The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

A THRILLING EVENT AT SEA.

The following remarkable narrative was first given to the public by R. L. Thorn, Surgeon of the *President* in 1824. It was fully confirmed at that time to John E. Watson, of Philadelphia, and to Joseph Nourse, Register of the Treasury, by Commodore Rogers himself. The impression made upon the mind of the Commodore was such, it is said, that he shortly after became a professor of religion:

Although the events now for the first time recorded occurred ten years ago, they are still fresh in my recollection, and have made so strong an impression on my mind that time can never obliterate them. They partake so much of the marvelous that I would not dare to commit them to paper were there not so many living witnesses of the truth of the facts narrated, some of them of the greatest respectability, and even sanctioned by Commodore Rogers. I therefore proceed to the task while those who are in existence can confirm them.

Living in an enlightened age and country, where bigotry and superstition have nearly lost their influence over the minds of men, particularly among the citizens of this Republic, where knowledge is so universally diffused, I have often been deterred from relating a circumstance so wonderful as to stagger the belief of even the most credulous. But facts are stubborn things, and the weight of testimony in this case cannot well be resisted.

Unable, for the want of time and room, to enter into as many particulars as I could wish, I will give, to the best of my recollection, the most prominent and striking occurrences in the precise order in which they took place.

Some time in the latter part of December, 1813, a man by the name of William Kemble, aged about twenty-three years, a seaman on board the United States frigate *President*, commanded by Commodore Rogers, on a cruise, then near the Western Islands, was brought from one of the tops in which he had been stationed, having burst a blood-vessel in his lungs.

Being at that time in great danger of instant death, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, it was with much difficulty that I succeeded in stopping the discharge.

He was immediately put on the use of remedies suited to his case. I visited him often, and had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with his temper, habits and intellectual attainments, and under all circumstances during his illness found his language, as well as behavior, such as stamped him the rough, profane and illiterate sailor.

It is my belief, though I cannot positively assert it, that he could neither read nor write. It is certain that his conversation never differed in the least from the most ignorant and abandoned of his associates, constantly mixed with oaths and gross vulgarity. Had he possessed talents or learning, he must have betrayed it to me during his long confinement.

In the early part of January a vessel bore down upon us with every appearance of being an English frigate. All hands were called to quarters, and after a short and animated address by the Commodore to the crew, all prepared to do their duty.

Before I descended to the cockpit, well knowing Kemble's spirit, and how anxious he would be to partake in the glory of victory—defeat never entering our thoughts—I thought it best to visit him. After stating to him the peculiar situation he was in, and the great danger he would be exposed to by the least motion, I entreated him and ordered him not to stir during the action, which he promised to observe. We were soon after obliged to fire. At the sound of the first gun he could restrain himself no longer; regardless of my admonition and of his own danger, he rushed upon the deck and flew to his gun, laying hold to help to run her out. A fresh and tremendous discharge from his lungs was the consequence, and he was brought to me in a deplorable state.

I apprehended immediate death, but by the application of the proper remedies, I succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage, by which he was reduced to a state of extreme debility.

Being near the equator, and suffering much from the heat, his hammock was hung upon the gun-deck between the ports, as affording the best circulation of air. He continued some time free from hemorrhage, but was under the constant use of medicine, and was confined to a particular diet. This made him fretful, and he would frequently charge my mates with starving him, and, at the same time, damning them in true sailor style.

After some time, being again called to quarters at night, he was necessarily removed below to the sick berth. This was followed by another discharge of blood from his lungs, which was renewed at intervals until his death.

On the 17th of January, in the afternoon, Dr. ——, my first mate, came to me on deck and reported Kemble to be dead. I directed him to see that his messmates did what was usual on such occasions preparatory to committing the fellow's remains to the deep.

About two hours after this, Dr. —— again called on me, and said that Kemble had come to life, and was holding forth to the sailors in a strange way. I directly went down, when I witnessed one of the most remarkable and unaccountable transactions that has perhaps ever fallen to the lot of man to behold. Kemble had awakened, as it were, from a sleep, and raised himself up, called for his messmates in particular, and those who were not on duty, to attend to his words. He then told them he had experienced death, but was allowed a short space of time to return, to give them, as well as the officers, some directions as to their future conduct in life.

In this situation I found him, surrounded by the crew, all mute with astonishment, and paying the most serious attention to every word that escaped his lips. The oldest men were in tears—not a dry eye was to be seen, nor a whisper to be heard—all was as solemn and as silent as the grave.

His whole body was as cold as death could make it. There was no pulsation in the wrists, the temples, or the chest. His voice was clear and powerful, his eyes uncommonly brilliant and animated. After a short and pertinent address to the medical gentlemen, he told me in a peremptory manner to bring Commodore Rogers to him, as he had something to say to him before he finally left us.

The Commodore consented to go with me, when a scene was presented truly novel and indescribable, and calculated to fill with awe the stoutest heart. The sick bay or berth in which he lay is entirely set apart to the use of those who are confined to their beds by illness. Supported by the surgeon, and surrounded by his weeping and astonished comrades, a large crowd of spectators looking through the lattice-work which inclosed the room, a common japanned lamp throwing out a sickly light, and a candle held opposite his face by an attendant, was the situation of things when the Commodore entered; and well does he remember the effect produced by so uncommon a spectacle, especially when followed by the utterance of these words from the mouth of one long supposed to be dead:

"Commodore Rogers, I have sent for you, sir, being commissioned by a higher power, to address you a short time, and deliver the message intrusted to me, when I was permitted to revisit the earth. Once I trembled in your presence, and was eager to obey your commands, but now I am your superior, being no longer an inhabitant of this earth.

"I have seen the glories of the world of spirits. I am not permitted to make known what I have beheld. Indeed, were it not forbidden, language would be inadequate to the task. 'Tis enough for you and the crew to know that I have been sent back to the earth to reanimate, for a few hours, my lifeless body, commissioned by God to perform the work I am now engaged in."

He then in a language as chaste and appropriate as would have graced the lips or pen of a divine, took a hasty view of all the moral and religious duties incumbent upon the commander of a ship-of-war. He reviewed the vices prevalent on board of a ship; pointed out the relative duties of officers and men, and concluded by urging the necessity of reformation.

He did not, as was feared by our brave Commodore, attempt to prove the sinfulness of fighting and war; but, on the contrary, warmly recommended to the men the performance of their duty to their country with courage and fidelity.

His speeches occupied about three quarters of an hour, and if the whole could have been taken down at the time, they would have made a considerable pamphlet. Dr. ——, now at Boston, heard all the addresses, I only the last.

When he had finished with the Commodore, his head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed, and he appeared to pass through a second death. No pulsation, nor the least degree of warmth could be perceived during the time he was speaking. I ordered him to be laid aside and left him.

I was soon called into the cabin, where the Commodore required of me an explanation of the case on rational and philosophical principles. This I endeavored to give, though but in part succeeded. It would swell this narrative too much to repeat all I said in endeavoring to elucidate the subject. At least it proved a lame attempt; for when asked how this man, without education, reading, or mixing with other society than that of common sailors, should acquire the use of the purest language, properly arranged, and delivered clearly, distinctly, with much animation and great effect, I gave no reply, and it was, and ever will remain, inexplicable, without admitting supernatural agency.

The days of miracles are past, and I know I shall be laughed at by many for dwelling on, or repeating this story; but never since I arrived at the years of discretion, has anything taken a stronger hold on my mind, and that man must have been made of strange material who could have been an indifferent spectator. Was he divinely illuminated? Was he inspired? Or was the whole the effect of natural causes? These were questions which have arisen in the minds of many, and must be left for the learned of two professions to answer.

I returned to bed deeply reflecting on the past, unable to sleep, when about nine o'clock P. M., many hours after Kemble had been put by, I was suddenly called to attend on a man taken suddenly ill in his hammock, hanging near Kemble's apartment. It was an hour when all but the watch had turned in, general silence reigned, and all the lights below were out, with the exception of a single lamp in the sick man's apartment, where lay the remains of Kemble. I had bled the sick man—he was relieved. I entered the sick-room before I retired, to replace something, and was turning to leave it, being alone, when I was almost petrified upon beholding Kemble sitting up in his berth, with his eyes—which had regained their former brilliancy and intelligence—fixed intently upon mine.

I became for a moment speechless and motionless, and said to myself, "What have I done, or left undone, in this man's case, that should cause him thus to stare at me at this late hour?" and alone I waited, a long time, in painful suspense, dreading some horrible disclosure, when I was relieved by his commanding me to fetch him some water. With what alacrity I obeyed can easily be imagined. I gave him a tin mug containing water, which he put to his mouth, drank the contents, and returned to me. He then laid himself quietly down for the last time. His situation was precisely the same, in every respect, as before described. The time had now expired which he had said was given him to remain in the body.

The next day, by noon, all hands attended as usual to hear the funeral service read, and see his remains consigned to a watery grave. It was an unusually solemn period. Seamen are naturally superstitious, and on this occasion their minds had been wrought upon in a singular manner. Decorum is always observed by sailors at such times, but now they were all affected to tears; and when the body was slid from the plank into the sea every one rushed instinctively to the ship's side to take a last look.

The usual weights had been attached to the feet, yet, as if in compliment to their anxiety to see more of him, the body rose perpendicularly from the water, breast high, two or three times. This incident added greatly to the astonishment already created in the minds of the men.

I beg leave to remark that it was not thought proper to keep the body longer, in the warm latitude we were in. I have now given a short and very imperfect sketch of the important events attending the last illness and death of William Kemble.

The change produced upon the crew was for a time very remarkable. It appeared as if they would never smile or swear again; but the effect wore off by degrees, except when the subject was renewed.

THE SPIRITS.

Pale shapes advancing from the midnight air,
Beckoning with misty fingers round my bed,
Bending your faded faces o'er my head,
I have no fear of ye! I seem to share
Your dim vitality—mine's well nigh fled.
I feel the human outlines melt away;
These thin, grey hands that lie on the damp sheet,
Are almost vapory enough to meet
Yours in the grasp of fellowship. My hair
Seems turning into cloud. The quickened clay
That walls me in is cracking, and I strive
Towards ye through the breach. Am I alive?
Or are ye dead? All's vague—a wide, grey sea;
Hark! the cock crows! Now, spirits, welcome me!

Knickerbocker.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

Rev. T. W. Higginson, in a recent lecture in New York, told a story of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and one of her little girls. The little girl, he said, came to her mother one day, and asked her if it was ever right to get angry?

"O no, of course not," was the answer.

"But," said the little girl, "it says in the Bible that God is angry with the wicked."

"O, that is another thing; he is obliged to be angry."

"What, God *obliged!* I thought he couldn't be obliged to do anything."

"Yes, he is, according to his holy law; you will understand it when you get older; you must wait till then."

The little child wanted an answer; then she was quiet and thoughtful for a minute, and then, with a bright look, she said, "O, mother, I understand it now; it's because God isn't a Christian."

When your mind and heart are in such a state that praying is pushing a prayer through like driving a wedge into a log, do you call it religion? It is as when your child, red-faced and choking with passion, is held up by the servant to kiss you. He comes because he is pushed; and do you call that love?

Dr. South, in one of his witty discourses, imagines an old reprobate asking at his death if he may not hope for heaven, when he has heard so much good preaching. "Yes," he replies, "if a man can be drawn up to heaven by the ears." The religion of to-day has this one idea; it only *hears*.

Never dispute about trifles, even though you are certain of being in the right. The truth will come to light sooner or later, and then your opponent will not only respect your wisdom, but love your meekness.

SOME CLEVER HITS.

