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.

[CONCLUSION.]

Going to the jail, Jane obtained access to the cell and was looked in with Bruckmann. Through his drooping heart and wasting frame he received her with a bland, welcome smile. She fell at his feet, and vented herself in a torrent of tears. His kindness re-assured her, and she told him what had transpired. "But," she continued, "Gottfried, I must see you; I must be with you; I cannot live away from you; I die without you. Existence has not the faintest charm, not a solitary point of interest, if I am separated from you. You have awakened within me every dormant and benumbed faculty. You have spread over time the hues of a higher being. You have given back to my soul the only answer it ever received; with your eyes I have looked into myself and discovered some beauty there, where before was only a deep and frightful chaos. In a world of shallowness and stupidity you alone have anticipated, understood and valued me. I repose on you as on the breast of God. You have introduced me to an elevated communion; you have welcomed me to the participation of yourself and Margaret; you have inspired me with a desire to know more of the laws of the spirit's life. For all this I have made you no return. I am little, how little, to you! You owe me nothing, I owe you everything."

"Jane,—" said he.

"Do not interrupt me now," she continued. "Let my poor soul have its say. It may be its last. I have now no home on earth but you. May I remain with you? May I hear your voice, look into your eyes, be blessed and illumined by your spirit?"

"Is it possible," asked Bruckmann, "that your father will never relent? He needs you; his own fortune is under obligations to you."

"*You know not my father*," was the decisive reply. "He is fixed, inexorable, as the God he serves. I look to you, or to vacancy, to nought, to the sepulchral abyss of my own soul, to the interminable night of my own thoughts. To be poor is nothing, to be an outcast is nothing; to be away from you is worse than all calamities condensed in one blow. Do not be distressed, my good Gottfried. I will not embarrass you. Gottfried—I will marry you—I do embarrass you. I do distress you—I will not. No! I go away—I leave you. Farewell, Gottfried!"

"Stay!" replied he, "do not go away."

"Speak to me," she said. "Chide me, spurn me. I can bear anything. I will not stir, nor wince, nor weep. I can stiffen myself into insensibility. I will sit here unmoved as a curb-stone. Speak, Gottfried, speak, if you kill me."

"Jane," said he, very kindly, "you have nothing to fear from me, we have nothing to fear from each other. We know each other too well to be alarmed by surprises, or perplexed at disclosures. We have no secrets to keep or to reveal, no hopes to indulge or disappoint. Our natures are bared to each other; our several destinies too well understood; a word, the faintest expression of a wish, is sufficient. You know, Margaret, I need not—"

"No, Mr. Bruckmann, you need not—"

"Call me Gottfried. Margaret called me Gottfried. You must never call me anything else."

"Oh," said she, "if I could do Margaret's least office for you, if I could ever remind you of her! And this assimilates me nearer to her. It gives me a prerogative, which, with all my rashness, I should hardly otherwise dare to claim. But you need not speak to me of her. I know all about it, and you, and her; yet not as a beggar, not as a friend, not as one who has the slightest demand on your notice,—yet, I say, obeying an impulse which I know how neither to control nor define, but which is deep as the central fires of my being, I ask for entrance, for a home, in that which you are, for fellowship with you and all your life. Tell me more of Margaret; I will grow up into her image; I will transmute myself to her nature. You shall have a double Margaret; no, not double, but one. Nay, if needs be, I will go out of myself; I will be the servant of you both. Call me your child, your and Margaret's child, your spirit-child, and so love me. And when we get to Heaven, you may do what you will with me. Sure I am, I shall never get there if you do not take me. I cannot sing, as you say she could. But my soul sings. I can describe with my sensations as many octaves and variations as you on your flute; and with your nice ear perhaps you could hear some pleasant strains. Away from you, I am all discord, a jangling of broken and bewildered emotion."

"Have you thought," asked Gottfried, "how we should be situated? This prison is my home now, and I have no better prospect for the future."

"I have enough in my purse," said Jane, "to release you. You can teach as you have done. I perhaps could give instruction in the more popular branches."

"Dear Jane!" said he, "you are dearer to me than all on earth beside. But how fade all earth scenes from my thought! I feel myself vanishing into the spirit-world. Daily I perceive the hand of destiny lying more heavily upon me. Hourly invisible cords are drawing me away. The echoes of my song sound louder and louder from the shadowy shore."

"Ah, dearest Gottfried! if you die, I will die too. I cannot live without you; I cannot survive you; I perish with you. I will be absorbed with you into the Infinite. All your presentiments I share."

"We will be married," answered Gottfried. "I have loved you; I will still love you; you deserve my love. Margaret Bruneau too will love you; and the heaven-crowned shall bestow her blessing on the earth-worn."

Jane procured his release from prison, by paying debts and costs of suit. They went to the house of the Rev. Dr.——, a kind and benevolent old clergyman, by whom the marriage ceremony was performed, the wife and daughter of the rector being present as witnesses. They knelt on a couch for an altar; the long black hair of the bride gathered loosely about her temples and skirting a clear marble neck, and her dark eyes, contrasting the light thick hair, deep blue eyes, and flickering pale face of the groom, produced a subdued and sad impression in the mind of the observer; yet the evening light of their souls—for such it seemed to be—coming out at that hour, shed over them a soft, sweet glow. The old man blessed them, and they departed.

They sought lodgings in a quarter of the city at some distance from their former abode. Bruckmann was enabled to form a small class in French. If female education or the employment of female instructors had been as common in those days as at the present time, Jane might have directed the powers with which Nature had enriched her to some advantage. She secured, in fact, but a solitary pupil, and that one more anxious to be taught dancing and dressing than to advance in any solid acquisition. She found a more satisfactory as well as promising task in perfecting Bruckmann in the English language. This difficulty once surmounted, she fancied he would be able to pursue his practice to any desirable extent. So five or six months passed away. Whether it was the seeds of disease constitutionally inherited, the effect of disappointment, want, heartache, he had been called to endure, the internal progress of his wound, or his own presentiments acting upon an imagination sufficiently susceptible—Bruckmann fell sick. He lay upon his bed week by week. Jane abandoned everything to take care of him."

"Jane," said he, "I must die."

"I know it," she replied, "you told me you should soon die. I believed it then, I am prepared for it now."

"Voices," he added, "are calling me away."

"I know that, too," she rejoined; "I hear them."

"An inward force propels my spirit from me."

"Yes," said she, "I feel it."

She bent over him, not as over a sick and dying man, but a convalescing angel. He seemed to her not to be wasting to skin and bones, but to spirit and life. His eye brightened, his smile was sweeter, as he grew paler and thinner.

"I wish you would sing to me, Jane."

"I am full of music and song," she said; "can you not hear me? All that you have ever played or sung, or spoken, leaps, trills, is joyous, within me. Do you not hear a soft chanting?"

"Yes," he replied; "it sounds like the voice of Jesus and Margaret."

"How glad I am our little Margaret is to have her birthplace in song!" said Jane. "She feeds on melodies. Yet if I should die before her birth, will she die too? Tell me, Gottfried."

"I think her spirit will go with ours," he answered.

"Then we could nourish and mould the undeveloped, unformed spirit in heaven. And our other Margaret will be there to help us bring up the little Margaret. Will Jesus bless our child, as you say he blessed the children of olden times?"

"Yes," replied Gottfried. "He died for all, and lives to give all life."

"I shall not need to make her clothes."

"You had better do that, Jane; we may both survive her birth."

Acting upon this hint, their private funds having become well nigh exhausted, she repaired to her father's house to procure some articles of her own, out of which suitable garments might be prepared. By a back entrance she ascended to her old chamber, where, as the event should prove, Mr. Girardeau detecting her, drove her off. At this moment, as she retreated through the store, Nimrod, who in the meantime had succeeded to the deceased Samuel, saw her, as had been related in the previous chapter. Here, also, the two episodical branches of this memoir unite.

When Nimrod learned from Mr. Girardeau who the woman was, how she stood related to him, and what were her fortune and condition, we may naturally imagine his curiosity, always restive, always errant, would be more than usually aroused. A new object presented itself; he must pry into it. Having ascertained the place of Jane and Gottfried's residence, being out of an errand, he made bold to enter the house, and knock at the door.

"Ax your pardon, marm," he said, shuffling into the room, as Jane opened the door, and the sick man lay on the bed before him; "hope I don't intrude. I sarve at Master Girarder's, since Samuel's dead. I am the fellow what see you running out of the store like a duck arter a tumble-bug. What was you so skeered for? I wouldn't a hurt you any more than an old shoe. I guess the old gentleman ain't any better than he should be—"

"Young man!" said Jane, breaking in upon him, "whoever you are, we have no connection with Mr. Girardeau."

"Yes, marm," said Nimrod, who, nothing daunted, approached the bed. Gottfried rose a little, with his wan, beautiful face. Jane, paler, if possible, and more beautiful, held her arm under his head, and her dark, loving eyes brimmed with tears, the nature of which Nimrod could not understand.

"I vum," said he, "what is the matter? If the Widder was here she could cure him in a wink. Won't your Dad let you go home? Won't he give you a limb to roost on? I tell you what it is, he's close as a mink in winter; he's hard as grubbing bushes. I don't guess he's so poor."

Jane, remembering her father's servants in Samuel, who was a perfect creature of his master, if at first she was annoyed by the familiarity of Nimrod or was suspicious of his motives, soon perceived that his manner was undisguised and rusticity sincere. She was led to question him as to himself and who he was. He gave her his real name, and that of his parents. In fact he became quite communicative, and rendered a full description of his family, their residence and mode of life. He was pleased with his visit, which he promised to repeat, and whenever he had a chance, he dropped in to see his new found friends. As our readers will have anticipated the result of this story of Gottfried Bruckmann and Jane Girardeau, we shall hasten to its close. When Mr. Girardeau became apprised of the real situation of his daughter, he manifested deep disturbance of spirit. He addressed himself anew to Nimrod. "That girl," said he, "is a runaway, a spendthrift, a wanton. She is about to have a child, the fruit of her reckless, ruinous misconduct. That child may do me an injury, a great injury. The offspring of that viper may turn upon me with the malignity of the mother. That child must be watched. You know, Mr. Foxly, we are identified in interest. You know if I let you go, or you me, we both fall. That child must be watched. Do you understand?"

"That wa'nt in the bargain when I came to live with ye," replied Nimrod. "I must have a little more, a little of the ready."

Nothing could be more opportune for Nimrod. He was now at liberty to prosecute his visits to Jane and Gottfried at his leisure. Whatever money he obtained from Mr. Girardeau, eked out by his own scant purse, he applied to their necessities. He felt himself to be of more consequence than he had ever been before; and although exercising his function rather pragmatically, he made himself greatly useful. Bruckmann grew more feeble; Jane approached the period of her child's birth.

"Nimrod," said she, a few days before that event, "we are going to die."

"No, no," he rejoined. "He'll give up the ghost as sure as wild geese in cold weather. But you will come out as bright as a yaller bird in spring."

"We must die—I shall die," she continued, hardly noticing what he said, having become quite used to his manner. "We have loved, tenderly loved, if you know what that means."

"Yes—marm," replied Nimrod. "If I am a Ponder and you live in the city, you needn't think we are as dull as millers that fly right into your links and never know whether they are singed or not. When I have been by uncle Bill Palmer's, that lives at the Ledge, as you go up to Dunwich, and seen his Rhody out there, jolly! she has gone right through me like an earwig; it sticks to me like a bobolink to a saplin in a wind. I ain't afeered of the old Harry himself, but I say for't! I never dare speak to Rhody. But you great folks here don't care anything about us, no more than Matty Gisborne and Bet Weeks down among the settlers."

"Yes I do care for you," said Jane; "you have been very kind to us. I know not what we should have done without you. But we are really going to die. It has been foretold that we should."

"O yes," said Nimrod, relapsing into a more thoughtful mood, "I remember. I heard a dog howl in the streets the other night, and I dreamed of seeing monkeys, and that is sartin death."

