Balaam in Philo, who says that he would then "be suddenly filled with divine inspiration, which drove all artificial divination and cunning out of his soul."

Balaam, when charged (as our own mediums) with imposture, deprecates the "unjust charge," and declares, "I am saying nothing of my own, but whatever the Deity prompts me to say." Again he says, "All that I have hitherto uttered have been oracles and words of God; but what I am going to say are merely the suggestions of my own mind;" and then, in his natural state, shows Balak how so set a squadron of women in the field, who shall overmatch the Jewish camp.

This sharp practice and engineering of Balaam, in his normal state, was wonderfully successful as a piece of natural "enchantment and divination against Israel." The natural side of Balaam proved far better for Balak than his spiritual side; thus capitally exemplifying the mysteries of "double consciousness."

C. B. P.

A CARLYLIAN SENTIMENT.—If you would have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well to it, that they are pieces of of God Almighty's law—otherwise all the artillery of the world cannot keep down mutiny.

When Socrates was asked why he had built him so small a house, "Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."

Ann Lee's time, and even sometime after her departure, they had many spiritual gifts, as never a body of people after Christ's time has had, and they were of such nature as Christ told should be among his true followers; but they have now lost them so far as they are essential and beneficial. The ministry is the head. Too much attention is given to outward rules, that give the ministers and elders as patterns and keep their minds on the same plane. While limited by these rules, there will be no progress, and their noble institutions will become dead letters.

3. RAPP—a German—started a Society in the first quarter of this century; they removed to Economy, Beaver Co., Pa., eighteen miles from Pittsburgh. They are all Germans, live strictly a life of celibacy, take the Bible as their guide, as Rapp understood it. They numbered about eight hundred in their best times, but are now reduced to about three hundred, and most of them are far advanced in years. They are very rich and industrious. Rapp was their leader and head, and kept the Society in prosperous motion, as long as he was able to exercise his influence; but as he advanced in years and his mental strength and activity diminished, the members fell off. He is dead; and his successor, Mr. Baker, is advanced in years. They are next to the Shakers in point of neatness and temporal prosperity; but unlike them by being strict Bible believers and differing in their religious views.

4. JOSEPH BIMLER—a German—started in 1816 the colony of Zoar, in Tuscaroras Co., O., twelve miles from New Philadelphia, with about eight hundred of his German friends. They are Bible believers in somewhat liberal style. Bimler was the main engine; he had to do all the thinking, preaching, and pulling the rest along. While he had strength, all went on seemingly very well, but as his strength began to fail, the whole concern went on slowly. I arrived a week after his death. The members looked like a flock of sheep who had lost their shepherd. Bimler appointed a well-meaning man for his successor; but as he was not Bimler, he could not put his engine before the concern; every member pushed forward or pulled back just as he thought proper, and their thinking was a poor affair, as they were not used to it. They live married or not, just as they choose—are well off, a good moral people, and number about five hundred.

5. SAMUEL SNOWBERGER—an American—founded a Society in 1820, at Snowhill, Franklin Co., Pa., twenty miles from Harrisburg. The founder took Ephrata as his pattern in every respect. They believe in the Bible as explained in Beizel's writings. They are well off, and number about thirty.

6. CHRISTIAN METZ—a German—with his followers started a Society eight miles from Buffalo, N. Y., in 1846. They call themselves the inspired people, and their colony Ebenezer. They believe in the Bible as it is explained through their mediums. Metz and one of the sisters have been mediums more than thirty years, through whom *one* spirit speaks and writes. This spirit guides the Society in spiritual and temporal matters, and they have never been disappointed in his counsels for their welfare. They have been led by this spirit for more than a century in Germany. They permit marriage, when, after application has been made, the spirit consents to it; but the parties have to go through some public mortification. In 1851 they had some thousands of members. They have now removed to Iowa, where they have 30,000 acres of land. This is the largest and richest Community in the United States. One member brought in $100,000, others $60,000, $40,000, $20,000, etc. They are an intelligent and very kind people,

and live in comfortable little cottages, not having unitary houses as the other Societies. They are not anxious to get members, and none are received except by the consent of the controlling spirit. They have a printing press for their own use, but do not publish any works.

7. ERICK JANSON—a Swede, *not Swiss*—and his friends, started a colony at Bishop Hill, Henry Co., Ill., in 1846, and now number about 800. They are Bible believers according to their explanations. They believe that a life of celibacy is more adapted to develope the inner man, but marriage is not forbidden; their minds are not closed against Liberal progress, when they are convinced of the truth and usefulness of it. They began in very poor circumstances, but are now well off, and not anxious to get members; do not publish any books about their colony. Janson died eight years ago. They have no head, but the people select their preachers and trustees, who have to attend to the different branches of business; they are kept in office as long as the majority think proper.

WHO IS THE PROMPTER?

Shortly after the close of an evening lecture in a very bigoted place, where Spiritualism was hardly known, a medium of our acquaintance received a call from a gentleman who said he would like to ask her a question, if she would not consider him impertinent.

"Any question that you as a *gentleman*, think proper to ask me, I am ready to answer," was her reply.

"Well," said the gentleman, "I would like to know if you, this evening, had a prompter in the audience who prompted you in your lectures."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, with a very grave looking face, "I must confess that I had."

"One that travels with you constantly?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is just what they have been saying; and as your friends said it was spirits, I thought I would come and see what *you* said about it. But as you admit having a prompter, it is decided without further parley that you commit your lectures, as many believe."

"But," said the lady, "I have not told you that I *committed* my lectures."

"Not commit them!—not commit them? Where is the use of a prompter, then?" said her questioner, with an incredulous look and tone.

"Simply because I have *not* committed them; and not knowing a word of my lecture when I commence, it is very necessary that I have a prompter if I speak at all."

The gentleman looked as though he was ready to believe what he had often heard of mediums—that they were all insane.

"Shall I explain to you?" said the lady, with a half perceptible smile at his expression. "I have a prompter, but that prompter is invisible,—one without whom I should never attempt to speak. That prompter I believe to be a departed spirit, and who, as I told you, travels with me constantly, and without whom I should never appear in public. Do you understand me?"

The lady's tone was unmistakable—earnest, dignified, decided.

Her questioner was a man not devoid of intelligence, and it was impossible for him not to feel his position.

"I am glad you asked the question," continued the lady, "rather than unmanly assertion, without giving me an opportunity to defend myself. I thank you for it. Go tell your friends that I have indeed a prompter, invisible to them, yet shining in robes of eternal beauty.—*World's Paper.*

Hearts.

Hearts are of several kinds, and of widely different natures. First, there are walled up hearts, and these are of two kinds; about one kind the wall is high and strong, and to surmount it is a work of extreme difficulty; but if you can get inside, you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair as the vision seems in dreams, is that enclosed garden, and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and discolated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is, that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in mounting the walls. Another kind of heart is that, which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle—a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to anybody, and less to the owner. But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real one,—whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it, and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty, and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the way-worn traveller to enter and repose. Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and oncly ones to the feast of soul, and charmed light and glory hover in the joyous air. This is the true type of heart.

The world at large has a deep sense of the virtue of honest substantiality in every exhibition that shall command their admiration. If a man makes a fine speech, which is felt to be only a curious procession of harmonious sounds, and not what it is meant to be—a true declaration of inward sentiment—the audience will not allow themselves to be cheated into admiration by such a mere phantasmagoria, any more than the palate will be pleased when the teeth have crushed a hollow nut; they may possibly make an applausive noise with their hands and feet, if the speaker occupies a commanding position, but they will whisper secretly—*humbug!*

Life is no wild and restless wandering, but like the shining of a star; and even as the stars of the night that is past, lend a ray to the glory of the day that is shining, so did God design that the milder, softer influence of woman should run like threads of gold, in broidered beauty, through the coarser fabrics of the wear of the world. Influences, that, like the dew, make no loud music as they fall, but wake around us, even as the flowers, sweet thoughts of gentleness and love; influences, that, whether we believe or doubt, like spirits, "*do* walk the earth, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Men are very ready often to discover what is wrong; but, from our anti-social position, each one is unwilling to shoulder the responsibility of his due share in that wrong; consequently we are not likely to arrive at even a knowledge, far less the practice, of right principles in a hurry.

True religion is a life unfolded within, not something forced on us from abroad.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

A misty, drizzly rain was falling when I entered Pittsburgh. This circumstance tended not at all to lessen the disagreeableness of the first impression which the smoky city is wont to make upon the traveler. Pittsburgh is, I believe, entirely *sui generis*. There is no other place to compare with it, at least in this upper world. It furnishes the best type of that Tartarean realm said to exist somewhere underground, that I hope ever to see.

