The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

MARGARET;

OR, THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. SYLVESTER JUDD.

Among the Mercenaries, popularly known as Hessians, employed by England against America during the war of our Revolution, was Gottfried Bruckmann. He was, properly speaking, a Waldecker, having been born in Pyrmont, an inconsiderable city of that principality. From what we know of his history, he seems to have shared largely in the passion for music, which distinguishes many of his country. To this also he added a thirst for literary acquisition. But a peasant by caste, he encountered not a few obstacles in these higher pursuits. He became bellows-boy for the organ in the church of his native town, and availing himself of chance opportunities, attained some skill on that instrument. He played well on the harpsichord, flute and violin. In the French language, at that time so much in vogue among the Germans, he became a proficient. Nevertheless, he fretted under the governmental yoke that lay so oppressively and haughtily upon the necks of that class of people to which he belonged. His conduct exposing him to suspicion, he fled into the region of country described as the Hartz Mountains.

His wanderings led him to the little village of Rubillaud. Here, in the midst of almost inaccessible rocks and cold elevations, he found fruit-trees in blossom, fields green with corn, a small stone church surmounted with a crucifix, and a Maypole hung with garlands, around which the villagers were having their Whitsun dances. In this place he remained awhile, and was engaged as a school-teacher for children, the parents of whom were chiefly miners. Here he became warmly attached to one of his pupils, Margaret Bruneau, daughter of the Pastor of Rubillaud, who was a Lutheran. In her he found tastes and feelings like his own. With her he rambled among mountains, penetrated caves, sang from rocks, and had such an intercourse as tended to cement their affection, and prosecuted whatever plans were grateful to their natures.

But in the midst of his repose came that cruel and barbarous draft of the British Crown on the German States. Some of the inhabitants of Rubillaud, who were subjects of the King of Hanover, were enlisted in this foreign service. Requisition was made on several provinces then in alliance with England, Brunswick, Hesse Cassel, Hanau, Anhalt and Waldeck; and on Bruckmann's native town, Pyrmont. The general league formed among these princes against the peace and liberty of their people, would not suffer that Bruckmann should escape. He was seized, as if he had been a felon, and forcibly taken to Rotterdam, the place of embarkation. The reluctance with which this body of levies contemplated the duty to which they were destined, will be understood when it is told that they were obliged to be under guard on their march to the sea-coast; that many of them, bound hand and foot, were transported in carts; some succeeded in deserting; others, making the attempt, were shot. Bruckmann, for some instance of insubordination, received a wound at the hand of his own captain, from which he never entirely recovered. Swords ruled souls. Their avaricious and tyrannical lords let them out as slaves, and had them scourged to their tasks. Bruckmann and Margaret parted in uttermost bitterness of spirit, and with the fondest expressions of love. They wafted their adieus and prayers to each other across the bridge of the Bode, over which he was rudely snatched to see her in this world no more forever.

We shall not follow him through the fortunes of the war, but hasten to its close, when he was stricken and overwhelmed by the news of Margaret's death. A strong bond, and perhaps the only one that attached him to his native country, was broken; and in common with many of his countrymen, he chose to remain in America after the peace. These Germans, such as survived,—more than eleven thousand of their number having perished during the war,—disposed of themselves as they could; some joined the settlements of their brethren in Pennsylvania, others pushed beyond the Ohio, a few sought the New England States. Bruckmann took up his abode in New York. Those who returned to Germany he bade plant Margaret's grave with narcissus, rosemary and thyme, and visit it every Whitsun Festival with fresh flowers; while he would hallow her memory with prayers and tears in his own heart. He was disappointed in purpose, forsaken in spirit, broken in feeling. Contrary to the usual maxim, he loved those whom he had injured, and was willing that whatever of life or energy remained to him should be given to the Americans, while he remembered the land of his birth with sorrow, upbraidings and despair.

Owing to our numerous and profitable relations with France at this time, the French language had arisen in the popular estimation, and was in great request. He would teach it, and so earn a livelihood, and serve the land of his adoption. Music, too, the musical spirit of Margaret and of his native country, that which survives in the soul when everything else is prostrate, came over him. He would live again in song. He would recall the scenes of the past. Margaret would reappear in the tones of their love and their youth; her spirit would echo to the voice of his flute; in song, like night, they would meet again; by an invisible pathway of melody they would glide on to the grave. Poor Bruckmann! Poor America! What with his deficiency in our tongue, and his former services against our liberties, he obtained but few scholars. Superior and more agreeable Frenchmen were his rivals. Music! How could we pay for music, when we could not pay our debts? The crescendo and diminuendo were other than of sound our people had to learn. He grew sicker at heart, his hopes had all fled, and his spiritual visions seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer. He sat by the narrow window of the small unlighted room he rented, in the night, and played on his flute to the darkness, the air, the groups of idle passers by, to memory and to the remote future whither his visions were flying and the fair spirit of his reveries had betaken itself. Yet he had one and not an unconcerned listener, and perhaps another. These were Jane Girardeau and her father. Mr. Girardeau had discovered the sound of the music proceeding from the hill behind his house, and his daughter listening to it. He called her in; she would go up to the chamber window and repeat her curiosity. He ordered her to bed; she would creep from her room, and sly into the street that she might hear it. He detected her, rebuffed her, and locked her into her room. "Can you indulge such extravagance?" was the language of Mr. Girardeau to his daughter. "Can you yield to such weakness? Will you waste your time in this way? Shall I suffer in you a repetition of all your mother occasioned me? Will you hazard your reputation? Why will you so often break my commands? I will have none of this. You are impudent, beastly."

His daughter ill brooked such treatment. To the mind of her father, she was rash, turbulent, inordinate, selfish, lavish, insensible. She was lavish, but only of her heart's best affections; she was rash, not in head, so much as in impulse; she was insensible, but only to the demands of lucre; she was troubled, not turbulent; she was inordinate, for no want of her heart had ever been supplied; she was selfish in the sense of obeying her nature, while she disregarded the behests of stupidity and meanness.

Jane had rebelled under the iron jurisdiction of her father. Like the hidden fires of the earth, she broke out wherever she could find vent. She was held down, not subdued. She was too elastic to flatten, too spiritual to stagnate. She rebounded with a wild recoil. Her fits of anger, or sallies of spirit, whatever they might be called, were frequent and energetic. As she grew older, she became more sensible of her degradation and wrongs, as well as more capable of redressing them.

She was the only child of an ill-assorted marriage. She became of some service to her father. Her personal beauty was an attraction to customers, and he valued her aid as shop-girl. She presided over the department of the store devoted to the sale of fancy goods, which, obtained in various ways, afforded enormous profits, and became an item of trade, that, notwithstanding her father's extensive and multifarious business, he could not well forego. She was also a good accountant and book-keeper. Bruckmann was straitened for means. His quarterly rent was due. He would make one effort more, and that, perhaps, the most dangerous for a poor man,—he would borrow money. He knew of the broker near by, and his reputation for wealth. He had no friend, no backer. He obtained a certificate from the parents of one of his scholars, to the effect that he was believed to be an honest man. He presented himself at the store of Mr. Girardeau. Jane was there; she recognized in him the flute-player, whom she had sometimes seen in the streets, or at his window. Bruckmann was a Saxon throughout; his eyes were full blue, his complexion was light and fair, his hair was of a sandy brown, thick and bushy. Dejection and disappointment were evidently doing their work upon him. His face had grown thin, his eyes were sunk, and his look was that of a sick man. He addressed Mr. Girardeau in broken English.

"Speak in your own language," said the latter gentleman, "I can understand you."

He stated briefly his object. Mr. Girardeau looked at the note, and replied in German, "Hard times, sir, hard times,—securities scarce, liabilities uncertain, business dull, great losses abroad, foreigners do not appreciate our condition."

He then proceeded to interrogate Bruckmann on his business, circumstances, prospects. There were two listeners to the answer—father and daughter—both intent, but in a different manner. The old gentleman ordered Jane away while he transacted a little private business. She retreated to the back part of the store, where she persistingly stood; and it was obvious, although the stranger spoke in his own tongue, she comprehended what he said. From one thing to another, Bruckmann was led to recite his entire history,—his birth, his retreat to Rubillaud, his interest in Margaret, his enlistment, his service in the war, Margaret's death, his present method of support.

Mr. Girardeau replied, in brief, that it was not in his power to accommodate him.

The agitation of Bruckmann was evidently intense at this repulse; and there seemed to be aroused a corresponding sympathy of distress in the heart of Jane. The story of the stranger interested her; it took strong possession of her imagination. As he left, her thoughts followed him with that most agonizing sense of powerless compassion. Could she but see him, could she but speak with him, she would bestow upon him her condolences, if she could offer him no more substantial aid.

Jane studied day and night how she might encounter the unhappy stranger, the enchanting musician. To perfect her for his purposes, her father allowed her to do a little business in her own name. These earnings, ordinarily devoted to some species of amusement or literary end, she now as sedulously hoarded as increased. She discovered where Bruckmann had some pupils in a private family. Thither, taking her private purse, she went, sought her way to his room, and seated herself among the scholars. She heard the recitation, and the remarks that accompanied it. She discerned the originality of Bruckmann's mind, as she had formerly been interested in the character of his sensibilities. He spoke in a feeble tone, but with a suggestive emphasis. She knew well the causes of his depression. He sang also to his pupils one of his native hymns; she admired its beauty and force, and perhaps more the voice of the singer. She staid behind when the scholars left. He spoke to her. She replied, to his surprise, in his own language, or something akin to it. She told him who she was, that she had heard his story, and she compassionated his wants, that her father was abundantly rich, and that from her own earnings she had saved him some money. She pressed upon him her purse, which neither delicacy demanded, nor would necessity allow that he should refuse. She told him how much she had been interested in his history; she desired him to repeat it.

She was reproached and maledicted by her father, on her return, although he knew not where she had been. An idea had seized her, and for that she was willing to sacrifice everything. It had neither shape, nor color, nor definition, nor end. She thought of it when she went to bed; she dreamed of it; she awoke with it. She would see the stranger. She went again to his school-room. She walked with him on the Parade.

"Tell me," she would say, "more about Margaret. How old was she? How did she look? How did you love her? Why did you love her?"

He would rehearse all he had said before, and discover new particulars each time.

"Were her parents rich or poor?" asked Jane.

"Poor," replied Bruckmann.

"Happy, happy Margaret! Oh, if my father was poor as the sheerest mendicant I should be happy."

"You may be able to do much good with your money, sometime or another."

"I see nothing before me but darkness and gloom," replied Jane. "My father,—you know what he is. My dear, dear mother, too fond of her child, too opposed to her husband, too indulgent, too kind,—she has gone from my love and my approach forever. I may be in the midst of affluence, I am cursed, blighted by a destitution such as you know nothing of. Gold may be my inheritance, my prospects are all worthless, fearful, sombre. You say you will meet Margaret in heaven!"

"Speak freely with me," said Bruckmann, "I love to hear, if I cannot answer. Margaret and I often talked of what we could not comprehend. We strove to lift each other up, even if we made no advance. She had a deep soul, an unbounded aspiration. We sang of heaven, and then we began to feel it. We were more Sphinxes than Œdipuses. Yet she became heaven to me, when there was none in the skies. She was a transparent, articulate revelation of God."

"How I should love Margaret!" said Jane to him one day. "What was the color of her hair? like yours?"

"No," replied Bruckmann; "as I have told you, she was not of German origin. Her ancestors came from Languedoc in the Religious Wars. She was more tropical in her features, and perhaps in her heart, than I. She had black hair and eyes; she resembled you, Miss Girardeau, I think."