"You must bury us, Nimrod," continued Jane. "And you must promise one thing, to take care of our child. Its name is Margaret, you must call it by no other. You will contrive means to take it to your own home, the Pond. You are poor, you say,—that is the greatest of blessings. Your house is apart from the world. Your little brother Chilion you think would love it as his own sister. Now promise us, Nimrod, that you will do all we desire."

Nimrod not only promised, but volunteered a declaration having the full weight of an oath, that her wishes regarding the child should be studiously fulfilled.

At this crisis they were also visited by a daughter of the clergyman who married them, she having become informed of their state, sought to minister to their needs.

Bruckman died as he had presaged. "Farewell, Jane," he said. "Yet not farewell, but, follow me. I kiss you for the night, and you shall see me in the morning. The sun fades, the stars glow, brighter worlds await us. We go to those who love us."

Nimrod bent reverently over the dead form, that did perhaps what life itself could never have done—it made of the strong man a child, and tears gushed from his eyes.

Jane knelt calmly, hopefully by his side, kissed his lips, and smoothed the bright curling locks of his hair.

Nimrod, assisted by the clergyman before mentioned, and some of Bruckmann's countrymen that remained in the city as servants, bakers or scavengers, and could do little more for their old friend than bear him to his grave, saw him decently buried.

The wife and daughter of the clergyman were with Jane at the period she had anticipated with so much interest. Her hour came, and, as she had predicted, a girl—the "little Margaret"—was born. She lingered on a few days, without much apparent suffering or anxiety, blessed her child, and melted away at last in the clouds of mortal vision. The child was taken in charge by those ladies who had kindly assisted at its birth.

Mr. Girardeau, who had exhibited ceaseless anxiety, as well as glimpses of some unnatural design, during these events, the progress of which he obliged Nimrod carefully to report, ordered the child to be brought to his house. His language was, "it must be put out of the way."

It was a dark night. Mr. Girardeau, availing himself of a weakness of his servant, plentifully supplied him with liquor. He also threatened him, in case of disobedience, with a legal prosecution on the score of his smuggling connections.

Nimrod, sufficiently in drink to make a rash promise, started for the child. But apprehensions of some dark or bloody deed came over him; the recollection of his solemn vows to the mother of the child upbraided him; the spectral shadows cast by the street-lamps startled him. He remembered the smuggling vessel which had made another trip, and was about to return. The child was delivered to him, and in place of going back to his master, he made directly for the sloop, which was even then on the point of sailing. The captain and crew, however serviceable they might be to Mr. Girardeau's interests, cherished little respect for his character, and Nimrod had no difficulty in enlisting their aid for his purposes.

We need not follow him all the way to the Pond, or recite the methods he adopted to sustain and nourish the child. On his way up the river he found plenty of milk in the cabin. Leaving the vessel, he spent one night in the shanty of an Irishman, whose wife, having a nursling at her side, cheerfully relinquished to Margaret one half of her supply. One night he slept with his charge in a barn. On the third evening he reached his home. The family were all abed; his father and mother, however, were soon ready to welcome their son. Surprise was of course their first emotion when they saw what he had with him. He recounted the history of the child, and his purpose to have it adopted in the family. The course of his observations on the subject was such, as to allay whatever repugnance either of his parents may have felt to the project, and they became as ready to receive the little stranger as they might have been originally averse.

"Call up Hash and Chilion," said Pluck. "The child must be baptized to-night."

"Wait till to-morrow, do, Dad," said Nimrod. "I guess she needs something to wet her stomach more than her head."

"Fix her something, woman; can't wait."

His wife prepared a drink for the child, while Nimrod aroused his brothers. Chilion, then a boy seven or eight years old, held a pine-torch that streamed and smoked through the room. Mistress Hart supported the child, while Nimrod and Hash stood sponsors. The old man called her Mary.

"No, Dad," interposed Nimrod, "it must be Margaret."

"No! Mary," replied his father, "in honor of my esteemed wife. Besides, that's a Bible name, and we can't liquor up on Margaret. Yours is a good name, and you never will see cause to repent it; and there is Maharshalalhashbaz,—that I chose because it was the longest in the Bible. I wanted to show my reverence for the book by taking as much of it as I could; and Chilion's is a good one too;—all Bible names in this family."

"I tell you no, Dad; she *must be called Margaret*," repeated Nimrod.

"Do call her Margaret," said Chilion.

"Well, well," replied Pluck, "we will put it to vote. Three for Margaret; I shall call her Mary, and Hash goes for Peggy. We won't break heads about it; if we do we shan't the bottle. So here goes for Margaret and Mary."

The family, severally and collectively, laid themselves under strict injunctions to keep the history of the child a secret, and cherish it as their own. Mr. Hart and his little son Chilion were glad enough to receive it on its own account; Mistress Hart, if for no other reason, in consideration of the money Nimrod represented he would get from its grandfather—a reflection that prevailed with Hash also. The secluded position of the family rendered it possible indeed for children to be born and die without exciting observation. Their neighbor, the Widow Wright, was the only person from whom they had cause of apprehension. It was presumed, however, to be an easy matter to bring her into the arrangement of secrecy, which was accordingly done by an oath sealed with a small douceur. In behalf of the child were enlisted both the Widow's superstition and her avarice. What *might* befall her son Obed, then six or seven years of age, she knew not. So Margaret was only spoken of as a child of the Pond. When Obed asked his mother where the little baby came from, she said it dropped from an acorn-tree.

We might add, in conclusion, that Nimrod, the next year, made a visit to New York, and sought an interview with his old master. The disappointment, chagrin and displeasure of the latter were evidently great. Their conference was long and bitter. In the result, Nimrod declared in cant phrase that he would "blow" on the old gentleman, not only as a smuggler, but as a murderer, unless he would settle on the child a small annual sum, to be delivered at sight. To such a bond Mr. Girardeau was obliged to give his signature.

* * * * * *

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Clairvoyance means, literally, "clear-seeing"—neither more nor less—and that is just what it is. The man or woman who can see clearly is a clairvoyant, just to the extent that his or her clear-seeing goes. It is an inborn faculty, this clairvoyance, and cannot be learned or taught. It is like tact or genius—an inherent attribute; and he who possesses it to any great degree, cannot but do great things.

Thus, Napoleon Bonaparte was a clairvoyant of a very powerful kind. He was capable of receiving intuitions very clearly; and was rarely at fault in his judgment. No human mind could have arrived, by the ordinary method of reasoning, at the brilliant and unerring results that Napoleon caught, as it were, on the instant. He saw clearly, and did not need the toilsome process of analysis and deduction which ordinary and non-clairvoyant mortals are compelled to go through with.

That Shakspeare was also a clairvoyant, in this sense, is undeniable; for his writings contain not only the past and present, but the future. No possible amount of study or observation could have taught him the half he has taught us,—one man's experience could not have held it all; and we can only explain his power by this strange attribute of "clear-seeing." It came to him, without exertion on his part, and he wrote his wonderful tragedies, and still more wonderful comedies, without knowing or appreciating what he was doing!

To come down to a more modern instance, we will include our young fellow-countryman, the world's chess-champion—Mr. Paul Morphy—among the extraordinary clairvoyants, whose names belong to history, and whose deeds are their monuments. Mr. Morphy has accomplished feats that are simply impossible, according to the common definition of the word. We hold that no ordinary human intellect—no matter how educated or how well endowed by Nature with the analytical and reasoning faculties—is capable of conducting eight separate and simultaneous games of chess, without seeing the boards of either. It requires the clairvoyant power to do this; the mind must be impressed with the moves, quite independent of any effort to follow or imagine the position of the men on each board. Just think of it—two hundred and fifty-six chessmen, grouped irregularly about, on five hundred and four squares, white and red! Given to remember the position of every piece, and the changes made at every move! The strongest mind shrinks from the confusion that *reasoning* would make of this problem; but *clairvoyance*, as exercised by Paul Morphy, makes everything *clear*, and enables him to distance all competition.—*Exchange.*

Beautiful Illustration.

Lord Northwick had just brought from Italy a picture of St. Gregory, by Annibal Caracci. For some cause connected with the troubles of the times, in order to get possession of the picture, a poor dauber had been hired to paint over it in body-color an imitation of some inferior artist. When it was opened, his Lordship's friends, who had been looking for something admirable, stared in mortified astonishment. "It has got soiled, I see," said his Lordship; "give me a sponge." Whereupon he began to wash the piece; nor had he long done so, when out peeped the head of St. Gregory. Soon the attendant angels were seen, and in a short time the whole of that magnificent picture became visible. So the Bible has been daubed over to my eyes. I have seen in it not the work of God, but the production of some poor artist. I have turned from it as a miserable travesty. The sponge has been applied, the false colors removed, and the original is inexpressibly beautiful.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

IS SUICIDE EVER RIGHT?

The following request was received by us some time since through the post-office:

MR. EDITOR:—Will you be good enough to answer the following question through your paper:

If physical death is but a change of condition from a physical to a spiritual state of existence, can it be right, under any circumstances, for a man to sever the connection between his physical and spiritual bodies?

I have come to the conclusion that it is right in my case. I am old and physically unable to be of any use either to myself or those with whom I am associated. I am poor, and destitute of pecuniary means of doing good. I am destitute of friends or relatives to administer to my natural wants. I have an unwavering faith that my spiritual condition will be greatly elevated by the change called death. With these convictions strongly impressed on my mind, I have made one attempt to leave the mortal form, but failed. I expect to make another attempt soon, which I hope will be final.

Now, if there is any wrong in the case, let that wrong be pointed out, that others may see it; but as for me, it will be too late. My name I withhold from the public, and the means by which I leave the form will never be known.

This letter being without name or legible post-mark, we have no means of knowing whether or not the unfortunate writer carried into execution his terrible purpose. But the lamentable frequency of this crime, of late, leads us to think that a word of warning may not be out of place. It is confined to no one class of the community—not even to those who are known to be victims of urgent distress or perplexity. A leading church-member in a neighboring city,—"a highly respectable and wealthy merchant,"—hangs himself in the vestry of his own church; a beardless youth, in an adjoining town, is found self-strangled in a half-sitting posture in his bed-chamber; a pious and exemplary wife and mother rushes from her home and plunges beneath the cold wave. In such cases, the newspaper chroniclers resignedly inform us that "the cause is supposed to be a sudden and mysterious attack of insanity."

Occasionally the victim happens to be a believer in the fact of modern spirit-manifestations—perhaps is a subject at times of supposed spirit-influence. *Then* the cause is perfectly clear, without investigation. "Another victim of Spiritualism!" dolorously shout the chroniclers, and all the bigots groan "amen!" The injustice of this we need not stop to argue.

If there were anything in the disclosures of Modern Spiritualism relative to the conditions of happiness in the future life, going to show that a mere exchange of worlds will confer bliss, without regard to intrinsic character, or to the means by which the transfer is effected,—there might be some ground for supposing that Spiritualism leads to suicide. But everything is to the contrary of this. One of the first lessons of a true spiritual philosophy is that heaven and hell are not external localities, but *states of the soul*. There is no heaven to any soul, anywhere, without love, purity, goodness, wisdom, or in one word, HARMONY, within itself. Where this exists, there is happiness, content, patience, joy, whether in the earth-life or the spirit-life. Where this does not exist, there can be no true joy, even (if such a thing were not an absurdity) at the "right hand of God." The suicide, therefore, cannot better his condition by violently anticipating Nature's wise processes; for he rids himself of none of the evils within, but in reality plunges himself deeper in crime and gloom. He cannot enter upon the joys of the pure and good, for he has incapacitated himself for those joys, and *he does not get away from himself!*

When, in the divine economy of Nature, the earthly body ceases to be of use to the spirit, the latter withdraws from it by the action of involuntary laws. The idea that a violent disruption and a premature entrance upon the other life is in any case desirable, is a figment of the popular naturalistic theology, which makes heaven a *place*, and joy a thing of outward circumstances. Spiritualism teaches the very opposite of this.