I had the good fortune, like Dante, when he visited *Infernos*, to be accompanied by a safe guide—being none other than my good friend Townsend, who came with me from New Brighton. We groped our way through dismal streets, in which it was impossible to see more than a few rods in any direction, even at mid-day. If at any point the eye attempted to penetrate the smoke and mist, it only saw looming up in the distance the dim and exaggerated outlines of cornices, and steeples, and domes, all blackened and frowning, producing a strange sense of mystery, vastness, and gloomy magnificence. Soon the soot began to gather upon the hands, to begrim the face, to fill the nose and oppress the lungs. In the midst of this murk and mist, were dusky forms of men, women and children hurrying to and fro, hucksters shouting their wares, sooty draymen urging on their teams, and the endless clatter and turmoil of a busy city.

This state of things continued for several days after my arrival in the place. At length, one morning, I perceived some indications that the sun had revisited the upper world. I started out alone, determined, if possible, to scale the walls of "the pit" and get once more a breath of pure air and a vision of clear sunlight. Already I had caught dim glimpses of lofty bluffs which appeared to wall in the city, surmounted by airy-looking dwellings and scattering trees, looming up in the distance "over the river," and looking, when the sun chanced to gild their summits, very much as one might suppose the "battlements of heaven" appear to the view of a doomed soul. Crossing the broad Monongahela over a splendid suspension bridge, I found the opposite bank rising abruptly to the height of three hundred feet or more. I toiled up the steep and circuitous roadway, and soon began to breathe a purer atmosphre.

About two-thirds of the way up, I discovered, at a short [illegible] into which ran a narrow railway track, leading, as I judged, to a coal mine. Into this I made my way, thinking that if there was anything more subterranean than Pittsburgh itself—if there was "in this *lowest* depth a *lower* deep," according to the Miltonian conception of the bottomless pit—I was bound to explore it. I had hardly got beyond the reach of daylight, when a heavy rumbling sound in the thick darkness before me brought me to a stand. It grew louder and nearer; and I concluded that, in the narrowness and darkness of the passage, my safety lay in retreat. Reaching again the opening, there soon appeared a loaded train of coal carriages, propelled by mule power, and engineered by ragged and smutty boys. On inquiry, I was informed, that to reach the miners required a journey of a mile and a half in that under-world—an excursion into the realms of Pluto more extended than my limited time allowed me to undertake.

I bent my steps toward "Paradise"—as I learned the village on the heights had been appropriately named. Reaching the brow of the precipice directly opposite the point of confluence of the two rivers, Alleghany and Monongahela, the scene presented was perfectly unique, combining elements of beauty and gloomy grandeur probably not elsewhere to be found. The sun shone brightly and warmly upon the little village and the finely diversified country all around. Below, the majestic and rapid Alleghany, spanned by four noble bridges, forming a quadruple crown, and the more coy but queenly and placid Monongahela, wearing a dual coronet, advance and mingle in a nuptial embrace never to be dissolved,—while the united stream, the broad and blue Ohio, with emerald islands studding its calm bosom, stretches away to the westward. On the north bank of the latter, and within two or three miles, lies the new and airy-looking city of Manchester, basking in the sunbeams. Farther up, on the same side, and extending some distance above the confluence, is Alleghany city, half obscured in bituminous smoke. Beneath the feet, occupying a narrow strip between the foot of the precipice and the river's edge, is Birmingham, of which little is visible except blackened roofs and chimney-tops continually belching forth lurid flames and thick masses of murky vapor. Across the river, on the triangle between the confluent streams, and some three hundred feet beneath our point of observation, lies Pittsburgh. But of it little can be seen. A dense tartarean cloud, formed of smoke from bituminous coal—the fuel universally employed,—hangs ever in its atmosphere. The levee, at which are crowding closely side by side fifty or sixty steamboats busily lading for the Mississippi valley—presenting a very curious spectacle, by the way, looking from this elevation like a troop of insects, brandishing their long antlers and elbowing each other around some choice morsel of food,—this, and one or two of the most outside ranges of streets, including the immense depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, occupying the site of old Fort Duquesne near the extreme point,—are all that can be distinctly made out. At intervals the gloomy outlines of domes and turrets and roofs may be faintly descried through rifts caused by the western breeze; and now and then glimpses of heights beyond meet the eye; but no idea can be gathered of the extent or general outline of the city.

Indeed, as I looked down upon the strangely dismal spectacle, it required little aid from the imagination to fancy that I was gazing upon a veritable city of the doomed, in the realms of Pluto or Diabolus. The lurid fires, the belching smoke, the sulphurous smells, the perished trees on the river bank, raising their withered and blackened arms as if in agonized supplication, with ever and anon the sharp scream of a steam-whistle, startling as the shriek of a lost spirit subjected to some new torture, or a prolonged and hoarse blast, like the howl of an old Titan condemned "to grind in the prison-house of despair," the restless sound of hammers and the groaning of heavy machinery—all these were singularly suggestive of that oft-described region whose inhabitants are said "to have no rest, day nor night," and "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." Whether or not there exists, in the world infernal, the antetype after which this city was fashioned, I can but recommend my friends among the "evangelical" clergy, who wish for vivid imagery by which to portray their conceptions of that world, to visit Pittsburgh!

Having dwelt upon this scene to my satisfaction, and appropriated what I could of the pure air and sunshine of "Paradise," I plunged down the steep bank and was ferried over the river by a sooty Dutchman, in a boat that looked ancient enough to have plied the Styx in the days of Homer.

The spiritual atmosphere of Pittsburg is scarcely less beclouded than its external. Presbyterianism, Methodism and Roman Catholicism, each of a very gloomy type, hold sway to a large extent over the minds of the people; and sectarian animosities are quite intense. As an index to the type of Christianity (?) prevalent here, take the following item:

An effort was making, during my stay, to establish a "daily union prayer meeting" in the city, and the pastors of the "Evangelical churches" met to arrange preliminaries. I quote from one of the daily papers, the *True Press* of November 10th.

"Pending a motion to adopt a report which allows the leader of the proposed union prayer meeting to use hymns or psalms, Rev. Jas. Prestly of the United Presbyterian church, rose and spoke at considerable length in opposition to it. He said that if this rule be adopted, he could not take any part in the proposed prayer meetings. To do so would be a violation of the laws of his church, which prescribed a purely Scriptural psalmody. He was anxious to join his brethren of other denominations in this work, but he could not sing hymns. If they are to be used, it would exclude him and his people from the meetings. He would ask if there was not a common ground upon which they could unite. He thought there was, and that was simply to use the Bible psalmody. This would do violence to no one's conscience; all could sing the Psalms of David, and it would not be understood as a slur on those churches which use hymns."

So antiquated is this Reverend gentleman's piety, and that of his adherents, that they can neither sing nor tolerate the singing of those sweet and tender devotional hymns, of modern date, which embody the spirit and precepts of the loving Nazarene; while the wrathful and vindictive lyrics of old Jewry are rolled as a sweet morsel over their tongues! Suffice it to say that the majority of the "evangelicals" did not prove quite up to this ancient pitch, but voted to admit the hymns as well as the psalms; whereupon we are left to infer that the Rev. James Prestly and the "United Presbyterians" of Pittsburgh (if he is no better than his word) refuse to pray with their brethren for the conversion of sinners! Such is a large share of the piety of this smoky city. Moses rules in the synagogues as does Mammon in the marts. The only indication towards a more liberal faith of which I learned, was the existence of a small and struggling society of Universalists, at present without a pastor.

Spiritualists, of course, in such an atmosphere, are few and far between. Here and there, however, a ray of heaven's own light has pierced the gloom, and a few minds are inquiring for the truth or rejoicing in its glorious beams. I gave two lectures in the place—the first, on a week evening, to an audience not much exceeding one hundred persons—the second, on Sunday afternoon, to about three hundred. The trustees of the Universalist society courteously granted the free use of their hall on the latter occasion. The entire avails of my labors in Pittsburg, to myself, were—three subscribers to the AGE, about $4.50 in money, and a bad cold;—while the friend who "took the responsibility" of the first lecture made a loss of $15, which he pocketed with all the coolness of a spiritual philosopher.

But I must hasten from this gloomy region to more cheerful scenes. Leaving Pittsburgh, with little admiration for its "peculiar institution," but with much gratitude for the hospitality I had enjoyed, I was soon breathing the pure air and enjoying the magnificent scenery of the summits of the Alleghanies—dashing through mountain gorges, along fearful precipices, over gigantic embankments, around sharp curves, through enormous excavations and tunnels, and at length down into the charming valley of the "blue Juniata," and finally reaching just at nightfall, the broad majestic Susquehanna. But neither time nor room remains for further details.

On arriving at Philadelphia, I found that eloquent herald of Spiritualism, Thomas Gales Forster, fulfilling an engagement of some weeks and speaking at Sansom street Hall to large audiences. I also found an urgent invitation to visit Baltimore and speak on Sunday, the 14th, with which I complied—finding there a not numerous but an intelligent and earnest body of Spiritualists, whose efforts to liberalize and spiritualize that beautiful Monumental city will yet be rewarded with success.

I returned to the city of Brotherly Love yesterday, and shall soon make my way westward, hoping that my next chat with the readers of the AGE will be from the familiar armchair in the editorial sanctum.