"How I wish I could see her," replied Jane. "You say she does come to you sometimes?"

"Yes," said Bruckmann, "and since I have known you she comes more frequently, more clearly. My perishing heart had scarce power to evoke her. My song became too faint a medium. You have revived those visions and refreshing communions."

"Then I am happy," said Jane; "I knew not that I had such a power. "You, sir, know not the misery of being able to make no one happy. I torture my father, I plague Samuel. I am of use to no one. And my poor self answers not for itself!"

"How could you fight against our poor country?" she one day asked him.

"I never did," he said; "my heart was with the Americans. I was forced into the work. I was bayoneted to the lines. My musket shared the indisposition of its owner, and shot at random. Wounds that had been spared by those against whom I was arrayed were anticipated by my own officers. At this moment I am sensible of the pain."

"Yet you might have been killed in battle," said she, "and I, poor, ridiculous, selfish me! should never have seen you."

"Nor I you," he rejoined; "I know not which is the most indebted."

These interviews could not be repeated without coming to the knowledge, or kindling the indignation of Mr. Girardeau. He noticed the frequent and sometimes protracted absences of his daughter; he traced them to the indigent German, whose application for money he denied, to the villanous musician that had given him so much annoyance. His passion had no bounds. He ceased to expostulate; he raved, he threatened; he shut Jane into her chamber; he barred the door and declared he would starve her.

As Jane had never learned filial obedience, so she had not disciplined herself to ordinary patience. Even in matters that concerned her interest and happiness most vitally, she was impetuous and inconsiderate. She could bear imprisonment, she could bear starvation, she could bear invective and violence; she could not endure separation from Bruckmann. She experienced, in respect of him, new and joyous sensations that enchained her existence. She looked on him as a superior being. She felt that he alone could understand her, appreciate or sympathize with her. She felt that of the mass about her, he only seemed to have a common nature with her. She thought not of his poverty or his dejection. She thought only of his soul, into which she could pour her own. She was eager for him, as a child for its mother's breast. His love for Margaret Bruneau only heightened his value in her eyes. He seemed for his devotion to Margaret Bruneau, purer, greater, diviner. He and Margaret constituted to her mind a delightful company. She entered a magic circle when she came into their communion. She became one of a glorious trio. Then she saw herself interpreted and symbolized in Margaret; and she acted as a conjuration to bring that delightful vision from the shades. Bruckmann she assisted, encouraged, enlivened; she rendered him more hopeful, more happy. And she herself had no life, except as he was able to explain that life. His soul seemed to respond to hers, and her own grew serener and stiller as it received that response.

"He, too, will suffer," she said to herself, "if he sees me not. His own heart will break again. Margaret Bruneau will come to him no more;" and every thought of his uneasiness or suspense vibrated, like a fire, through her sensations.

Mr. Girardeau waited to see some tokens of his daughter's repentance and amendment, but none appeared. The more completely to secure his purposes, he instigated a prosecution against Bruckmann, on the score of debt, and had him thrown into the City Jail. The old gentleman then approached his daughter, apprised her of what had befallen her friend, and announced his final decision. He told her if ever she saw Bruckmann again, if ever she communicated with him by word or letter, he would turn her into the streets, close his doors upon her forever, and cast her out to utter shame and wretchedness. With whatever tone or spirit this sentence may have been distinguished—and there could be no mistake as to its general purport—its effect on Jane was scarcely perceptible. Her dye was cast, her resolution taken. She undid the fastenings of her room and escaped into the street.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

For the Spiritual Age.

SHE IS NOT DEAD.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE PARENTS OF GRACE MUNSON.

She is not dead—that pure and gentle spirit
To formless ruin, time can never bring—
Or touch one fair and beauteous line, to mar it
With the dark shade of Desolation's wing.

She is not dead,—death is not what it seemeth,
To loving hearts, touched by its weight of pain;
The spirit, freed, back on the dear ones beameth
With looks of tenderness and love again.

She is not dead,—not in the tomb she lieth;
The earth-form only lies in that dark home;
The bright soul-jewel, which thy lone heart prizeth,
Lives, loves and waits thee where no partings come.

She is not dead,—no, in thy heart's deep yearning
For soul-communion with the absent one,
She answereth thee, and thou, I know, art learning,
That love is deathless, and *she still lives on.* MYRTLE.

The True Citizen.

A man should live in the world like a true citizen; he may be allowed to have a preference to the particular quarter, or square, or even alley, in which he lives; but he should have a generous sympathy for the welfare of the whole; and if, in his rambles through this great city, the world, he chances to meet a man of a different habit, language, or complexion, from his own, still he is a fellow creature, a short sojourner, in common with himself; subject to the same wants, infirmities, and necessities; and one who has a brother's claim on him for his charity, comfort, and relief.

For the Spiritual Age.

DIDACTICS OF THE WISE AND WORTHY.

A strenuous *will* should accompany the conclusions of thought and constantly incite the utmost efforts to give them a practical result. The intellect should be invested, if I may so describe it, with a glowing atmosphere of passion, under the influence of which, the cold dictates of reason take fire, and spring into active powers.

The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity.

I like the silent church before the service begins better than any preaching.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his own mind from within, more than the lustre from the firmament of bards and sages.

One of the best of men has observed, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

Only what the mind drinks in with eagerness becomes thoroughly our own, so as to form part of our being.

Our age knows nothing but reactions, and leaps from one extreme to another.

The wicked are always surprised to find talent and ingenuity in the good.

Too much secresy regarding our affairs, and too little, equally manifest a feebleness of soul.

Uphold the cause of truth when thou canst, and be willing for truth's sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded.

Do good for thine own satisfaction, and care not what follows. Cause no grey hairs to any one; nevertheless for the *truth* even grey hairs are to be disregarded.

Despise not any religion; it is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand.

A man that has the fear of God in his heart is like the sun, that shines and warms, though it does not speak.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, to utter freely according to conscience, above all other liberties.—*John Milton.*

Say not what thou knowest, but know always what thou sayest.—*Goethe.* CALVERT.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

Our school children are getting to be something like the coneys of the Scriptures, a "feeble folk." Some of the causes of this result are apparent and some are not, but any learned inquiry on this point would be needless. We all know enough to feel sure, when we give the subject the least attention, that our children must have light, pure air and exhilarating exercise regularly, and in reasonable proportions to atmospheric impurity and bodily confinement, or else they perish—more or less slowly, but with dreadful certainty. We have not to go far, nor to visit many schools, to have this truth vividly impressed upon us. It was said of the late Mr. Calhoun that his eyes seemed to have exhausted the vigor of the rest of his system. So the visitor of our public schools may be often led to think that the American youth are all running to *head*, so much intellectual brightness will he see united with feeble and attenuated limbs.

Now, a stop must be put to this, or else "the sons of the Pilgrims" will surely strike their colors and falter in the destiny which their proud forefathers have marked out for them—and when we say sons, we mean daughters also. But we have no fears on the subject. We think we see an agreeable and decisive revolution going on. The skaters are abroad, the cricket men are coming to the rescue, the great army of walkers are beginning to take the field. And is it not strange that it is the mature people, who pride themselves on their experience and discretion, that place the greatest obstacles in the way of reform? The young folks are all right on the question—all ready to engage in every species of exercise calculated to lay up a fund of health, usefulness and enjoyment in after life. But it is the parent who too often interposes the flat refusal, the hint of awful impropriety, or the fears of danger, which frustrate those healthful instincts that the creator has implanted in the young particularly.

But, as we have said, the revolution has begun. Many a mother, who, five years ago, would have been shocked at the thought of seeing her daughter on a pair of skates, now joyfully gives her consent for both her boys and girls to go together on a skating excursion. The tendency must increase, until every parent feels that exhilarating exercise of some kind is the sacred right of the child to enjoy, as well as the greatest pleasure of himself or herself to afford. When this comes to pass, the restraints of city life and of school hours will be robbed of their chief evils. We trust, then, that parents and all older persons will seriously consider their duties and responsibilities in this connection. Let them strive to cast aside mere prejudices that have no foundation in reason or good morals. Let them see where the *real* danger of the young lies, and not by thoughtless apprehensions throw their tender charges into perils from which there is no escape.—*Boston Journal.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

"SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG."

Those "religious" journals which are rejoicing so greatly over the sifting process in the Spiritualistic ranks, evidently forget the wise caution of the proverb addressed to those who live in houses made of brittle material. They fail to remember that every movement which enlists popular enthusiasm, and advances in any measure by excitement, without calm and symmetrical growth, is liable to similar oscillations and ordeals—the operations of the so-called Christian Church not excepted.

We have already had occasion to mention some of the peculiar fruits of the late "revival" movement among the Methodists. There are evidences that this excitement has produced results equally disastrous among other bodies. The leading paper of the Baptist denomination in Boston complains that "there has never been among the Baptists so lamentable a spread of church dissension as prevails at present," and it avers that "this sin infects the very churches which shared most largely in the late revival," and moreover, that "these alienations date back their origin, in most cases, to the very midst of that scene of awakening." The *Congregationalist*—one of the papers which was lately jubilant over our concessions—says that this "evil is by no means confined to the Baptists. Our own columns," it adds, "have, perhaps, never borne so humiliating a record of contentions and ecclesiastical litigations as during the last few months." The same paper complains that the "*revived* piety of our churches is not such that one can infer, from its mere existence, its legitimate, practical fruits."

Now, were we to follow the example of these brethren, and charge these evils among them to Christianity, or to the particular *isms* which they respectively maintain, they would doubtless think us very unjust and very wicked. But wherein would this differ from their conduct in charging similar evils among Spiritualists to Spiritualism?

The paper last mentioned, in commenting upon these disorders and derelictions among the chosen people, indulges in the following remarkably frank and instructive concessions:

"Now, when an evil is at work among the churches, so subtle and tenacious that not even the awakening grace of God avails to dispel it, it is high time to inquire whether there is not *something radically wrong* in our very conception, or ideal, of the Christian life.

"In a certain single direction, the new spiritual life begotten among us has wrought with fervor and success. In personal effort for the salvation of souls, in the support of prayer-meetings, in union meetings of different sects, in every species of 'revival effort,' there has been no lack of energy. But the line of spiritual development and culture has been narrow. It has left us, too generally, without quickened sympathy for the world-wide cause of Christ—too generally uncharitable in spirit, and unlovely in life."

Here, in a moment of candor and confession, are admitted several important truths. The evils which exist in the churches have their origin in the common weakness, perversity and ignorance of human nature. They fail to be corrected, partially through lack of conceptions of a true life. The spiritual activity which exists expends itself in but a single direction. "The line of spiritual development and culture has been narrow," etc., etc. Now this is precisely what we have felt, and it was what primarily caused the writer of this to withdraw from connection with the ecclesiastical body which the *Congregationalist* represents.

We are, and ever have been, thankful for the degree of spiritual culture we obtained in the church. But when we came to realize its narrowness, and its uncharitable and unlovely tendencies,—when we came to feel restricted from enjoying and acknowledging some of the highest means of a broader and truer spiritual culture—namely, the realized ministry of angels, the present gifts of the spirit, and the teachings of perpetual inspiration,—we were obliged to cast off its restrictions as a garment which had ceased to be serviceable. Our brethren raised their hands in holy horror at such impiety, and "delivered us over unto Satan" until we should come back with penitence to their embrace—and the *Congregationalist* said amen!