We are inclined to believe that temptations to self-destruction often come from, or are fostered by, unwise, mischievous or malicious spirit-beings. Probably a large share of those mysterious cases of supposed "sudden insanity" should be attributed to demonic promptings or infestation. But a proper acquaintance with and belief in Modern Spiritualism does not alone nor specially expose people to such temptations and influences—on the contrary, it furnishes a safeguard against them which skeptics do not possess. As we have seen, anti-Spiritualists and pious church-members are, equally with believers, subject to these attacks of "insanity." All sensitive and impressible persons, whether believers in Spiritualism or otherwise, experience more or less of such temptations. In times of general excitement and mental disturbance—in all transitional periods like the present—and especially in the earlier stages of a deep personal spiritual experience—such promptings are apt to come with peculiar power; for at such times the hosts of evil are especially active.

It is no sin to be thus tempted. Jesus of Nazareth, at the beginning of his public career, among other impious suggestions, was tempted to throw himself headlong from a pinnacle of the temple. It is more noble to *overcome* temptations than to live blamelessly without them. A proper and rational acquaintance with the laws of our spiritual natures, and a knowledge of the spirit-beings that surround us, are sources of strength against such assaults.

But have we any testimony from the spirit-world itself to corroborate these views of the wrong of suicide? We have, abundance of it. It may be, however, that some suicides have for a time rejoiced in the exchange they have made, and have so testified through mediums; but it is as sure as the eternal laws of God's universe that such joy can continue no longer than till conscience awakes to give them a realization of their true condition. Perhaps we cannot do better than to close this article by reprinting an appalling communication once made to us under circumstances which left no question of its genuineness. It was first printed in the *N. E. Spiritualist* of Dec. 27th, 1855, substantially as follows:

THE SUICIDE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

We were in the company of three or four friends, engaged in conversation on miscellaneous topics, when one of the party, who was very susceptible to spirit-influence, was suddenly and powerfully made aware of the presence of a person to us invisible. The unseen visitor introduced himself as a professional gentleman who had committed suicide in a neighboring State, two or three years previously,—appealing to ourself for confirmation of the fact that such an event had occurred. We recollected the case, it having been casually brought to our notice at the time of its occurrence, though we knew nothing of the individual or of the cause of the act.

He then proceeded to say that he wished to state to us his experience in the spirit-world, as a consequence of the rash deed by which he had ended his mortal career. Obtaining permission to do so, he went on to give us one of the most appalling narratives to which our ears ever listened. Our pen, at this late day, can do little justice to the fearful description; but its main features were too deeply imprinted on the memory to be soon obliterated.

He stated that difficulties and embarrassments of various kinds, which he now considered very trivial, had hedged up his earthly path, and having no clear and well-considered ideas of a future life, he came to the cowardly resolve to "shuffle off the mortal coil," thinking thereby to escape a "sea of troubles." But bitterly had he repented this resolve! At first, on awakening to consciousness in the other life, and finding that he was himself, and free as he supposed, from all the trammels of earth, he was overjoyed at the change. But he could not be happy alone. He longed for companionship. He sought the company of former friends, with whom he had associated in the earth-life, expecting to be greeted by them with congratulations and joy. But how keen was his disappointment when he saw that, instead of a joyful welcome, all bent upon him eyes of compassionate sorrow. No words of reproach or denunciation were pronounced; all spoke kindly and tenderly to him; but every tone and every look seemed to say, "You are an intruder here; you have come uncalled; the joys of this sphere belong not to you."

He felt the justice of the unspoken rebuke. Conscience now awoke from her slumbers. He began to see the fearful wrong he had done himself, by thus anticipating Nature's processes and contravening the laws of God written in his own being. Stung by remorse, he was compelled to flee from the society of the good, and next sought sympathy with those equally criminal with himself. But here, instead of sympathy and condolence, he met with only jeers and ridicule, and fiendish exultation that another had been as foolish and as wicked as themselves. He endeavored to flee also from their society, but was pursued with taunts and jeers, and shrieks of malicious laughter. Go where he would, and strive as he might to conceal his true character, he was at once recognized as a suicide. Indeed, it ever seemed to him that *the mark of the ropewas still about his neck*, proclaiming his shame and guilt to every beholder. And worse, a thousand times worse than all this,—even though he might escape from the torturing observations of others,—even though rocks and mountains were to fall on him and hide him from their sight,—he had found it *utterly impossible to escape from himself!* Ever ringing in the ear of his inner consciousness were the fearful words,—"*You are an intruder! a coward! You have no right to be here!*"

In this awful condition of darkness and terror, of shame and remorse, he had worn away the weeks and months and years which had elapsed since the commission of the rash deed which had plunged him in this night of horrors. Recently a gleam of light had dawned upon his vision. The thought had been awakened that possibly he might do something to save others from so fearful a fate, or to elevate those who had become involved with him in the same crime; and a hope had sprung up, under encouragement from higher beings, that in thus exerting himself *for the good of others* he might in time atone for his error, and do something to remove that terrible brand which his own hand had placed upon his neck.

This impressive recital, of which we have given but an imperfect idea, was concluded with a most earnest appeal to those present, *under no circumstances whatever to think of suicide as a relief from earthly troubles.* Better, said the invisible messenger, to endure any and all hardships,—to bravely meet and surmount all difficulties, or fall nobly beneath them doing your best,—better to suffer obloquy, contempt, misappreciation, persecution, starvation even, maintaining the integrity of your own soul, *and thus securing the sympathies and compensations of the universe of good*,—than by your own act to rush prematurely upon another st of existence, and thereby cut yourself off from those sympathies and compensations.

This lesson was not only solemn and impressive, from the obvious earnestness of the speaker, but its argument seemed overwhelmingly conclusive. * * * At its close, we inquired of the unexpected visitor what had drawn him to *that* company, and why he had urged upon us so unusual a subject. "Because I saw that the lesson was needed!" was the startling reply. Afterwards one who was present, and of whom such a thing would have been least suspected by any friend, confessed to us in private that suicide had been seriously meditated for some days, and that preparations for the deed had been nearly completed,—but that this fearful recital had given strength sufficient to banish all further thought of it from the mind. That tempted one, then borne down under private griefs which seemed insupportable, thus timely warned and strengthened by a kindly messenger from the invisible realm, is still among us, a happy, trustful, patient and most useful laborer,—thankful, even, for the sufferings which then seemed too great to be borne, but which are now yielding the "peaceful fruits" of a truer life.

HASHEESH.—A correspondent asks us to enlighten our readers as to what hasheesh is. It is a powerful narcotic drug prepared by the Orientals from resinous gum obtained from the Cannabis Indica, or Indian hemp. Its effects upon the nervous system, when eaten or smoked, are something like those produced by opium, but more powerfully fascinating and dangerous. Those who are curious to know of its terrible and extraordinary effects, will find them detailed at length in a volume entitled "The Hasheesh Eater," published by the Harpers in 1857.

"MARGARET."—The story on our first page with this title is but a fragment. A work of two volumes with the same title is founded on the subject furnished in this sketch (published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,), to which we refer any reader who may be desirous of following the fortunes of the little orphan whom we were content to leave secure of a pecuniary allowance for her life-time.

"NATURE"—"NATURAL"—"SUPERNATURAL."

Every reader on spiritual subjects must have observed that these terms are often used in widely different senses. Much misapprehension and controversy arises from a failure to distinguish between these different meanings. Sometimes the term Nature is used to include EVERY THING THAT IS—the Whole of things, visible and invisible—physical, spiritual, and Divine. In this sense, all forces, all events, all beings, all faculties, that do or possibly can exist, are *natural*. Again, the term is used to designate only the visible, ponderable, physical, or EXTERNAL department of the Universal Whole, as distinct from the *spiritual* and *celestial* departments. In this sense, *natural* is equivalent to *external*, and has reference only to what pertains to the lowest or outermost degree of life.

Both uses of the word are correct according to modern custom—though a less equivocal phraseology is desirable when it can be employed. The meaning last-mentioned is that generally intended by philosophical writers, and it is difficult to substitute other phraseology without circumlocution. When thus understood, the term super-natural is a very proper one—signifying, not *contrary to* nature, nor contrary to law, but simply *above* external nature. Many use the term super-natural as equivalent to *arbitrary, counter to law*, etc., but the spiritual and celestial degrees of the universe are as much under law as is the natural—though their laws are peculiar.

It was in the sense last-mentioned above, that we employed the term natural, when in our late article on the Philosophy of Trance, we said, "Most people, during the earth-life, attain to consciousness only upon the *natural* plane." We supposed the meaning of this sufficiently clear and explicit.

Yet a correspondent takes exception to this language as involving "an incongruity which is calculated to confound spiritual truth with old theological error." He says: "I am led to suppose that the spiritual and celestial planes of existence are no less natural than the external." He is entirely right, according to the first definition of the word given above. At the same time he will see that we were equally right, according to the second definition. The incongruity arises solely from confounding two distinct meanings of the same word.

Let all readers carefully note these distinctions, and then, taking each writer *as he means*, they will avoid a deal of confusion.

MR. COLES' LETTER.

It gives us pleasure to afford Mr. Coles an opportunity to correct the misapprehensions that have gone abroad concerning his position. We regard it as quite unfortunate that he ever committed himself to a belief in spirit-agency, in any class of phenomena, on evidence "taken for granted." Yet we honor the conscientiousness which frankly renounces such belief when it is seen to be unsound. Spiritualism needs no doubtful supporters, who, *for the sake of the cause*, will maintain before the public what they are uncertain about in private.

But all believers have not been equally hasty in their conclusions. It will be observed that Mr. Coles very properly speaks for none but himself.

We cannot agree with him that it is necessary for a trance-medium to "perform a work above her own capacity" in order to give, or to have, evidence of spirit-agency. What is wanted is, proof of the action of *another*, not necessarily of a *superior*, mind—though the latter is sometimes apparent. Any theory in mental philosophy which admits that a person can, solely of himself, perform acts involving volition, intellect, judgment and consciousness, and *not know it*, destroys all personal identity, all sense of responsibility, introduces inextricable confusion, and is in itself an absurdity. When, therefore, acts exhibiting intellect, will, judgment, and a distinct personal consciousness, are manifested through the organism of a medium—he or she being *un*conscious of performing them, or conscious of *not* performing them, sometimes of resisting their performance—there is clear and conclusive proof of the agency of a distinct personality. Whether that personality is a spirit in the body, or one out of it, or *the one* it claims to be, is a distinct question to be settled by the evidences offered in a given case.

We opine that when Bro. Coles comes to have clearer views of mental and spiritual philosophy, he will see that to ascribe many of the common phenomena of the trance to a "self-induced" action of the medium's mind alone, is quite as absurd as to suppose that a man can lift himself to the moon by simply pulling at his boot-straps!

The Canon not Closed—Miracles not Needless.

Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Ct., is universally conceded to be one of the profoundest thinkers in the orthodox ranks in this country. Yet in his late work, "Nature and the Supernatural," he completely demolishes the assumption behind which modern authoritarianism has entrenched itself. Read the following paragraphs:

"Christianity, it is true, is, in some sense, a complete organization, a work done that wants nothing to finish it; but it does not follow that the canon of Scripture is closed; that is a naked and violent assumption, supported by no word of Scripture, and justified by no inference from the complete organization of the Gospel. For still, according to Christ's own thought, it was a complete mustard-seed only; which, though it is complete as a seed, so that no additions can be made to it, has yet, nevertheless, much to do in the way of growth, and no one can be sure that books of Scripture may not some time be necessary for that. We do not even know that a new dispensation, or many such, may not be required to unfold this seed and make a full-grown tree.

"As little does it follow that if the canon of Scripture is closed up, there is no longer any use or place for miracles and spiritual gifts. That is a conclusion taken by a mere act of judgment, when plainly no judgment of man is able to penetrate the secrets and grasp the economic reasons of God's empire with sufficient insight, to affirm anything on a subject so deep and difficult. There may certainly be reasons for such miracles and gifts of the spirit, apart from the authentication of new books of Scripture."

CONFERENCE AT ROCKFORD, ILL.—The Spiritualists of Rockford recently organized a Conference, similar to those in operation in Boston and New York. The officers for the ensuing year are—*President*, Jesse Blinn; *Secretary*, Dr. A. B. Newcomb. Committee to select subjects for discussion—H. H. Waldo, A. B. Newcomb, H. C. Kimball, Dr. Rudd, Ira Benjamin.