BY "THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

How high is Bosting meet'n'-house?—said a person with black whiskers and imperial, a velvet waistcoat, a guard-chain rather *too* massive, and a diamond pin so *very* large that the most trusting nature might confess an inward *suggestion*,—of course, nothing amounting to a suspicion. For this is a gentleman from a great city, and sits next to the landlady's daughter, who evidently believes in him, and is the object of his especial attention.

How high?—said the little man. As high as the first step of the stairs that led to the New Jerusalem. Isn't that high enough?

It is, I said.—The great end of being is to harmonize man with the order of things; and the church has been a good pitch-pipe and may be so still. But who shall tune the pitch-pipe?

Go to the Bible!—said a sharp voice from a sharp-faced, sharp-eyed, sharp-elbowed, strenuous-looking woman in a black dress, appearing as if it began as a piece of mourning and perpetuated itself as a bit of economy.

You speak well, Madam,—I said;—yet there is room for a gloss or commentary on what you say. "He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." What you bring away from the Bible depends to some extent on what you carry to it.—Benjamin Franklin! Be so good as to step up to my chamber and bring me down the small uncovered pamphlet of twenty pages which you will find lying under the "Cruden's Concordance."

Here it is. "Go to the Bible. A Dissertation, etc., etc. By J. J. Flournoy. Athens, Georgia, 1858."

Mr. Flournoy, Madam has obeyed the precept which you have judiciously delivered. You may be interested, Madam, to know what are the conclusions at which Mr. J. J. Flournoy of Athens, Georgia, has arrived. You shall hear, Madam. He has gone to the Bible, and he has come back from the Bible, bringing a remedy for existing social evils, which, if it is the real specific, as it professes to be, is of great interest to humanity, and to the female part of humanity in particular. It is what he calls *trigamy*, Madam, or the marrying of three wives, so that the "good old men" may be solaced at once by the companionship of the wisdom of maturity, and of those less perfected, but hardly less engaging qualities which are found at an earlier period of life. He has followed your precept, Madam; I hope you accept his conclusions.

The female boarder in black attire looked so puzzled, and, in fact, "all abroad," after the delivery of this "counter" of mine, that I left her to recover her wits, and went on with the conversation, which I was beginning to get pretty well in hand.

But in the mean time I kept my eye on the female boarder to see what effect I had produced. First, she was a little stunned at having her argument knocked over. Secondly, she was a little shocked at the tremendous character of the triple matrimonial suggestion. Thirdly.——I don't like to say what I thought. Something seemed to have pleased her fancy. Whether it was, that, if trigamy should come into fashion, there would be three times as many chances to enjoy the luxury of saying "No!" is more than I can tell you. I might as well mention that B. F. came to me after breakfast to borrow the pamplet for "a lady,"—one of the boarders, he said,—looking as if he had a secret he wished to be relieved of.

——I continued.—If a human soul is necessarily to be trained up in the faith of those from whom it inherits its body, why, there is the end of all reason. If, sooner or later, every soul is to look for truth with its own eyes, the first thing is to recognize that no presumption in favor of any particular belief arises from the fact of our inheriting it. Otherwise you would not give the Mahometan a fair chance to become a convert to a better religion.

The second thing would be to depolarize every fixed religious idea in the mind by changing the word which stands for it.

——I don't know what you mean by "depolarizing" an idea—said the divinity-student.

I will tell you.—I said.—When a given symbol which represents a thought has lain for a certain length of time in the mind, it undergoes a change like that which rest in a certain position gives to iron. It becomes magnetic in its relations,—it is traversed by strange forces which did not belong to it. The word, and consequently the idea it represents is *polarized*.

The religious currency of mankind, in thought, in speech, and in print, consists entirely of polarized words. Borrow one of these from another language and religion, and you will find it leaves all its magnetism behind it. Take that famous word O'm of the Hindoo mythology. Even a priest cannot pronounce it without sin; and a holy Pundit would shut his ears and run away from you in horror, if you should say it aloud. What do you care for O'm? If you wanted to get the Pundit to look at his religion fairly, you must first depolarize this and all similar words for him. The argument for and against new translations of the Bible really turns on this. Skepticism is afraid to trust its truths in depolarized words, and so it cries out against a new translation. I think, myself, if every idea our Book contains could be shelled out of its old symbol and put into a new, clean, unmagnetic word we should have some chance of reading it as philosophers, or wisdom-lovers ought to read it,—which we do not and cannot now, any more than a Hindoo can read the "Gayatri" as a fair man and lover of truth should do. When society has once fairly dissolved the New Testament, which it never has done yet, it will perhaps crystalize it over again in new forms of language.

——I didn't know you was a settled minister over this parish,—said the young fellow near me.

A sermon by a lay-preacher may be worth listening to,—I replied, calmly. It gives the *parallax* of thought and feeling as they appear to the observers from two very different points of view. If you wish to get the distance of a heavenly body, you know that you must take two observations from distant points of the earth's orbit,—in midsummer and midwinter, for instance. To get the parallax of heavenly truths, you must take an observation from the position of the laity as well as of the clergy. Teachers and students of theology get a certain look, certain conventional tones of voice, a clerical gait, a professional neckcloth, and habits of mind as professional as their externals. They are scholarly men and read Bacon, and know well enough what the "idols of the tribe" are. Of course they have their false gods, as all men that follow one exclusive calling are prone to do.—The clergy have played the part of the fly-wheel in our modern civilization. They have never suffered it to stop. They have often carried on its movement, when other moving powers failed by the momentum stored in their vast body. Sometimes, too, they have kept it back by their *vis inertia*, when its wheels were like to grind the bones of some old canonized error into fertilizers for the soil that yields the bread of life. But the mainspring of the world's onward religious movement is not in them, nor in any one body of men, let me tell you. It is the people that makes the clergy, and not the clergy that makes the people. Of course, the profession reacts on its source with variable energy.—But there never was a guild of dealers or a company of craftsmen that did not need sharp looking after.

——A man that knows men in the street at their work, human nature in its shirt-sleeves,—who makes bargains with deacons, instead of talking over texts with them,—a man who has found out that there are plenty of praying rogues and swearing saints in the world,—above all, who has found out, by living into the pith and core of life, that all of the Deity which can be folded up between the sheets of any human book is to the Deity of the firmament, of the strata, of the hot aortic flood of throbbing human life, of this infinite, instantaneous consciousness in which the soul's being consists,—that all of the Deity which any human book can hold is to this larger Deity of the working battery of the universe only as the films in a book of gold-leaf are to the broad seams and curled lumps of ore that lie in unsunned mines and virgin placers,

——Oh!—I was saying that a man who lives out of doors among live people, gets some things into his head he might not find in the index of his "Body of Divinity."

I tell you what—the idea of the professions' digging a moat round their close corporations like that Japanese one at Jeddo, which you could put Park-Street Church on the bottom of and look over the vane from its side, and try to stretch another such spire across it without spanning the chasm,—that idea I say, is pretty nearly worn out. Now when a civilization or a civilized custom falls into senile *dementia*, there is commonly, judgment ripe for it, and it comes as plagues comes— from a breath—as fires come from a spark.

——You don't know what a plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you then. It is Spiritualism. While some are crying out against it as a delusion of the Devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysteric folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been and are still accepted,—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community, to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of. It needn't be true, to do this, any more than Homœopathy need, to do its work. The Spiritualists have some pretty strong instincts to pry over, which no doubt have been roughly handled by theologians at different times. And the Nemesis of the pulpit comes in a shape it little thought of, beginning with the snap of a toe-joint, and ending with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the minister's studies of Christendom! Sir, you cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business-men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life. It is the folly of the world, constantly, which confounds its wisdom.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE NEW VOLUME.

A Happy New Year! is the benediction on every tongue, and the wish of every heart, on this first day of 1859. Most heartily do we give the salutation of the season to all our readers, far and near.

The coming year promises to be one of unprecedented interest to the friends of Human Progress, and especially to the intelligent and progressive Spiritualist.

The "crisis," or sifting process to which the grand movement of the age is being subjected, is but the necessary preliminary to its assuming a higher phase, taking a stronger and deeper hold of the great Heart of Humanity, and becoming a controlling power among men.

The army of Reform can well afford to spare from its ranks the weak, the selfish, the mercenary, the traitorous, and all who are not rooted and grounded in eternal principles. It will be the stronger for all desertions.

Thus far attention has been largely absorbed in establishing and defending the one grand fact of spirit-intercourse, and, per consequence, of spirit-existence, and in demolishing the crude and materialistic ideas which have been current in the world. In the mean time various theories relating to philosophy and religion have been broached and advocated by persons connected with this movement, which by many have been supposed to be part and parcel of Spiritualism itself.

As yet, the conductors of this journal have made little attempt to prune these contradictory and often superficial and grossly *unspiritual* theories, or to present a systematic, broad, harmonious and truly *spiritual* scheme of truths, on which the enlightened and religious mind can rest, and in the belief and practice of which such can find peace and salvation. This will be, more especially, the work of the future.

The general character of our views and our intentions has been distinctly intimated to our readers. It is, however, the design of the leading editor, in compliance with urgent requests that have been repeatedly made of him, as well as with his own interior promptings, to soon enter upon a more definite and systematic exposition of what he conceives to be the grand principles of Spiritual Truth and Human Duty.

His object in doing this will be simply to elucidate and enforce what he deems important and essential truth, for the good of such as can accept it—not to lay the basis of new sect, nor to propound a creed for others.

He is confident of being able to show that the essential doctrines of Christianity, in their real significance, are written, not alone in the New Testament, but also in the very constitution of human nature; and are therefore eternally true;—that true Spiritualism, instead of being antagonistic to them, includes all these principles, and imparts to them a new vitality and saving power.

He will also show that true Spiritualism, instead of leading to sensualism, atheism, and every evil work, as has been charged, (and is true of a spurious kind), is the antipode of all these, and *demands a purer morality, a more real regeneration, and a more vital and saving religion*, than are now prevalent in modern society and the modern churches.

The relations of the spiritual movement, moreover, to the general progress of the race,—its necessity to the introduction of the long-looked for millennial era of the world,—and the outline of the new order of things in which this movement is to ultimate, will be clearly presented.

This exposition will be given in brief editorial articles to be published consecutively, as far as may be, in the columns of the Age. These will be commenced as soon as certain other matters now on hand shall be disposed of.

While doing this, we shall not fail to give due attention to the phenomenal or fact department, which gives to Spiritualism a basis in positive science. It is its living demonstrations of spirit-existence and power, that gives it an immeasurable superiority over the effete creeds of Christendom. But its alleged facts, as well as reputed doctrines, need a careful sifting; since the unreasonable credulity of believers is quite as adverse to the progress of truth as is the stubborn skepticism of opponents.

Its designed, also, to render the Age more of a Family Newspaper than heretofore—giving increased space to general literature of a spiritualistic and reformatory cast, and less to lengthened disquisitions of a philosophical and metaphysical character.

Reader, shall we have your sympathies and aid in this work for the year to come? In what other way can you act more effectually for the general good of society, than by aiding to spread a truly spiritual literature abroad in the land? This will counteract the flood of superficial and counterfeit trash, on the one hand, and of crude and cruel theology on the other.

As you labor unselfishly and earnestly in this and all other ways, for the elevation of others, so will you become one of earth's angels, and enjoy a truly happy new year.

Mrs. H. F. Huntley Departed.—We learn that Mrs. H. F. Huntley, well known as a trance speaker, and known only to be loved and respected, was suddenly removed to the spirit world on Wednesday of last week. While at the residence of Mr. Sinclair in Taunton, Mass., she was taken with what is supposed to have been heart disease, and quietly passed from the form, to that higher sphere where she will doubtless continue her beautiful efforts for the elevation of her fellow creatures. Many hearts will now find a new tie binding them to the spirit world.