Now, finding the best part of the spirituality of the churches to be fast oozing out, leaving but an unlovely and distorted zeal of proselytism, it wakes up to the realization that there is "something radically wrong in the very conception, or ideal, of the Christian life" prevalent among them!

At no time have we failed to see the existence of various evils among persons calling themselves Spiritualists. We have seen that these evils had their source, not in Spiritualism, but in the common weakness, inversion and blindness of humanity, which Spiritualism has not yet overcome. We have seen that many Spiritualists have lacked proper conceptions of a truly spiritual life, and have expended their energies in narrow channels. While the church has employed its powers in one restricted direction, Spiritualists, to a considerable extent, have exerted themselves in another nearly as restricted. What is wanted on all hands is *breadth and wholeness of spiritual culture*. Seeing this, why will not our Christian brethren join with us in efforts to promote such culture, instead of persistently denouncing us as emissaries of all evil?

These backward-looking, authority-worshipping churches, however, can never furnish the broad and rounded spiritual culture which is now demanded. They will not tolerate the essential truths which must lie at the basis of such a culture. The new wine of present inspiration would at once burst asunder the old shrivelled bottles of their creeds and organizations. The "salvation of souls" for which they labor, is at best but a partial, meagre, theoretical salvation, of little or no practical account. We must have new and more capacious receptacles for the new ideas, and more fit instrumentalities of a true culture. These will come in due time, but by a gradual process.

Spiritualism, as a system of truth, includes all the truths of Christianity, with superadded means of conviction and motives to a true life. In it, despite the crudities and follies of the we find the influences requisite to aid humanity to a nobler life than has yet been attained to any extent on this planet.

THEOLOGICAL QUIBBLING.

Rev. Dr. "South Side" Adams, of Boston, is delivering a course of doctrinal lectures which attract considerable attention in the theological world. Their object seems to be to counteract the tide of liberal and progressive thought which threatens to sweep away the last remnants of old-time orthodoxy from this community. The Doctor, of course, takes a very *warm* view of matters generally. But even *he* has not the temerity to come up boldly to the mark, and consistently endorse the most characteristic feature of genuine Calvanism—namely, *election to eternal perdition*.

The old Calvinists were logical and consistent. Believing as they did that "God fore-ordains whatsoever cometh to pass"—also, that the endless torture of a large majority of the human family will come to pass—they could not avoid the conclusion that this fearful destiny was pre-determined by Deity. And their stern natures were disciplined into acquiesence in this terrible dogma, and into a trembling awe of (they could not *love*) so monstrous a Being.

But this is too much for most modern Doctors of Divinity, even though strongly *southern* in their proclivities. In a lecture on the "Doctrine of Election," Dr. A., instead of standing boldly up to the logical inference of the great Genevan, dodges behind a pitiful verbal quibble. After intimating that the "decrees of God" extend even to the common affairs of life, he shirks the dread consequence by using the following language as reported in the Boston *Courier:*

"There are two answers to the question why God does not save all. The Armenian is that God *cannot* save all, any more than he can make two mountains without a valley between. Dr. Adams thought the Calvinistic answer preferable—That, for wise and good motives unknown to men, He fore-ordains certain individuals to eternal life. But while he elects some, he fore-ordains none to perdition. He leaves the matter with them to accept or refuse."

We doubt if the Dr., or a single intelligent person who heard him, was satisfied with this shift. But the resort to it shows that the *heads* of even our harshest theologians are becoming converts to their *hearts*.

Adin Ballou on the Bible.

Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, was recently invited to give his views of the Inspiration of the Bible, in the Town Hall at Milford, Mass. This he did, to an overflowing audience—the public mind having been much awakened on the subject by previous discussions, and by lectures in favor of the dogma of Plenary Inspiration. The ground taken by Mr. Ballou was that "the *fundamental principles* of the Bible are absolutely divine, but that its *explicative ideas* and *language* are human," and therefore fallible.

This position was argued and illustrated in a discourse of great power, which is printed in full in the *Practical Christian*. Mr. B. takes substantially the ground which Spiritualists in general maintain—namely, that each man is necessarily a judge for himself of the pretensions and claims which demand his credence and acceptance—that we should not accept a "Thus saith the Lord" through an ancient prophet or apostle, regardless of the intrinsic quality of the message, any sooner than from the lips of a modern spiritual medium. Modern Spiritualism is the grand elucidator of the mysteries of inspiration, in relation to which the Christian world is so wofully befogged.

A Frail Convert.

B. F. Hatch, M. D., in his first letter to the New York *Herald*, professed to have seen and repented the errors of his past life, and to have re-embraced Christianity, which for a time he had discarded. If this professed repentance and reformation are shown to be sincere, we shall be most ready to give the Dr. a helping hand and an encouraging word. But in a letter to the *Telegraph*—in which he affirms that his belief in the reality of spirit-communion remains unchanged—Dr. H. indulges in the following unamiable language:

"I shall expect that the *Spiritual Age*, and every other scurrilous free-love paper, will utter their anathemas against me."

Angry vituperation, like this, is not the best evidence of penitence. But the recency of the Dr.'s conversion hardly allows us to expect perfection in the Christian graces as yet; and we can afford to wait patiently till he is able to do us better justice. We need not say that his expectations in this, as they have been in some other matters, will be disappointed, so far as we are concerned. The Dr. adds:

"I have been reviled more for virtues than for faults."

If the practices which have been alleged against the Dr. were his *virtues*, we hope never to learn of his *faults*.

Spiritualism in England.

An American gentleman who has been spending some months in Europe, writes us under date of London, Jan. 13th:

"The cause is gradually making progress in England, despite the lead of conservatism that weighs upon every progressive movement in this country. There is a spirit of freedom and love of truth particularly inherent in the British mind, however, that will ensure an accelerating ratio in the progress of this subject.

"Men are so afraid to let go of what they have long been accustomed to take for granted to be true, that it really looks sometimes as if many of them were unwilling to disbelieve that pretty much everybody must be and ought to be eternally damned but themselves. But we all know that human nature is far better than that. Tradition and creeds make such dupes of their votaries, they are afraid to depart from them, and very often as utterly unable to do so as a drunkard from his cups."

How to Sustain Us.—A correspondent inquires whether, in our late appeal to our readers to sustain us by "deeds, not words alone," we had reference to obtaining subscriptions for the Age, or to pecuniary aid in other ways, or to furnishing written communications for the paper. We preferred to leave each reader to his own interior promptings as to the *mode* in which his earnestness and encouragement should be manifested. Communications we are always glad to receive, though we usually have on hand more than we can print; but an increase of our subscription list not only gives us encouragement, but adds to the usefulness of the paper, and affords us the means of rendering it more valuable to all. The active enlistment of Spiritualists in any works of *practical* beneficence is also vastly encouraging to us.

Sunday in New York.—It is estimated that thirty thousand people were on the ice at Central Park, New York, on Sunday before last. New trains of cars are called for, new accommodations are demanded to help along these "Sabbath-breakers."

"Let your Women Keep Silence."—On Sunday before last at Tiffin, Ohio, a lady named Phillips, a traveling agent of the Sunday School Union, addressed the Sabbath schools of the place, and in the afternoon occupied the Methodist pulpit. This will never do—what is to become of St. Paul's testimony against speaking women?

"THE NEW SCIENCE."

An article in the *Christian Register* of Jan. 15, follows the heading which we have here taken, and it presents a very common-sense and candid view of the phenomena of Spiritualism. It calmly puts the question, whether all such phenomena "cannot be embraced within the scope of a vigorous philosophical examination." After elucidating the difficulty of doing this either by those who are hostile to Spiritualism, who are "active and earnest in protest, as if the case required diligence and effort to stay some evil that was impending over humanity," or by those, on the other side, who are moved by "a restless spirit of propagandism," and by whom "unwearied efforts are made not only to evoke the phenomena, but to diffuse as speedily and widely as possible their results,"—after this the writer intimates that it would be well for Spiritualists to be more cool and deliberate, and to imitate the patience of Copernicus, Davy, Humboldt and others, who waited long before their discoveries gained a hold upon the public faith. As did those philosophers, "so the Spiritualists should do."

He continues: "If a mode of inter-communication has been found between the material world and the world above and beyond it, this is to *us* at least, who are yet in the flesh, but a discovery in physics. It is a mode of telegraphing, and should be so considered. In religion it is neither heresy nor schism, for it has nothing to do with religion, only as it may reveal in a clearer light the object which religion has in view; so that I cannot see why the 'unco-righteous,' the straitest sect should feel any particular danger as impending from the new promulgation."

So far as these statements are applied to "a discovery in physics," and so long as the writer holds up to our mind such a discovery and nothing more, he is making statements and drawing conclusions which receive our hearty assent. Also, when he tells us that the "inferior sort" of Spiritualist writers "have too often been only dogmatizing sciolists—ignorant of their own vernacular language," he hits us none too hard, and strikes none too many of us. More than half of our literature is worthless trash; and if that were all, the case would be better than it now is.

But sciolistic dogmatism and murders of the King's English can neither make nor unmake the great fact which lies at the bottom and implies the essential of Spiritualism proper, viz.—"the departed can and do communicate with us." That fact "in physics" is properly to be determined by "a vigorous philosophical examination," and the more vigorous and exact the better. So long as it is a *mere* question of *physics*, let the discoverers make their records, and wait for posterity to read them, if such be their own pleasure.

But who are the competent philosophers to do this work? The "active and earnest in abnegation" have not the patience and calmness, even had they a willingness to do it—(*vide* Albion Committee, some of whom would not even sit down at the table.) The indifferent, if such there be, will not give their time to it. Who are left, then, but *believers?* Some of these can be considered competent—because of the knowledge they have already acquired, and because of their familiarity with the conditions of success—competent to conduct the examination philosophically and skillfully. There may be those among Spiritualists, competent ones, who are keeping back their own minutes of discovery, and are waiting, Copernicus-like, content that the discovery is made, leaving it for posterity to appreciate the proof of it. The dogmatical and hasty, however, are pouring out their crude productions, and who can stay them? Many would be glad to do so, but the power is not theirs. Some of the best workers in this cause are unknown to the world.

The implied wish of the writer in the *Register* is also our wish, viz.—that the great fact of spirit-communion shall primarily be regarded as but a fact "in physics," and be settled as such; and we thank him for putting forth such a wish in a very respectable journal, which has heretofore shown but little willingness to let the subject of Spiritualism be noticed in its columns.

But "Ex.," the writer whom we have quoted, holds different views from ours, if he trusts that *such* a physical fact can be proved to exist, and yet not lead to important moral and religious changes in very many of those who shall come to a knowledge of it. If but a fact in physics, it is yet *such a fact* as throws light upon the past, the future and the spiritual, as well as upon the present and the material. It opens new fields of thought and new avenues of knowledge, and will shake the frame-work of many an old faith, and lead multitudes to build upon new and better foundations. Therefore Spiritualists, as philanthropists and Christians, are not free to keep their lamps under a bushel.

"*The New Science!*" Neither our surprise nor our pleasure was small at finding these words soberly used as the heading of an article upon Spiritualism in the *Register*. Ardent Spiritualists have called this "A New Era," and spoken of spirit-communications as "A New Revelation," &c., &c., but some of us have ever refrained from such epithets, and are not bold enough yet to write "New Science" without chaining the words in quotation marks. We have called it an "old fact," but "new *hypothesis*"—sometimes "new *theory*" for explanation of the fact. We have thought of it as a *fact in physics* that might in time lead to a *science*, and we have faith that it will do so. It is fast doing so, and we thank the *Register* for helping us so soon to use the very *respectable* heading under which we at this time appear.