THE HATCH CASE.—The papers state that Dr. Hatch did not appear in opposition to Cora's petition for a divorce; consequently a decree will be issued in her favor.

Even if the worlds fall on us, we must do the right.

J. F. COLES IN REPLY TO MISS HARDINGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have just read with a good degree of interest and some satisfaction, the excellent "Confession" of Miss Emma Hardinge, which appeared in the AGE of Jan. 29th. The fair, candid and lady-like manner in which Miss H. narrates the facts which have come within the sphere of her own experience, is worthy of great praise; and it would be well if all writers on either side of the spiritual question would emulate her lucid, comprehensive and very charitable style of composition. Instead of calling hard *names*, she is content to relate hard *facts*, which, in the hands of a skillful and earnest writer, always become the hardest kind of *arguments*, and the most difficult to be overthrown. With the facts of Miss H., or with her reasonings or conclusions, I have no disposition to contend, notwithstanding she is pleased to invite my criticism. My purpose in writing this communication is to correct a very grievous mistake into which Miss Hardinge, together with many other Spiritualists, has fallen, in reference to my remarks on the honesty of mediums. I have been unmercifully castigated during the last few months for having simply given utterance to my sincere convictions in reference to the character of such "physical manifestations" as *I had myself witnessed*. But this does not at all vex or annoy me, so long as my assailants confine their attacks to what I have really said; but when they twist my simple utterances into monstrous shapes, and change my mere opinions into positive sweeping assertions, and insist on buckling these to my back, I beg leave to demur at such proceedings, and shall throw off the undeserved load without scruple.

Common rumor has had the effect to mislead Miss Hardinge, as will appear in the following extract which I make from her communication in the AGE, above referred to. She says:

"Mr. Coles, of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, is represented as saying in a report of the New York Conference, that every trance medium is an impostor. Mr. Coles is a gentlemen with whom I enjoyed a very agreeable acquaintance; but if by trance mediumship he means to say that all persons who give intelligence beyond their own minds are impostors, I, as one of this class, say Mr. Coles tells an untruth; and I hereby offer *proof* of my asseveration."

Now Mr. Coles never made such an assertion, and he has no knowledge of having been so reported. I have said repeatedly that a majority of trance mediums were undoubtedly *honest*, but were often themselves deceived as to the cause of their control. I have said that I had no evidence sufficient to convince me that a spirit ever controlled Mrs. Hatch, for instance; but I never questioned but that Mrs. Hatch honestly believed herself to be controlled by spirits. I once believed myself to be a spirit medium, and I was honest in that belief. I now, by the aid of what I believe to be greater light upon the philosophy of mental development, am compelled to adopt a different belief; and I claim to be still honest in my convictions. For the purpose of enabling the readers of the AGE to know what I really have said, I will make an extract from the most radical speech I have ever made, either in Conference or elsewhere. At the twenty-eighth session of the New York Conference, held on Friday evening, Oct. 15th, 1858, I am reported in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of Oct. 23, to have spoken as follows:

MR. COLES said: In taking my stand on the earthly side of causes, I wish it understood that I speak only of what I have witnessed in *my own experience*, which extends over five years of time, several thousand miles of space, and manifestations through several hundred different mediums. I have seen nearly all the phenomena that have been spoken of in this Conference, from the tipping of tables up to the spirit-hand. It is my present, deliberate conviction that all of these manifestations that were of a purely physical character were produced by human means. Many of them I *know* to have been thus produced, and the rest I know *might* have been thus produced. During my first two years' investigation, I firmly believed all the manifestations I witnessed were spiritual, and simply because I took certain things for *granted*, which were not *proved*. As for instance: When I have seen a table moved "without contact," I have taken it for *granted* that the *feet* of persons present did not apply the force. But when in subsequent investigations I had grown more cautious, and placed myself in a position to *see* and *know* how the *feet* were bestowed, the table either remained *unmoved*, or, being *moved*, betrayed the *human means* of its motion. And so of spirit-lights, writing under the table, speaking through trumpets, and the show of the spirit-hand. That each and all of these manifestations which I have witnessed have been made by earthly means, *I cannot positively aver;* but this I can unequivocally assert,—that in all cases where precautions were taken to render it *impossible* for mortals to do the *thing*—the *thing* was never done. I have traveled far, and paid much, and am willing to travel farther, and pay more, to see *one* physical manifestation that it is *impossible* for a mortal to accomplish. The moving of a straw will answer as well as a mountain.

HORACE DRESSER, Esq., asked Mr. Coles to explain certain eccentric manifestations through his own (Mr. C.'s) mediumship, which occurred at Mr. Day's house some three years ago, in which the spirit of an Indian purported to control Mr. Coles.

MR. COLES replied, that at that time he was what is called a medium, and often supposed himself to be under the control of an Indian. Some year or two previous, he had been told at a circle that an Indian spirit would take possession of him, and by a sort of self-induced hallucination, had afterward supposed himself to be thus possessed. When sitting in circles in a passive state, his organs of marvelousness and imitation, and other incentives, would put him into the state of Indian manifestation, as it probably would into an Irish manifestation, if he had been told in the outset that an Irish spirit would possess him. He continued: I was honest then in my *belief*, as I am now in my *disbelief*. Even now I can, by putting myself in the same conditions, go through with the same manifestations. Notwithstanding my skepticism, on these points, I am still a Spiritualist so far as belief in immortality—the individualized existence of spirits after death, and their ability, under certain, but very rare conditions, to manifest themselves to mortals, are concerned. I have no doubt that spirits do often impress us and control us, sometimes with, and sometimes without, our own knowledge. But in the great majority of cases, when we think spirits are talking to us through mediums, and fancy we are holding communication with Shakspeare, Byron, Swedenborg, Bacon and Black Hawk, we are only listening to the medium's self-induced, intensified speculations, or are having our own thoughts, opinions and desires hurled back upon us either rarified or densified, as conditions direct. I say that we are lamentably ignorant of the laws which produce these manifestations. We are running forever after the phenomena, but give no time to the study of causes.

The above extracts contain my "Thirty-nine Articles" of belief, and whoever assails them in detail or in gross is welcome to do so, but I shall object to the ownership of the sweeping and unqualified charges which rumor may report me to have made.

Allow me in conclusion to say that the choice language, the well-rounded sentences, and the scholarly make-up of Miss Hardinge's contributions to the press, evidently composed in a normal condition, are not excelled, in my estimation at least, by any of her *mediumistic* productions. That she is deeply *entranced* I do not doubt; that she is thoroughly honest in her belief that spirits control her to speak I cannot question; but as she is a woman of decided genius "in her own right," I must see her perform a work above her own capacity before I can rob her of lawful praise and bestow it on "spirits." And what I say of her I say of all mediums, myself included.

JOHN F. COLES.

We shall be happy to send free specimen copies of the AGE to any address our friends may please to name.

Condensed Correspondence.

New Bedford—Mr. Wilson vs. the "Detective Medium."

"A Friend to Fair Play" sends us an account of a recent lecturing visit of Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Boston, to New Bedford, where he encountered the "unconverted detective medium," who had been amusing the credulous by his bungling tricks and unreliable statements. Our informant says that Mr. Wilson lectured to the largest audience ever assembled in that city to hear a Spiritualist speak. Mr. Bly was present, and was compelled to acknowledge that he had made mis-statements about the Davenport Boys, also about Mrs. Hyzer. Mr. B. afterwards entered into a written contract with Mr. Wilson, to allow the latter to tie him before a public audience, and if he did not succeed in releasing himself within forty minutes, to forfeit the proceeds, one half of which was to be given to the poor. Monday evening, Feb. 7th, was fixed for the test. The matter occasioned considerable excitement, and drew together a large house. Mr. Bly appeared with an *altered* copy of the contract. Mr. Wilson produced the true one, which Mr. B. acknowledged. Bly then appealed to the audience not to allow Mr. Wilson to tie him, as he had contracted to lecture on another subject, and the written contract did not specify any time. Mr. Wilson offered to produce the most reliable witnesses of the fact that Bly had pledged himself to submit to the ordeal on that evening. At this the audience became uproarious, and some not very complimentary epithets were freely bestowed upon the "detective." Mr. Wilson, after freely expressing his opinion of his slippery opponent, retired from the hall in disgust, and with him a large number of the respectable citizens of the place.

Philadelphia—Warren Chase—Persecution.

J. E. Churchill writes from Philadelphia, that Warren Chase has been lecturing in that city, and "many *listen* to and comprehend the practical, common-sense, simple, unvarnished, natural and philosophical teachings that fall from the lips of the 'Lone One,' and wish he were always with them."

He adds, "Old Theology has shown her teeth, and is trying to suppress the sale of a pamphlet entitled 'Thoughts from a Clergyman in the spirit-world, whose name in earth-life was Cornelius C. Cuyler, D. D., given through the mediumship of Miss Mary Frost.'" A son of this departed Divine wrathfully accuses the medium, bookseller, and all Spiritualists, of having traduced the character of his honored parent. The publisher, [the agent of the SPIRITUAL AGE in that city—the venerable Father Barry, whose News Stand is at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Sts.] is threatened with the penitentiary. Our correspondent thinks that it would be difficult to prove to a jury that a person is "traduced" by being shown to be "a better spirit than he was man," and that the honorable gentleman could show his gallantry and Christian education in some better way than by applying vulgar names to a worthy woman. "They may suppress, persecute, anathematise; but still the truth triumphs over error, and all the sons and daughters of earth will yet be free."

Our correspondent recommends the boarding-house recently opened by Dr. Henck, at 202 Franklin St., as a place where Spiritualists visiting the city can find a quiet home.

Delphi, Ind.—F. L. Wadsworth.

Dr. Beck writes that notwithstanding the ordeal through which Spiritualism is passing in our eastern cities, it is constantly, though slowly, making progress in Delphi. [By the way, we think some of our western friends quite misconceive the state of things here in the East. Some write as if they supposed Spiritualism pretty much dissipated by the recent "exposures," etc. This is a great mistake. The winnowing out of a little chaff has filled the air with a cloud of dust, indeed, but all the sound wheat still remains, not in the least damaged.—ED.] The violent prejudice which existed there one year ago has softened down, and in two years the number of "believers" and "anxious inquirers" has increased from five or six to towards one hundred—nearly all men, and such as could not be reached by the churches. He says:—"Bro. Wadsworth, now a superior speaker, has recently given us four lectures to full and attentive audiences. On New Year's Day, in the Baptist Church (granted by the kindness of the officers for this occasion), he pronounced a funeral discourse over the deserted form of Mrs. Jane Cook. It was a masterly effort, so acknowledged by outsiders. Every eye was was bent upon the speaker, and every word listened to with breathless attention."

Dr. Beck sends us some test facts of spirit-communication, which we shall soon make room for.

Putnam, Ct. and Vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle inform us that they recently visited Putnam, where Mrs. T. gave six lectures to crowded houses. At Dayville, near by, she spoke twice. Here the friends obtained a promise of the Congregationalist Church for the lectures, but the clergyman coming home before they were given, threatened his people that he would himself leave, "if they let in such stuff." They succumbed, and shut out the Spiritualists. This illiberal action aroused such a feeling that immediate measures were taken to build a house for Spiritualists—which is now in progress and to be completed in three months. At Putnam, considerable clerical opposition had been experienced; but as two persons had been made insane by religious excitement, and the clergyman's predecessor had, not long ago, given some practical lessons in "free-love," such opposition was not very effective. Mrs. Tuttle speaks at Putnam the last two Sundays in February and in March.

Milford, Mass.

John G. Gilbert writes very favorably of the labors of Miss Frances Davis, trance speaker, at this place. Miss D. is "the young lady who was entranced for forty-five days, and during that time partook of no nourishment whatever. This occurred, I believe, at Lansingburg, N. Y., an account of which was published at the time in the New York *Tribune* some three years since." He characterizes a recent lecture of her's on the origin, present condition and final destiny of man, as a masterly production. Her address for the present is Milford, (Hopedale,) Mass.