The Holyoke Mirror bears false witness when it says we have "renounced the rappings and tippings." We regard them (when caused by spirits) as of no less value and importance, in furnishing positive evidence of spirit existence, than we ever did.

None are so empty as those who are full of themselves.

OBSERVATIONS ON FATE AND FREE AGENCY.

[Read before the Boston Conference, and published by bequest.]*

That the Universe, including all its creatures, and their actions, with all possible events, have sprung originally from One Primal Cause, probably no well-developed mind—certainly no Theist—will deny.

Fate, or the doctrine of Fatalism, as usually understood, regards this First Cause as a blind, unintelligent, impersonal, and therefore unwise and unloving *Necessity*, which controls all acts and all events even to the most minute.

Theism, on the other hand, regards this Primal Cause as an Intelligent Being, possessing at least purpose, skill and power.

Christian Theism, as it is usually termed, regards this First Cause as not only intelligent, skillful and powerful, but as a wise, loving, and omnipotent Father.

It seems to me that no well-balanced, properly cultivated mind can hesitate as to which of these conceptions of the Primal Cause it will accept—though for myself as a Spiritualist, I prefer to complete the Christian definition by recognizing the dual principles exhibited in all Nature. According to universal experience, there are no offspring without both Father and Mother.

If, however, Fate defined, as it has been by some, to be simply an orderly succession of causes and effects, directed to wise, fatherly and providential ends, then Fatalism is neither more nor less than what is usually meant by Divine Sovereignty and beneficent Universal Providence, which terms I prefer to employ.

If God, or that Power and Intelligence whom men call Deity, by whatever term designated, governs the Universe, then it follows that He in some way governs in all things in the Universe. He either governs all, or he is not the Governor. If such a Power, unchangeable and beneficent in character, does not govern, then there can be no stability to the Universe, and no ground for hope or rest.

On the other hand, man *feels* that, within a certain sphere, or certain limits, he acts freely, and is in fact himself a governor. This feeling is a sufficient proof that *within the sphere of his consciousness*, man is a free agent.

How are these seemingly conflicting truths of reason on the one hand, and of consciousness on the other, to be reconciled? It is readily done, if we but look deeply enough beneath the surface of things.

It will be admitted that if God governs, He does it by *means*, which are simply *motors*, or motive powers. In the physical world, these motors are called the forces of nature, which may be resolved into two, *attraction* and *repulsion*. In the mental and moral world they are termed *motives*.

All things and all beings must be and are governed by forces or motives adapted to the plane they occupy.

Man is capable of being governed by two classes of motives—those addressing his lower or animal nature, and those appealing to his higher or spiritual nature. And these reach him from two directions—first, through the external senses and the intellect—secondly through his internal senses and intuitions.

His will, or determination, is the result of all the motive-forces brought to bear, from without and from within, co-acting with his internal state; or the vote of a majority of all the complex faculties and inclinations which make up his being, under the force of these motives.

In fact, man has a dual will, or two wills—one the determining and executive power of his animal nature—the other of his spiritual nature. These two are often in conflict—the lower or animal will desiring to do what the higher or spiritual will remonstrates against,—and *vice versa*. The relative strength of the two, or the degree of suceptibility to motives acting upon each, determines the decision for the time being.

There can be no such thing as an independent or self-determining will, irrespective of motives; for that involves the absurdity of an effect without a cause.

Of motives addressed through man's external senses, he is usually conscious. Of those addressed to, or flowing through, his *intuitions* and internal senses, he is more or less *unconscious*. To him the latter *seem* to be *of himself* solely; while they really *are* of a source behind him. Hence, as to his consciousness, he is acting freely, when in fact he is acting under the power of motives.

Thus *practically* and consciously man acts of himself; but *theoretically* and really he acts from a motive force behind him.

God, or Deity, residing in, or wielding, or being, the mightiest, subtlest, most interior and irresistible Motive-Force of the universe, lying in a sense underneath, behind or within man, is thus able to control him, through motives, and with no infringement upon his conscious liberty.

Thus it is clear how Divine Sovereignty and Human Agency can and do meet in perfect accord.

A. E. N.

*Some additions have been made to this paper since it was presented to the Conference, for the purpose of elucidating points which were then misapprehended.

[Remainder next week.]

Reckless "Mischief."

In a recent issue of a notorious Boston print—too notorious to need naming,—we read as follows:

"A vast deal of mischief often results from ill-advised paragraphs in newspapers. These sheets ought to be the authentic history of the time. Too frequently the public is misled by them, not merely in regard to casual news, which cannot always be accurately sifted, or in mere matters of speculative opinion, about which all minds cannot judge alike—but upon points of the most serious import, affecting the daily interests of life, to ascertain the certainty of which requires only intelligence, care and judgment, and from the discussion of which those surely ought to abstain who manifestly do not understand them."

True as gospel! and the same sheet illustrates and proves its truth by printing on the opposite page a most malignant and fanatical article (doubtless written by the Harvard Professor of Greek) recklessly charging crimes of every description upon Spiritualism—attributing the recent suicide of Mr. Magoun to that source, than which, if our information be correct, nothing could be more false—and fanatically calling up on the civil authorities to suppress Spiritualists' meetings as more demoralizing than even dens of prostitution, and to punish mediums as the greatest criminals known to society!

Fortunately the enlightened portion of the community have little respect for the ravings of this fanatical sheet, even though emanating from a learned Professor in our oldest university. But the tendency of such appeals, among the ignorant and excitable, is to evoke a spirit of bitter animosity and religious persecution. Should this be once aroused, "mischief" incalculable would result,—entailing a fearful responsibility on the conductors of that sheet. It is evidently no fault of theirs that the hangings and burnings of two hundred years ago are not repeated on Boston Common to-day.

MORE "EXPOSURES."

"Renunciations" and "Exposures" of Spiritualism seem to have become, as Dr. Sunderland would say, a "mania." How far this is in accordance with that gentleman's theory of "sympathetic imitation," we are unable to say, but incline to think that love of notoriety and hope of pecuniary advantage, in which most men have a fellow-feeling, lie behind much of it. In addition to Randolph, Von Vleck, Bly, Coles, and B. F. Hatch, M. D., the last week has introduced a new candidate for honors (?) in this line, in the person of one C. H. Collagan, who claims to be an artist.

This individual proclaims through the Boston *Courier* that he has for a year been acting as an accomplice with J. V. Mansfield in the production of bogus pictures, which have been palmed off by Mansfield on credulous Spiritualists for genuine likenesses of deceased friends. The story is ornamented with a good many plausible details which we have not room to mention. Though Mr. Collagan stands self-convicted of a want of integrity scarcely less than he attributes to Mr. Mansfield, yet the *Courier* does not scruple to grasp at and flourish his statement as "a complete exposure" of the "imposture."

In reply, Mr. Mansfield denies any collusion or deception in the case; alleges that he has all the while solemnly believed Mr. Collagan to be spirit-seer,—that the latter has so claimed for himself,—produces a letter from Mr. C., as evidence of this claim, and refers to the numerous correct liknesses which have been produced, with nothing to copy from, as proof that it was true. He also represents that the cause which has led to this "exposure" was resistance on his part of an attempt to extort money from him by Mr. Collagan.

In this position, the matter now stands. We undertake not to judge of the merits of the case till we have opportunity for fuller investigation. Of Mr. Mansfield's operations in the line referred to, we have had no personal knowledge. That he has the power to ascertain the contents of sealed letters without opening, or in any way seeing the writing, we know. That he has given incontrovertible tests of a power and intelligence beyond himself, and claiming to be spirits, in answering such letters, is testified to by hundreds of people all over the country. Charges of fraud in this business (to which, confessedly, there are great temptations) have been made, but, so far as we are aware, none have been clearly substantiated; and even if proved, would weigh nothing against cases where fraud was impossible. We, however, must hold him innocent till proved guility. Whether the testimony of a confessed participator in crime is sufficient for this purpose, a candid public will judge.

STILL ANOTHER.

The *World's Crisis*, a second-advent paper, is publishing the "Experience" of a former Methodist clergyman, who claims to have been some years a Spiritualist, but who, the editor says, recently came into the office of that paper, and, "after conversing some time, was enabled, by the help of the Lord, to renounce Spiritualism," and "went home happy in the love of God." If the brother had embraced anything as Spiritualism which prevented his being "happy in the love of God," we are glad to know he has renounced it. It was surely of a spurious kind.

DR. RANDOLPH RETREATS.

The labors of this brother, who came to Boston full of zeal against something which he called Spiritualism, have been brought to a close. From the impartial, though necessarily condensed, reports we have given, our readers will judge of the amount of damage done to the Spiritualism we advocate. The opposition are welcome, certainly, to all the aid and comfort his labors have afforded them. The *Courier*, which had announced his "conversion" and "exposures" with a great flourish of trumpets, after publishing a patched-up report of his first lecture, dropped him as suddenly as one does a hot poker, and evidently with similar sensations.

Mr. Randolph announced that he would give "exposures" of Spiritualism every evening during last week, in which he was to have the assistance of the noted Von Vleck to perform swindling tricks, and would himself exhibit some feats of Egyptian Magic. But after talking a single evening to about twenty-five persons, he gave up the philanthropic effort. We have received a communication from him defending his proposed course, which want of room alone prevents our publishing entire. He states that his object in proposing to exhibit these feats of jugglery, and employing a confessed impostor, was "to show how easily mysteries are soluble with a proper key, and to separate the wheat from the chaff—the actual phenomena from the spurious effects produced by Von Vleck, Paine, Mrs. Loomis, the Davenports, the Earlville Boys, and Bly, whenever these persons do play upon our senses, and pass off jugglery for extra mundanely originated phenomenal facts." He admits that "neither V. V.'s trickery nor Dhoula Bel's magic will explain away the real phenomena attributed to ghosts. All that other is competent to demonstrate is that some things can be done as well as others," and concludes by saying, "Still, while we make use of this person [Von Vleck] a good many of us, people of the world can't help despising the traitor; for I hold all who are 'Recanters' from other than deeply religious convictions and motives, who 'pitch in' because of pecuniary axes to grind—like several I wot of—are wretches too mean to live with respectable swine."

We understand Mr. R. intends to retire from the field. We think it would be wise for him to do so. Spiritualism certainly does not require his services, and its opponents will neither pay nor thank him for them.

Will He tell the whole Story?

The N. Y. *Herald* consents to print an *expose* of the "demoralizing and ruinous tendency" of Spiritualism, "its delusive theories, its prostitution and libertinism," by "B. F. Hatch, M. D.," and adds very significantly—

"One suggestion: we trust he will not fail to give a financial statement of his speculation, and let us know how much was netted for glimpses at the spirit world at the remarkably low price of fifty cents a head."

We would also venture a suggestion. Will not the Dr., while about it, begin at the beginning, and make a clean breast of his own experience both antecedent and subsequent to his becoming a professed Spiritualist? Will he not tell how he managed to dispose of *three* wives before entering upon this last "financial speculation"—also what he knows about the use of canes, fisticuffs, oaths and imprecations, etc., etc., in family discipline? All this, and much more which will readily occur to him, will doubtless be intensely interesting to the readers of the *Herald*, *et id omne genus*, and enable candid people to form a correct idea of the *kind* of Spiritualism ("falsely so called") which he adopted, practiced, and now renounces.

"FREE LOVE" IN THE CHURCHES.

HYPOCRISY OF THE PRESS.