A. P.

Another Scandal Refuted.—The papers are lachrymose over "a gentleman of Boston, of distinguished literary and scientific attainments," etc., etc., who is represented to have been "so far bewildered in the mazes of Spiritualism as to believe that he is wrongly mated with an amiable and devoted wife, and has found his spiritual affinity in another young lady." He is represented to have gone to Indiana to procure a divorce, that he may marry his new affinity, etc. We learn that the gentleman referred to is at present in a western city (not in Indiana) on business connected with an important invention of his; and whatever may be his intention regarding a divorce (of which we know nothing), we venture to affirm that his domestic difficulties have no connection whatever with Spiritualism. The New York *Times* says:

"The matrimonial difficulties of this gentleman date back to a period long anterior to the first manifestations of Spiritualism, and are of a nature so purely private and personal as should exempt them from public inquisition. Spiritualism is no more responsible for this particular case of conjugal infelicity, than for the domestic troubles of John Milton or Emperor Napoleon I."

One way to Support Churches.—The following is an advertisement in a South Carolina paper:

"On Thursday, 17th inst., will be sold at the north of the Exchange a prime gang of ten negroes, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, belonging to the Independent Church, in Christ Church Parish."

The Editor's Table.

The Life of Thomas Paine, Author of "Common Sense," "Rights of Man," "Age of Reason," etc., etc. With critical and explanatory Observations on his Writings. By G. Vale, editor of the Citizen of the World. Boston: Printed and Published at the Boston Investigator Office, by J. P. Mendum. 192 pages, 8vo.

Few persons have ever lived against whom there exists a more wide-spread prejudice, than obtains against the subject of this biography. But, if we mistake not, the time has come for a true estimate of his character and his services to mankind. The popular opinion has been founded mostly on the representations of bitter and bigoted theological opponents; and these, it is getting to be understood, are not always reliable guides in such matters. That Mr. Paine, by his writings, contributed largely if not indispensably to bring about the American political revolution and independence of the last century, is now generally admitted. It may yet become apparent that his theological writings, whatever their errors, have contributed in no small degree to accelerate the mental and religious revolutions which are now being achieved in this country. We were never in sympathy with his religious opinions, nevertheless it must be conceded that there was more of truth in them than the religious world has been willing to admit. That he was an honest man, advocating fearlessly and ably what he believed to be true, we do not doubt. The author of this biography is a friend to Mr. Paine, and has sought to do justice to his merits. He has laboriously collected evidence to rebut the slanders of his enemies, and to present his character in its true light. One fact is here brought out, for which the Christain world has not given Mr. Paine due credit,—namely, that the first part of his "Age of Reason" (which was produced in Paris, in the midst of the French Revolution) was written for the purpose of counteracting the tide of reckless Atheism which was then desolating that wretched country. Mr. Paine was a Theist, and shrunk not from boldly opposing the demoralizing sentiments of the leaders in that reign of terror; and it was only by a seeming accident that he escaped the guillotine at their hands. Candid men will find this book worth their reading.

The Philosophy of Life. By E. Winchester Loveland. Boston: Bela Marsh. New York: S. T. Munson. 12mo, 532 pages.

The author informs us that the design of this work is "to demonstrate that faith in love is joy and liberty, that cannot be interrupted; that faith in selfishness is misery and bondage." The book is an anomaly, on which we find it difficult to form or express an opinion. In it are some nicely-drawn ethical distinctions, and excellent statements of profound spiritual truths. But these are mingled with what is to us a jargon of incoherent and meaningless verbiage, constituting the bulk of the volume. We give a few samples of each:

"As all conditions of life are constantly changing, all selfish loves and attachments must be interrupted; hence, whoever has a selfish love or attachment, must have misery, through fear of the changes of life, and through the interruption of that selfish love or attachment which must take place."

"Every act of a man is through faith, because he acts under all circumstances known to him in that manner which he believes will bring to him joy."

Man should not say he has faith in better things than those he practices."

"Whosoever are obliged to practice self-denial, have faith in some selfishness."

"It is selfish in man, in giving his conceptions of truth, to give any authority."

"It is selfish to teach men to do good that hell may be avoided, or heaven gained."

"It is selfish to teach that the future world is superior to this, or that when men die, they are free from the cares and troubles incident to this life."

These passages, and many more show a keen insight into the qualities of acts and motives. But what shall we make of such as the following:

"To say that one thing is wrong, is to say that all things are wrong; for one action cannot be proved to be superior in its effects to that of another."

"It was selfish in Jesus Christ to say that there was joy in heaven over one sinner that repented."

"It was selfish in Christ to teach his followers how to pray. It is selfish to teach that Christ taught his followers how to pray."

"It was selfish in Christ to do any miracle and give the credit to God. It is selfish to teach that Christ *done* any miracle and gave the credit to God."

"Did it take six periods of time for God to create the world? Can God chop wood for the poor?"

"Is Jesus Christ God? Ought cats to be worshipped?"

If this be "philosophy," we confess we are not yet "developed" up to its appreciation. It is questionable whether the author is of sound mind, and yet he would doubtless consider it "selfish" in us to intimate this.

The Rights of Wrong; or, Is Evil Eternal? By C. F. Hudson. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 16 pages, 12mo.

This is a Bible-argument by an able theological writer, against the eternity of evil. Mr. Hudson holds that "wrong has no rights," and that it will be exterminated from the universe as an interloper. But with, Mr. Harris and some others, he believes that in annihilating the wrong, the wrong-doer will be annihilated too. This may be more creditable to Deity than is the common theory of endless misery; yet the redemption of all from the power of evil seems to us a consummation vastly more worthy of God than either.

The Rationale of Spiritualism. Being two extemporaneous lectures delivered at Dodworths' Hall, Dec. 5, 1858, by Rev. T. W. Higginson. Reported phonographically by T. J. Ellinwood. New York: T. J. Ellinwood, Publisher, 5 Tyron Row. 32 pages, 8vo.

These lectures, like everything from the pen or lips of Mr. Higginson, are able and forcible. The contents are arranged under three heads—I. The Probability of Spiritualism; II. The Facts of Spiritualism; III. The Theory of Spiritualism. The pamphlet embraces much valuable matter for the consideration of both Spiritualists and their opponents. It is a very useful work for general circulation.

Howe's Drawing-Room Dances.—We greet with satisfaction every new aid to social enjoyment and home pleasure. Innocent recreation is a great need to the business-absorbed, care-worn New Englanders; and he is a benefactor who furnishes us the means therefor. This publication is just the thing we want for merry evening parties. It contains the music of all the popular dances, from the favorite "Lancers' Quadrille," through all the fashionable fancy dances, down to the Reel, Jig and Negro "Breakdown," with full directions for figures and steps. The pianist has the "calls" arranged with the music. H. W. Swett, 128 Washington St., Boston, has the book for sale. Price $1.00.

The House: a Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture; or How to Build Country Houses and Out-Buildings. With numerous original plans. By the author of "The Garden," "The Farm," etc. New York: Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway: 176 pages, 12mo.

This work treats of the origin and meaning of the House; the art of housebuilding, including planing, style and construction; designs and descriptions of cottages, farm-houses, villas, and out-buildings; and embraces a large amount of useful information especially for country builders. It appears to be a most valuable little manual.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lectures on the Laws of Spiritual Intercourse in ancient and Modern Times. By T. White. Chicago, Ill.; Higgins Bros., 45 Lake St. 117 pages, 8vo.

Thoughts from a Clergyman in the Spirit-World, whose name in the earth-life was Cornelius C. Cuyler, D. D., given to a gentleman of Philadelphia, through the mediumship of Miss Mary E. Frost. (A pamphlet.) Philadelphia: For sale by the Agents, Barry & Son, Fourth and Chestnut street.

Correspondence.

Treatment of Enemies.—Lecture by Miss Johnson.

North Abington, Mass., Jan. 30, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—I am just come from hearing a lecture from Susan Johnson, now residing in this place. She is a trance lecturer—the most logical and practical one I have heard. Her manner is this: As she rises to speak she announces that she is ready to speak on any subject which any of the audience wish to suggest; so that generally the subject of her lecture is suggested by some one in the audience after she arises to speak.

This evening one of the audience suggested "The Treatment of Enemies." With a calmness and self-possession peculiar to herself, in the trance state, she at once, and without any preliminaries, entered upon a philosophical and practical consideration of the subject, dividing it into three parts: 1st, Who are our enemies, individual and national; 2d, The present and popular mode of dealing with enemies practised by individuals, states and churches; 3d, The only true, natural and effectual way of treating enemies in order to convert them into friends, and insure safety to life, liberty and property.

Under the head, "Who are our Enemies?" the speaker showed most forcibly how we are prone to mistake friends for enemies, and enemies for friends. She commented with great force and beauty on the practice of regarding others as our enemies because they reject our ideas of religion,—because they are strongly opposed to our ideas of God and of man and his relations, and of killing and imprisoning men for heresy in religion, or for treason against the government; showing that it is the right and duty of every man to seek the overthrow of all religions and governments which, in his view, are opposed to Justice and Humanity. She showed how, in all ages of the world, the true and best friends and saviours of mankind had been imprisoned, tortured, hung, burnt and crucified, as the deadliest enemies of God and man. She showed how this was verified in Jesus of Nazareth, who, though now honored and worshipped as a God, and the only Savior of the world, was once regarded as a blasphemer, an infidel, an atheist, the companion of thieves, robbers, murderers, adulterers and prostitutes, and was put to an ignominious death, as an enemy of the race and unfit to live.

Her remarks on the criminal codes and penal establishments of States and nations, and their natural and necessary tendency to foster the spirit of wrath, revenge and murder; to destroy all respect for the rights of property and person, and to place individuals and States in deadly enmity and warfare towards each other, were truly impressive. Legislators, judges and governors, lawyers, jurors, and all who are concerned in the execution of penal laws and criminal codes, might have learned wisdom from her lips this evening. She showed most forcibly that violence, when used for the benefit of those who use it—whether it be brought to bear on children or criminals—could never result in good. She showed also that love alone was the only true governing power of mankind,—the only power that could convert wrath into love, revenge into forgiveness, enmity into friendship. Good for evil was placed before us as the only conservative power of the world—the only real safety, the only true government.

All felt impressed, in the large audience, that Spiritualism was preeminently a principle, and fitted to elevate and perfect men and women in all relations. The application of this doctrine to redeem human beings from the practical evils of slavery, war, intemperance, licentiousness, and the thousand physical and social diseases and crimes to which they are now subject, is the one object at which all true and man-loving Spiritualists will aim.

I hope that Miss Johnson will have calls to lecture in all places where Spiritualists hold meetings. I wish this lecture on the treatment of enemies could be given before all voters, lawyers, legislators, judges and rulers. Society would be all the better for it, if such could hear this lecture.

Thine, Henry C. Wright.

Messages from John Quincy Adams.

[In our notice of this work, we expressed conscientiously and impartially our honest estimate of it. Others, we find, regard it quite differently,—as, for example, our correspondent below. We are glad if it gives greater satisfaction to other minds than to our own.]