First Spiritualist Donation Party in Maine.

Gibson Smith, of Camden, informs us that on Wednesday, Feb. 2d, a goodly company of gentlemen and ladies from the towns of Union and Warren, made him a pleasant call and left many substantial tokens of their friendship and good-will,—for which he desires to return many thanks. This donation, as appears from an accompanying letter by Joseph Irish, was intended as a token of the donors' appreciation of Mr. Smith's labors as a speaker in behalf of Spiritualism in that vicinity. These labors are highly spoken of by Mr. Irish.

Mrs. Coan in Rutland, Vt.

Our friend John Landon, Esq., writes under date of Feb'y 5th:—

"Mrs. Ada L. Coan has been at this place and spent two evenings before public audiences, giving tests, manifestations, &c. She was successful, notwithstanding the prejudice was so strong that it was with no little difficulty that a committee of non-Spiritualists could be selected from the audience who were free from prejudice." * *

"The best of order prevailed, and the most difficult tests were obtained under the keenest watchfulness and scrutiny of the committee and all of the audience."

Question about Salem Witchcraft.

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—Was not Salem Witchcraft Spiritualism? or were not spirits trying to make themselves manifest then?"

We have no hesitation in answering this question in the affirmative. Those who wish for conclusive evidence will find it in Mr. Putnam's able pamphlet entitled, "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle."

Harbor Creek, Erie County, Pa.

P. D. Bryant writes of an interesting visit enjoyed by the friends in that place, from Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller. Mrs. Miller lectured three times in the trance, in such a manner as to give great satisfaction to the friends, and to arouse the opponents. Mr. Bryant invites other speakers to stop at that place.

Augusta, Me.

Chas. Keene writes:—"Say to our friends that the cause is not at all flagging or dying out. You might as well presume the sun does not shine at all, because some *will not* see it, as to think for a moment that the phenomena are not deeply interesting to the masses. Its seems the *Judases* are rapidly going to their own places."

Boston and Vicinity.

Emma Hardinge at the Melodeon.

"The Place and Mission of Woman" was the subject of Miss Hardinge's lecture last Sunday afternoon. Truth, she said, is of no sex. We propose to speak of that dual principle which makes God our Father and Mother. We will not plead for woman in tones of emotion; we will not attempt to excite pity or sympathy for her; nor will we command man to give her her place. No science, art, institution or principle takes its place at command. All change, to be permanent and useful, must be the result of *growth;* we will therefore tell thee, Woman, what thou canst *do*, not what Utopia thou mayest enjoy! The signs of the times portend a mighty change in the position of woman—a butterfly is soon to burst from the crysalis. The few that have dared to stand forward to bring about this change have done so in defiance of public opinion, and have been driven to extremes. There should be those to occupy a position of calm rationality on the subject,—this is the place for Spiritualists.

Woman in past ages has been, not the help-meet, but the dependant upon man. This was inevitable in the early history of the race, as physical force was necessary to carve out the way of progress; but when the knowledge shall be attained that spirit is the ultimate of existence, then will woman's true sphere, that of spiritual ascendancy, be found, and an equilibrium with man be established. But when we speak of making woman the equal with man, we must look at Nature; we must compare what she claims with what Nature gives her. Woman claims equality with man socially, religiously, politically; the right of controlling herself, her person, property and children; and to hold an equal position in schools, commerce, trade and government. She asks a voice in the Legislature. But is such a position worth having? Not a governmental body exists that legislates for the masses, that considers all classes, and all questions, even the most momentous, affecting their interests. The object of legislation as it now exists throughout the world is to devise how the few can govern the many. Such governments are worse than useless so far as the people's immortal interests are concerned. But when the people's *hearts* and *souls* shall be represented, then will woman have an appropriate place in legislative bodies.

In woman's claim to social equality, we take hands with her. There is not to be found a family in the land where the males have not an object in life; but their sisters are simply polished for the market of marriage, to be laid on the counter and chosen as the merchant chooses his wares. The deeper we cut into the heart of society, the more do we find that this bitter doom lies at the foundation of woman's wrongs. Be it ours to rescue her from this position. Woman demands a mission, an occupation, a place in life. Granted she should be educated to become the companion of man, but no more than man should be educated to be her companion. Both should be taught that the highest knowledge they can obtain relates to their duty toward each other. But what occupation shall we give woman? We answer, we would only exclude her from those positions where physical force is required. She is especially fitted to be a Teacher, being more apt to perceive and to impart instruction. Her very nature, full of tenderness, sympathy and compassion, adapts her for the Physician.

Why, too, should not women be astronomers, scientific navigators, artists, and be educated therefor equally with man. And greatest of all, her place as Mother is one of most momentous import. Except she fill this place her divinest mission is not accomplished. She should be educated for this—taught the laws of anatomy and physiology, of the mental constitution, of the soul—to enable her properly to rear immortal beings to lives of usefulness and honor.

Woman, insist on education and means of occupation, that you may become a ministering angel on the earth, where you have hitherto been a dependant!

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The evening lecture was upon MARRIAGE.

We propose, said the speaker, to consider this subject in view of the potent changes now at hand—in view of the enormous weight which this generation is destined to exert on coming ages. This is one part of the great Spiritualistic movement. The word marriage is now tabooed; it is looked upon as too sacred or too dangerous to be discussed in public, by a woman. But Truth, beautiful eldest child of God, what has it to fear? As truth-lovers and truth-seekers we have some hints to give on marriage, not on a marriage *law*. Prevention, not remedy, is our purpose. There is a loud cry on the one hand for a total abrogation of marriage; on the other, for hedging it round with closer conditions. But the law cannot be abrogated unless something better is put in its place. We have nothing to hope from mere chance in the union of individuals. We cannot produce a desired chemical compound by throwing two elements together at random; adaptation is to be considered. Everything in Nature teaches fidelity in the choice of a mate, and fidelity after that choice. If the domestic animals seem an exception to this rule it is because their natures are perverted by man; they partake of the vices of civilization. But Nature uncontaminated has her dual law of the union of two and only two.

The present marriage law is a failure. It perpetuates the evils now existing—fettering two beings in externality, but sundering them wide as the poles in the marriage of Nature. There are two things to be eradicated before we can have true marriage. The first is polygamy, a crime which is practised in its worst form in this nineteenth century. Originating in early ages, when man attempted to find in many women that principle which should balance his sovereignty, its spirit is rife to-day. With the advance of knowledge society has come to denounce it; but O Society! thou hypocrite, thou hast wrapt around thee the veil of purity, but thou holdest in thy bosom the asp of secret polygamy! Look at monarchical courts and aristocratic circles; look in our cities at those houses which it is a shame to name; look at the armies of Magdalens which nightly walk the streets, and say whether polygamy exists to-day. See the cold coquette;—tell her a man is a polygamist, and she laughs—the man has "gallantry." Society applauds and calls the conquest over purity "gallantry." Yet if one poor creature starving for a bit of bread should practice in a single instance the crime which men are permitted to practice in a hundred, she is hooted, spurned, abhorred. Statistics show that out of one hundred wretched feet that nightly tread the city streets, ninety have been driven there for want of bread and clothing; ten of the number at least have had feelings which might have brought angels down in sympathy. Sensuality does not belong to woman; it is fastened on man as his darling vice. Could we trace the history of one of these fallen ones from the innocent cherub on its mother's bosom down to the thing now so despised and contemned, you would shut the avenues against this terrible vice of modern polygamy. Public opinion *shall* do this.

The second error to be overcome, is the idea that marriage is a lottery. Is chemistry a lottery? Do you find the union of two gases, or the grafting of plants on scientific principles, to be a lottery? Is anything a lottery in compounding, except the marrying of your sons and daughters? The law of affection is as fixed and arbitrary as that of the moon and tides. Marriage is a union not of physiques alone, but of spirits. As a result of marriage, we ought to have a higher order of progressive beings. We have no hope that legislation will correct this matter. We must appeal to public opinion to right what is wrong.

Parents and guardians, we charge you to educate your children to know that each is to become a wife or husband, a father or mother. Teach them physiology, anatomy, and the mind's and body's capacities; and make them sufficiently judgmatical to select proper companions. They do this in other relations, but in this most important of all are left to ignorance and chance. We would have public opinion strongly reprobate the production of diseased children. Shall those then, who have physical disabilities, be deprived of the joys of wedded life? Yes, then will man be obliged to study the laws of his nature, and learn how health, not disease, is to be transmitted. Again, we would not have it allowed to bring children into the world without means to provide for them. The idle and improvident should not be allowed to rush into responsibilities which they cannot meet. Persons would thus be stimulated to healthful and proper labor.

Let the whole force of society be turned to forming proper unions. Let there be no monstrous marriages formed; never let a degraded being assume, or hold a position, where he may corrupt another human soul. Let there be *moral* as well as physical adaptation. What noble beings would come from such unions! There should be no "expediency." Nature knows no such thing. It is a crime against Heaven to bind those whose souls are not bound.

The lecture closed with a thrilling apostrophe to Love,—a word whose meaning cannot be measured, unless we can gage eternity,—which has been the polar star of man's life through all time, prompting to all deeds of honor, valor, and excellence—that love in human hearts which is the holy image of our Father in Heaven.

Boston Conference.

The question, "Does a belief in modern Spiritualism tend to develop a truer life?" was further discussed on Monday evening.

MR. WETHERBEE considered the religion of Spiritualism to be practical godliness, which of course includes a true life. The belief in the presence and cognizance of spirit-friends, next to a sense of right within, is the most powerful means of restraint from wrong doing, which can be brought to bear.

MR. WILSON: Spiritualism to him was light, life and liberty. Before it came, he had walked in darkness, terror and bondage. It enlarged his affections, and made him feel that all mankind are a brotherhood.

MR. EDSON thought it admitted of a question whether Spiritualism does *in all cases* develop a truer life. It has its A B C classes,—also those who are more advanced. There is something in the allegation that Spiritualists, as a body, are not found foremost in the Reforms of the day; and there are those among them who formerly passed for respectable people, who seem to have cut loose from all restraint, and are running after "affinities," etc. As there are nations to whom a republican government would be a curse, so there are individuals who, if you remove the fear of the devil, hell and judgment, become reckless and immoral. But there are others who have no need of such restraints. As to Reforms, however, Spiritualists generally take broader views than do many so-called reformers. For example, on the slavery question, they find the *spirit* of oppression as rife at the North as at the South, only it manifests itself in different ways. Southern slaves would not be benefitted by being set free in the present rapacious condition of society.

MR. CUSHMAN indulged in some hair-splitting, on faith and knowledge.

MR. WOLCOTT had once been a violent reformer in the anti-slavery, temperance, peace, and other movements, but Spiritualism had shown him something else to do. "Physician, heal thyself," is its first lesson. He had been endeavoring to reform himself, believing that God could take care of the rest of the world meantime. If not, he should be willing to lend a helping hand when needed. Spiritualists, generally had been forced into new positions,—some out of churches; some out of the society they have been accustomed to move in; often out of business, and into poverty. They have not yet had time to adjust themselves to these new conditions, so as to be able to enter upon outside works of reform.

MR. COLEMAN thought a person could not heal himself without healing others.

MR. SEAVER reiterated the opinion expressed on a previous evening, that theoretically and practically, Spiritualism is better than the popular religious beliefs, though he had had no proof of its truth. He thought Spiritualists were largely engaged in the most important reforms. Yet, "Physician, heal thyself," is a most valuable doctrine. He did not agree with Mr. Edson that slaves should not be freed till they were fit for freedom. It was like the boy's not going near the water till he had lerrned to swim!

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Pike, Baker, Buntin, Wilson, and Wetherbee.

Question for next Monday evening: "Is the punishment of criminals consistent with the government of God, or the principles of Christianity?"

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THE SOCIAL LEVEE at Chelsea, on the evening of the 23d inst., for the benefit of the First Independent Society of Spiritualists, is worthy the attention of all friends in this vicinity. Bro. Goddard has labored long and arduously to gather an assembly which shall incorporate and represent a truly spiritual and catholic Christian faith. He should be sustained. See notice elsewhere.