If we can credit the reports of the secular press, examples of domestic infidelity and crime are becoming fearfully prevalent among "members of churches," "ministers of the gospel," and even dignitaries of prominent sects. The following is a brief summary of cases which have been chronicled by the city press within a few days. We omit names, because our object is not to give currency to this sort of scandal, but simply to "point a moral," which will appear in the end:

A Double Elopement.—A Methodist local preacher has eloped from Elk River, Va., with two daughters of Michael Griffith, leaving his wife and a large family in destitute circumstances.—*N. Y. Paper.*

One of the churches in this city is engaged in investigating a lamentable charge of conjugal infidelity—involving the reputation of several church members, both male and female, and even assailing with suspicion some of the highest authorities in the church.—*New Haven Journal.*

A Naughty Sunday School Teacher.—A flour merchant in Cincinnati, who has been a rigid member (outwardly at least) of the church, and a Sunday School teacher, was called before a Justice, a short time since, to answer a charge of illicit fatherhood, preferred against him by a young woman who had lived in his family and been a pupil in his class at Sunday School. She swore point-blank that he had ruined her while she was beneath his roof, and taking care of his two young children.—*Boston Herald.*

A man about fifty years of age, said to be a minister of the gospel, from Brown County, Ind., in company with a young lady aged about seventeen, came to Richmond, Ind., a little over three weeks ago, and put up at a private boarding house, where the young lady gave birth to a child. [This child they afterwards murdered, and the guilty pair were arrested and committed to jail.]—*Dayton (O.) papers.*

Scandal in Church.—Rev. Dr. ———, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, has been deposed from exercising the privileges of his office as a minister of the gospel, on account of a *crim. con.* with a lady residing in Pittsburgh, Pa. The Dr. is about 75 years of age; is a man of commanding presence, and wears long silvery white hair. He has been married twice. * * * His second wife has for a long time been bed-ridden; and in one of his letters to Mrs. ——, used as evidence against him, he mentioned that fact, and said that she was getting better, but that it was not his fault. [The lady in the above case is the widow of a clergyman, who is the editress and proprietress of a monthly magazine, which is regarded as the organ of the American Scotch Covenanters.]—*Herald.*

Another Wife Poisoner.——— ——, of Montgomery County, Ind., was arrested at Detroit on Monday, charged with having poisoned his wife. —— is about fifty years of age, a farmer in good circumstances, and has for a long time been an active member of the Methodist Church, sustaining a high character in the community. The woman whose death he is charged with causing was his second wife. She died very suddenly, having been in perfect health the day previous. Remarks made by —— after her burial aroused suspicion, and her body was taken up for examination, when —— fled. A large quantity of strychnine was found in the woman's stomach. ——'s first wife, who died very unexpectedly about fifteen years ago, it is now believed was poisoned. ——'s incentive to the crime was probably an improper intimacy with a young woman.—*Boston Journal.*

"On Tuesday of last week ——— ———, sexton of the Home Miesion Chapel, of Cleveland, Ohio, eloped with a young woman named ——— ———. ——— has a wife and eleven children, and heretofore has been considered a pattern of propriety and morality, and an affectionate husband and father."—*Ib.*

The record might be extended indefinitely, but we desist. The first remark we have to make is, *that not one of the above papers has a single word to say about the "demoralizing tendencies" of Methodism, or Presbyterianism, or churches, or Sunday schools!* It is only when a professed Spiritualist proves derelict to the principles of true Spiritualism, which is the opposite of sensualism of every form, that the eyes of these guardians of the public morals are upturned in holy horror, and the welkin is made to ring with wholesale denunciations of the class to which they belong and the doctrines they profess.

The organ of the Harvard Professor, who has taken the lead in this fanatical crusade against Spiritualism, in noticing the flagrant case of Rev. Dr. ——, of the Presbyterian Church, above mentioned, neglects even to inform its readers of the nature of the offence for which he was deposed. It tenderly passes the matter over with the indefinite remark that "there was a lady in the case." Imagine the torrent of righteous wrath against doctrines that destroy "the integrity of man and the purity of woman," which would have been outpoured, had the parties been Spiritualists instead of Presbyterians!

This is conclusive proof, if any were needed, of the utter one-sidedness and hypocrisy of the *Courier's* displays of virtuous indignation against Spiritualism. Other presses stand convicted of more or less of the same insincerity.

A Response of the Right Sort.

Among the many hearty and encouraging responses in *words* which our appeal of week before last called forth, is the following, which embraced something more than words. Our friend does not give us permission to publish; hence we withold the name. Who will "go and do likewise?" It would better please us if such remittances were accompanied by a list of names to whom we could send the Age to the amount inclosed. But it becomes us not to be over-fastidious.

Brother Newton:—I am very much pleased with the editorial article in your last paper. It seems to me that it must do *much good*. As you say, if Spiritualism is to bless the world, *that* position must be taken and *sustained* by the leading minds embracing Spiritualism. It would have pleased me *most* if you had specified *slavery and war* in connection with the other evils that you referred to. You ask if your readers are ready to stand by you in deeds. I am one that is ready to do something now, and I think more in the future. Enclosed please find twenty dollars, which you will use as you may need to sustain you in proclaiming the truths of *true* Spiritualism, which to me are the principles which Jesus taught and *lived*. Sincerely and truly yours.

Our friend need have no fear but oppression, in all forms, and brutality of all kinds, with all other "works of the flesh," will disappear before the prevalence of true Spiritualism, as we define it.

"Fantastic Tricks."

The Boston *Courier*, of Monday last, in a rampant Feltonian article, speaks of "Mr. Newton, editor of the *Spiritual Age*," among others, as having "played fantastic tricks" before the Spiritualists of Cambridgeport. Mr. Newton has never spoken to the Spiritualists of that place except on a single Sunday. At the evening lecture on that day, he had the pleasure of seeing among his hearers, Prof. Felton, of Harvard College. The next morning he received from this gentleman a very respectful note in which he said:—"I listened to your discourse last evening, *with admiration for the ability it displayed*," and then proceeded to express dissent from some of the positions advocated by us.

It is related that a subject of Philip, king of Macedon, on being unjustly condemned by that monarch when the latter was intoxicated, immediately appealed "from Philip *drunk* to Philip *sober*." In this case, we appeal from Felton *rampant* to Felton *gentlemanly*.

Correspondence.

A Physiological Problem.

"THE WOMAN WHO LIVES WITHOUT EATING."

[Concluded from the Age of Dec. 18th.]

This lady is the wife of Simeon Hays, and resides in the town of Horicon, near the head of Brant Lake, in Warren Co., N. Y. She is the fifth daughter of Joseph and Lydia Carpenter, living in the town of Chester, in said County, and about eight miles from her present residence; was born April 11th, 1830, and was married to Mr. Hays in Jan., 1846. She is the mother of four children; the youngest was born in July, 1853. In November, 1854, she was taken with lameness in the back and hips, and has been unable to walk since that time. About July, 1855, she fell upon the floor, and was taken with spasms, which, for about one year, were quite frequent, and lasted from a few hours to four days at a time; and since that time they have lasted from a few days to several weeks at a time, with but a few moments between them.

From the 28th of June, 1855, to 28th of June, 1856, she subsisted upon stewed apples and the juice of berries, not eating more than three or four spoonfuls a day. From the date last mentioned until the 20th of Feb., 1857, the entire amount of food that she ate consisted of sixteen lemons, one and a half pounds of sugar, twenty drops of laudanum, two spoonfuls of berry juice, and one of current juice. Since that time she has not taken any food or drink of any kind whatever, neither has there been an evacuation of any kind; and none from the bowels since June, 1856. In the fall of 1857 she was taken to the village of Chester, and remained there one year, during which time every means was taken to ascertain whether she ate or not. She was watched day and night, and her condition precluded all possibility of her eating. She was visited by men of science and judgment, and all acknowledged it a remarkable affair.

Mr. Hays is considered an honest man, and if he had the desire of humbugging, he could not carry it out in this manner. He is uneducated, and but a plain, common sort of a man.

I will here add a certificate of some of the citizens, which will show the general opinion, although signed some six months before we visited her:

"Chester, May 20th, 1858.

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Chester, County of Warren, State of New York, being well acquainted with Simeon Hays, and with the extraordinary circumstances connected with the sickness of his wife Betsey, do, without hesitation, certify our entire belief in the truthfulness of his statements, we having had abundant opportunity of detecting fraud, if any existed. Every possible test has been applied, and the conclusion to which we are forced, is, that Mrs. Hays *does, and has lived without eating*, since the 20th of February, 1857, being exactly fifteen months at the present date."

Signed by Hon. Wm. Hotchkiss, Ex. Sen.; John H. Walker, Justice of the Peace; Alfred Mallory, M. D.; Rev. H. S. Redfield; Rev. C. H. Edgerton; Chas. H. Faxon, Esq.; Walter A. Faxon, Esq.; Milton Sawyer, Esq.

Glen's Falls:—N. E. Sheldon, M. D., Pres. Warren Co. Med. Soc.; James Furgason, M. D.. B. Peck, M. D.; M. R. Peck, M. D.

Besides the above, numerous affidavits can be appended.

Mr. Hays was offered money in considerable sums to remove his wife to some place where a large fee could be obtained from visitors; but he refused to do so, which is one evidence that he is not practising deceit.

The latter part of Sept., 1858, he removed his wife back up into the mountains, eight miles from Chester. This was thought a strange move in him, as the people of Chester offered to keep him and pay all expenses if he would stay. One man offered him sixty dollars, another fifty, another a cow, and so on; but go he would, and did. This caused me to inquire into the reason, and he informed me of the following circumstance:

A few days before he left, she came out of the spasm, and he observed her lips moving as if trying to speak. He held his ear to her mouth, and she said, in a calm manner, "God has made it known to me that I must be removed back to that humble dwelling, where He first laid His afflicting hand upon me, and there He will finish His work." Mr. Hays replied to her, that there was no place there to put her, and therefore thought it best not to move her. [Mr. Hays' house had but one room, and it would not answer to have her in a room where cooking was done, or food kept.] At this reply she wept, and passed into a fit, but soon came out of it, and these words were uttered through her lips: "Why won't you hear to this poor sufferer?" * * * "God has made it known to her that she must be moved back on the fourth day of the week." He then said he would remove her as soon as he could build a place for her. She fell into another fit, but soon came out of it and demanded of him a promise that he would remove her as requested, even if she never spoke again. He told her that he was afraid that she would die on the road; to which she replied that if she died she would die easy. At the time she spoke she appeared perfectly rational and calm, and on this account he obeyed her demands.

A few days previous to our visit she was heard making a desperate struggle, and on going into the room it was found that the little girl (about ten years old) had put a pancake in her mouth, and the struggle was to expel it. On inquiring of the child as to the reason of her doing so, she said, "Folks said that her mother ate, and she meant to see if she did."

This little girl is the only person—except one young man—that can be in the room where she is without causing efforts to vomit and terrible wrenchings. To give an idea of one of these fits, when some one is present, I would say that, on the first day of January, 1856, she threw herself backward and forward three hundred and fifteen times without intermission, bringing her feet and head nearly together. What will be the result, no one can tell; but all will wait with much anxiety.

Saratoga Water Cure, Dec., 1858. I. G. Atwood.

Extracts from Letters.

Want of room compels us to abbreviate several favors of correspondents which we would gladly give entire.