Mr. Editor:—I must confess that I was very much surprised at your notice of this work in the Age of Jan. 22d, and it is my deliberate opinion, founded upon a careful perusal of it, that your remarks upon it do it very great injustice. I differ entirely from you in your estimate of its merits, whether viewed in reference to its prose or poetry. The former I consider as remarkable for an easy, flowing and graceful style and being a model for this kind of composition. It struck me as being exceedingly beautiful, and I should say in point of style generally faultless. The poetry I think, for the most part, of a very high order. Either I must be wanting in judgment, taste, and literary discrimination, or such is the true literary character of this work.

I consider this book a very remarkable one, whether viewed in reference to its plan, its incidents, its moral character and its style; and calculated to make more converts to Spiritualism, than any work that has appeared in Spiritual literature. There is pervading it throughout a heavenly and angelic influence, that lifts the reader out of the cold stormy atmosphere of this earth, into the tranquil, serene, and beatific atmosphere of heaven itself. The spirit that pervades it throughout, is truly and emphatically Christian, and is, in fact, an exemplification of the gospel of Christ himself, as acted out in every day life in the heavenly spheres. And it will do more good in my judgment, in impressing upon mankind the duties of benevolence, forgiveness, and a sympathy in the wants and woes of each other, than any book except the Bible itself, for it is a living illustration of the latter in actual life.

No other natural solution of the facts in the case can be given, than the one that it proceeded from the spirit of John Quincy Adams himself. To suppose it to have proceeded from the brain of the medium himself, would involve a greater marvel, a more unaccountable fact, and would be a greater tax upon the credulity of a person making such supposition, than the former source. I hope the book will have an extensive reading, and that it may give the same delight to every one that it has to myself.

W. S. A.

A Good Word for the Age.

A clerical friend who does not agree with some of his ministerial brethren that Spiritualism is the foe of Christianity, sends the following—

"I am glad to see the '*forward*' tendencies which you manifest. I have always been pleased with the religious and spiritual tone which has pervaded your articles, but am glad to learn that your paper is to be even more *spiritually spiritualistic* than heretofore.

You have my sympathies and prayers, and my earnest co-operation—within the restricted limits to which my labors are confined—for the success of the work to which your energies are devoted.

Since my location in this place our principles have been taking effect quite extensively. When I first came here scarcely one could be induced to admit that he or she was a Spiritualist, but now the believers may be numbered by scores.

The cause, in its more spiritual phase, is destined to triumph in this community, against the combined opposition of foes which are of one's own household, and the powers of the church."

Boston and Vicinity.

Emma Hardinge at the Melodeon.

As usual, the presence of this eloquent and inspired speaker drew large audiences to the Melodeon on Sunday. The discourses of both afternoon and evening were an effort to translate some passages from the living Gospel of Nature, and enforce them upon the minds and consciences of the hearers. We can catch but here and there a few drops of spray from the gushing torrent of her inspiration.

"Be still and know that I am God." The voice of God is ever speaking in the correspondences of the outer world. These are God's present revelations to his children. God calls upon all men to worship in the broad temple of Nature. Man will heed when he is delivered from bondage to the imperfect revelations of the past.

The revelation of the primal ages was given in the language of correspondences. Men saw, in the objects and phenomena of the outer world, emblems of the mighty realities of their inner natures, and these were carefully studied as a source of perpetual instruction.

The first lesson to be learned is that of variety. Nature presents an endless variety of objects and forms. This variety extends even to primal particles and elements. If the nebular hypothesis of the formation of worlds be true, the nebulous matter is composed of particles, each having its attractions and repulsions. The sixty-four primary elements are each peculiar in the qualities and forms of its particles. So human beings differ, and it is improbable that all have sprung from one primal pair. And it is not necessary to suppose that man was constituted of peculiar material, for we find germs of mind everywhere.

In the mineral kingdom the metals represent the uses of man. Iron is the correspondence of the strong, sinewy, hardy classes—indispensably useful, but unsusceptible of polish. Yet there is a subtle element called oxygen [carbon was meant] which when combined with iron forms steel, giving it hardness and elasticity. So knowledge, education, makes these hardy classes like steel. The main element of civilization is courtesy, politeness, adaptiveness. This is the correspondence of silver. Gold has the excellencies of all the inferior metals combined, and is the prophecy of the highest human worth. There are germs of gold in every human breast. Copper is absolutely necessary to the production of both silver and gold;—and there are copper souls—base metallic men and women, but all useful in their place. So, too, there are souls of brass simulating gold endeavoring to pass themselves for it, but unwilling to go through the necessary refining processes. The use of these is to make a noise in the world, and by their pretensions turn attention to true worth.

Gems and stones are prophecies of the finer and rarer graces of humility, purity, compassion, etc. The diamond is the concentration of all. The truly great and good of earth are diamonds.

The vegetable world has also its correspondences in the human. There are parasitical plants, living on the life of others—types of human parasites. There are humble grasses cut down for the cattle to feed upon; so certain classes of society are fed upon by others. There are modest grasses capable of producing flowers of great beauty; and there are persons in the lower ranks of life who should be cultivated till they bear beautiful blossoms.

The roses and lilies symbol the poets and art-teachers of mankind. Gay, showy tulips, with neither fragrance, fruit nor root, represent the gaudy votaries of fashion. Modest daises and buttercups gladden the hearts of the humble, like deeds of simple goodness. The flowers of the vegetable world, like the gems in the mineral, typifying the graces and ornaments which crown the uses and substantialities of life.

Useless and scrubby shrubs remind us of neglected children, who may be cultivated into useful and noble men and women. The briar-rose, which, when neglected, will only scratch and wound, may be trained to become the queen of the conservatory. The hedge-rose and thorn teach of the need of law and restraint. When you become a law unto yourself so as to be able to do without these, you will have so much the more ground for useful cultivation.

The majestic forest trees tell a tale of grandeur and usefulness. They represent statesmen and the man of gigantic abilities and deeds.

And there are noxious plants and poisonous berries, though fair to look upon — the deadly night-shade and the fatal upas tree. These correspond to the coquette, both male and female, of society, false-hearted and baneful, who allure but to pollute and destroy.

Thus every plant and tree, like every mineral, has its significance and its moral lesson. This great book of Nature's Revelations, showing the correspondences and uses of every soul, teaches most important practical truths. As the best uses of every thing are developed by refinement and culture, so the goods of man must be brought out by struggle and suffering and cultivation. Nothing is spontaneously in its best condition. The Gospel of Labor is the grand means of unfolding Use, Beauty and Spirituality.

The two most perfect specimens of humanity in all the past were Jesus, who gave his life for the world, and the poor widow who devoted "all her living" for the good of others. They were the perfect gems, the spotless lilies of the race. Others may become as pure as they, but only by being as humble. Perfection is not to be attained in the pride of selfishness, but in the beauty of self-abnegation.

There is no such thing as separation from nature. Trace up the blade of grass to its ultimate, and you will find the elements which compose it go to make up the mind of the archangel. Everything without us represents something within, and this is the gospel which the present age must transmit to posterity.

The evening lecture was a further pursuance of the same exhaustless topic. It was remarked that man, knowing little of the relations of outward things to himself, often asks, Why all this variety? What is the use of this, that or the other production of Nature? He has been taught to consider himself as something distinct from and outside of all these—a fragment, better than the rest, and made out of nothing. It is not so. Man, know thyself, and then will be unravelled the mystery of all this variety. As in the strata of the earth, the higher could not exist until the lower had been formed, so man, being the culmination and complement of all below him, could not be brought into existence till they had preceded him.

In the development of the animal creation, we observe three stages —1st, Motion; 2d, Life; 3d, Organization. All animal organization exhibits the ganglionic or electric cord, with its two divisions, heart and brain. These reach their fullest and highest development in man. The spider was a prophecy of the weaver's art—the bee foreshadowed geometry and political economy—the nautilus was a hint of the ship and all the ramifications of commerce. These were but the efforts of Nature, or God, whichever you please, struggling up from lower to higher forms, till at last kingly man appears the crown of all. And this world is but the type and prophecy of a higher and more glorious one to succeed.

In color and sound, also are correspondences, with the inner world. Every tint has its meaning, and every tone its significance. The universe is a mighty rainbow, of seven primary colors. By studying ourselves, we may know to which part we belong. It is a vast harp of varied tones; some of us are attuned to sympathy with the lower, some with the higher notes. We may ascend the scale till we at last melt away in the grand diapason of Deity.

Light and darkness have their lessons. Here thrilling pictures were drawn, contrasting the conditions of two persons,—the one of whom lives a life of virtue and beneficence, and thus walks ever in the light, the day of earth-life ending in the bursting light of a new and more glorious day,—the other a child of passion, travelling in darkness and gloom beneath the storm-cloud, and plunging at the end into thicker darkness, haunted by grim and fearful spectres.

Each one is a grain in the vast universe—a little world in himself. Ask not, then, what old institutions shall we pull down, or new ones build up, to reform the world. Begin with the grains—let each reform his own world—thus, and thus only, can the whole be purified. As all lower forms are prophecies of higher, so all imperfect efforts and aspirations are foreshadowings of glorious achievements hereafter.

It was announced that on Sunday next the topics of discourse through Miss Hardinge will be—The Place and Mission of Woman, and The Sacrament of Marriage. Miss H. also speaks at the Lower Music Hall on Wednesday evening.

MECHANICAL BAKERY BURNT.—The large brick building erected on Commercial street for a mechanical bakery, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last. This unfortunate event will delay for the present the humanitary project of furnishing the poor with good bread at very low rates.

Shall We Have Free Meetings?

BRO. NEWTON:—Dear Sir,—I was glad to see in your last week's paper a notice that a Sunday School would be opened at the Melodeon by *Spiritualists*, and all persons who were favorable to such a movement were invited to attend, and induce the attendance of children and adults.

Will you have the goodness to inform the public whether children are to be admitted *free*, or will they need to bring five or ten cents with them to insure an entrance? I think I could influence some very worthy but poor children to attend such a feast, who are now being fed on husks, if there is to be no charge at the door, as they have no money and will not beg.

Will you at the same time inform an inquiring public why it is that the Spiritualists of Boston do not make their meetings *free*? I am often asked the question, and am not able to answer it; neither can I find any one who can. So, as you are an Editor, and supposed to know everything, you will please reveal the true answer. I hear many reasons given, such as, "There is no good hall to be had;" "Who will pay the expenses?" "It is difficult to procure good speakers;" "We must avoid organizations," &c., &c. But these are not good and sufficient reasons, as everybody knows. Is there no hall in Boston that Spiritualists can hire? If this were true, one would be erected before three months should pass. But make your meetings *free*, and you would need at least three halls of medium size to seat comfortably those who are now waiting for such a movement.

If it were true that the money to pay the expenses could not be raised in Boston, I would guarantee to raise it in one week's time out of Boston within a circuit of five miles. But I have in my mind ten men who, I believe, would gladly take upon themselves the responsibility of seeing the expenses paid, if your meetings were free; and I have no doubt there are thousands of noble men and women who long to share in such an enterprise, and would cast in their mite with cheerfulness, only give them an opportunity.

As to speakers, who doubts that the supply will be equal to the demand? God and angels are interested in this matter, and now seem to wait your movement, and invite you to behold what they have already done in this respect. And shall Spiritualists fear to organize for any good work? For one, I hope not; for in union there is strength. We are social beings, and can do much to strengthen each other; and as Spiritualism is not a popular ism, we all need to be strengthened.

You know we claim, and we know we have, a better Gospel than is taught in our churches; but are we not very far behind them in giving it to the people? Let them adopt our present plan of demanding ten cents admission fee, and before one year should pass every meeting-house in Boston would be to let, and the clergy would be seeking some better employment.