A. E. N.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18.

Psychological Experiment with Hume.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* gives the following account of an experiment with Hume entranced, previous to his becoming a spiritual medium, or rather, before his powers as such had become known to himself:

During the winter of 1850, the writer was present at an evening party at a private house in this city, to which Hume was invited to be present, that several of the company might gratify a wish which they had expressed, of witnessing some of his performances while in the psychological state. After he had become insensible, as it appeared, to all wordly matters, a thick, heavy handkerchief was tied over his eyes, so that it was impossible for him to have discoverod light, even had he been wide awake. Several kinds of wine were brought forward, and as the operator tasted each, Hume at the same time, by the motion of his lips, appeared to be drinking, and gave the name of each wine with accuracy. A mouthful of vinegar, in the mouth of the operator, nearly strangled Hume. Several varieties of eatables were then tasted with the same results. Among the other experiments tried, the operator wrote on a piece of paper that he would send Hume to California. Immediately he fell upon his knees, and commenced digging with both hands as if life and death were at issue. One pocket after another was filled with the precious dust, and his handkerchief was filled, tied carefully and stowed away in his bosom as secretly as possible. At the will of the operator, he was sent hunting in the same room,—shot birds on the wing, and rabbits on the run, and stowed them away in the imaginary game bag under his arm. He also went fishing in a manner which would have caused that old lady no uneasiness, who sent her son fishing and made him promise that he would not go near the water, for fear that he might be drowned.

LEWIS B. MONROE, speaks in Worcester next Sunday.

BLY AGAIN.

If any inquirer has had his faith weakened or his progress impeded by the stories of "exposures" now so rife, let him read the following, from the Springfield *Republican*, a journal by no means committed to the doctrines of Spiritualism. What is here said of Bly's performances, so far as they pretend to touch the real grounds of our faith, may be repeated with emphasis of other pretenders and tricksters who are fattening on the gullibility of a class of persons who "know too much to be gulled." We copy, italicising a single sentence:

Dr. Bly, an itinerant lecturer on the marvels of Spiritualism, under the profession of a reformed medium, exhibited his theory and practice to a couple of hundred people at Music Hall, last Saturday night. He did not absolutely annihilate the new religion however. The doctor showed how he could get himself out of a rope tied in a complicated and difficult way, how he could rap "just a leetle" with one of his ankle joints, how he could guess the names written on folded lists of paper by reading the impression of writing on the back side, how he could tip a table by pushing it with his wrists, and also without touching it, after the Irishman under the stage got the hang of the wires. The tricks were all slowly and bunglingly done, and were of no value aside from the statement of the lecturer that he had watched the prominent mediums and had satisfied himself that they did the same things in substantially the same way. If we take Dr. Bly's word for it, he has settled the fact that a certain class of mediums with whom he has had acquaintance are knaves and impostors. But *the tricks of the doctor explain not one of a thousand of the spiritual phenomena, even allowing him all he claims, and they especially fail to account for the intelligence often manifested.*

Dr. Bly declared his belief in some sort of intercourse with spirits; he believes that they are about us and influence our minds, but that they cannot reveal themselves personally or produce any physical effects. * * * On the whole Dr. Bly left Spiritualism just where he found it, and convinced his hearers that he did not understand himself or his subject sufficiently to be a public instructor.

STEALING A DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES.—The Portland *Advertiser* speaks of a member of a church at Locke's Mills, that ten days ago watched the remains of a departed friend, and during the night stole the dead man's coat, vest and hat, and wore them off. The wife of the deceased, a few nights after, dreamed that the man who sat up with the corpse had taken them, and that on being accused of the theft, said he purchased the articles of another person. On Sunday the coat and hat were worn to church, and the sacrament partaken of by the wearer, who proved to be the thief—after denying it and saying that he purchased them of others—being the individual who watched on the night they were stolen.

We are *not* disposed to conclude, however, that, being a church member and partaking of the sacrament, was the cause of the crime.

ANOTHER FALSEHOOD NAILED.—The *Christian Index* tells a story of a young man who created confusion in a Spiritualist circle in Macon, Ga., by exposing the tricks of the medium, and was therefore thrust out of the house in double quick time minus a dollar. To this the *Georgia Citizen* replies:

The whole of this story is an unblushing fabrication! No circumstance of the kind ever took place in a Macon circle. No young man ever created any confusion by spying out and exposing sundry little tricks—no one was ever thrust out for so doing, and no one was ever *swindled* out of a dollar by any medium! We repeat, therefore, that the whole of this story is a palpable and malicious falsehood, concocted by a *pious* opponent of Spiritualism, in order to ridicule and injure the believers in the doctrine!

What does the Reverend (?) editor of the *Index* say to that?

WHAT HE WAS SURE OF.—The following paragraph is circulating in the religious papers:

John Wesley says: "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before: at present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

And where he was most sure he was right, all the other sects in Christendom except his are equally sure he was wrong. Who shall decide "what God has revealed to man" but every soul for himself?

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—We have heard of the performances of a fellow calling himself Charles Colby, who has acted as champion for the anti-Spiritualists in various places during the past few weeks. On good authority we learn that this personage is identical with the gallant "Col. Rupium" who tried to pass himself off as a Spiritualist in Vermont some months since. It seems he is ready to fight on either side, wherever his services may be accepted. Let the friends of our cause be on their guard. The opposition is welcome to him and all that can be made out of him.

WHERE IS THE CONSISTENCY?—Ira Stout, the Rochester, murderer was converted to Christianity before his execution, say the papers. Why hang him then? If his conversion is genuine he is of course fitted for immediate entrance into Heaven, according to Theology. And is not one that is good enough for Heaven good enough for earth; or is man's justice more unswerving than God's? This hanging a man whom God has forgiven we don't quite understand. Will Lyman Beecher explain the matter?

S. B. BRITTAN has been lecturing at Oswego this week, and will be in Sandusky, Ohio, next Sunday, 28th inst. He will continue his course westward, speaking in a number of places in Michigan, Illinois and Indiana, after which he will visit Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans, spending some time at Macon and elsewhere in Georgia on his way home. Mr. B. may be addressed at Chicago, care of Higgins Bros., until the 15th of December.

Mr. S. ALBRO, late editor of the Buffalo *Age of Progress*, directs us to say to his former patrons, that he is in no wise connected with the publication of the "*Sunbeam.*" Whilst he heartily wishes success to the enterprise of Dr. Griswold, the proprietor and publisher, he wishes it understood that, to that gentleman exclusively, belong all its merits.

A GOOD IDEA.—We learn from the *Sunbeam* that a number of Spiritualists of Buffalo are in the habit of holding meetings weekly for social intercourse, and with the design to contribute as much as possible to each other's happiness. But the best part of the matter is the agreement that each person shall contribute a small sum, which goes toward a fund for the benefit of poor Spiritualists.

WHAT GOOD?—The Portland *Transcript* of last week says: 'At the conclusion of her lecture at the spiritual meeting, at Deering Hall, on Sunday evening, Miss Hardinge spoke so effectively in behalf of the poor that she drew out a contribution of forty dollars, to furnish them with a Thanksgiving dinner."

Correspondence.

Notes by the Wayside.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 13th, 1858.

"ALL ABOARD."

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—After obtaining our clearance papers (board-bills) we hauled our craft out of Salem waters, and taking a strong westerly gale, ran down before it under close-reefed topsails until off Portsmouth, when we changed our course to "nor-west" and run in directly under the guns of the navy-yard, where we dropped anchor, clewed up our sails, and leaving the ship in charge of the "mate," stepped into the gig and went on board the fine clipper ship Rockingham, commanded by Captain T. J. Coburn, a snug craft, clean and taut fore and aft, well-manned and provisioned for a long voyage. Being well satisfied that the Rockingham was A No. 1 at Lloyd's, we logged our names.

As the wind continues to blow hard from the same point of compass, we shall be compelled to hold on to our anchor until the wind hauls into the east, when we shall let go and run down south into warmer latitudes, and bid good-bye to your cold north winds. So, with your permission, I will doff my sea-toggery and become a landsman for the time being, at least, while

IN PORT.

Portsmouth is a queer place, and reminds one of the long past. It is so thoroughly dead, physically and spiritually, that no one can be found to act as undertaker and bury it. From my look-out, I should judge that the spirit had left it long since, and that the little motion of its limbs was the result of muscular action produced by a galvanic battery, as is sometimes seen in other corpses. Perhaps you may think I am somewhat severe on the ancient city of Portsmouth, and lack the spirit of charity for its apparent coldness. Not so, Messrs. Editors. I am only recording the verdict pronounced on its remains by its nearest relatives and friends, the residents of the place, whose expressions were somewhat harder than my pen is willing to write. I can assure you that my sweet temper has not been ruffled while here by any unkind word or act; on the contrary, I have received and partaken of the generous hospitality of some of its most respected citizens.