S. B. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt., writes very favorably of a visit from Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, to that place:

"Mrs. C. is one of the best test mediums I have ever met with—especially as a medium for physical manifestations. The rappings are very loud and distinct; and while speaking in the trance state, raps were heard distinctly all over our hall. We have witnessed many wonderful things during her stay here. Articles have been brought into the room where our circle was formed, in such a manner as would preclude the possibility of deception or collusion. A large dining table, loaded with dishes, while we were all busily partaking of food, would respond to questions by tipping, with no hands on it. At other times the table would beat time; and we have several times heard two distinct sounds as the invisible intelligences were beating time by the raps and the table. Various sounds, like the sawing of wood, the filing of a saw, the beating of a drum, etc. While entranced we have received many cheering words from the loved ones gone before—tests unmistakable, have been given, and our hearts gladdened by the presence of our angelic visitors from the higher life.

"At Mrs. C's last lecture here, in answer to the demand of a determined skeptic, that the spirits would do something to convince *him* that the manifestations were produced by spirit-power, the table standing before the medium, some six feet long and three wide, with a small desk and Bible upon it, was gently tipped over down on to the floor between the medium and the audience, about three feet below the platform on which the medium was standing. This was done in such a way as to convince many who never had witnessed phenomena of this character."

Mr. Loring Doney, of Marshall, Mich. (on the Central Railroad), complains that travelling lecturers usually pass by that village on their tours in that region. Only four have visited the place in two years—the last of whom, Mr. J. B. Lewis awakened an interest which ought to be followed up. He says:

"If these lectures could only be followed up by some of the excellent test mediums who seem to visit about every other place but this, I think the cause would then gain a permanent footing in Marshall. I ask the aid of such without delay. Where are Redman, Conklin and the Davenports? Cannot one or the other visit us immediately? The entire line of the Central Road wants such mediums."

J. W. Clark, of Oswego, N. Y., speaks very highly of the labors of Mr. Geo. M. Jackson, a young trance-speaker, who has lately visited that city. We quote:

"If I understood him correctly, he may be addressed at Watertown, N. Y., until the 5th of January. I take pleasure in recommending him to the friends in that section of the country as one whose labors are sure to meet with success.

"Your truly valuable paper is gaining a wide circulation in our city, and on all sides our glorious cause is rapidly spreading. We are now raising a fund so that our meetings shall be free to all. A great field is soon here to be opened for able lecturers."

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

P. B. Randolph's performance at the Melodeon last Sunday afternoon was a wide-awake one, and certainly did not lack merit. He entered the arena with a free and easy air, and dealt blows right and left, hit where they would. He handled without gloves several of the tricksters and exposers who are now pitted against Spiritualism—showed how such persons as Von Vleck had turned exposers when themselves exposed, and how such as Dr. Hatch had suddenly changed their views when the goose no longer laid a golden egg.

He commended the kind of Spiritualism advocated by Mr. Newton and Dr. Gardner as worthy of all acceptance; but denounced the spurious and false doctrines held by many professed believers in spirit intercourse as injurious and degrading.

Some of his appeals in favor of the belief were clothed in a lofty and effective eloquence which evidently expressed his own sympathies as well as those of the audience. For instance, he told of a sailor at sea who lay at the point of death, and whose faith in immortality was based on the facts of Spiritualism; that faith was a support and comfort to the dying man; and he would have been worse than a pirate had he attempted to dash away his trust. These manifestations, he said, do give an assurance of an existence hereafter, and far be it from him to break down a conviction thus founded.

On the whole, every point he made was in favor of a true Spiritualism, and was so received by the audience, skeptics and believers.

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The evening lecture was a quite different production. Mr. Randolph seemed to have lost his "balance wheel" entirely, and to have thrown overboard both compass and tiller. A more painfully ludicrous exhibition of intellectual gymnastics, sudden somersets, rapid, now-here-now-there dodges, we never witnessed. Commencing with the startling announcement that the "time has come for the annunciation of grander truths than the world has ever heard before," he immediately added, "even the truth that if a man die he shall live again!" [Some of the audience appeared to have a distinct recollection of having heard that truth before!] He would not attempt to prove this by modern spirit-manifestations; it was announced eighteen hundred years ago on Calvary by one who knew, and was demonstrated by the appearance of Moses and Elias to Jesus and the disciples on the Mount! He professed himself a humble believer in Christ and Christianity, but pronounced the Old Testament story of the creation of Adam to be "all in your eye, Betty Martin." He quoted Agassiz and Geology as demonstrating the first chapter of Genesis to be an absurd fiction; and in almost the next breath quoted from the same chapter to prove man's immortality! He declared that the greatest danger of Spiritualism consisted in its tendency to lead people to over-exercise certain faculties, to the neglect of others, thus bringing suffering upon themselves; yet he pronounced it a "royal road to knowledge," and affirmed that these painful experiences of individuals were a positive benefit to the race, inasmuch as these pioneer explorers put their stakes forward in the great unknown, and thus enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge. Spiritualism is thus, he said, to result in the development of a new science, and the general advancement of the race.

Altogether, the performance was worthy of Mr. Randolph in his most erratic days, before he became "converted" and received a "call to the Christian ministry."

Bly in Boston.

M. V. Bly, the "unconverted detective medium" as he styles himself, appeared at the Melodeon on Monday evening last as an exposer of the tricks and falsities practised by mediums. The meeting was a most disorderly and uproarious affair. At the appointed hour an audience of about two hundred assembled, and Mr. Bly stepped upon the platform to commence his lecture. He announced himself a firm believer in Spiritualism, and an impressible medium. His experience had satisfied him that many who professed to be mediums were impostors, and he had applied himself to practising their tricks and had become expert in them. He stood there to vindicate the character of the spirit world by exposing such falsities. He proposed a committee of six from the audience to hear and decide on the evidence he should present.

The committee was chosen, and Mr. Bly then called Mr. E. M. Marshall of Milford on the stand to testify respecting his experience with J. V. Mansfield. Mr. Marshall's statement was, in brief, this: he had sent three different letters to Mansfield, the last of which only was returned with an answer. On close examination of the envelope when returned he saw what he deemed evidence that it had been opened. There was too much gluten, and the edges of the fold appeared to have been split in two places. He disliked to render such testimony, but he wished to vindicate Spiritualism which he knew to be true, and which answered the highest aspirations of his soul.

A man with a clerical neckcloth here rose and objected to his testimony in favor of Spiritualism—did not want the humbug forced upon him. This was a signal for a general melee, and a scene of "confusion worse confounded" ensued, and was kept up till eleven o'clock. Shouts, hisses and applause were tumultuously mingled while one speaker after another on the platform and in the audience attempted to get a hearing. In the lulls of the storm the performance went on, and Bly told of a foxy trap he had sprung on Mansfield a day or two before, by which he was satisfied he had caught him. He had written questions in Mansfield's presence on such thin paper that when folded the writing could be read through the paper. An answer was given, to which Bly's bogus name was signed. Other questions he had addressed in the same manner to the spirit of Franklin. Mansfield's hand shook "tremendously," and he wrote an answer purporting to come from that spirit. Bly thought if the real Franklin had come, he would have written, "J. V. Mansfield, go to the d—l and shake yourself!" [Hisses, shouts and stamping from all parts of the house.]

In the confusion of Bly's statements, two or three gentlemen arose and attempted to say something for Mansfield, but were choked off by noise and hisses. J. C. Clure, among the rest, perseveringly held the platform some ten minutes, amidst the wildest tumult, but could not make himself heard. The audience hushed to hear the report of the committee, which was, that, after carefully examining and picking to pieces the Milford letter, they stood five to one in the opinion that Mansfield had not opened it. As to Bly's questions, they were unanimous that if the papers were folded as stated by Bly, Mansfield *might* have read the contents. [A new storm of applause and hisses.]

Bly now proceeded with the ballot-test after the manner of Mrs. Coan. From a number of ballots collected he found two in which he could detect the names, as they were written heavily enough to show through. He contended that this was the secret of Mrs. Coan's success. The committee could not agree upon any decision on this point.

Mr. Armington, who was on the platform, proposed to Bly to go on with the Davenport manifestations, as he had advertised to do. Mr. Armington was a skeptic, but he had once tied the Davenports; and if Bly would consent to be tied by him in the same manner, and could free himself, he would give him one hundred dollars. [Applause.] Mr. Bly emphatically, "I shall not be tied!" [Hisses and stamping.]

The meeting broke up in confusion, with the promise of Bly to go on with his performance on the following evening, and to engage a police force to secure order on that occasion.

Our sketch of the affair affords perhaps its own comment; and we will leave the moralizing on such sort of proceedings to the reader's own sober mind.

THE ALBION REPORT AT LAST!—The Boston *Courier* announces that it will this week publish the long-looked-for Report of the Albion Investigation before the Harvard Committee. It appears, however, that it is to be, *not* the *Committee's* Report, after all, but only "the Boston *Courier's* Report." It will make seven columns in that paper, is to be copy-righted, "price, $1.25 per hundred," and as it has been a year and a half in concocting, may be expected to thoroughly annihilate —— we shall see what.

BOSTON CONFERENCE.—Our report of the discussions on *Trance* speaking is again crowded out. We shall endeavor soon to give that subject a full consideration in our editorial columns.

The topic for the next meeting is "What good will Spiritualism do?"

THE LECTURES OF HON. WARREN CHASE, at Mercantile Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week, will doubtless attract many interested hearers.

THE LEVEE of the Ladies' Harmonial Band, on Wednesday evening of this week, at Union Hall, should not be forgotten.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 24th.

Question: Have communications been received from the world of spirits, evincing a knowledge of past and passing events, which could not be referred to clairvoyance?

Dr. ORTON said: before proceeding with the discussion he had a few words to say on a question of privilege—words which he was sorry to say, as he disliked to charge blame on any one, especially on one filling the place of reporter to the *Telegraph*, as he himself did to the *Age;* but which he felt bound to say, out of respect to himself as well as to other members of the Conference, who felt aggrieved. He felt that there was reason to complain of the tone and temper of the reports of the proceedings of this Conference, as they frequently appear in the *Spiritual Telegraph*. He was not willing to have his language and sentiments distorted, and rendered ridiculous, and thus sent out to the world as his own.

Dr. HALLOCK: He had not intended to mis-state the position of his friend: Dr. O., and believed he had not. He was not a short-hand reporter, and could not pretend to give the language of the speakers. He aimed to retain their ideas, but the language was his own. So was the responsibility for the correctness of the reports in the *Telegraph*; and that this might be known, and neither Mr, Partridge nor any one else be held in fault, he signed them every week with his own name in full. If he had misrepresented Dr. O., he would correct it with his best pen and in his best style. He had represented him as holding that a considerable portion of the fallacies observed in spirit-communications, are due to deceptive and wicked spirits. If he had changed his opinion on that point, it would give him great satisfaction, indeed, infinite joy to make the correction.

Dr. Orton: In that particular instance, his objection was, that his opinions were turned into ridicule. This was a moral offence; and he did not believe that either the reporter of the *Telegraph*, or the proprietor would be able to justify himself before the world for the course he was pursuing; and so far as he was concerned he deemed it his right to demand, and should be content with nothing less than a radical reform in this particular.

Dr. GOULD: He had been misrepresented and ridiculed in the *Telegraph* reports, for a long period. Sometimes words were put in his mouth which he never uttered, and sometimes he was not reported at all; and sometimes speeches were put in the mouths of individuals here, who never made them, and could not have made them. It seemed impossible for the reporter of that paper to give the opinions of those opposed to him, without frittering them away, or making them ridiculous. Still there is some excuse for Dr. Hallock. He is obliged to condense very much, and is not a short-hand writer. But neither are Dr. Orton or Mr. Coles short-hand writers, yet no fault is found with them.