The harvest is truly plenteous,—when shall the poor have the gospel of Spiritualism preached to them? SUBURBAN.

REMARKS.—In regard to our correspondent's first question, we understand that for the present the Sunday School will be attended with no expense—the lessee of the Melodeon generously allowing the hall to be used for this purpose without charge. How long this will continue is uncertain.

But this question was doubtless designed as a sarcasm upon the admission-fee system which still prevails at our Sunday lectures—and we admit that it is in a measure deserved. This system has long been a cause of reproach to the Spiritualists of Boston. The real reason of its perpetuation has been doubtless the backwardness of the friends of Spiritualism in associating for the support of meetings. Hence it has been left in the hands of a single individual to sustain them as best he could. Dr. Gardner has nobly stepped forward, and for years filled this place in a manner that deserves the thanks of all. But we are authorized to say that he would gladly be relieved of this responsibility, and surrender the management into the hands of any responsible association, committee or individual that will maintain free meetings. An effort was made last winter to organize such an association; but it failed, as we then understood, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of the times. This obstacle is now so far removed that we see no reason why the promptings of our suburban friend should not be at once and vigorously seconded by the Spiritualists of Boston. *Now* is a favorable time for action in the matter. Let our correspondent—who is a man every way reliable—be taken at his word. The Sunday School enterprise just initiated, needs the co-operation which such an association might render.

MR. MINOR IN AUSTRALIA.—*Thrilling Adventure and Narrow Escape.*—Our Boston readers will be pleased to learn that letters recently received by Dr. Gardner, from their and our venerable friend, D. K. Minor, represent him to be in good health and prospering in his business undertakings. They will also be interested in the following account of a perilous adventure with which he met on the fifth of September last. He was walking alone in the woods, about sixteen miles from Melbourne, when he was attacked by an infuriated cow. "Being a *coward*," as he says, he stood still, and, as she came near, struck her a blow upon the head with his cane. This (which was a valuable one, given him by a friend in Boston,) was broken in two. The creature then turned and again came upon him with greater fury, prostrated him upon the ground, and attempted to gore him with her horns. In this critical position, he seized one horn with his left hand, and with the right thrust the hilt of the shivered cane down the throat of the enraged animal, at the same time clasping his legs about her neck. In this way he succeeded in choking her till she fell helpless to the ground. He then released himself, picked up his hat and the fragments of his cherished cane, and "made tracks as fast as possible for a more civilized region." He escaped without injury, where a less brave or vigorous man of his age would have met with almost certain death.

BOSTON CONFERENCE.—The question, "Does Spiritualism promote a truer life?" called out a most earnest and animated discussion on Monday evening last. Horace Seaver, Esq., well known as a prominent Infidel, opened the debate, taking the *affirmative*. He thought Spiritualism a better religion, in theory and practice, than any that was taught in the churches. He did not derive this opinion from the newspaper slanders, but from reading the Spiritualist journals and books, and especially from the lives of believers in the doctrine. He had found Spiritualists more liberal, more kind, more charitable than any other class of men. When he was in trouble, even total strangers among them had extended him a helping hand; their papers had expressed sympathy for him, while not a Christian journal in the land had a word of condolence or kindness for him. Judging by those fruits he had no hesitation in taking the affirmative of the question.

Mr. Cushman, a believer in Orthodoxy, endorsed the opinions of Mr. Seaver, creating a second surprise to the Spiritualists present, who supposed both of these gentlemen to occupy a position on the negative side. Other speakers followed, but we believe no one took the extreme negative. The question is continued for the next session.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—A class of adults for the investigation of theological subjects was organized last Sunday at the Melodeon. It will meet at that place on Sunday mornings at nine o'clock. The first topic for consideration will be the so-called miracles of the New Testament. All persons interested in the investigation are invited to attend.

At the same time and place, classes for children will be arranged under the charge of competent teachers.

THE DAVENPORTS.—The Davenport boys gave an exhibition as mediums at the Music Hall last Monday evening. Without expressing an opinion as to the origin of the manifestations, we will say they were eminently successful—leaving the bungling imitations of Bly entirely in the shade. The door of the box in which they were seated was opened instantaneously after the musical instruments had been heard to play tunes, and the boys were found tied hand and foot. A committee of skeptics could discover no deception.

PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE, Jan. 26, 1859, Mrs. ANGELINA E. CROWELL, of Middleboro, aged 25 years.

Mrs. C. was a firm believer in a life beyond the grave, and in the communion with spirit friends, and although called in early life to try the realities of an earthly dissolution, her declining days were as serene as the setting sun; and as the last tie that held her to earth was broken, a smile as of one greeting a friend played gently over her face, she stretched forth her hand to grasp the object of her thought, and immediately passed on.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 4th.

Question: The Circle, its uses and abuses, continued.

SAMUEL FOWLER: The circle may be constituted of one or more; and in order to make it complete, it must partake of certain conditions and qualities. 1. The members on the earth side must feel a need; those on the other must have something to give. This makes the negative and positive conditions; or the passive and active; or the female and male; which are all the same thing. The male is the active principle, and the female the passive. These conditions being fulfilled in the circle, conjunction ensues, and a communication from the spiritual to the natural plane, passes.

We have often heard it said from this desk, that such and such things cannot come from spirits. Admit it, and it is equivalent to saying spirits cannot communicate at all. What can be communicated in the form, can be communicated out of the form. Does the intellectuality of a spirit become changed? If they teach at all, they can teach Catholicism as well as Protestantism; monarchism as well as republicanism; slavery as well as anti-slavery, free-love as well as bought love. This cannot be denied. Even in the form, our experience can be separated from ourselves and transferred to another intuitionally; and in the *great ultimate*, we shall each come in rapport with all, and take on the experiences of all. In forming circles, those of like aspirations should associate together. Friend Coles takes the opposite view. Let us illustrate. If a child is to learn his letters, we do not put him in a grammar class, but in the class of the alphabet; and thus those who need physical manifestations should go together; while those who wish to investigate in some other direction, should also go together; that each learner may be on his plane and circle, of a harmonious mind.

MR. COLES: He liked to go among those who knew more than he did. There was an intellectual as well as a commercial exchange; and he liked both to give and take—to get ideas and to impart ideas. This was a species of wealth of which it might be said that the more a man gave away, the more he had left. If he gave away a dollar he had one dollar the less; but if he gave away good thoughts, he was none the poorer. Dr. Gray says, a man goes to a circle *to get*. That is Wall-street Spiritualism. Go to give, and make others happy, or otherwise there will in the end come a panic and a crash. One may keep a thought in his head, and it will do him no harm; but if he lets it go down into his heart, if it is a bad one, he is a *goner*. In a circle, when the members become passive, the prominent faculties or organs of each individual are the ones that are stimulated into activity.

Dr. GOULD: Paul bids us not to seek for self, but for others; and Jesus says, give to all who ask, and from those who would borrow turn not away. If we plant Spiritualism on this basis, it will last. But he must protest against making a circle out of one individuality. As to circles themselves, he considered them not very good, nor very bad institutions. When great credit is given to circles for the converts they make to a belief in immortality, he was in the habit of replying, that this does not necessarily make the moral condition any better. Circles are often a great waste of time, and the rules given were of no use.

Dr. GRAY: Is there a world of spirits? Can we communicate with them? Mr. Coles has given us good rules for conversations among ourselves, but nothing which is applicable to the circle. Hath ever a prophet been in the spirit on the Lord's day. Are all the Bibles of the earth mere moonshine? This is the question, and the circle is what gives us the answer. The great source of abuse of the circle, is in the failure to distinguish between a pseudo-circle and a real one. He did not go to a spiritual circle to impart his ideas, but to receive.

Mr. TAYLOR: His wife's brother died at his house on Monday. Several mediums were present, and before the event occurred, saw a circle of spirits formed about the bed. They described some of them so that they were recognized. Some hours after the decease of his brother-in-law, he himself was seen there present. He had been blind of one eye for many years, but now he pointed to his eyes with evident pleasure, indicating that his sight was restored.

Rev. Mr. BENNING: Some of the finest manifestations he had ever witnessed, occurred when only one or two were present with him. Some say, laugh and talk and be merry at a circle. To this he could not agree. Converse on spiritual subjects—on great themes. This will bring great spirits. Laugh and joke, and that will bring a like class of spirits. On the day previous he was walking in Broadway in the midst of a snow-storm, when the gentleman who was walking with him went into a trance, and gave him a communication from a person who died before he was born, and about whom he could have known nothing. He went to circles not as a teacher, but as a learner. Still he never gave up his right of judgment. This same spirit told him at the beginning of his investigations, if forty spirits were to tell him what his judgment condemned, not to heed them. He was often conscious of the presence of this spirit. Last Sabbath when speaking, he was fully aware that he stood by his side. At the close of his discourse a medium came to him and asked him if he knew that a spirit stood by him as he was speaking. The medium then accurately described the individual, who died more than twenty-five years ago, and more than a thousand miles from New York.

A year or two ago he visited Koons' room in Ohio. As he was riding over the hills he was suddenly impressed to maintain a profound incognito while there. He did so, not letting his name or place of residence be known, until at the moment of his departure. As he entered the circle-room, the presiding spirit addressed Koons as follows: "Do you know who you have got here? We do. He has come a long ways. We sent him." The room, on their leaving it, was again locked; and in the evening on entering it, he found a letter there for himself, addressed to his initials, and in the proper handwriting of his deceased wife. He attended the funeral at Mr. Taylor's, which had been spoken of. On that occasion the spirits present were properly described; they brought flowers; they knelt; they requested that the Bible might be read. For his part he believed in the Bible, when properly understood, and should continue to do so, until he saw some good reason for changing his opinion.

Dr. GRAY: The mediumistic faculty is a natural one, depending on physical conformation. The circle only brings it out. He disliked mesmerizing to develop it; it was attended with many dangers. One better sit in quiet. Mesmerism, except to heal disease, should never be employed. He would not suffer himself to be mesmerized, and would never make a mesmeric pass over another, except in case of necessity, for disease.

Dr. MASSEY: If we are never to mesmerize, how can the power of mesmerism be shown? He opined, notwithstanding all that is said against circles, that there was some good in them. He objected to associating the words, mesmerism and psychology, with spiritual phenomena. Those words had been disgraced, and were no longer fit for good company. We see persons about us who are very impressible, who can read our very thoughts. When we see this, it is not strange that we should wish to realize something out of this wonderful faculty. Look at Jesus. Could we find another of a like high organization, he did not see why like results would not follow. Those who seek low organizations will receive accordingly. In the formation of a circle, everything depends on the character of the persons, their physiological organizations and conditions.

Dr. GRAY: He did not like this artificial developing of mediums. He thought it diabolism. Hashisch, mesmerism, and the like, were unfriendly to spiritual development.

Dr. ORTON: The positions first and last laid down by Dr. Gray and Dr. Hallock, as governing spiritual intercourse, knock out the underpinning, and then strike off the head, of Spiritualism itself, so far as proof is concerned. 1. They tell us nothing is to be referred to the spirit-world which can be accounted for on the natural plane. 2. We must be wide awake, and make sure that the signs of trance are present,—the dilated eye, the slackened pulse, the cold extremities, the changed odor of the breath,—but after all, it appears, the same signs are attendant on mesmeric and psychological trance. 3. There is no positive test that we are really in communication with spirits, aside from a physical manifestation; but to destroy the value of this, comes in the doctrine of *interpolation*, which they tell us may be introduced as readily as the changes of the electro-magnetic currents on the telegraph wires; so that in reality there is not a proof remaining that any communication has ever come to mankind from the spirit-world. In place of this theory, which tied up itself, gentlemen would finally be obliged to agree with him, that we have means of spiritual consciousness of our own, independent of the aid, and removed from the deceptions of spirits, and the contingencies of bad-working spiritual batteries—that we are able to see and know of spiritual things, by virtue of being spirits ourselves.