On Wednesday I held a small talk with some of the inhabitants at the Hanover Street Chapel, on the "Physical Ills of Humanity," and thought by their attention that they bore the infliction tolerably well, (and I rather liked them for it.) As for

SPIRITUALISM,

This place is the half-way house between somewhere and nowhere. It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl,—a condition one would hardly expect when there is so much interest manifested in the subject fifty miles either side of it—Boston and Portland. There are a few Spiritualists here of the right sort, just enough to salt the place and keep it from spoiling. I will not mention their names, for they are persecuted enough already, and would be still more so were I to make them marked men.

One thing they have here that no other place I have visited can boast of, and that is one of the most beautiful little spiritual chapels you can well imagine. I had no idea that there was such a gem of a place as

HANOVER STREET CHAPEL.

It is the property of Mr. J. M. Lord, of Portsmouth, a very benevolent hearted gentleman and Spiritualist. I must be pardoned for mentioning his name. I wish my descriptive powers would allow me to do it that justice it so richly deserves. However I will do the best I can.

It was built in 1843, by Mr. Lord, for a Sabbath school, and was conducted by him and another gentleman for a number of years, until Mr. Lord's views in regard to spiritual matters had progressed beyond such teachings as are usually allowed our children by the church. Finding that his ideas of spiritual things were soaring above the myths and dogmas which the parents yet cherished as sacred, he relinquished the Sabbath school; and the little flock of angels who had been accustomed to receive their spiritual bread from his hands, were scattered into different folds and fields of thought. On each side of the chapel is a beautiful garden, in which the choicest flowers are cultivated, to refresh the sense and delight the eye. Tall trees rise gracefully above the chapel to protect it from the winter's blast and to lend their grateful shade to shield it from the burning rays of the summer's sun.

Here the little ones of the week-day school (in the basement) enjoy their recess and drink in the beautiful influence of the

SWEET FLOWERS,

planted by the benevolent hand of the proprietor—their benefactor.

On one side of the chapel a tall weeping willow bends gracefully over a marble monument reared to the memory of those dear little ones who had left the schools of earth for those of heaven. It was certainly a feeling tribute to those bright eyes, loving hearts and sunny faces that had once greeted their kind teacher. "Verily he hath his reward;" for he informed me that often, when alone, he felt their fleecy arms about his neck, and the kiss of their spirit-lips on his cheek.

The main body of the chapel will seat three hundred and fifty persons. The walls are marbled. The desk, which is very pretty, is placed in a niche, or alcove, as is also the fine organ which lends its inspiring strains to make up the harmony of the whole. In the evening it is lighted with gas, and the stained glass gives a beautiful effect. Over the chapel are two large apartments divided by folding doors; these are called the

"SPIRIT ROOMS,"

and are exceedingly beautiful, being covered overhead and on the sides with gold paper, with an occasional figure, such as Wisdom, Charity, &c. Various paintings and engravings of a spiritual character adorn the walls. Besides these, many little groups of art and taste delight the eye by their careful and graceful arrangement. One of Chickering's best pianos occupies a prominent and conspicuous place; and the whole building and arrangement reflects great credit upon the taste and liberality of Mr. Lord. To all Spiritualists passing through Portsmouth I would say, visit Hanover-street Chapel, and you will be amply repaid for the time and trouble in so doing.

DEDICATION.

On Friday evening the Chapel was dedicated, after having been rejuvenated by paint, paper, varnish, &c. The services consisted of reading, singing, prayer and speaking—your correspondent delivering a short address on the occasion. On Sunday I visited Rechabite Hall, where the Spiritualist meetings are at present held. Mr. Currier occupied the desk and spoke in the trance state. The audience was very small, although the day was fine. I counted forty-one, all told, in the afternoon; and I was informed that there were but twenty present in the evening.

A LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

During my stay I had the gratification to meet a lady medium in private, of rare powers and accomplishments, who, were she to speak in public, I think would create no little interest; for, in my humble estimation, she is decidedly superior to any speaking medium whom I have yet heard, unless I except Miss Hardinge.

TELEGRAPHS AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

During our brief sojourn at Portsmouth, I had frequent occasion to use great Jove's lightnings for errand boys; and for this purpose on the evening of my arrival I went forth in search of a *magnet*—your pardon, a Magnetic Telegraph, I should have said—and found the American Company's office, adjoining the railway station—a little eight by ten building, with a single window and door, looking more like a milliner's shop than a temple where lightning is dispensed. On entering, I found the little box in charge of a young man, the chief operator being then absent. I inquired of the boy "if they missed me at home;" and while he was knocking at the front door of Boston, I took a survey of the small apartment, which was refined essence of neatness itself. On a desk before me were lying small slips of paper, on which the inquirer might indite his messages of vital import—of business, sickness, love, life and *death*. On a shelf rested the *little talker*, defying time, space, and the elements; and near to it lay the book of books, a silent but eloquent sermon of the piety of the operator. I was growing serious, when the door opened, and a young lady of an intelligent and comely appearance entered. There was a neatness about her which at once told me louder than words of whom the office borrowed its tidy appearance. The lady was the chief operator; and when her expert fingers pressed the magic key that gives wings and words to thought, I imagined that her delicate touch gave music to the sound of the instrument.

"Well," I fancy I can hear you exclaim, "What does all this amount to?" Amount to? Very much, sir; it amounts to "Woman's Rights" and my vote for female telegraph operators.

Ever yours, W. R. H.

Letter from Mrs. Townsend.

MARLBORO, Mass., Nov. 12th, 1858.

MY FRIEND:—I remember of promising to send you some facts of spirit manifestation for publication, and although I have met with many, there has appeared no convenient opportunity for me to write, and ven now other things are demanding my attention, but I consider them of minor importance when compared with the demand for light from the higher.

When in Lebanon, N. H., some time since, I met with a Mrs. Rockwood, who has been a good healing medium for more than a year, and often influenced to speak. Upon the occasion to which I refer, she was entranced, and saw spirits around her whom she would describe and they would tell her their names. She said a spirit was present who gave his name as John, and that he stood near to a certain individual. The person asked how long he had been in the spirit home, and when he left the form, which questions were answered correctly, as the man stated.

She then said, "There are two spirits who say their names are Nathan and Jonathan Lake, and they say the daughter of a cousin is present."

That daughter was my mother, who asked them many questions concerning family affairs which were answered correctly. These are simple things to relate, but come as important tests to those whose hearts are yearning for a knowledge of the beyond.

When at Danville, Vt., I met a gentleman who told me of a daughter who had gone with her husband and some other friends to California. He had been kept with a knowledge of their success, all through their journey, by spirits through the mediumship of a young man in the place. At one time they were all sea-sick. Of this he was informed, as of their safe recovery and arrival.

I came to Mass. on Saturday, Oct. 30th. Have lectured at Marlboro, Berlin, Feltonville, Rockbottom and Bolton. Am to speak again at M. on Saturday next. The 21st and 28th I expect to spend at Waltham. I am now intending to spend the winter in Marlboro', and give examinations on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Shall have rooms at Lambert Bigelow's 2d, with whom, and family, you are acquainted. Can but anticipate a pleasant season with such kind friends, if health can be found among our blessings. My price for examinations will te $1.00. I have never demanded a certain sum for my lecturing, but have depended upon the generosity of the people. But I consider it *right* to set a price to my labors in the direction of healing.

I cannot perceive that all opposition to Spiritualism has any other effect than to promote its growth and advancement, and am sure that when its advocates will be true to themselves as *men* and *women* it will indeed become the sun of the age.

I attended the funeral of Miss Lizzie A. Menser, of Rock Bottom, who left the form at Marlboro' on the 4th of Nov., at the age of eighteen. One more flower transplanted to bloom in a brighter garden.

I will endeavor to send you more facts, and more important ones when I have the opportunity. May the "dear ones" inspire you with such matter for your valuable paper, as shall make it a rich messenger of truth unto the people, in time to come, as it has ever been since my acquaintance with it.

My address will be at Marlboro' Mass., in the care of L. Bigelow, 2d, until further notice. Yours for truth, M. S. TOWNSEND.

Boston and Vicinity.

A Plea for Woman.

A course of lectures under the auspices of Theodore Parker's Society is in progress on Tuesday evening. It is the first Lyceum in Boston which has admitted woman upon the platform and to its organization in full equality with man. The lecture last week was by Mrs. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE. She announced her subject as follows—"Humanity; a Definition and a Plea." After defining the term "Humanity," the lecturer proceeded to the other branch of her subject—a Plea for Woman. This she founded upon three propositions, first, that woman is a human being, and, as such, is endowed with all the rights of humanity; second, that these have been unjustly and unwisely withheld, and thus her humanity virtually denied; and, third, that, in consequence, numerous evils afflict woman, and through her, the race. These propositions the speaker enforced and illustrated at length, in a clear and forcible argument, in the course of which the laws and customs of society, operating to the prejudice of woman, and the multiplied evils resulting therefrom, were referred to, and the remedy for these evils—i. e., the recognition of the claim of woman to an equal humanity—clearly pointed out. She demanded for woman equality with man at the polls, in the jury-box, and that the choice of her occupation should be left, as with her brothers, to nature and necessity.