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Mrs. Ada L. Coan, the public test-medium will be in Boston in a few days, and can be addressed at Fountain House, care of H. F. Gardner.

Various Items.

Rev. Theodore Parker has left Boston for Havana, in the hope of re-establishing his health.

The *Spiritualist Register* for 1859 puts the total believers in the United States at 1,284,000. It also gives the names and addresses of 349 public speakers and 238 professional mediums.

The Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia have excluded the *Westminster Review* from its shelves, on account of its infidel charac ter and tendencies.

Gen. William Walker—whom the Mobile *Mercury* describes as "the hero of many fields, the statesman and lawgiver"—was received into the Catholic Church, on the 31st ult., at Mobile.

A few days ago a couple were married in Rockland, Me., who had been married before, and had been divorced. It is four or five years since they parted.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Boston *Liberator* says that a donation of $5000 has recently been placed in the hands of Wendell Phillips, to be used, principal and interest, for the Woman's Rights cause.

NAUGHTY.—The Rev. Mr. Helfresh, a naughty man, with a very naughty name, was recently convicted in Lehigh Co., Pa., of seducing a beautiful young lady, and a school teacher at that.

The Park St. Church, Boston, has given Rev. A. L. Stone leave of absence for six months to make a tour in Europe, during which time his salary will be continued and a purse of $2,000 has been made up for his travelling expenses—*a load, Stone.*

MATRIMONIAL.—We heard yesterday of four young ladies who, eighteen months ago, were married at the same hour. Of these, two had already separated from their husbands, and the other two were trying to get separated.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

CHURCHIANITY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—At a recent meeting of the Rocky Creek Baptist Church in South Carolina, it was

"*Resolved*, That we do not oppose the existence of slavery as we have it among us, but are willing to defend it with all the means that God has given us."

PATHETIC.—Mrs. Lesdernier, a dramatic reader, had two children sick. They were twin brothers; they had been sick a year. Lately one of them died. The other, noticing that the funeral was delayed, and thinking it might be in consequence of his expected death, remarked: "Mother! I am sorry to keep you waiting. I shall be ready to-morrow." He was ready.

FIGURES VS. FANCY.—A reader of the *Sunbeam*, with a view to ascertain how far the charges against Spiritualism as a source of crime could be sustained, recently made a catalogue of murders and other gross crimes as recorded in two Buffalo dailies during one month. The result was twenty-nine capital crimes, and eight lesser offences; but *not one* of the criminals was a Spiritualist.

REMARKABLE TRANCE.—The funeral of a little orphan girl in the care of the Sisters of Charity at Wheeling, Va., was delayed for a day in consequence of the weather. In the meantime, while one of the Sisters was arranging something about the coffin, the little girl raised up and asked for a drink of water. It is supposed that she was in a trance, and it was nothing but the heavy rain of Monday that averted from her the horrible fate of being buried alive.

"THE TIME MESSENGER."—This is the title of a large paper issued by Abm. Flavell and A. Decker of Newark, and devoted to an investigation of prophecy. The writers prove that the return of Christ is to take place by the 19th of April next! The publishers have got it up at a heavy outlay for gratuitous distribution; they also announce their readiness to deliver lectures free on the same subject. The arguments employed are predictions, about which a score of different explanations have been given; and events which no one can tell with certainty when they occurred. We don't think either will constitute a lever and fulcrum sufficient to move the world, especially since the comet has passed us.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 11th.

Question: What relations have spiritual communications borne to the history of civilization, or to human laws and progress?

DR. ORTON stated the question and remarked: We have two methods of obtaining ideas. One is by means of the external senses, and the ideas thus introduced into the mind relate exclusively to external and physical things. The other is by spiritual influx into our interiors. These last are of a higher order than the other, and relate to principles, our moral relations, our religious duties. They are received perceptively into the consciousness, where they often remain for a long time as *unformed thoughts*, or restless struggling impulses, but gradually work their way out into the external mind; and these two classes of ideas combined, form the sum of our knowledge.

It thus appears that we are dependent on the spirit-world for everything which distinguishes us as human beings. History confirms this view. The Jewish record represents man as created, educated, advised, and directed by spiritual powers. They gave him in the first instance, even the names by which he was to call the objects, animate and inanimate, by which he was surrounded; instructed him in his relations to them, and his duties to his fellow-man. For a long period the Jewish government was a theocracy, directed in all its affairs from the spirit-world; and its written laws, or system of jurisprudence, claimed the same source. Hindoo civilization, that of Eastern Asia, Egypt, that of the Greeks and Romans, the Scandinavian, and that of Mexico and Peru and our northern Indian tribes, and that of Africa, such as it is—wherever anything good is found in any of them—is referred by its professors to instructions from the spirit-world. Be just and kind to one another—love God (by whatever name called) and thy brother, is the central doctrine of all these heavenly teachings. Christian civilization is an outgrowth of the Jewish, and refers all its just laws and social customs directly to spiritual instruction. And yet, strange to say, the moment that it is announced that we have present proof of the truth of this position, all Christendom is in alarm, and meets the announcement with a furious denial.

DR. GOULD: It is the sphere of Spiritualism to settle many things hitherto unsettled. The arts and sciences are considered to form the basis of civilization; but it is not so. Knowledge leads to power, but power, as used now-a-days, tends to vice. Our civilization, when applied to the savage, gives him intelligence, but corrupts his morals, and fills him with vices and disease. Take our knowledge which we pervert away, and we should be compelled into straighter courses, and simpler habits, which would correct our avarice and restore us to bodily health. There is no safety but in a public conscience, which we have not. Still, the end of Christianity, he doubted not, would be well, when its divine teachings should come to be applied in their true spirit.

MR. PARTRIDGE: Dr. Orton assumes that civilization and progress have always depended on influences from the spirit-world. He was not prepared to deny this, but did not consider it settled that the spirit-world was so much in advance of us. The utterances from that quarter are not to be taken as authority. Civilization signifies an understanding of our proper relations to one another. Our laws are not yet spiritualized. Our governments are partial in their enactments. They give privileges to one, but what they thus give they steal from the rest. In this way a large part of community are enabled to live in idleness on the earnings of others. Spiritualism would in the end reform all this, and it was high time that Spiritualists set about making their opinions practical.

DR. ORTON: The world is probably indebted for its civilization more to the Decalogue, or Ten Commandments—and all religions contain substantially the same instructions—than to everything else. These are not authority simply because announced from the spirit-world, but because they are true—because all hearts silently acknowledge their justice the moment they are heard.

DR. GRAY: Human history may be divided into two stages—the historic and ante-historic. In the first age, previous to written records, nations were governed entirely by communications from the spirit-world; so that all civilization has been founded on instructions, from that source. The first steps of civilization have had their origin in the enunciations of prophets. The word civilization is from *civis*, a citizen; and these enunciations taught the relations of man to man and nation to nation. In those early periods the laws were much purer than the learning and experience of the people. Take, for instance, the law of contract—that a man must fulfill his plighted word. Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain, has a deeper meaning than is conveyed in the simple words. Its true meaning is, thou shalt not call on God to witness thy contract, and then violate it. Thy promise before God is holy. Individual life, national life, were all moulded in that age from the spirit-world. Nothing was undertaken unless it was approved from this source; and we as Spiritualists can believe—though doubtless there were interpolations and deceptions—that these communications were real.

As we recede from the ante-historic period, and come down to written laws and bibles, this reliance on the spirit-world and intercourse with it, become less constant. Scholars and priests took charge of the law, and men appealed to them. Now a third period is upon us, bringing us back to the simplicity of the *first*. The bible period is wearing out; the relation is too remote; and just at the right time, Providence in its adaptation to human needs, is ushering in another. It starts with a new thought. It is this: *I belong not only to the present but to the future, of this very America in which I live.* The death of my body is not to deprive me of influence on my family, on this community, or on my country. His positions then were: 1. All civilization, so far as man rises above the brute, he owes to the spirit-world; as shown by the ante-historic period. 2. A bible period. 3. A succeeding present period, which shows man his relation to the future. This future we may reasonably anticipate will be glorious. The last thing a Spiritualist can do is to break his plighted word, to his wife, his child, his neighbor. Thou shalt not bear false witness—that is, thou shalt not put a hindrance in the way of thy neighbor's use and good; and all religions teach this as well as our own.

S. FOWLER: Our progress is made by action and re-action. Our experiences react on ourselves and on others. He could see no possibility of progress, except our intellectuality passes into the future and returns upon us. Spiritual communications, by taking the form of bibles, to which men look, naturally shut off present spiritual intercourse. We have lived out our Bible. The Christianity of our day is not the Christianity of Christ. We are coming back to that. Dr. Gray, on a former occasion, had said, that in Old Testament times, the fact was not recognized that man lived and could communicate with this world after death. He thought that a mistake, as shown by the interview between Saul and the spirit of Samuel.

DR. GRAY: Could he refer to any other proof in the Old Testament?

MR. FOWLER: He thought so if he had time to examine.

DR. ORTON: The whole burthen of the Old Testament, to his mind, went to show that the Jews believed both in immortality and spirit-intercourse; and the only reason why immortality is not more definitely stated there, probably is, that the fact was never questioned, until at a later period, when the Sadducees arose. Their beliefs on these points are shown, not only by the fact of Saul's going to consult the spirit of Samuel, but by their laws against such consultations with familiar spirits, or seeking to the dead; and also by the fact that the angels who are recorded to have appeared to their patriarchs and prophets, are called *men* as well as *angels*.

DR. GOULD: If the Jews had believed in a future state, Moses, in making laws and affixing penalties, would have held over them the terrors of future punishment. On the contrary, the rewards he promises them consist of good crops, fat cattle, etc., and the punishments, of short crops.

DR. ORTON: Moses was an external lawgiver; and the reason that future rewards and punishments formed no part of his code, is the same that they form no part of the code of the State of New York, or of any other State. Christ's kingdom, on the contrary, is a spiritual kingdom, and accordingly the rewards and punishments appertaining to it are spiritual, and extend to the future life.

MR. PARTRIDGE and MR. D—— followed with some interesting remarks and relations, and the meeting adjourned. J. R. O.

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Hon. H. J. Raymond, of the New York *Daily Times*, in his paper contributed to Bonner's *Ledger* on visiting the house of Jane Eyre says: "I felt as if I were in some hall of enchantment. Those strong and affectionate spirits"—(the three sisters) "so unequal yet so like each other,—seemed to hover in the air, and it would scarcely have startled me by any sense of strangeness, if they had reappeared and commenced again their solitary walk." Query—Is Mr. Raymond a Spiritualist?

Compend of Facts.

Lost Papers Discovered by a Spirit.

Mrs. J. E. Cowee of Atwater, O., communicates the following to the *Spiritual Telegraph:*—

A lady now living in Chicago, who sustains a high position in society, and whose truthfulness cannot be questioned, in narrating to the writer the events of her past life, told the following, which happened when she was a girl of twelve, and courageous beyond her years. Mrs. H., a sister of Miss C.'s father, had resided near them, with her husband, for several years, when Mr. H., after an illness of but two or three hours, suddenly died, leaving his wife alone in her affliction, as they had no children living. After the funeral, she spent a day or two with her brother; then, accompanied by her niece, Miss C., she returned to her desolate home.

But with the loss of her husband came another unlooked for trial. Mr. H., she knew, had left the property in such a way that, in case of his death it would fall as a right to her. But he was scarcely buried, as it were, ere his brothers, who were wholly unlike him, had instituted means to dispossess her of the pleasant home which they had labored together to obtain. She had searched in vain to find the deeds which would *legalize* her right to the property. But unknown to Mrs. H., while the corpse lay in the house, and the stricken wife was bathing it with her tears, the brothers had examined every drawer and paper to secure them; which not finding, they concluded that the papers had not been made out, or else had been destroyed. Hence their boldness in attempting such a suit. Mrs. H. could hardly endure the thought of giving up her life's work, but to leave the place endeared to her by such sacred associations, and to have the delicate flowers and shrubbery which they had nurtured despoiled by rude hands, almost distracted her.