Mr. TUCKER: Until recently he had sneered at Spiritualism, but of late had witnessed some remarkable things for which he could not account. One evening at a house on Broadway, he saw a bureau move from one side of the room to the other, without contact, and then fall over on the floor. The distance was about fifteen feet. The table and curtains were also moved by some invisible power. On another evening, a chair was thrown across the room and dashed in pieces; and a gentleman, Mr. Goodwin, received a blow which knocked him on the floor. These experiments were made in the presence of several gentlemen, Silas Herring being one of the number. Mr. Porter was the medium.

A gentleman from Boston, a ship-broker, temporarily in New York on business, made some extraordinary statements, but requested his name to be suppressed. About two weeks ago, he was induced to call on young Ruggles—the late Dr. Hare's medium. He had important business letters in his pocket, at the time, which no human eye had seen, since he took them from the New York Post Office. Ruggles sat at a table and wrote; was in a trance state, so-called; and what was his surprise on examining his writing, to find that the contents of his letters, and his most secret business transactions, were there revealed. He had called several times on Ruggles, with like results. The dates of his letters, names of the writers, ships spoken of on the ocean, with their names, tonnage and lading, insurances, etc. etc., were freely and correctly specified by Ruggles, in communications purporting to come from his deceased daughter, Mary Ann. The speaker allowed the communications to be read, and the dates, names, etc., to be compared with his original letters; and the agreement was found to be perfect. Even an error in the date of one of the letters, which was written and mailed at Boston, Dec. 6th, but in which *Nov.* was written for *Dec.*, was noticed in these communications.

There was also another very interesting feature in this gentleman's statements. Last evening, at the request of Prof. Hare, with whom the speaker had enjoyed a personal acquaintance, he called on Mr. Ruggles, having furnished himself with a No. 2 Faber's pencil and paper. These Mr. Ruggles took, and wrote him communications, while he stood by and looked on. The speaker exhibited the writing, on several separate leaves of note paper. The characters and words were in red, blue and black. In some an entire word was of one of these colors; in others, the three colors were joined in a single letter. This was done with the No. 2 Faber pencil alone, in the regular process of writing. Dr. Hare said the effect was produced by extracting the oxygen from the lead. The speaker farther said that he had had the pleasure, in Boston, of seeing a table weighing sixty pounds, rise of itself and float off over the heads of the persons present, and lodge itself on a bed. He had also seen Mr. Squire, who was present, raised in the air without contact, to such a height that he could barely touch him with his finger. At this altitude his position was horizontal. The room was dark, at the time, but not so dark but that he could see him.

Mr. SQUIRE was appealed to, and confirmed this statement. It appeared that this had occurred with him on several occasions, and that the reality of his ascent had been verified, by his writing his name, while thus elevated, on the ceiling overhead.

Dr. ORTON read a certified statement of physical manifestations, which occurred at Conklin's circle last Saturday evening. They were extraordinary and satisfactory. Among other things, the table rose twelve times in succession without contact. The truth of this relation was attested by six or eight individuals, several of them well-known gentlemen of the city.

Dr. GRAY: All religions are based on the claim of communications from the Spirit World, which can not be referred to clairvoyance. The reading of those letters through Mr. Ruggles, was it done by clairvoyance? We cannot say. In a trance state a man is a spirit; uses the spirit sight, touch, etc. Has ever any communication, in any age, come to us, which could not have come by clairvoyance? But there is a question back of this. What is the trance state? Is it possible for one to go into this state without being in rapport with a man and a woman in the spirit world? He thought not. If this be so, then it is impossible to get a fact which transcends the power of clairvoyance. Clairvoyance, then, is a spiritual state, and taken in all its relations, carries the whole case with it.

Mr. BRADFORD: He had seen a table move, rise up, and dance to the music of a violin. He had seen a medium take a conch-shell, and perform on it beautiful music like that of a keyed bugle. In Lowell, an instrument about three feet long, was made, with wires stretched across, like a harp; which, on being placed under the table, would be played on. It would play a particular tune at request. He had witnessed this by daylight. No one was touching the instrument at the time.

Dr. GRAY: This, then, is one fact, which exceeds the power of clairvoyance; for music must be regarded as a communication.

Mr. LOVELAND: He had never seen a clairvoyant who did not fall in with spirits while in the clairvoyant state. Some years since he was at Charlestown, Mass., in the presence of Mrs Seward, who became entranced. She began to speak. "I see a room," she said; "a man is in it," etc. She then went on to describe the man, when he, from almost a total inattention, became interested. She said the man was writing at a desk. He asked her if she could read what he was writing. After a little hesitation she said she could, and did so. She said the date of the paper he was writing was at San Francisco, and that the writer signed his name at the bottom as H. S. Loveland. The description and name corresponded to a brother of his whom he had not seen in six years, nor heard from in three; but supposed to be in Australia, if living. He immediately wrote to San Francisco, and received a reply from his brother, who was able to identify the day, and to corroborate the statement of Mrs. Seward in its minute particulars.

Mr. Loveland continued at length, and was followed by Mr. Wilson, Dr. Gray, Mr. Tucker, Mr. ——, and Mr. Conklin; when the meeting adjourned.

J. R. O.

Compend of Facts.

A Singular Dream Verified.

The Abington *Standard* relates that while Mr. O. G. Tinkham of North Bridgewater was recently on a visit to Vermont, he dreamed that a valuable dog which he left at home had been stolen by three Irishmen, and carried to a thicket in Abington, where he was pitted against another dog; from thence conveyed to North Abington, where another fight was got up, and the animal being killed was buried near by. Mr. Tinkham returned home, and found the dog missing. He immediately visited Abington, and was informed by an Irishman residing in the thicket that his dog had been brought there by three men, and afterward carried to North Abington. On going to the spot indicated in his dream as the place of burial, he probed the earth with a ramrod, and struck *the body of the dog*, which was dug up and conveyed to North Bridgewater, and the skin taken off and stuffed. The three Irishmen have been arrested and held for trial in April. One of them got bail, but the other two will probably spend the winter in jail. The trio committed other misdemeanors while on their sporting excursion, for which they were tried and fined.

Nautical Spirits.

In a personal interview with Dr. A. M. Dignowity, of San Antonio, Texas, now on a visit to New York, that gentleman favored us with an account of an interesting occurrence which we re-state below in his own words. The captain referred to is now in port and will substantiate the statement. The Doctor says such things are no novelty in his experience, but that on the contrary he has had hundreds of similar manifestations, which he is firmly convinced are of spiritual origin. He says:—

During my last voyage from Galveston to this city, in the brig *South*, which left Galveston bar on the 28th Oct., when six days out, I was sitting, on the afternoon of Nov. 3, about three o'clock, near the cabin table, on which a map of the Gulf of Mexico was spread out. Captain Thomas Williams had taken his altitude, and was ciphering out his reckoning. After he completed his task, he marked five small points with his compasses, indicating the position of our ship. I am not a practical navigator, neither had I seen any of his reckonings, nor had I any reason to doubt the correctness of his calculations. I saw that he was scrupulously particular about it. On this particular occasion I had a goose-quill tooth-pick in my hand, when I felt an impulse in my hand which pointed with the tooth-pick to a particular spot on the map, but different from the five small points indicated by the captain. I became interested, and took a piece of paper and pen, when the following was traced by my hand:

"Your calculation is not correct; you are lat. 26° 1′; long. 86°47′."

This corresponded precisely with the captain's reckoning as to latitude, but differed considerably as to longitude.

I called Captain W., who was gone upon deck, and, without giving any reasons, told him that I believed his reckoning was not correct. He jokingly replied, "Well, doctor, my instruments do not lie; the horizon is clear; and I wish I was as certain of a fortune as I am of the correctness of the position of the ship."

"Well," I replied, "are you certain that your chronometer is correct?"

He drew out the proof corrections, one from Liverpool, one from New York, and added, "You can see for yourself."

I told him I was not an adept in nautical reckonings, and requested that he should cipher out the exact time, which he immediately commenced before me, when lo and behold! an error in figures was instantly apparent.

He called the first mate, and said, "Mr. C., when you made this calculation of the time, you put down 11′; I find 13′ the result."

On making additional slight corrections, and determining the *true* result, the captain found an *error in his first calculations*, which, when corrected, brought the position of the ship seventeen miles eastward in longitude, and to the precise point which had been indicated by my hand upon the chart.

Incident in the Life of Rev. J. B. Finley.

The annexed striking incident of real occurrence, in the life of the late Rev. J. B. Finley, of Ohio, who has recently entered upon the higher life, is given by a subscriber to the *Northern Independent*, a Methodist publication, published at Auburn, N. Y.

"It was in the summer of 1842; worn down with fatigue, I was completing my last round of my Quarterly Meetings, and winding up my labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work, when I was most violently attacked with bilious fever; and it was with great difficulty I reached home. The disease had taken so violent a hold of my system that I sank rapidly under its power. Everything that kind attention and medical skill could impart was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in vain, and my life was despaired of.

"On the seventh night, in a state of *entire insensibility* to all around me, when the last ray of hope departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing near, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my bedside, and in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said:—'I have come to conduct you to another state of existence.'

"In an instant, I seemed to rise, and gently borne by my angel-guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us on every side were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of paradise, and O, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision, as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then in its fullest extent did I realize the invocation of the poet:

> "Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
> To my raptured vision,
> All the ecstatic joys that spring
> Round the bright elysian."

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what there with unveiled eyes I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, without a single ripple on its surface, and in purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this broad river, rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

"While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene—a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. I asked my guide who they were, and what was their mission. 'They are angels despatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy.'

"I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable except my guide. At length I said: 'Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?'

"Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said: 'If I had to return to earth from whence I came, I should like to take this child with me, and show it to the bereaved mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.'

"So anxious was I carry out this desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from its robes they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Arresting its flight at a distance, with a look of most seraphic sweetness, it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains, a hymn of glory to the Lord. At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me,—I sprang from my bed, being healed as instantly as the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, who went walking and leaping and praising God. The next Sabbath I went to camp-meeting filled with the love and power of God."

Various Items.

THE SPREAD EAGLE STYLE.—A sprig of divinity preaching on the fall and repentance of Peter, referred to the crowing personage as "the feathered individual."

VACCINATION ON THE TONGUE.—So sensitive, so porous, and so powfully absorbent is the human tongue, that were not the idea repulsive, the application of a quill of vaccine virus to that organ for one minute, would as perfectly vaccinate a person, as if it had followed the lancet into the arm.

STRANGE CHRISTIANITY.—A French gentleman named Becox died recently on the island of Corsica, and the Catholic priests denied Christian burial to his body because a copy of the New Testament was found in his wardrobe. His valet protested that his late master was accustomed to visit the churches of Paris, but this did not avail; the possession of a New Testament was considered sufficient evidence that he could not have been a Christian.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST OPENING THE SENATE WITH PRAYER.—A Catholic priest opened the United States Senate with prayer, on Thursday. He was Father Boyle, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington. The priest was in the full dress of surplice and cassock. It is the first occasion since the foundation of the government that the entire vestments of the Romish clergy have been seen in either chamber. The Rev. Father read from the breviary Bishop Carroll's prayer for those in authority. The chamber happened to be crowded, and much interest and curiosity were manifested, with every appearance of devotion in the senators and spectators.

WITTY AND WICKED.—We regret to find indications of levity in the California papers when treating of religious matters. The Sierra Democrat is not in favor of lightning rods for this reason:—"If God keeps a memorandum, as the good book says, of the loss of sparrows when they are selling two dozen for a bit, he would not be likely to knock down a church that ought to stand."

A Weaversville paper contains the following:—"Rev. Mr. Reasoner states, in a letter to the Christian Advocate, that he has 'arrived in Yreka and the Lord is still with him!' We are advised that the reverend gentleman's travelling companion was much surprised at the extent of the place—never having heard of Yreka before."