Mr. PARTRIDGE desired to be excepted from the positions of Drs. Gray and Hallock. His opinions coincided very nearly with Dr. Orton's. o.

Compend of Facts.

Why Am I a Spiritualist?

BOSTON, Jan. 29, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Acting on your request, I herewith send you the first of a series of communications in which I shall relate many wonderful things that I have witnessed both before and since I became a Spiritualist. I shall give names, dates and places; introducing comments, arguments and questions to illustrate their bearing on the present spiritual manifestations, and their comparison with their illustrious precedents in Sacred Writ. E. V. WILSON.

Why am I a Spiritualist? Because I have seen, heard, felt and been in close communion with spirits for the last five years, and have also been controlled all my life by some unseen and mysterious power that I could not account for until I became a Spiritualist. I was formerly a Methodist, and my conversion to that faith from rank infidelity was caused by one of those spirit manifestations that so frequently act as the starting point or motor in producing mighty religious revivals.

OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT.

It was in the spring of 1832, I was living at that time in the city of Toronto, and there was a great revival going on under the ministration of the Rev. James Caugha. I went at first as an idler; and in this capacity I was listening to a very earnest sermon; when all of a sudden there came a rushing sound like a mighty wind and it was in every part of the house. All heard it, and there were two thousand people present, the most of whom at once prostrated themselves before the "Mighty Power of the Lord," as they then believed, and as I now believe—But acting through an innumerable host of His spirit messengers attracted to the audience as of old through their peculiar magnetic and spiritual condition—they being harmonious and in rapport with the spirits and themselves. Most were frightened. The minister took his seat and men cried unto the Lord for help, and the help came. The influence continued until minister the became alarmed and called upon the choir to sing, and then began to pray. As soon as this took place the influence ceased; the spirits lost control and the conditions were broken, and we thought that God had withdrawn His Power. How very like the Pentacostal influence was this manifestation: "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind and it filled all the house where they were sitting." Acts. 2, 2. Many now living in Toronto will recollect this meeting.

A SINGULAR PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

I will now give you another incident that occurred under the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Caugha:

One evening early in the spring, a Mr. Sams, who was keeper of a Public Garden or rowdies' resort, in Toronto, called Vauxhall Gardens, went with a number of his chums to these revival meetings, for the express purpose of getting up a row. As they entered the church, the minister uttered these words: "Set thy house in order, for this year thou shalt surely die," and then made a full pause.

Said Sims to one of his associates, "I wonder if the old fellow means me."

"Yes!" said the minister, "there is a man just entered this house for a vile purpose who will die ere the year passes away; and my friend are you ready to meet your God? for this year thou shalt surely die."

Sams was much affected by this singular charge and pertinent answer; so much so that he became a convert under the influence during the evening, joined the church, became a Son of Temperance, left off all his former habits and associates, and commenced a respectable business for livelihood.

In about two months after this, Mr. Sams was standing on Brown's wharf together with several other persons waiting for the landing of the steamer Champion. When the steamer came along-side the wharf the crowd made a rush for the gangway as usual. At this moment the fender (a long piece of timber hung by a stout chain from the hurricane deck) caught between the wharf and guard, breaking the chain, while the whole force of the boat acting on this lever, threw it with great violence on to the wharf, and hit Mr. Sams on the head killing him instantly—thus fulfilling the prophecy of Mr. Caugha.

Query—Was this a spiritual foresight given through Mr. C. and brought about by the spirits in order to give force to Mr. C's. prophecy; or may it be considered as one of those coincidences that happen by accident from time to time? To me it establishes another link in the great spiritual theory of controlling influences. E. V. W.

More of the "Mysteries."

Mr. Wm. P. Stapp, of Austin, Texas, writes of his experience in what he terms the "mysteries" of Spiritualism. We here copy a portion of his letter:

Some time in the spring of 1844, I was told that in a few months I would become a writing medium. Time wore on, but my faith never prompted me to try; however I did try to see what the spirits would do for me, and to my utter astonishment, I only sat with pen in hand some fifteen minutes before the words "Man must learn—be wise," were intelligibly written. That was followed up by many good pieces as coming from my father and mother, whose hand-writing I was certainly well acquainted with.

Next, a friend of mine who was constantly rallying me about the spirits, found himself in quite a trap. I was amusing myself and friends by answering the many questions they chose to put to the spirits, besides making all kinds of drawings, &c., which I am utterly incapable of except as a medium;—this friend came to my room about 10 o'clock at night (for he slept in the same room) and found me engaged. "Yes," says he, "spirits again. I shall go to bed, and you may talk with the spirits all night if you like."

Now as I had been told he was an old settler in Texas, I thought I might learn a little about him and his doings in early times. I asked mentally if there were spirits present who knew him intimately in those days. The answer was a prompt "yes." I asked, when, where and under what circumstances? The reply was, In the year—some thirty-nine years ago, between the Colorado river and San Antonio, smuggling goods and tobacco to Mexico."

I then asked the spirit to sign its name, which was promptly done. I asked if there were any other. "The answer "yes," came, when the same person was asked about, (mentally as before) the reply to which was, as near as I can recollect, about the same, and that they were partners in smuggling; that he (my friend) was honest and reliable. During all this time not a word was spoken or a movement made in the room save that of my right hand and pen. When I got through, all were anxious and curious to hear from our friend, who lay snugly asleep on his bed snoring away at a rapid rate. He was called up and asked if he knew such a person, I calling the first name signed. He said that he did not. I asked if he knew the second name. He did, and that the association had brought the other to mind also. The question was then asked of him if he ever made anything at smuggling tobacco and other contraband goods?

"Why do you ask such a question? Who told you I was a smuggler? That all took place in 1827; and those two men you spoke of were with me; but they are both dead, years, long years since, and I did not think any one on earth knew, except myself of that trip."

"Oh, ho!" said I, "We have a way of finding out secrets. You acknowledge the corn do you?"

"Y-e-s, but I dont want you to consult the spirits any more about me."

He was heard to say afterwards that he believed I could tell anything that ever happened; but there was a mystery in it he could not solve, nor can I.

Singular Incident.

An eminent physician, recently President of the College of Physicians in London, told me of a very singular incident. He was called to attend on a gentleman, whom he found dying. The window was open and a pigeon flew in, and alighted on the breast of the dying man, and could with difficulty be displaced, when it flew out of the window, as the spirit, at the same time, left the body.—*Cor. British Spiritual Telegragh.*

Prophetic Dream.

In Grenada, Miss., a Mr. Chandler, while engaged in pitting a stock for a whip-saw, was precipitated to the ground by the giving away of the scaffolding, and so badly injured by the falling timbers, that he died in a few days. On the morning of the fatal accident, Mrs. Chandler told her husband that she had dreamed during the night that a log fell upon and killed him. So says the local paper.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—F Weed, G Houghton, L Willis, J L Cambridge, J H Mott, H A Johnson, B F Hutchinson, C W Pomeroy, S Candron, J French, C Brigham, W L Gay, S S Thompson, J P Hazard, E D Sanders, H P Fairfield, M A Burt, B S Swift, J E F Leland, H Blood, F Chase, S H Whitmore, S Barry, E Warren, L R De Force, V Whitney, I Tuttle, H O Whitney, B P Ambler, P P Chase, M C Woodward, F Gurney, G S Bullen, R Fulton, M Mendenhall, L F Hodge, C B Thompson, D B Brown, "Calvert," P D Bryant, M N, S Barry, J Bradford, J W Ott, J G Gilbert, L J Pollard, N Boardman.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

H. B. STORER, will lecture in Quincy, the first Sunday in March.

R. P. AMBLER, having completed his course of lectures at New York and at Philadelphia, commences on Sunday next an engagement at Sandusky, O. He will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in that vicinity.

FREEMAN J. GURNEY, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address, through February, South Hanson, Mass.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Binghamton, N. Y., on Sundays, Feb. 13th, 20th, and 27th, and in Oswego, N. Y., on Sundays, March 20th and 27th. She will also receive calls to lecture on week evenings in the vicinity of the places where she lectures Sundays. Address care of H. E. Barber, Binghamton, N. Y.

SOCIAL LEVEE.—The First Independent Society (Spiritualists) of Chelsea, Mass. will hold their fifth annual Social Levee, on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 22d, in the City Hall, Chelsea. Speaking by friends of the cause, social amusements—instrumental music by Hall's Quintette and Concert Band. will occupy the evening until nine. Dancing after nine. Cars and boat leave Boston and Chelsea every half hour until 12. Tickets admitting gentleman and lady, $1; gentleman's single ticket, 75cts, Ladies' and children's single ticket, 25 cts.

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—J. S. Loveland, the first lecturer in behalf of Spiritualism in New England, proposes to enter the field and devote his energies anew to the defence and elucidation of Rational Spiritualism.

Address, care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass. N. B. A special lecture (where desired) upon the Exposers and Exposures of Spiritualism.

G. B. STEBBINS will speak in Ann Arbor, Mich., each Sunday, for three months from Feb. 6th, and will answer calls to lecture in the State each week.

N. FRANK WHITE may be addressed at Troy, N. Y., till further notice. He will answer calls to lecture on the route between that place and Chicago, Ill.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, having regained his health, will re-enter the lecturing field immediately. He will speak in Oswego, N. Y., the first Sunday in February. Friends West and South desiring his services will please address him early—till February 13th at Oswego, N. Y., care of J. Wood, Esq.

The Boston Editors of the AGE, A. E. NEWTON and LEWIS B. MONROE, will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of the city.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER, trance speaker and test medium, continues to answer calls for lectures. Address, Lowell, Mass. 2—tf

DR. H. F. GARDNER will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston on week evenings. Address at the Fountain House.

JAMES H. HARRIS, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. 11tf

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE'S engagements are—Feb. 13th, Worcester, Mass.; Feb. 20th and 27th, Quincy, Mass.; Providence, R. I., March 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in W. Bridgewater, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 8th and 9th; Raynham, Thursday and Friday, 10th and 11th; E. Taunton, Sunday 12th; Brittanniaville, Monday and Tuesday, 13th and 14th; Weir Village, Wednesday and Thursday, 15th and 16th; New Bedford, Sunday 20th; Wareham, Sunday 27th; Carver, Monday, Feb. 28th and Tuesday, March 1st; Plympton, Thursday and Friday, March 3d and 4th; South Hanson, Saturday and Sunday, 5th and 6th; East Bridgewater, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8th and 9th.

Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements, without further request?

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture during the month of February at Boston, Lynn, Lowell and Groveland, Mass.—[In this month Miss Hardinge is fully engaged.] In March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York. For the week days of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In May at Providence, R. I., and Worcester, Mass., Nashua, N. H., and other places week day evenings where her services may be needed; in June at Portland, Me. and Oswego, N.Y. Next Fall and Winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for those districts to be addressed during the Spring and Summer to her residence, 194 Grand street, New York.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, at the Melodeon, on Sunday mornings, at 9 o'clock. All are invited.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist 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.

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

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

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

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

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 20 tf

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M Terms 50 cents per sitting.

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

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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. [Mrs. Bean is in New York for a few weeks.[

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REMOVAL!