With these thoughts crowding her brain, she retired to her couch, which was shared with Miss C., and the latter, unused to care and sorrow, was soon asleep. Mrs. H., though wakeful, had lain some time with her eyes closed, when she was startled by a rustling as of some one approaching. The room was large, and but dimly lighted with the fire in the grate, and with the blinds closed, and curtains down, ingress of light from the street was impossible. On looking up she was astonished to see the room filled with a pale silvery light, and her husband standing near, regarding her with an anxious expression of countenance. Involuntarily his name passed her lips, when he spoke in an audible voice, and begged her not to be frightened, as he had much to say. Then he proceeded, and told her, "That two or three days before his death, while she was visiting some friends at a distance having the impression that his papers would not be safe in his desk, he had made a niche behind the set of drawers, which were fitted into the house in the north room, and put his papers there. And that being taken sick so soon after her return home, he had no chance to inform her, and now came for that purpose." He then told her how to get them out.

Mrs. H. at once spoke to her niece, who was partially awake, and asked her if she saw anything or heard any sound. Miss C. thought she had heard some one talking, but was too drowsy to know or think as to who or what it was, but that the room should be illumined was to her unaccountable. Mrs. H. was then too weak to rise, and asked Miss C. if she would be afraid to light a candle and go alone through the lower and upper halls into the north room, in which she would see a set of drawers. She wanted the third one taken out, and back of that said she would find a place which seemed to be spliced in the ceiling—that, she would have to pry out with a knife, and the papers concealed in there she wished brought to her. Said Miss C., "I was not afraid to go, but wondered why she had selected such an hour for an errand of that kind, and to send me where I had not been. I took out the third drawer, and after a close scrutiny saw what seemed to be a splicing of the ceiling-board, which I removed with some difficulty, and found the papers. Aunt took them with a trembling hand, and on looking at them said they were THE MISSING DEEDS.

"Early the next morning we went to father's, when aunt related the singular (and to them almost incredible) manner in which she had found the 'title claims,' and declared that she saw her husband as plainly as she ever saw him in life, and that he conversed as usual, only in a lower tone of voice. She did not tell me then, for fear that I would not have courage to make such a search, as she doubted the possibility of their being in such a place, or that he had contrived it for the safe keeping of his papers, until it was proved."

Murder Foretold in a Dream.

On the 21st of Nov. 1857, a man named Henry Waters, forty-five years of age, living at Port Jefferson, L. I., entered his dwelling, about daylight, where his family, consisting of his second wife, her daughter and daughter's husband, were sitting down to breakfast. He had concealed in his right hand a bolt or bar of iron, near three feet in length, and an inch or more in diameter, with which he dealt a sudden and terrible blow on the head of Sturtevant, and another on the head of his own wife.

Mrs. Sturtevant rushed to the rescue of her husband and mother, when Waters gave her several blows on the head. She and her mother then attempted to escape by flight, through the front yard, Waters in pursuit of them, where they were seen by their nearest neighbor, who had probably been awakened by the screams of the mother. As this neighbor approached, Mrs. Waters fell, and Mrs. Sturtevant ran towards him, screaming "Uncle John, uncle John, Mr. Waters is killing the whole of us!"

Mr. Waters here disappeared—probably returned to the house and finished his work on Sturtevant, as they heard several blows.

Half an hour after this, Waters was found hanging by the neck, dead, in his barn.

Sturtevant and Mrs. Waters breathed but a few times after they were discovered, but at last accounts, hopes were entertained that Mrs. Sturtevant would recover.

Now for the mystery. On the previous night, uncle John, as he was called, having a little girl sick with a cold, laid down in the room with her, to be ready to wait on her, should she need anything, while his wife slept in a room adjoining. Uncle John fell asleep and dreamed that he saw Mrs. Sturtevant running to him, screaming, "Uncle John, uncle John, Mr. Waters is killing the whole of us!"

The dream awoke him in terror, it was so vivid. He related it to his wife, and observed that he might as well get up, for his dream had so frightened him, he could sleep no more. Pretty soon his little daughter awoke and said, "Father, what man is this standing here?"

Her father replied, "There is no one standing here;" on which she turned over and went to sleep.

After this, uncle John fell asleep, and was awakened by screams, and, running out, saw Mrs. Sturtevant running toward him just as he had seen her in his dream, and screaming, "Uncle John, uncle John, Mr. Waters is killing the whole of us!" the very same words he had heard her speak in his dream.

Spiritualists will probably account for this dream, by saying that some guardian spirit impressed a sense of the terrible scene about to occur, on the mind of the sleeper, and perhaps they will say the child was permitted to see the spirit, and to ask the question she did, for the purpose of interesting his attention the more, and prompting him to action; but how will others account for it? The New York *Tribune* attempts to account for the dream from the fact that the evening before the occurrence uncle John's fears had been excited by some threat uttered by Waters, in a store where they and others were assembled; but this will not account for it. A threat from Waters might have excited the fears of "uncle John," and caused him to dream, but could not have given to him a view of Mrs. Sturtevant, running to him just as he afterwards saw her, on the same spot where he dreamed of meeting her; nor could fears, aroused by a threat, have given the dreamer the very same words she uttered soon after.—*Portland Pleasure Boat.*

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PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE, Dec. 15th, 1858, LUMAN COGSWELL, of East Middlebury, Vt., whose earthly existence was 77 years. Thus hath been gathered another sheaf fully matured into the garner of the Lord. Bro. C., in the fulness of his years had embraced the spiritual faith which set his soul at liberty, and he was able to say, though I go away I will come again. And his companion who has so faithfully divided his sorrow and doubled his joys in his earthly pilgrimage for more than half a century is now able to say, I know he still lives and because he lives, I shall live also. His funeral was attended by a large number of relatives and friends who listened to the words as they fell from the lips of S. A. Horton, from the following words, "I am the resurrection and the life; and he that believeth in me shall never die." S. A. H.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—L M Greene, J E Bogardus, E Marshall, I E Churchill, W W Johnson, H L Macomber, J Gregory, J Landon, D H Hamilton, C C Birge, W Bassett, T J Morgan, H P Osgood, A Grove, A Hutchinson, D Baldwin, W F Hubbard, G Barnard, J F Coles, W W Woodward, L Barker, C Levy, C Howell, F Spencer, Mrs Bean, T S Frisbie, M Bishop, E A Whittle, B Fulkerson, C A Hanscom, H B Ginger, J Bell, L F., E J Smith, G Smith, A Holbrook, C E Waite, C Whitewood, H F White, L Burgess, J McPherson, B B Wallack, C E Houghton, L K Coonley, E Norris, L Bigelow, H M Twining, J Holley, E F Palmiter. E Samson, E Lake, J Graham, A Crossman, S Hinshaw, O Clark, H Bull, J J Taylor, J Eldridge, J Ball.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T. S. Frisbie—We design to publish your communication as soon as may be.

W. L. Smith, and George Barnard—Ditto.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE will speak at Putnam, Conn., Sundays, Feb. 20th and 27th.

E. L. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, will be happy to answer calls to lecture from No. 13 Lagrange Place, Boston, Mass., where he may be addressed.

Mr. and Mrs. SPENCE will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Oswego every Sunday in April, and in St. Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego wishing to engage her services for week evenings during her stay in that place, will address her at Box 422 Bridgeport, Ct.

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.

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. 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.

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. 4tf*

Miss A. W. [SPRAGUE'S engagements are—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 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?

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. 39 tf

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 has returned from New York.]

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.

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 13 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

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

Mrs. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium; also, Writing, Developing and Test Medium and Spirit-Seer. Circles, Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. 4

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED.

DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 3—tf

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. The design of this work is to show that faith in love is liberty which cannot be interrupted; and that faith in selfishness is bondage; also, to show that man's home is wherever he is in all times and conditions of his existence.

The Philosophy of Life contains 540 pages, and will be sent (postage free) for $1.25 to any part of the United States within 3000 miles.

For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—4t

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages 8vo. Price $1.50 Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston. 6—tf

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

What Religion may do for a Man. By Rev. Theodore Parker. To which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 6 cents. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

REMOVAL!

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

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

Price 10 cents, is just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

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.

PHILADELPHIA BOARDING.

M. A HENCK has opened a fine large house for permanent and transient boarders, at No. 202 Franklin street, opposite Franklin Square—a beautiful central location, with the comforts of home. 2—tf

Interesting Miscellany.

THE GREEN LADY.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

The wife of a Baffshire proprietor, of the minor class, had been about six months dead, when one of her husband's ploughmen, returning on horseback from the smithy, in the twilight of an Autumn evening, was accosted, on the banks of a small stream, by a stranger lady, tall and slim, and wholly attired in green, with her face wrapped up in the hood of her mantle, who requested to be taken up behind him on the horse, and carried across. There was a something in the tones of her voice that seemed to thrill through his very bones, and to insinuate itself in the form of a chill between his skull and the scalp. The request, too, appeared a strange one, for the rivulet was small and low, and could present no serious bar to the progress of the most timid traveller. But the man, unwilling ungallantly to offend a lady, turned his horse to the bank, and she sprang up lightly behind him. She was, however, a personage that could be better seen than felt. She came in contact with the ploughman's back, he said, as if she had been an ill-filled sack of wool; and when, on reaching the opposite side of the streamlet, she leaped down as lightly as she had mounted. As he turned fearfully round to catch a second glimpse of her, it was in the conviction that she was a creature considerably less earthly in her texture than himself. She had opened, with two pale, thin arms, the enveloping hood, exhibiting a face equally pale and thin, which seemed marked, however, by the roguish, half-humorous expression of one who has just succeeded in playing off a good joke.

"My dear mistress!" exclaimed the ploughman.

"Yes, John, your mistress," replied the ghost. "But ride home, my bonny man, for it's growing late; you and I will be better acquainted ere long."

John accordingly rode home and told his story.

For nearly a twelvemonth after, scarcely a day passed in which she was not seen by some of the domestics; never, however, except on one occasion, after the sun had risen, or before it had set. The maids could see her in the gray of the morning, flitting like a shadow round their beds, or peering in upon them at night, through the dark window panes, or at an half open door.

One day, at noon, a year after her first appearance, her old nurse, to whom, during her life, she had shown great kindness, was surprised to see her enter the cottage, as all her previous visits had been made early in the morning, or late in the evening.

"Mammie," she said, "I cannot open the heart of the laird; and I have nothing of my own to give you; but I think I can do something for you now. Go straight to the White House, (that of a neighboring proprietor) and tell the folks there to set out with all speed of men and horse, for the black rock in the sea, at the foot of the crags, or they'll rue it dearly to their dying day. Their bairns have gone out to the rock and the tide has flowed around them; and if no help reach them, they will be all scattered like waves on the shore ere the fall of the sun."

The old woman went as directed, and told her story, and the father of the children, on reaching the edge of the cliff, saw the black rock, as the woman had described, and the children clinging to its higher crags. But though the waves were fast rising, his attempts to ride out through the surf, to the poor little things were prevented by their cries which so frightened his horse, as to render it unmanageable, and he had to gallop to the nearest fishing village for a boat. So much time was lost in consequence, that nearly the whole beach was covered by the sea, and the surf had begun to lash the foot of the precipices behind; but until the boat arrived, not a single wave dashed over the Black Rock; though immediately after the last of the children had been rescued, an immense wreath of foam rose twice a man's height over its utmost pinnacle.

The old nurse, on her return home, found the green lady sitting by the fire.

"Mammie," said she, "you have made friends to yourself to-day who will be kind to you. I must now leave you. My time is out, and you'll all be left to yourselves; but I'll have no rest Mammie, for many a twelvemonth to come. Ten years ago, a traveling pedlar broke into our garden in the fruit season, and I sent out our old ploughman, who is now in Ireland, to drive him away. It was on a Sunday, and all the rest were in church. The men fought, and the pedlar was killed. But though at first I thought of telling the laird, when I saw the dead man's pack, with its silks and its velvets, and this unhappy piece of green satin, (shaking her dress) my foolish heart beguiled me, and I made the ploughman bury the pedlar's body under the ash tree, in the corner of the garden, and we divided his goods and money between us. You must bid the laird raise his bones and carry them to the church-yard; and the gold, which you will find in the little bowl under the tapestry, in my room, must be sent to a poor old widow the pedlar's mother, who lives on the shore of Leith. I must now away to Ireland, to the ploughman; and I'll be e'en less welcome to him, Mammie, than at the laird's; but the hungry blood cries loud against us both—him and me—and we must suffer together. Take care you look not after me till I have passed the Knowe.