Having taken our stand upon the broad basis of woman's undeniable humanity, said Mrs. S., and claimed thence its rights as a matter of strict justice, we have virtually forestalled all answer and all objections. If she be granted *human*, and therefore to possess human faculties and human needs, then are the rights of humanity, demanding the protection of those faculties and the supply of those needs, assuredly hers; and no accident of sex, no prejudged inferiority, no plea of expediency, no fear of consequences, can at all militate against the soundness of the argument—can at all modify the injustice of withholding, or the righteousness of granting, such rights.

The lecture occupied nearly an hour and a half, and was written with marked ability, and delivered in a clear, distinct voice, and a very prepossessing manner. The hall was crowded, and the large audience listened with rapt attention until its close.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.—Mrs. Hyzer's lectures at the Melodeon have not called out such audiences as greeted her immediate predecessor, Miss Hardinge. The latter seems by nature and education to be especially fitted to reach and move the largest multitudes; while the gifts of the former have less breadth of scope, and seem to appeal more directly to individual thought and experience. Mrs. Hyzer's style is conversational rather than oratorical, and hence from its very quality does not attract the masses. The eloquence of the one is the impetuous railway train carrying the crowd swiftly onward; that of the other the noiseless carriage with its cosy freight and moderate pace. The last answers for the few; but the masses choose the force and brilliancy of steam and lightning.

Mrs. Hyzer's term of engagement expires next Sunday, which will also be the last time of meeting at the Melodeon.

The Boston *Courier* has information that the Spiritualists intend to petition the Legislature for a grant of three to seven thousand dollars to enable them to employ scientific men to inquire into the mysteries of Spiritualism. Now is the time for the *Courier* to bring out that annihilating report of the Cambridge savans, which has hung fire so long, and put the delusion down off-hand.

A writer in the *Recorder* tells of a Christian, bedridden for years, in whose house a Baptist church was in the habit of assembling for worship. He ardently desired to commune with the church, but his physician forbidding immersion, the church also forbade his Christian fellowship in the Savior's memorial. Is not this putting the letter before the spirit?

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The *Atlantic* for December closes the second volume of this superb magazine. It should be on every centre table. Drop in at the corner of Washington and Water streets as you pass, and get a copy of Mr. H. W. Swett, who will also furnish you with the AGE or any other periodical desired.

The next party of the Ladies' Harmonial Band will take place at Union Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st. Hall's celebrated quadrille band, having returned from their western tour, will be present on the occasion.

HALL TO LET.—The Hall connected with the office of the AGE, No. 14 Bromfield street, which will accommodate one hundred fifty persons, is offered for the use of Associations day or evening, at a moderate rent.

The Conference is postponed for the present week on account of Thanksgiving.

A contribution for the benefit of the poor was taken up at the Melodeon last Sunday evening.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 19th.

Question:—How are erroneous communications to be accounted for; and what are the modifying circumstances affecting the language and intent of a communication; i. e., can a communication be interrupted or modified by a man in the body?

Dr. GOULD read a paper on the influence of Spiritualism, an abstract of which is as follows: When communications are asked for from bad motives, good spirits will refuse to give them. In order to arrive at a condition to be benefitted by Spiritualism, a knowledge of ancient Spiritualism is indispensable. Faith is the rudder of human action. It should therefore be based on the highest truth. False faith leads to erroneous results. Thus faith in inevitable progression is disastrous; and universalism, and the belief that there is no such thing as evil, are disastrous. Of course, if this be so, there is no such thing as delinquency; and this error lies at the foundation of the little real growth to be observed among Spiritualists.

Dr. GRAY said, that Dr. Gould, during his absence from the city, as he saw by the report in the *Telegraph*, had read a paper in which he complained that *his ruling* was erroneous. He was unwilling to have anything like that go out to the world, and desired the reporters to correct it. This Conference had no ruler, and never had. It had got on very well without a moderator, or any of the ordinary restrictions of public bodies; and when he arose to a point of order, it was only as an individual expressing his own opinion, which the contrary opinion of any two other persons in the room would outrate.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: It is admitted that we do get erroneous communications. This happens from a variety of causes. Sometimes, doubtless, we mistake the source. Mind is mind, whether in the body or out; and it is contended by many that a mind in the form can manifest itself through another mind; at least, that it can impress on it its thoughts. Even among ourselves, we find a great difficulty in expressing our ideas clearly, so as not to be misunderstood; and the difficulty must be much greater in our communications with spirits. These old notions and errors bias spirits after they go to the spirit-world. Men here generally mean to tell the truth, but how often they are accused of lying. He did not believe that spirits intentionally deceived us. Again, what is true on one plane, may be false on another; and again, if a medium has not the organ of language well developed, it is not likely that a spirit can supply that deficiency. He must make use of the medium's powers as he finds them. An incident related by Mr. Pierpont went to show that spirits have great difficulties to surmount. Mr. P. had been told through several mediums that Dr. Channing desired to communicate with him, and wished him to investigate the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Mr. P. wrote a letter to Dr. Channing, inquiring if this was so, and sent it sealed and pasted to Mr. Mansfield, of Boston. Getting no answer; a few days afterwards he inquired through his grand-daughter, who was a medium, if Dr. Channing was aware that he had written him. The reply was, "Yes; and I have been trying to get the *control* of Mr. Mansfield, so as to reply to it through him." This showed that there were difficulties in the way, besides furnishing a good test; for Mr. P. had not mentioned to the medium that he had sent the letter to Mr. Mansfield. Subsequently he received a reply through Mr. M., in which parts of his sealed letter were quoted, and other matters between them referred to, not alluded to in the letter at all.

Dr. ORTON: There are many obstructions in the way of our getting reliable communications, connected with general conditions, the condition and quality of the medium, the interference of other minds, etc., some of which have been very correctly adduced by Mr. Partridge. But there are others existing wholly on the other side of the line. For instance: in the early part of his investigations, he was on one occasion told, that a brother of his in Ohio was dead. On the following evening he attended a circle where several mediums were present, and the fact was confirmed. The spirit of his brother announced himself as present, was correctly described by a seeing medium, and gave him a communication, narrating the particulars of his death, and his present condition in spirit-life. Very shortly after he received a telegram from his brother, stating that he was alive and well. Again, not far from the same time, his own death, to occur on a certain day and hour, and the death of one of his children, two or three days after, were announced to him from the spirit-world. He was still living, and so was the child; but, singularly enough, the child came as near dying as possible and escape, at the very hour. But he would pass to a different class of facts. It had been common for the spirits to assure every medium, that he, and he alone, was the chosen one to regenerate the world—and to stick to it for months and years. John M. Spear was an excellent medium, and no doubt, in intention, an excellent man; yet into what ridiculous vagaries had he not been led; as witness the great motor, half mechanical and half human; and the Kiantone child! which, instead of a spiritual birth, as promised, turned out a baby of solid flesh and blood! One of our own number, an excellent Christian man, had also suffered himself to be sent out by the spirits with his bottle of oil to anoint the faithful, and on a distant expedition to raise the dead. Now the good faith and truthfulness of these extraordinary announcements from the spirit-world, are frequently affirmed through a great number of different mediums, at different times and places; and the deception is continued until the final explosion, when it can no longer be hid. The truth is, many of the spirits with whom we communicate are just as fond of sport, and just as willing to run a weak-minded man into the ground, as are the same class of persons on this plane; and the only safety is for each of us to retain the mastery of himself, and to give no more heed to the saying of a spirit, than he would to his next door neighbor, who should announce to him the same thing. Under the state of facts as they really exist, he thought it quite too late in the day for any intelligent Spiritualists longer to hold to the opinion that spirits do not purposely deceive.

Mr. SMITH, of Chicago: Without doubt, many spirits desire to deceive us; but some deceive us from no bad motive. A mother asks, Is my child here? and the reply, perhaps is, yes, from sympathy, when the child is not there. Nature is constantly deceiving us. For ages she has told us that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, when it does neither. Put a stick in the water, and she says it is crooked. He knew a point in Lake Michigan where the water is so clear, that nature declares it not more than four feet deep; but if one were to trust to that for his safety, he would make a fatal mistake. He would probably find it twenty-five. Deception is essential to human happiness. Spirits sometimes deceive us for our own good. But there are millions in the spirit-world—probably nine out of ten of those we are in the habit of communicating with—who are not of a high order. And why should not the gross spirits be with us, instead of the refined ones? They get their support from our kitchens, our slaughter-houses, while the higher ones with the motto, "Excelsior," are looking up. Examine closely. Never follow the dictation of a spirit, never! He would as soon follow the advice of a man because he had laid off his coat, as because he had laid off his body. It was no excuse to a man for a bad act, that his neighbor advised it, nor was it if a spirit advised it.