DR. REDMAN has removed his office from 108 4th Avenue to 109 Bleeker street, where he will receive visitors and patients as usual. 6

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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MRS. HAYDEN AT MUNSON'S.

The subscriber is happy to announce that he has engaged the services of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, of Boston, the celebrated clairvoyant and test-medium. Her "seances" will commence on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the rooms for spiritual investigation, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, and will continue until further notice. Mrs. Hayden is widely and favorably known for her medium powers. It was through the instrumentality of this lady, while in England, that Robert Owen, and other distinguished men, became convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. H. is also clairvoyant for the examination of disease, in the exercise of which gift she has been eminently successful. Hours, from 9 A M to 6 P M, every day (Sundays excepted), 4—tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Jones street, New York.

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By L. Judd Pardee. Price 10 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH No 14 Bromfield street. 2t 4f

Interesting Miscellany.

REV. WILLIAM TENNENT'S TRANCE.

Rev. John Woodhull, D. D., gives the following particulars respecting the remarkable suspension of animation well-known to have occurred during the life of Mr. Tennent. We copy from a letter dated at Monmouth, N. J., Dec. 10, 1805 :—

Agreeably to your request, I now send in writing the remarkable account which I sometime since gave you verbally, respecting your good friend, my worthy predecessor, the late Rev. William Tennent of this place.

In a very free and feeling conversation on religion, and on the future rest and blessedness of the people of God, (while traveling together from Monmouth to Princeton,) I mentioned to Mr. Tennent that I should be highly gratified in hearing from his mouth an account of the trance, which he was said to have been in, unless the relation would have been disagreeable to himself. After a short pause he proceeded, saying that he had been sick with a fever; the fever increased, and by degrees he sunk under it; and, after some time, as his friend informed him, he died, or appeared to die, in the same manner as persons usually do; that, in laying him out, one happened to draw his hand under the left arm, and perceived a slight tremor in the flesh; that he was laid out—was cold and stiff; the time for his funeral was appointed and the people collected; that a young doctor, his particular friend, plead with great earnestness that he might not be buried, as the tremor under the arm continued; that his brother Gilbert became impatient with the young gentleman, and said to him: "What! a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake!"

The importunate friend, however, prevailed; another day was appointed for the burial, and the people separated. During this interval, many means were made use of to discover, if possible, some symptoms of life; but none appeared, excepting the tremor. The doctor never left him for three nights and three days, when the people again met to bury him, but he could not, even then obtain the consent of his friend, who plead for one hour more; and when that was gone, he plead for half an hour; and then he plead for quarter of an hour; when, just at the close of this, on which he hung his last hope, Mr. Tennent opened his eyes. They then pried open his mouth, which was stiff, so as to get a quill into it, through which some liquid was conveyed into the stomach, and he, by degrees recovered.

This account, as intimated before, Mr. Tennent said he had received from his friends.

I said to him, "Sir, you seem to be one raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, and what you were sensible of while in that state."

He replied as follows: "As to dying, I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable!" Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, let his bridle fall, and, lifting up his hands, proceded,—"I can say as Saint Paul did, I heard I and saw things all unutterable! I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously; and I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my dangers and my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun; and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looking me full in the face, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said—'You must go back.' These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock, I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in the world, I fainted; then revived and fainted several times; as one would naturally have done in so weak a situation."

Mr. Tennent further informed me that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name; that he had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he ever read before, until he had again learned his letters, and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as thee and thou; but that, as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory also returned. Yet, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, the recollection of what he saw and heard while in heaven as he supposed, and the sense of Divine things he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength; so that he was continually in something like an ecstacy of mind. And said he, "for three years, this sense of divine things continued so great, and everything else appeared so completely vain, compared to heaven, that could I have had the world by stooping down to pick it up, I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

Having thus complied with your request, it may not be improper for me to add that, since Mr. Tennent's death, I conversed with his son, the Rev. William Tennent of South Carolina, on this subject, and he agreed in every particular, with one exception, namely: he understood that his father recovered his memory instantaneously.—*Dr. Sprague's Annals.*

OLD TIMES.—An act was introduced in the English Parliament, in 1670, "that all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after such an act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."

MENTAL ECONOMY.—The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast, or faster, than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the recievers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall.*

A man not unfrequently takes his own vain estimate of himself for fame. The poor, sickly glimmer that his own weak eye makes around his lamp, he mistakes for a halo of glory.

NEW.—A new mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered—said to supersede the necessity of a military force. It is to pass around a contribution box.

THE CARRIER AND HIS HORSE.

A certain carrier had decorated the best horse of his team with a ring of bells upon his neck. This ornament appeared to cheer the poor animal with its jingling chime; which his master observing, demanded the reason of his being thus gratified. "Because," replied the horse, "as I am doomed to perpetual drudgery, the music of these bells gives me animation in the course of my daily labors, and seems to invigorate my tired limbs by its cheerful sound."

Whilst we sojourn in this world, which has not unaptly been named "the vale of tears," it is a wise measure to receive with gratitude those comforts that nature or accident throws in our way, and not reject the innocent amusements that are within our reach, and which may help to soften the calamities attendant on human life. Why imitate those crazy enthusiasts who slight the proffered blessings, and imagine that they are serving the Deity, when, in fact, they are only wasting their precious hours in gloomy indolence and stupid inactivity; at the same time persuading themselves that they are exceedingly pious, when in reality they are only exceedingly idle: thus keeping their discontented minds in ignorance, and but too often, perhaps, neglecting their more important duties?

This brings to mind the answer of Sir Gedfrey Kneller, on being irritated by one of those canting bigots, who accused him of being too much devoted to the art he professed. He thus answered him:—"When I paint, I consider it one way at least, of offering my devotions to my Maker, by exercising the talent which his goodness has graciously blessed me with."

We are not to be outrageous in our devotions and useless penances, and thus imagine we can take heaven by storm; but on the contrary, should direct our attention in due proportions to all the duties which we are called upon to perform in this life, and we shall find it no easy task to execute them well.

WOMAN.

Some crusty old bachelor has whiled away some of his gloomy moments in compiling the following doubtful tributes to the fair sex. The ladies will agree "to a man," that he might have been better employed :—

One man thus testifies, on a window, to his estimate of woman :

Dust is lighter than a feather
The wind much lighter is than either;
But alas! frail woman kind
Is far much lighter than the wind.

And underneath on the same pane was written in another hand the following :

Friend, you mistake the matter, quite;
How can you say that woman's light!
Poor Cadwell swears throughout his life,
His HEAVIEST curse has been his wife!

Another sufferer, relieved by death, thus gives vent to his joy, on his wife's tombstone :

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket;
But dead as a door-nail—God be thank-ed!

And another :

Close by my side lies Mrs. Old.
Bless God! she cannot scratch nor scold!

And still another :

Here Jane and I together lie—
How long death's angel tarried.
I now am blessed with peace and rest
For the first time since I was married.

Another philosophically chooses the least of two evils, thus :

My wife and me, lie under this tree—
If God calls her, he needn't call me!

And here is another on a henpecked husband :

As 'twas in father Adam's time
The case is still too common;
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
The Devil ruled the woman!

Sudden Loss of Speech.

A French paper gives an account of a singular loss of speech by a young French girl, the circumstances of which are as follows :

"At a late hour of the night, an inhabitant of Boieguillaume, passing through one of the streets of Rouen, saw a window open on the first floor of a dwelling-house on his way, and thinking that the family were thereby exposed to nocturnal visitors, he aroused the inmates and informed them of the negligence and danger. Thanking the traveler for his kindness, the master of the house immediately went up to the chamber of his domestic, to whom the carelessness was chargeable, and waking her from a profound sleep, began in a loud and angry voice to censure her for her carelessness. The startled girl, not recognizing the voice of her master, and thinking it was the noise of robbers at her door, was so frightened that she could only respond with inarticulate sounds, and since that time has been unable to speak.

The Thief Punished.

A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B—, not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor constantly missed wood from his pile, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a near neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully culling out all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming, "There, you must burn green wood a part of the time—I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

A minister was one Sabbath examining a Sunday School in a catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, who usually assisted her father who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What's your name?"

No reply.

"What is your name?" repeated the parson.

"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl; "you know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night, 'Bet bring me some more ale?'"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

HOW TO LIVE.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—*Horace Walpole.*

The essence of all moral goodness is love.

Poetry and Sentiment.

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PROBLEM.

Hast thou pondered, hast thou wondered,
Curious questioner of ends,
How, in the great law of uses,
Poet's life with labor blends?
Yes, fond slave of golden treasure,
Of debasing toil or pleasure,
And, perchance, scorn heaps thy measure.

And it is a much vexed question,
Vexing to the straight-forward mind,
Growing only more perplexing,
Unsubstantial as the wind.
What its aim, or what it doeth,
Whence it came, or whither goeth,
Common sense sees not nor knoweth.

Tomes of law from every nation
Piled upon one hemisphere,
Purified by conflagration,
Throned in the cerulean clear,
One concentrate coruscation
(Though its brilliancy, I fear
Pouring down in fires derision,
On a hapless poet's vision,
Might destroy his sight elysian,)—

Yet the dimmest star in distance,
Were a better guide than this,
To the poet's world of motive,
World of action, world of bliss;
Nor the Gospel as some hold it,
Having sullied, bound and sold it,
Ever could to thee unfold it.

Yet the poet hath a portion,
Worldling, richer far than thine,
Pure and countless flows the increase,
Flowing on while stars decline,
Boundless as the worlds eternal,
Beauteous as the love supernal
Is his world, his home paternal.

And his motive reacheth ever,
For his Idcal, Perfect Love,
And his glance he turneth never
From the pure and far above,
Earth's thronged altars, little heedeth,
O'er life's highway poorly speedeth,
Scarce her dialect he readeth.

And the poet's toil distilleth
Nectar, such as angels sip,
Oh, hath life, than love's dear labor,
Sweeter draught for mortal lip?
Love impelleth ever duty,
Clothing toil with lofty beauty.

Tint my pencil, angels for me,
Art is poor, and language cold,
Be your inspiration on me,
Let the poet's joy be told—
How he walks with spirits shriven,
Sates his soul with balms of Heaven,
Shelters there when tempest-driven.

Boundless freedom is his birthright,
Boundless bliss! a spirit free!
Powers of earth, nor powers of Evil
Chain the poet's fealty,
And his spirit, ever soaring,
Ever loving and adoring,
Floats in light, from Heaven outpouring. M. K. T.

SONNET.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritor of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death, once dead, there's no more dying then.

The foundation of every virtue is humility.

It grieves me to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control;
How overpowered and shackled minds are led
In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred. CRABBE.

Pygmalion is not the only person who ever fell in love with his own handiwork.

O then that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below. SPRAGUE.

He who does evil that good may come pays toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

Love is a passion
Which kindles honor into noble acts. DRYDEN.

It is observed that the most censorious, who have nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

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The subscriber has engaged the services of the celebrated Test Medium, Mr. C. H FOSTER, of Salem, Mass. In place of the large public circles recently held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, it is thought best to limit the number to about eight persons, at $1 each, as conditions are not apt to be as favorable in large promiscuous circles. The circles will be formed at 7 1-2 P. M. on the above evenings. For the day and evening circles for private investigation, besides Mr. Foster, other mediums of varied gifts are employed. Mediums will be in attendance from 9 A M to 1 P M and from 2 to 6 P M; also, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 7 1-2 to 10. 37—tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York.

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