She glided away as she spoke, in a gleam of light; and when the old woman withdrew her hands from her eyes, dazzled by the sudden brightness, she saw only a large black greyhound crossing the moor, and the green lady was never afterwards seen in Scotland. The little hoard of gold pieces, however, stored in a concealed recess of her apartment, and the mouldering ruins of the pedlar, under the ash tree, gave evidence to the truth of her narrative.—*Cruise of the Betsey.*

The Mole.

The mole, having consulted many occulists for the improvement of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but, upon endeavoring to make use of them, his mother shrewdly observed to him, "That spectacles, though they might help the eyes of a man, could be of no use to those of a mole."

There is a dullness in the nature of some men's intellects, like the mole in the fable, that renders them incapable of receiving knowledge—their souls are not to be enlightened.

INNOCENCE.—What a power there is in innocence, whose very helplessness is its safeguard; in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and stands worshipper at the very altar he came to despoil.

Never forget the kindness which others do for you, nor remind them of the kindness which you do for them.

For the Spiritual Age.

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY DR. CHAS. ROBBINS.

"Trahit quod cunque potest et addit acervo."

With this standing text or motto, I propose to spread before you a few shells, pearls and flowers, of more or less value, gathered from the seaside of thought in my pilgrimage. These are not malleable, therefore I shall not attempt to spread them out to treat them as possessing that quality. If I should find a gem, I shall not incur the charge of bad taste by attempting to render it the object of admiration by its bulk; I wish what I write to be read. Few subjects, in a newspaper, demand a column—few writers can interest readers in long articles—few readers can spend time, or will spend time to wade for a grain of gold, through what they, in a few sentences, find to be a field of mud.

"Short prayers and pithy!" I heard a Methodist minister once ejaculate at a "Love Feast," as the time had nearly arrived for the morning services to commence. Such would be my taste.

There was an itinerant woman preacher that in 1830 preached in Boston, named Clarissa D——, very celebrated. She took her text from these words—"This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God." The subject she divided into *twelve heads*! It was her favorite theme and she spoke rapidly for *two hours*! She was not in our view a good model for newspaper writers.

I shall not infringe upon the custom of the AGE, by the introduction of indiscriminate and sickly sentimentalities, or lackadaisical flummery on any person, be they spirit-medium or not. It would be passing strange, indeed, if there were not large numbers who give in their adhesion to Spiritualism for lucre, with whom Spiritualism is a mere commercial affair. To me, when I retrospect the mighty triple wave of Spiritualistic progress, as sweeping in its onward course, infidelity, atheism and every grade of sectarianism—leaping denominational battlements and invading fastnesses, onward and onward amid tempests and storm, wrestling with hills and begirding mountains, I wonder at the comparatively little floodwood and scum floating upon its surface. I look with no little astonishment in the wake of the wave at the small amount of the slime and the relatively small number of the uncaged reptiles of pollution and vice disclosed to our gaze. The sunlight of Heaven will perform the cure, and let fraud and selfishness be uncovered. Spiritualism is not a mere creed, it is not based on man. Every spirit medium may prove mercenary and base, but the Spiritualism in which I believe is untouched, unsoiled.

I love to read the circumstances of the advent of our Saviour as recorded by the Evangelists. They show the intimacy between Heaven and earth, and their proximity. The multitude of the heavenly hosts sang, and the angels came to the shepherds to announce "Peace on earth and good will to men!" This could not have been, had there been indifference, or they not cognizant of an interest.

A few years since I was visiting the venerable Dr. Wisner, of Webster, N. Y. His health was poor, and there was a young man from Maryland boarding with him for a few weeks to supply his desk. The young minister opened the drawing he had just received of a lottery. He exclaimed to Mr. W., "There, I am disappointed! I promised to God if He would give me the highest prize, I would give two-thirds to his cause!"

"Indeed," said Mr. W. "It must have been that God did not believe you."

A CURIOUS SERMON.

The following sermon, which we find in a pamphlet half a century old, was preached impromptu, by the Rev. Mr. Hyberdin, at the request of certain thieves who robbed him on a hill near Hartlyrow, Hampshire, England:

I greatly marvel that any man will disgrace thieving, and think the doers thereof are worthy of death, considering it as a thing that cometh near unto virtue, being used in all countries, and allowed by God himself; the which thing I cannot compendiously show unto you at so short a warning, and on so sharp an occasion. I must desire you gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part what at this time cometh into my mind, not doubting but that you, through your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto it than this which I shall now offer unto you.

Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended of some men to be a virtue; which being granted, who is there then that will not judge thieves to be virtuous? For they are, of all men the most stout and hardy and the most void of fear; for thieving is a thing usual among all men; for not only you that are here present, but also many others in diverse places, both men, women and children, rich and poor, are daily of the faculty, as the hangman of Newgate can testify; and that it is allowed of by God himself is evident from Scripture: for if you examine the whole course of the Bible you will find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob when he came out of Mesopotamia, did steal his uncle Laban's kids. The same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing and yet God said, *I have chosen Jacob and refused Esau.* The children of Israel when they came out of Egypt, did steal the Egyptian's jewels of silver and jewels of gold, as God commanded them to do.

David, in the days of Abiather, the high priest, came into the temple and stole the hallowed bread; and yet God said, *David is a man after my own heart.* Christ himself, when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none his: and yet God said, *This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.* Thus you see that God delighted in thieves.

But most of all I marvel that men can despise thieves whereas in many points you be like Christ himself; for Christ had no dwelling place more than you—Christ at length was caught, and so will you be—he went into hell, and so will you. In this you differ from him; for he rose and went into heaven—so you will never do without God's great mercy, which God grant you. To whom, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

How general, yet how injurious the practice of reading in the railroad cars,—

People that are truly wise,
Will not, while riding, tax their eyes.

MAN AND HIS MAKER.—They that deny God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

[From an unpublished volume, entitled "Pearls from the Poets of all Times and Climes."]

Not unwatched by heavenly powers
Sleeps the church's lowly daughter;
Thro' the night's unconscious hours,
Impulses of love are taught her;
Which, by day she seems to win
From some kindly fount within.

As beneath yon tender light
Weary earth finds sweet reposing,
And the flowers that fold at night,
And the birds their soft wings closing,
Dream not that their bloom at morn,
Is of dewy moonlight born;—

So, we know not what we gain
In that silent time of sleeping;
Reck not of the gracious rain
Which, our hearts in mercy steeping,
Falls, perchance to wash away
Stains unknown, incurred by day.

When the powers of Hell prevail
O'er our weakness and unfitness,
Could we lift the fleshy veil,
Could we for a moment witness
Those unnumbered hosts that stand,
Calm and bright on either hand;

Could we see, tho' far and faint,
(Sight too great for eyes unholy!)
Face of some departed saint,
Tinged for us with melancholy;
O, what strength of shame and woe
Would start up to slay the foe!

Oh, what joyful hope would cheer!
O, what faith serene would guide us!
Great may be the dangers near,
Greater are the friends beside us!
O, what reverent heed would then
Watch our footsteps among men!

But that these things are, we know,
And we know, O, thought of wonder!
These and us, the weak, the low,
Nothing but our sins can sunder;
For our brows are bathed and crossed,
We are of that glorious host.

Lord, thy saints, in evil hour,
So could feel thine armies round them
That no sin could overpower,
And no shape of death attend them—
Make our faith what theirs hath been,
Evidence of things unseen!

CALVERT.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENTS.

BY MRS. T. H. BEVERRIGE.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play;
It gamboled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustingly reached forth its hand,
To sieze the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocenee
It surely thought was there.
But ah! the hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race,
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine
And only found the shade.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely.

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie
Love on through all ills, and love till they die. MOORE.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Base envy withers at another's fame,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.

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"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUTLAND CONVENTION,

Phonographically reported by Mr. J. M. W. Yerrinton, is just published. This is a very full report, in the reading of which the public will be able to gather how much of falsehood and misrepresentation has been promulgated and sent broadcast through out the land by the secular press, claiming to have a tender regard for, and to be in some sort the guardian of the public morals. This book contains about 200 pages, large octavo, and will be furnished at the very low price of 50 cents in paper or 67 cents bound. The object not being to speculate, but to get the facts before the people, it has been concluded to make the price at the lowest possible figure. Orders sent to the undersigned will meet with prompt attention. Address S. T. MUNSON,

33tf 5 Great Jones St., New York

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS, DAY AND EVENING.

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.

Medical Cards.

MRS. R. S. GREENLAW,

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

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

☞ Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

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

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

I. G. ATWOOD,

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

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

Correct Clairvoyant Examinations, with directions for home treatment, $5.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT,

OFFICE, NO. 196 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT, CT.

A true diagnosis of the disease of the person is guaranteed, or no fee will be taken Chronic diseases scientifically treated. Strict attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Cancers removed, and cure warranted. The Electro Chemical Baths will be applied when necessary, for the removal of poisonous minerals from the system. Persons from a distance can be accommodated with good board at a reasonable rate, near the Doctor's office. Office hours from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M. No patients received Sundays. 46—tf

WM. E. RICE, CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM AND PHYSICIAN,

TERMS REDUCED!

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

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

THE SICK ARE HEALED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM,

Has fully tested her powers, and will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains instantly relieved. Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal Diseases, Pains in the Side, Disease of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c. Terms for each sitting, $1.00. Will visit families if required. No. 26 West Dedham street, two doors from Washington street, Boston. 6—tf

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,

Has taken the mansion No. 41 Tremont street, where he will examine and prescribe for the afflicted, under the direction of an Indian Spirit of the olden time. Office hours 9 A M to 5 P M.

N. B. Letters must be addressed to Dr. *N. C.* LEWIS, as above. 15

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. ☞ All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M 47

Bela Marsh's Advertisements.

JUST PUBLISHED.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

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

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

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

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

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

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

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

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This invaluable article for Tipping Mediums is now for sale at the low price of $1.50 each, and may be had of BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. 41—tf

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A New Edition of this excellent work is just published. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale.

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Spiritualism and the Opposition, at Hartford, between S. B. Brittan, and Dr. D. D. Hanson Price 38 cents. Mrs. Hatch's Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy and Metaphysics. Price $1.00. The Mistake of Christendom; or Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. Price $1.00. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. 17—tf

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE CONVENTION,

HELD AT RUTLAND, VT., June 25th, 26th, 27th, 1858.

Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents; in cloth 67 cts. The work contains Debates on the Bible, Government, Marriage, Spiritualism, Slavery, Woman's Rights, Free Trade, &c. 33—tf.

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Purifying Syrup, Price $1,00 per bottle. *Nerve Soothing Elixir*, Price 50 cents per bottle. *Healing Ointment*, Price 25 cents per box. *Pulmonary Syrup*, Price 50 cent per bottle.

These Medicines have all been tested and can be relied upon; they contain no poison. They are all *prepared from spirit directions* by WILLIAM E. RICE. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

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Restorative Syrup—Price $1 per bottle. *Dysentery Cordial*—50 cents. *Elixir*—50 cts. *Neutralizing Mixture*—50 cents. *Pulmonaria*—$1. *Liniment*—$1 *Healing Ointment*—25 cents per box. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 14—tf

Miscellaneous.

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

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

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

The undersigned will give free lectures on these matters wherever desired, by having expenses paid. Tests given to all who wish.

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

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH

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

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

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

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY.

Day and evening, at MUNSON'S ROOMS. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some of the best mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 o'clock, A. M. till 2, and from 7 till 5 P. M. Evening circles from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 50 cents 33tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York

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

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

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