In answer to an inquiry, Mr. Smith further said: Some spirits are so gross that they must have gross food to subsist on. They may be seen by a keen natural eye, and hence the frequent ghost-stories of every age and nation. A friend of his, in the woods, came across four Indian spirits dancing under a tree. They were plainly to be seen with the natural eye. Such spirits require gross food, and especially animal substance—blood—or the life which is in the blood.

Mr. LEVY: If a falsehood is uttered by a man or spirit, it is the same thing. If a spirit lies, he should call him a bad spirit; for he did not think lying ever did any good.

Dr. MASSEY objected to the ground taken by Mr. Smith, that God and nature deceive.

Dr. GRAY read from a French work on Hallucinations. Hallucination was there defined to be, Perception of the sensible signs of an idea. Of hallucinations, those of hearing comprise 66 per cent. Hallucinations of sight rank next. A deaf ecclesiastic composed beautiful works, which he declared came from the angel Michael. A woman imagined that her dead husband was on the roof of the house, hungry and naked, and desired clothes and wine to be taken to him. A man heard a voice in his belly, and spent his time leaning over and listening to it. Another was taken in delirium, and thought persons came out from under his bed, made grimaces at him, and then went out through the stove-pipe. These cases, said the Doctor, were cured by medical treatment, or were proved by post mortem examinations, to have depended on disease. It is well known that opium, haschisch, wine, belladonna, strammonium, etc., will produce similar conditions in the system.

W. P. COLES inquired, what would be the effect on a medium, to subject him to similar medical treatment?

Dr. GRAY thought it might, perhaps, dispose of his mediumship.

A gentleman, a Shaker, gave an account of his spiritual experience. He had been visited by spirits, both good and bad; had been comforted and healed by the one, and tormented by the other. On one occasion a spirit he recognized, came with a drawn sword, and drove a crowd of tormenting spirits away. The founder of his people had been to him, and given him evidence of her presence and her power.

Mr. DRESSER: With the Greeks and Romans everything rested on a spiritual basis, and he should be prepared to show, on a proper occasion, that the position of Mr. Smith, relative to the fool of gross spirits, had a good foundation in the beliefs and testimony of the ancients.

Mr. J. F. COLES was loudly called for. He responded. Since the last session he had seen a table move in a good light without physical contact. The medium was Mr. Paine, of Worcester. Now he was willing to wear any amount of sackcloth and ashes that the Conference might decree; but as he was to have further sittings with Mr. Paine, he would prefer not to go into the particulars of his re-conversion before the next session. J. R. O.

Compend of Facts.

An Experiment in Mesmerism.

The following is sketched from a statement of Dr. Stiles of Bridgeport, made in the New York Conference week before last:

When mesmerism began to attract attention, he experimented in it. He had a subject, a young woman. He could put her to sleep at any time, and she would say just what he wished her to say. Some may think this is the whole of Spiritualism, but it is not. One day he fixed his room in a certain order—piled chairs, books, etc., in the middle of it—and then rode two miles to where his subject was. He put her asleep. She accompanied him clairvoyantly to his room, all right; but when she got there, she described the room in spite of all his willing, just the reverse of what he had left it, and supposed it to be. He returned at once, and found she was right. Which spirit was it that saw, in this instance, hers or his?

Fact in Mr. Pierpont's Experience.

The *Telegraph* reports the following as related by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont in one of his discourses at Dodsworth's:

Mr. Pierpont was ill in New York, and Dr. Parker attended him several days, without giving relief. Mr. P. wrote a letter to his old physician, Dr. Gorham, who went to the spirit-world many years since, and prior to the birth of his granddaughter, to whose care he addressed the letter, she living at the time in New Bedford. Mr. P. soon received an answer from Dr. Gorham, recommending him what to do, which soon relieved him; but in Dr. Gorham's reply he said, there are two Dr. Parkers in New York, one Willard and the other Edward Parker, (we believe these are the names he gave). This fact Mr. Pierpont did not at the time know; he only knew Dr. Willard Parker who attended him; his grand-daughter had no means of knowing either. He asked where this information came from.

Guardian Spirits.

The following account is taken from the German of Werner, a little work, relating the case of two seeresses into the spiritual world, translated by A. E. Ford: It appears that the young lady here magnetized, for the recovery of her health, while giving directions in that state, for the treatment of another, suddenly broke off from her conversation, and exclaimed to her attendant, Dr. Werner, "For God's sake! Ah, Albert, help, rescue!" (This Albert was the spirit which the lady always recognized, while in the magnetic state, as her guardian one, who attended her through her whole sickness, and whose directions, being made known by her, Dr. Werner invariably followed.)

"For God's sake! Ah, Albert, help, rescue! My Emily will fall out into the street. Oh, hasten and save her! (A short and anxious pause.) Thank God! help has already come. Thou faithful guide and friend, even before I knew the danger, and could ask, you had prepared aid!" "Alas, alas, my little sister in U——!" (She trembles violently all over.) "What has happened to her?" "She was in the upper story of a house, while they were raising wood up by a windlass from the street. She tried to seize the rope by which the weight was swinging, and the vibration would have drawn her out, as there is no balustrade above, if her father had not seized her at the moment, and drawn her in." (A long pause, lasting more than an hour, during which she lay quite motionless, like one enchanted; after which, she raises her arms, and says,) "Thou faithful God and Father, how do I thank Thee, that Thou hast saved my sister from death! Yes, she also shall thank Thee, and acknowledge Thy mercy. (Turning to me.) She was very much terrified, and my father not less so. They are now in the chamber, speaking of this wonderful deliverance. My brother Fritz is there too."

After a pause, and some conversation about herself, Dr. Werner asks her, "Tell me how it is possible for you to be with Albert at so distant a place, to be speaking with us at the same time, and just now to look at your sister?"

"That seems strange to you, but it is not so. It was all by the contrivance of my Albert. Without him I should not have seen my sister. He knew, and foresaw the threatening disaster, and prevented it. But this took place with a rapidity you cannot imagine. Albert's movements toward my sister drew me suddenly thither, while I was yet speaking with you."

This remarkable occurrence took place on the 19th of May. And, says Werner, "The wonderful rescue of her sister Emily, occurring in the crisis just related, was fully confirmed afterward. The following were the circumstances: We did not fail, after the crisis of the 20th, immediately to make inquiries if anything unusual had taken place with N.'s sister on the day mentioned. We soon received the following, to us very surprising account.

"On the afternoon of the 19th, some time after four, some persons were employed on the upper floor of the house, in raising stuff from the street by means of a windlass. The little Emily had a mind to have a hand in the work, and inadvertiously laid hold of the rope, by which the weight was hanging, without considering that the opening at which she stood had no balustrade. As it, together with its load, was in continual vibration, and the child, of course, had not strength to control its momentum, she was on the point of being carried out by it. She had already lost her balance, and uttered only one cry. At this moment, her father, who had come behind her, seized her by her clothes and drew her in. Terror so overpowered the child that she lost all consciousness, and they were obliged to carry her down in a swoon, into the sitting-room, where, however, she soon recovered her senses.

"To these accounts the following very remarkable fact was added: So early as half past three, her father, who was writing in the chancery at some distance from his residence, felt a restlessness he could not account for, which increased at last into an *impulse*, equally inexplicable, to go home. For a long time he resisted it, as his business was not yet finished, and he was compelled to say to himself that he had nothing to do there; but at last the attraction homeward had become so imperative, that, to relieve the feeling, he seized his papers with the intention of finishing them at home. When he reached the house, he directed his steps forthwith to the upper floor, without depositing the papers, which formed a considerable bundle, in the sitting-room, *close by the door of which he had to pass*, and came just in time to save his child from the certain death of a fall from the gable of the house, into the street. A moment later, and help would have been impossible.

Such is the very remarkable account from the pen of Werner, whose truthfulness is unimpeached, and who was witness to the whole affair. How inscrutable are the ways of God! It is thus that he governs the world. Not always by the immediate and direct exertion of his power, but by the intermediate ministry of angels and spirits. There can be no doubt that in this case, the mind of the father of this child was impressed by the guardian spirit, and this was the cause of the irresistible *impulse* he felt to go home. And as soon as he arrived there, he was directed quickly to the scene of danger. It was to the moment! And how remarkable the sight of the magnetized subject at the time, though quite distant from the scene. Thus, I say, God governs the world. His wisdom is unsearchable, and his ways goodness and truth. He is "a *very present* help in time of need." Oh, when will men learn everywhere that we are surrounded with a world of spirits—that they attend our steps—that they guide and deliver us—and this, too, all within the embrace of a system of beneficent Nature! Let God have praise for all his mercies.

Various Items.

Accompanying a Noah's ark from Germany, and on sale in our toy-shops, is a catalogue of the inmates thereof in German, French, and English. Amongst them we find "two mice, two sheeps;" but best of all, "eight men, viz: four men and four wives."