AN ARAB MAGICIAN.—Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale, relates some remarkable tricks that were performed by an Arab magician. A cane was handed to the party for inspection, and proved to be a plain stick, on which the knots of the limbs were visible; on returning it to the conjuror, however, it became a serpent, which wriggled about for a few minutes, and then suddenly became a stick again. This trick which is said to be a common one with the Arabs, was repeated several times. The next trick was more startling, A black liquid was poured into a boy's hand, and in it, as in a mirror, one of Mr. Lyon's companions, a native of South Carolina, beheld a rice plantation of his own State, and his father, who had been dead many years, riding through the fields on horseback.

PROFANITY OF BAPTIST WORSHIP.—There is no creed in Christendom which is not a heresy in the eyes of some other of the sects. The Baptists in Sweden, it seems, are treated with as little tolerance as they themselves are disposed to bestow on persons of more liberal views in this country. A Stockholm paper says:

A person named Hejdenberg, of Elftdalh, thought fit in 1856 to abjure Lutherism, and to adopt the Baptist form of worship, and he taught his new creed. For the abjuration and teaching he was brought to trial before the Royal Court of that town. As, however, it appeared that he had not received from the clergy the "warnings" which are required to be given to abjurers, he was acquitted on the first charge; but as, with respect to the second, it was shown that he had on a Sunday held a meeting and expounded the Scriptures, he was declared guilty of "profaning the Sabbath;" he was accordingly fined sixty-nine rixdalers. He appealed to the Supreme Court at Stockholm, but the condemnation was confirmed. He very recently presented a petition to the king for pardon, but it has just been rejected.

THE WAY HERETICS WERE DEALT WITH.—The sentence of death for heresy, passed upon Michael Servetus at Geneva, in 1553, concludes with these words:

"Desiring to clear the church of God from such an infection, and to cut off such a rotten member, having consulted our citizens, and invoked the name of God to give a right judgment, sitting in the place of our ancestors, having God and his Holy Scriptures before our eyes, saying: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by this our definitive sentence, which we give in writing, we condemn thee, Michael Servetus, to be bound and carried to the place called Champel, and there to be fastened to a post, and burnt alive with thy books, both written with thy own hand and printed, till thy body be reduced to ashes; and thou shalt end thy days, to give an example to others who would do the like."

There is no better reply to this, and all ancient and modern bigotry and intolerance than the suggestive words of Sterne:—

"I declare," quoth my uncle Toby, "my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness." "He is the father of curses," replied Dr. Slop. "So am not I," replied my uncle. "He is cursed and damned already, to all eternity," replied Dr. Slop. "I am very sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby.

A PHASE OF MAHOMETANISM.—A correspondent of the *Cambridge Chronicle* says:

I must post you up a little in Mahometanism. I never remember to have heard of the custom before coming out here, and I think that it is only practiced among the ignorant Musselmen of this country. It reminded me of the Catholic way of buying themselves through purgatory. A good Musselman is sick; the priest comes to his bed, and attends him till "ma-lakul-mant" (the angel of death) is ready to take charge of him and conduct him over the bridge of razors and demons. The task having been rendered very easy from this celebrated individual, from the fact that the poor man, being impressed with his need of help from on high, has just conveyed away all his property to the priest in consideration whereof, said priest has given him a receipt to this effect:—

"*Angel Gabriel*,—*Dear Sir*: In consideration of the sum of Rs. ——, paid by Shiek Abdul Karim, into our common treasury, you will please deliver to him on arrival at your place, three pomegranite trees, two date do., one tamarind, and other trees in proportion. Also, seventeen black houris and seven palaces, horses and cattle in abundance, and oblige,

Yours, &c, ——."

I can't vouch for the exact translation of the above, but without any exaggeration, that is the substance of the receipt, which is placed at the head of the dead man for presentation on arrival at Heaven's Gate. If that is not trading in "Heavenly stocks," I don't know what is. Think of it; say, exchange for seventeen black eyed "houris," to be paid to the order of Sheik Abdul Karim, and charged by the Angel Gabriel, to account of some Mohammed Allowary.

Obituary Notices.

PASSED FROM THE FLESHLY TABERNACLE.—In Addison, Vt., Dec. 12th, 1858, Mrs. SALLY CLARK, wife of LYMAN CLARK, Esq., aged 65 years, 10 months and 20 days.

> "IT MUST BE SO; Plato thou reasonest well;
> 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
> 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates eternity to man."
>
> "Look Nature through; 'tis revolution all;
> All change; no death. Day follows night, and night
> The dying day; stars rise, and set and rise;
> Earth takes the example * * * *
> All to reflourish, fades,
> As in a wheel all sinks to reascend—
> Emblems of Man, who passes, not expires."
>
> "Immortality o'ersweeps
> All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals
> Like the eternal thunders of the deep
> Into my ears this truth—THOU LIV'ST FOREVER."
>
> "Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, JANUARY 1, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—E M Barrett, B Blood Jr, N Holland, S Love, B Grant, J B Orton, H W Beach, F Goodrich, S Young, I G Atwood, G W Samson, S Cowles, L L Curtis, C Brown, G L Rider, A Johnson, S Albro. H Gould, J L Randall, G Randolph, W Carpenter, F W Duncan, W H Bassett, I Jackson, H W Silloway, Stone, A Kent, G W Loomis, J Watson, J Landon, D D Wait, J B Buchanan, W Robinson, H T Davis, F Kellsey, J B Smith, E Snow, S G Patterson, E Klingens, th, I F Barry, C Lamson, E Wolcott, E Hazeltine, T Glancy, W L Gay, H L Bowker, W McClintock, C A Paul, W H Frost, J M Pool, L Moody, A King, W Tompkins, I Taylor, A Miltenberger, W Woods, B N Curtis, L G Hoffman, "A Spiritualist," A Jones, E Curtiss, W Campbell, W Hitchcock, L Osborn, S Fowler, S Glidden, G F Brown, T Cook Jr, F Kimball, P A Pullard, D Gilchrist, A B Whiting, D Culver, S Barker, J C Woodman, L B White, J York, R R Crosby, L J Fuller.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Rev. JOHN HOBART will lecture in Union Hall, North Abington, Sunday Jan. 2d, morning, afternoon and evening.

W. W. PEARY will lecture at Stoughton, Mass., Sundays Jan. 2d and 9th. Address at North Bridgewater, Mass., Box 92.

Mrs. MARY M. MACOMBER, trance speaking medium, will speak in Putnam, Conn., Sunday, Jan. 2d. She will also answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of Progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will speak in Plymouth, Sunday, Jan. 2. Subject in the afternoon, "What shall we do to be saved?" Evening, "The existence, location and occupation of man after he leaves the body."

JABEZ C. WOODMAN, Esq., will address the Spiritualists of Newburyport on January 9th.

A. B. WHITING will lecture in Owego, N. Y., Sunday, Jan. 2d. Will attend calls to lecture in that vicinity for two weeks following.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Somerville, Conn., Sundays Jan. 2d and 9th; in Northampton, Mass., Jan. 16th; in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 23d; in New York, Jan. 30th, and in Binghamton the month of February. Should the friends in the vicinity of Binghamton desire it, and make early applications, she will spend a few months with them. Address until Jan. 9th, "Willard Barnes Felton, Somerville, Conn.;" from 9th to 20th, Northampton, Mass.

H. B. STORER, inspirational medium, will lecture at the following times and places: Willimantic, Conn., Sunday, Jan. 2d; Utica, 9th; Oswego, N. Y., 16th; and the four Sundays in February at Providence, R. I. Friends desiring week-day lectures in the vicinity of the last mentioned places, can direct applications to him at those post offices.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at the West in January; in February at Boston; in March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York; in May and June at Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I., Portland, Me. and Troy, N. Y., together with such adjacent places, on week-day evenings, as her time and strength will allow. Those who do not know how to address her at the various cities she visits, should send letters to her residence, 194 Grand St., New York, from whence they will be punctually forwarded.

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in Middleboro, Sunday, Jan. 2d; Wareham, Monday, 3d; East Wareham, Tuesday, 4th; Sandwich, Wednesday, 5th; Hyannis, Thursday and Friday, 6th and 7th; Harwich, Sunday, 9th; Mattapoisett, Friday, 14th; New Bedford, Sunday, 16th; and on intervening evenings in neighboring towns or villages. ☞ Will friends of truth see that all needful arrangements are made?

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

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. 1—4t Address, office of *Spiritual Age*, JOHN HOBART.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY 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 ST.—A meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

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

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Dr. G. A. REDMAN has arrived in the city, and will receive visitors at his former residence, 45 Carver street. Hours—9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P M. A Public Circle will be held every Thursday evening, from 7 1-2 to 9 1-2. 1—tf

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 $3 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

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

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 32 Carver street. Hours, 9 to 12 and 3 to 9. Terms 50 cents per sitting. 150*

Mrs. DICKINSON, No 23 Eliot street, Secr, 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 13 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

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

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

JUST PUBLISHED.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

The subscriber has just issued a new work, written a few weeks since by Mr. Davis. In preparing his matter for the Philanthropic Convention at Utica, he wrote out several suggestive ideas respecting the Cause and Cure of Evil, or how to "overcome evil with good," which was the great question before that memorable gathering of thinkers and philanthropists. This new production is entitled

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

Some idea of this little volume or pamphlet may be obtained from the following table of contents:

1. The unity of truth.
2. The ante-human theory of evil.
3. The inter-human theory of evil.
4. The super-human theory of evil.
5. The spiritual theory of evil.
6. The harmonial theory of evil.
7. The causes of civilization.
8. The world's true saviour discovered.
9. The harmonial cure of evil.

These important subjects are all comprised in about 120 pages octavo. The work is printed on good paper and well bound, both in pamphlet covers and in muslin. Single copies at retail, 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. On receipt of price, the book will be sent by mail, postage free. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent per order to all parts of the Union.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 41 -tf

MRS. E. S. GREENLAW,

A Successful Independent Clairvoyant, from Maine, has taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place. She will examine and give medical remedies for chronic and all diseases arising from weakness, however complicated they may be. In 1843 Mrs. G. discovered that she was a clairvoyant, and could see to locate disease; and from that time she has employed clairvoyance and other kindred means for the relief of the sick with wonderful success. Prior to 1843, Mrs. G. administered vegetable remedies. We feel assured that, by the use of these various means, coupled with our many years' experience, and the blessing of God, we can effect a cure if a cure can be effected. 52

NEW BOOKS!

Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams: through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium. To Josiah Brigham. Price $1.50.

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The above books are just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. Orders are solicited. 52—tf

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD IN HISTORY.

By L. Judd Pardee. Price 10 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MAR

Interesting Miscellany.

HENRY IV. PREMONISHED.

A most singular chain of uncommon circumstances preceded the assassination of that excellent monarch, Henry IV., of France. In the morning of the day on which he was murdered by Ravaillac, (viz., Friday, May 14, 1610), his Majesty was exceedingly pensive. In the hope of composing his spirits, he threw himself on his bed, but was unable to sleep. Thrice he rose, and thrice he fell on his knees in prayer. Soon after, repairing to the presence-chamber, his attendants endeavored to divert the melancholy which preyed upon his mind. Being naturally amiable and cheerful, he tried to fall in with the well-meant pleasantry of his nobles, and attempted to smile, but concluded thus: "We have laughed enough on Friday; there will be weeping on Sunday."

His queen (Mary Medicis) had been crowned but the day before his murder. One La Brosse, a physician, is by some reported to have said to the Duke de Vendome on the evening of that day, "If the king survives a mischief which threatens him at present, he will live these thirty years."