In Madison, Ind., recently, a little boy named Charles Peters, gained a prize by reciting 2,233 verses from the Bible, which he had committed to memory during the evenings of the six preceding days. He is said to be capable of committing 200 verses an hour, but such experiments are dangerous.

A fresh Catholic miracle has occurred at Chartes, France. A vine-dresser's wife, named Bron, who had been a cripple for ten years, her right side being paralyzed, while worshiping in the church which contains the relics of St. Caprais, went into a trance, saw the saint in a halo of ineffable glory, and was immediately cured of her disease and is since as agile as a young girl.

BEECHER'S LAST.—At a meeting in New York, a short time since, a warm and eloquent discourse was delivered by Rev. H. W. Beecher, who advocated the mental improvement and elevation of the female sex. In the course of his remarks, he casually spoke of *Brother* Chapin, but begged pardon for doing so, and said *Mr.* Chapin! For, said he, when I once spoke formerly of Brother Chapin, I was bombarded for it a whole year by the religious newspapers!

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION.—The New York *Day Book* states that about the time of the execution of young Rodgers, a woman, about forty-five years of age, having a little girl with her, called at the Lower Police Court, and applied for permission to enter the prison, alleging as a reason, that her child was subject to fits, and she had been told that if it could put its hand upon the body of a person who had been hung, before the body was cold, a cure would be instantaneously effected.

The Leavenworth, Ks., City Ledger of Oct. 25 announces the death and burial of a young Indian chief, son of To-he. He was placed in a sitting posture upon the summit of a high hill, his bow and arrow, a war club and a pipe deposited near him, when a pony was shot to accompany him to the happy hunting grounds. A mound of earth was then thrown over the whole, a white flag raised and the usual charms placed around to keep away evil spirits. The young chief was not more than twelve years of age.

"Almost the first word," says the missionary Dr. Medhurst, "uttered by a Chinese, when anything is said concerning the excellence of Christianity is, why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our law? The vile drug has killed my son, has ruined my brother, and well-nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion better than my own. Go first and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and give me a prescription to correct this vile habit, and then I will listen to your exhortations on the subject of Christianity."

At a convention of clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, &c. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and inquired, jocosely:

"Well, did you see anthing of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed! what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up the gold."

WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Indians of California as well as those of New Mexico have engaged in a crusade against witchcraft, which they treat as rationally as our Puritan ancestors formerly did. Three Indians about to be hung for witchcraft by the San Luis Rey tribe were rescued by a sheriff and posse from San Diego, greatly to the indignation of the natives. The persons accused of witchcraft were an old woman and her son and daughter. They had been regularly tried by an Indian council and sentenced to death. When taken from confinement they were much emaciated, having had no food for several days. They had been long suspected as witches and were much feared. The chief, having been sick a short time since imagined himself bewitched by them, and on his recovery had them arrested and confined.

The Fresno Indians are killing their doctors or medicine men. They declare them to be witches; that they cannot cure the sick, and that there will be no more rain or grass-seed till they are extinguished. Seven or eight physicians have in consequence suffered martyrdom. One of their doctors came running to the camp of Mr. Ridgeway, on the Fresno, and asked protection. He was pursued by some sixteen Indians, who demanded him of Mr. Ridgeway, and gave the above reasons why they ought to have him. Their modest request was refused, but a few days after the doctor ventured out and they got him.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak on Thanksgiving Day, in the Union Church, North Dana, Mass., at 1 o'clock, P. M. General conference in the evening at the same place, where all friends are invited to attend and take part in the exercises. H. P. F. speaks in Milford, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. TUTTLE return to Connecticut and commence engagements at Willimantic, on Sunday, Dec. 5th; will be there 12th and 19th, and the 26th at Somersville, and can supply one other place once a month that may apply soon. Address M. H. TUTTLE, Willimantic, Ct.

L. JUDD PARDEE will speak at South Milford, Sunday, the 28th, and at Waltham Dec. 5th and 12th.

LECTURES IN TAUNTON.—Lectures will be delivered in Taunton—Nov. 28th, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont; Dec. 5th and 12th, Mrs. H. F. Huntley; Dec. 19th, George Atkins; Dec. 26th, H. P. Fairfield.

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. 3t—3m

H. B. STORER IN VERMONT.—H. B. Storer will spend the month of December in Vermont, commencing his lectures at Burlington, on Sundays, Dec. 5th and 12th. He will lecture on four evenings of the week, besides Sunday, if the friends will make arrangements with him for meetings in their various localities. Address him at Lowell, Mass. until the last week in November, after which at Burlington, Vt., care of S. B. Nichols.

WARREN CHASE will speak as follows:—Nov. 28th, in Natick, Mass.; Dec. 1st, 2d, and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; Dec. 5th and 12th, in Portland, Me.; Dec. 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk, Me.; Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th in Portsmouth, N. H.; Dec. 19th, in Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 29th and 30th, in Mercantile Hall, Boston, Jan. 2d and 9th in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 16th, in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th in New York City; Feb. 6th and 13th, in Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT will lecture on Spiritualism, at Burlington, Vt., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, at 7 P. M.

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, in Middleboro', Sunday, Nov. 21st; Stoneham, Sunday, Nov. 28th; Reading, Monday and Tuesday evenings, Nov. 29th and 30th; Saugus Centre, Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 2d and 3d; Salem, on Sunday, Dec. 5th, and on intervening evenings in neighboring towns or villages. ☞ Will friends of truth see that all needful arrangements are made?

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—H P Fairfield, J C Wallace, C B Peckham, L F Alfred, E Barron, E W Knight, C A P., W A Wadsworth, D C McKellips, G B Blood, J Wescott, S Sinclair, S Albro 2, M H Tuttle, J Adams, J L Hackstaff, H P Osgood, J M Peebles, J H Mathews, S W Cole, C Black, E A B Henshaw, D C Gates, Miss Douglass, S B Nichols, C Martin, J R Robertson, H Dingee, C Whitwood, Higgins Bros, F L Howard, H Snow, W W King, J D French, G W Madox, I G Atwood, G B Isham, J M Sterling, B Ellis, W Cutter, H B Storer, F L Wadsworth, A Morton, J E Armstrong, S Hinshaw, R T Dunscombe, S T Sherman

Announcements.

Four Days Spiritual Mass Meeting.

AT CONVENTION HALL, SYRACUSE, N. Y., DEC. 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

A four days Spiritual Mass Meeting will commence in Convention Hall, Syracuse, at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 9th, 1858, and continue morning, afternoon and evening, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th, 11th and 12th.

An invitation is extended to all normal lecturers and trance speakers throughout the country, and many have already engaged to attend. The order of the meeting will be such as to afford a hearing to *all* who may feel moved to speak in harmony with the great idea of Spiritual Intercourse. Sessions will be held for the narration of facts and personal experiences by the people; discussions on the various phases of mediumship and manifestations; the formation of circles; uses and abuses; public meetings; the best methods of disseminating Spiritualism; its application to the individual life and soul; its relation to Christianity, the creeds, churches, sciences, philosophies, literature, reforms and institutions of the age. Arrangements will be made to accommodate as many as possible, free of expense, speakers being first provided; and boarding houses and hotels will furnish a list of their lowest prices. To meet expenses and protect the assembly from a disorderly crowd, a trifling door fee will be taken during part of the meeting. Let Spiritualists in the Empire State, and every section of the country, rally with "one accord" at this great modern Pentecost. Speakers who can attend from a distance, will communicate as early as possible. Address, in behalf of the Management, J. R. Robertson, 56 East Railroad street, Syracuse, N. Y.

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*,

4t—3m JOHN HOBART.

MENTAL EPIDEMICS.—The subscriber will lecture (by invitation) on the PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL CONTAGION, those *invisible causes* by which multitudes of people become suddenly, similarly and strangely affected, as in *Witchcraft, panics*, and *sectarian* "*revivals*." From observations continuing now for more than forty years, he will explain how "revivals" are "got up," showing that MODERN SPIRITUALISM has all the elements of a *Genuine Revival*, and that it is, indeed, by far the Greatest Revival that has ever occurred, surpassing all others in the *mysteriousness of its origin* the *power of its demonstrations*, the work it has done, and the rapidity of its influence now spreading over the world.

47—6t Address LEROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass.

Miss EMMA 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 December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 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 Thursday evening at 7 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. 3t

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. 1t50*

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 1 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stair 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. Eliot street.

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

NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

By the aid of a new perceptive power, I continue to give from the handwriting descriptions of persons. First—their general appearance, parentage, the condition of their birth, and a general review of their past life. Second—their present condition, both mental and physical, with directions for living to secure health and harmony. Third—their character and qualifications, with directions for proper pursuits and locations. Fourth—Miscellaneous matters relating to business, friends, marriage, losses, and all matters not clear to outside perception.

Terms, for a full reading in all points, $3; for a reading on each separate point and matters in general, $1; postage prepaid. All letters should be addressed to H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass.

Those wishing to consult me personally, may do so on Saturday of each week, at Dr. Charles Main's, No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

Persons sending written matter must avoid quotations and the dictation of other minds, to secure a correct reading.