The duke entreated the king to grant this physician an audience, and repeated what the old gentleman had been saying. His majesty, with unusual asperity and hastiness, replied, "He is an old fool, for telling you such things, and you are a young fool if you believe him."

The duke's rejoinder was firm, respectful and sensible: "Sire, one ought not to believe such things, but one may fear them."

The same day, as the king and queen were walking through an apartment of the palace, the king stopped to speak with somebody present. The queen stopping at the same time, he said to her, as by a spirit of involuntary prophecy, Passez, passez, madame la regente; i. e., "Go on, go on, madame the regent."

A few nights before the catastrophe, the queen dreamed that all the jewels in her crown were changed into pearls, and that she was told, pearls were significative of tears. Another night she started and cried out in her sleep, and waked the king, who asked her what was the matter? She answered, "I have had a frightful dream; but I know that dreams are mere illusions."

"I was always of the same opinion," replied Henry; "however, tell me what your dream was."

"I dreamed," "continued she, "that you were stabbed with a knife under the short ribs."

"Thank God," rejoined the king, "it was but a dream."

I have already noted that, on the morning of the fatal day, his majesty was unusually chagrined; and he said, more than once to those about him, "Something or other hangs very heavy on my heart."

Before he went to his couch, he took leave of the queen no fewer than three times; and then stepping into his carriage, had not passed through many streets, ere Ravaillac gave him that fatal stab, which deprived France of one of the most generous and humane sovereigns she ever had.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

It is commonly believed in Germany, that on St. Andrew's night, St. Thomas's night, and Christmas and New Year's nights, a girl has the power of inviting and seeing her future lover. A table is to be laid for two persons, taking care, however, that there are no forks on it. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully preserved; he then returns to her who has it, and loves her passionately. It must, however, be kept carefully concealed from his sight, because he would otherwise remember the torture of superhuman power which he that night endured, and be conscious of the charms employed, and this would lead to fatal consequences.

A fair maiden in Austria once sought at midnight, after performing the necessary ceremonies, to obtain a sight of her lover; whereupon a shoemaker appeared, having a dagger in his hand, which he threw at her and then disappeared again. She picked up the dagger which he had thrown at her, and concealed it in a trunk. It was not long afterwards before the shoemaker visited her, courted her, and married her. Some years after their marriage, she chanced to go one Sunday, about the hour of vespers, to the trunk, in search of something which she required for her work on the following day. As she opened her trunk her husband came to her, and would insist on looking into it. She kept him off, until at last he pushed her away with great violence, looked into her trunk, and there saw his long-lost dagger. He immediately seized it, and demanded of her how she obtained it, because he had lost it at a very particular time. In her fear and alarm she had not the power to invent any excuse, so declared the truth, that it was the same dagger which he had left behind him on the night when she had obliged him to appear to her. Her husband hereupon grew enraged, and said, with a terrible oath, "'Twas you, then, that caused me that night of dreadful misery!" and with that he thrust the dagger into her heart!

THE LYNX AND THE MOLE.

Once by chance a lynx, in his rambles, met with a mole. The lynx pleased with the various beauties of nature as seen by his penetrating eye, solicited the mole to participate with him in viewing the delightful prospect from a rising ground.

The mole, who had just left his hole in the earth consented to accompany him. When they came in sight of the distant country, "See," said the lynx, "how charming is the view before us! behold the bright sun, that seems to give life every where and make all things rejoice."

"Well, well," said the mole, "I do not know what you may see; but for my part there seems only a heavy mist before me."

"Now," said the lynx, "I clearly perceive the difference there is between us; your dull senses perceive little or nothing, whilst I receive both information and delight. You are no fit companion for one who by alchemy of mind can generate jewels, and whose keen eye can pierce the objects most opaque. Go you back again to your dark abode in the earth, whilst I shall range the forest; for, to such as have the power of perception, the treasures of nature are everywhere teeming with knowledge and with pleasure."

Certain it is, that if the very same thing be shown to two persons of different degrees of intellect, or of different dispositions, their perceptions of it will as widely differ from each other as if they had seen two different things; one views it with apathy, and without interest; the other sees it with delight, still heightened by a lively imagination, which brings a thousand associated pleasures in its train; and thus, while to the one it seems as if deprived even of its own beauties, to the other it is decked out in borrowed splendor. From this cause proceeds that vast difference of opinions which we often hear given by different persons concerning the same object.

READY-MADE CANT.

The lofty arguments here presented, though calculated particularly for the latitude of London and the year 1809, will answer exceedingly well for American use at the present day. We commend them to the virtuous opponents of progress whenever their stock of ammunition may run low. They are furnished gratis by the exemplary Mr. Punch:

We regret to observe, that the ridiculous project for lighting the streets of this metropolis with what is affectedly called "Gas," is obtaining both notoriety and support. We are heartily ashamed of sensible, constitutional Englishmen who can lend themselves to such atrocious folly. What do the quacks and humbugs who promulgate this nonsense profess? To illuminate this mighty city with a fluid from a chemist's bottle, an invisible something (or nothing) that is to be carried through miles of pipe, and which they tell us—*credat Judæus*—can be turned on like water at any point and at a moment's notice. And John Bull is to be asked to pay for this—yes, to pay for a thing he cannot even see. Not John, if he is the wise man we take him for. But besides, this "Gas" is admitted to be poisonous in the highest degree, and no human life can endure in it. And this abominable stuff is to be carried through our streets and into our houses, to spread malaria and pestilence. It is, moreover, of a most explosive character, and there is not the slightest doubt, that should persons be insane enough to use it, not a day, nor an hour will pass but some fearful blow-up will hurry thousands into eternity.

We can only say, that should ministers ever consent to allow the experiment to be tried near the palace of our beloved and revered sovereign, George the Third, the *pater patriæ*, their heads should roll upon a scaffold on Tower Hill. Another consideration is, that the general use of gas will of course diminish that of oil, the vested interests of the opulent and worthy merchants engaged in the oil trade will be damaged, and the gallant tars now tossing on the ocean in chase of whales will be discouraged. Let the admiralty think of this, and whether these are times to ruin the reserve fund of our brave navy. We hear, too, that contrary to all received notions that an Englishman's house is his castle, the minions of the gas associations are to have ingress to our dwellings to adjust the juggling machinery for measuring this precious humbug. Are the days of Wat Tyler and of ship-money forgotten? We trow not, and we venture to predict, that in another year we shall hear no more of the unconstitutional, dangerous, cheating, impudent imposture, gas.

WHAT GREAT HEART DID.

I saw Great Heart one day in a railway train. He was well-dressed, and appeared to be reading through his spectacles, the morning paper. A poor woman sat opposite with six little children, the eldest scarcely a dozen years old. The husband was a stupid, hard-hearted wretch, and administered blows unsparingly to a wearied little thing who expressed its discomfort by crying and fretting as the hot, dusty air swept over his flushed face. The mother's countenance wore a look of patient despair and continual anxiety, as the little restless company sat crowded together in the loaded car. Not one of them looked shabby or untidy, though very plainly dressed. When the engine stopped for fuel, the poor woman took out from a basket some bread and cheese, which she distributed sparingly among the little group. Great Heart had watched their movements all the morning, and as a boy approached the carriage with a basket of berries, he bought up boxes enough to go round, and gave them to the hungry children, whose eyes glistened as they saw such a rare dessert spread before them. One little girl, perhaps five years old, was nearly sick, and tried to sit in her mother's lap; but the tired infant disputed vigorously her right and she was obliged to yield the claim. Great Heart had been gravely considering the company, and he did not hesitate to take the poor child tenderly in his arms, lay her carefully down in the seat beside him, with her head in his lap, and then gently fan her with his paper until she sank into a deep and peaceful slumber. When we stopped for our dinner we saw them seated by a bountiful table, loaded with luxuries to which they seemed almost strangers, and yet which they knew very well how to appreciate. We knew it was Great Heart's, and we mentally blessed the kind, generous nature that had thus shed sunshine on the hard pathway of the humble strangers.

Reader, in caring for the souls of the poor do not forget their bodies.

The Witches' Bridle.

In the steeple of Forfar is preserved a curiosity well worth the attention of tourists. It is called "The Witches' Bridle." The form of the object is very simple. A small circle of iron sufficient to enclose the head is divided into four sections, which are connected with hinges. A short chain hangs from behind. In the front, but pointing inwards, is a prong, like the rowel of an old fashioned spur, which entered the mouth, and, by depressing the tongue, acted as a gag.

The use of the thing was exactly what its name portends. By it, as with a bridle, the unfortunate old women formerly burnt at Forfar for the supposed crime of witchcraft were led out of town to the place of execution. Its further and more important uses were, to bind the culprit to the stake, and prevent her cries during the dreadful process of death. When all was over, the bridle used to be found among the ashes of the victim.—*Picture of Scotland.*

A Lad of Promise.—"Nehemiah, my love," said Mrs. Wilkins to her first born, who was just entering his twelfth year, "what has become of your Sunday pantaloons?"

"I swapped 'em away, mother, for a book."

"I am delighted, my son, to find you so devoted to study. Not for twenty pair of pantaloons would I baulk the bent of genius. But what book do you find so irresistibly attractive, my dear boy? 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or the 'Whole duty of Man?'

"No, ma'am, it wasn't 'zactly that, but something of the same nature; it was the 'Whole art of Boxing.'"

Eternity.—An orthodox Yankee expressess himself as follows concerning eternity: "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever, and five or six everlastings atop of that. You may place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them up, and it would not begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast."

If you get your mouth open to throw out a spike or a dagger, shut it till you can, like the juggler, transform the weapon into a flower. Oh! *do* be kind and pleasant everybody to everybody, and the millennium will come at once.

Poetry and Sentiment.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans, and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy borders flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair
From their bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm, sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the guilty chambers of delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft low voices that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play,
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the blooms of early May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh heed thy feet!
Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls!
And only wander where thou mayest meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over the border streams,
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

THOU WERT NEAR.

I watched the sun arise this morn,
Perchance as bright as yester dawn—
To me so dark and drear;
I knew I read the sign aright;
There was a dawn of inner light
To tell me thou wert near.

And though thy eye I may not meet—
Nor clasp thy hand in welcome sweet,
Nor list thy voice so dear;
'Tis deeper bliss than words can tell
To her who loveth thee so well,
To know that thou art near!

And when from other tongues I knew
My dawning joy had told me true;
'Twas but thy *name* so dear,
That thrilled through every spirit chord—
I needed not an uttered word,
To tell me thou wert near!

Louisa Flagg.

THOUGHTS.

Beware of thoughts! they whisper to the heavens;
Though mute to thee, they prompt the diamond pen
Of the recording angel.
Make them friends!
Those dread seed-planters for eternity,
Those sky-reporting heralds—make them friends?

L. H. Sigourney.

Content hangs not so high but that a man on the ground may reach it.

My soul would wing itself in love
Around all human things.

Duganne.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most useful, and custom will render it the most agreeable.

"The man of wisdom is the man of years."

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault were on one side only.

"Love, and love only, is the loan for love."

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Life should be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE:

FOR 1859!

A new volume of the Spiritual Age commences on the first of January, 1859.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

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

A FIRST CLASS PAPER!

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Advertisements.

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, a 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. Personal oral readings $1.

Natick, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1858. 48 H. L. BOWKER.

I. G. ATWOOD,

MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, (LATE OF LOCKPORT, N. Y.,)

Has taken rooms in the Saratoga Water-Cure, where patients desiring treatment by a well-developed Healing Medium of long experience, may expect to receive the kindest attention and best treatment from him.

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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

WM. E. RICE, CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM AND PHYSICIAN,

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W. E. R. will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. 41—tf

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