NATICK, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1858. 4t—8 H. L. BOWKER.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.

The next (Winter) Term of this Institution, thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in its spirit and tendency, will commence on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5th, 1859, and continue fifteen weeks. For Circulars containing full particulars, please address

HOPEDALE, MILFORD, Mass., Nov. 15, 1858. } 4t—8 { WM. S. HAYWOOD, ABBIE S. HAYWOOD, } Principals.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM;

Or, Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. By George Stearns. Price $1. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield St. 47—4t

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,

FOR MY JUVENILE FRIENDS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Price in muslin, 38 cents; do. gilt, 50 cents. This is an excellent work, just published by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. For sale at wholesale or retail.

Interesting Miscellany.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "the visions of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form:

He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison house of suffering and mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender ærial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the liniaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They traveled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld, was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor he replied, that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply, they were already at the door and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction.

The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found to his astonishment that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having himself drunk presented it to him, saying, This is the new wine in my Father's Kingdom. No sooner had he partaken, than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with Jesus, as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

Women Natural Orators.

Women naturally speak better than men. They express themselves more easily, more vividly; with more arch simplicity, because they feel more rapidly, more delicately. Hence the loquacity with which they are reproached, and which is an effect of their constitution and temperament. Hence there are so many women who write in an admirable and remarkable manner, although they have studied neither rhetoric nor logic, and even without knowing grammar or orthography. They write as they speak; they speak pretty much as the birds sing—and their language has the same charm. Add to this the the sweetness of their organ, the flexibility of their voice, and the variety of their intonations, according to the feeling which animates them; the nobility of their physiognomy which greatly increases the effect of words, the picturesqueness of their gestures, and in short the gracefulness of their whole exterior; thus, although not destined for orators by their sex or social position, they have all the power of the orator and all his success in their sphere, and in the circle of their activity. For none better know how to touch, persuade and influence, which is the end and perfection of eloquence.

"My boy! my boy! you do very wrong to fish on Sunday!" Boy—"It can't do no harm, sir; I arn't cotched nothin'."

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Shepherd—But the curiousest thing to observe about the lasses, when they are getting drowsy during the sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes ower them, and the lids fa' doun, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the poor creatures gie their heads a shake, and unwillin' to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin stillness o' the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa.'

North—Your words, James, are like the poppy and mandragora.

Shepherd—Then, a' thegither inconscious o' what they're doin, they fix their glimmerin een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid noddin' upon you, for a great part o' ane o' the dizzen divisions o' the discourse. You may gie a bit o' laugh at them wi' the corner o 'your ee, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never sae much as ken you're in the same seat; and, finally, the soft rounded chin draps doun toward the bonny bosom; the blue-veined violet eyelids close the twilight whose dewy fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips slightly apart, reveal teeth pure as lily leaves; and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin' cradle.

North—My dear James, there is so much feeling in your description, that, bordering though it be on the facetious, it yet leaves a pleasant impression on my mind of the Sabbath service in one of our lowly kirks.

Shepherd—Far be it fra me or mine, Mr. North, to treat wi' levity any sacred subject. But gin folk wull sleep in the kirk, where's the harm in saying that they do sae? My ain opinion is, that the more dourly you set yoursel to listen to a no verra bright discourse, as if you had taken an oath to devour 't fra stoop to roop, the mair certain sure you are o' fa'in ower into a deep lang sleep. The verra attitude o' leanin' back and stretchin' out your legs, and fixin' your een in one direction, is a maist dangerous attitude; and then gin the minister has ony action—save joukin doun his head, or sea-sawin' wi' his hauns, or leanin' ower, as i' he wanted to speak wi' the precentor, or keepin' his een fixed on the roof, as if there were a hole i'nt lettin' in the light of heaven,—or turning first to the ane side and then the ither, that the congregation may hae an equal share o' his front physiognomy as weel's his side face—or staunin' bolt upright in the verra middle o' the poupit, without ever ance movin ony mair than gin he were a corp set up on one end by some cantrip, and leetin' out the dry, dusty, moral, apothegms wi ae continuous and monotonous girn. Oh, Mr. North, Mr. North! could even an evil conscience keep awake under such soporifics ony mair than the honestest o' men, were the banns cried for the third time, and he gaun to be married on the Monday morning?

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Pedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire:

He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself with rags, to tie his and legs neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice: "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and take him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise, I have no strength left."

Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficuly set the seeming beggar on his back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse. and am off with it."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter; "and since Heaven has willed it I wish you much joy of it; but I conjure you not to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" asked Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse returned it to its owner, embracing him to his tent, where they spent a few days, and became fast friends for life.

Christ not a Writer.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of Christ is that he left no writing behind him, and the only record there is of his writing anything, is in the case where he "stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground." What he wrote then and there no one knows; though perhaps the most plausible conjecture is, that he wrote the answer to the question, whether the woman taken in the act of adultery should be stoned? "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Reader, did this strange fact ever occur to you, that the greatest reformer that ever lived—professedly the divine teacher sent by God to reveal his truth to the world—whose teachings have survived the wreck of ages, and now commands the credence, the respect and the most profound admiration of the enlightened world, and who is claimed as the "author and finisher" of the great system of faith and practice, has left behind him no sentence of his writing, and those unknown characters written with his finger in the sand, constitute the sum total of all his writings of which there is any account?

Is there, or has there been, since the invention of letters, or even rude hyeroglyphics, any such thing as a system of religion, whose founder did not take especial pains to reduce his teachings to writing, and thus give them an exact and permanent form?

The human heart revolts against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness—as the waves of the ocean rise in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sink with the breeze into mildness and serenity.

UNEDUCATED CRITICS.—Owls sitting in judgment on the light.

For the Spiritual Age.

AN ANSWER TO "WHERE IS MY ANGEL CHILD?"

BY DR. CHARLES ROBBINS.

That Power on whom existence hangs,
Whose infinite survey,
Grasps each event and circumstance—
Whom motion doth obey;

Who carpeteth the earth with green,
And gems it o'er with flowers—
Who giveth pinions to the air,
Breathes music through its bowers,

In all the amplitude of love
Gave us a darling child,
Charged with those smiles that win the heart,
With cadence sweetly wild.

That soul so wreathed with song and love,
So tinged with silvery light—
Her *presence* made sweet morning here,
Her *absence* makes our night.

Much as affection cherished her—
How measureless that store!
In the serenity of bliss
"Our Father" loved her more.

And taken from the storms of earth,
Beneath His sheltering wing,
She knows the joys that angels taste—
She hears the seraphs sing.

She views the lillied realms of light
Omnipotence hath wrought;
God opes her mind to fields of bliss—
The golden gate of thought.

She roves beneath Heaven's jewelled dome
With kindred ones above,
Who hovering pitch their tents around
The forms they truly love.

She woos me at the morn's first blush,
And smiles on me at even;
She's with me at the hour of prayer—
A link twixt me and heaven.

Her voice comes on the yielding air—
I feel her presence near;
She is my own dear loved one still,—
She wipes the trickling tear.

Else no exultant stars no shout!
The heavens would wear a frown,—
To friends there'd be no diadem,
For us no sparkling crown.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 1858.

If the mind is not laid out and cultivated like a garden, it will be overgrown with weeds.

"How beautiful is snow,
The blossom of the rain;
How like ærial flowers
Wafted from floating isles
More buoyant than the air,
The silent flakes descend.
Snow on the earthly sphere,
Is the pellucid spray
Of ocean, that cold air
Weaves into fleecy robes
To clothe the winter world."

Anger, like a hurricane on the ocean, rolls the heavy surges of affliction over the tempest-tossed soul.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss! THOMPSON.

You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it the more clear and beautiful it will be.

How much they err, who to their interest blind,
Slight the calm peace with which retirement flows!
And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,
Banish the tranquil bliss which Heaven for man designed!

When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

"Man makes a death which nature never made."

The thoughtless and impatient shut their eyes to danger, rather than labor to avert it.

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.

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

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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A home for Spiritualists, Temperance men and women, and for all others who wish for quiet, order and comfort. This house is now under the management of the subscriber, who will always be at his post ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him with a call, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street.

39—tf E. V. WILSON, Manager for the Proprietors.

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NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

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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

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TERMS REDUCED!

OFFICE No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, Mass. If sickness or distance prevent personal attendance, examination can be made from a lock of hair and a statement of the leading symptoms, age and sex. Terms, when the patient is present, $1; when absent, $2. Electricity applied when required.

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Has just been opened by JOHN NESBITT. The public will be entertained at as reasonable rates as any in the neighborhood. 44

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Just published. An Oral Discussion on Spiritualism between S. B. Brittan and Dr. D. D. Hanson. 8vo. 145 pp. Price, bound, 63 cts, paper, 38 cts. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, New York. 20

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

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Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 96 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y.

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Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex.

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36 DR. R. W. LOUGEE.

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