The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

A. E. NEWTON AND S. B. BRITTAN, EDITORS. PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, (UP STAIRS,) BOSTON, MASS. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859. VOL. II....NO. 11.

Spiritual and Reform Literature.

For the Spiritual Age.

PETER JONES,

"ONE OF THE RED-GOWNED WORTHIES OF THE CITY."

Peter Jones is dead; or, in the language of the popular journals of the day, "gone to his long home." It is not for us *common* mortals to inquire about the locality of that long home; but we know that of all the long list of mortgages, rent rolls, bonds, and interests of various kinds that appertained to him in this world, not one has gone with him.

Peter Jones was a "worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen," say the papers; meaning, in familiar parlance, that by dint of hard plodding, close living, cruel grinding, and miserly economy for the space of fifty years, he has scraped and hoarded together a million of glittering dollars. What matters it that several honest but poor men who strove in vain to meet their liabilities when they became due, and only begged of him a little more time, were refused, and driven out from their inheritance, homeless wanderers, to sink beneath his oppression into the pits of evil, ever yawning for the unfortunate, or into untimely graves. What matters it? Peter's title of *respectability* grew a little larger thereat, and his money bags a little heavier.

He had a meek and lovely young wife once, but she drooped and sank beneath the burdens and exposures consequent upon the growing-rich process, and the tomb received her worn-out body long ago. Well, Peter consoled himself by marrying a worldly-minded widow with a snug fortune of ten or twelve thousands, moved a step farther up town, and delved, and plodded and oppressed as before.

His two fair daughters, chilled and frozen at heart by the frigid stateliness of their mother-in-law, and the icy atmosphere of their home, crept out towards the first beam of warmth that shone on their path. For one, that ray of sunlight was the true, pure brightness of manly love. She married a portionless, upright, whole-souled mechanic, and grew happy. For the other, it was but the false beacon of the destroyer, glittering like a will-o'-the-wisp; and it led her on, on through bogs and marshes and loathsome fens, leaving her at last in the midst of raging, turbid waters, and they rolled remorselessly over the poor young head, and she sank down and died. The father—the "honored and respected" Peter Jones—cursed them both, and turned to his money-coffers for consolation. Larger and higher grew the heaps of gold, rents and interests poured in, and Peter toiled on.

By and by comes a letter from a distant city. John, his first born—the pride and joy of the mother, who died while he was yet a child—who left his home a few years since with a desperate resolve born of tyranny and injustice rankling in his bosom, never to be dependant upon the "old man" again—John writes home asking for the loan of a few hundred dollars to save him from a business failure, and his name from dishonor. Ah, old man! if you have the least remnant of a heart yet within your body, nurse it into life again with the dew of mercy. But no, he angrily refused to assist him, and the poor fellow is left to sink.

A few years more, and Peter Jones is a millionaire. His city residence stands in aristocratic grandeur on yonder hill,—his marine villa crowns a romantic eminence upon a neighboring peninsula. His luxurious carriage drawn by a sleek, glossy span, rolls imposingly along our streets, or waits with ostentatious magnificence at its master's gate. His name heads the list for all fashionable charities; he is a benefactor of asylums and homes, and institutions innumerable, and men doff their hats and bow low to this "worthy fellow-citizen."

Seek ye an alms-house in a distant town, and there, pacing to and fro without purpose,—lingering out the few remaining years of a bitter life, without a friend to soothe or cheer him,—is an old man whose home and birthright, by some unfortunate speculation, were drawn noiselessly into the clutches of Peter Jones. Seek ye the refuge for the insane, across the river, and there you find a poor, broken-hearted woman, moaning incessantly of a ruined husband and starved children. Ask her the cause of her woes, and she shakes her poor, crazy head, places her thin finger upon her lip, and in an idiotic whisper answers—Peter Jones.

Away in a quiet village churchyard, where the grass grows green and the blue violet blossoms, lie, side by side, the wife who died toiling for him, and the daughter,—the pure, the innocent, whom his harshness drove into the snares of temptation, and went down in misery and anguish into the dark valley.

The stone walls and iron bars of yonder prison have swallowed up the son. He was the victim of misfortune, and he failed. He became discouraged, and, in a desperate effort to retrieve all, he committed a forgery. The father *might* have saved him, but instead—he cursed him.

And to-day Peter Jones lies in his splendid coffin, while not one *heart* weeps over him. "A worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen!" Verily *God* is the judge, and *He* seeth not as man sees.

S. E. W.

For the Spiritual Age.

HINTS ON HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

AIR—RESPIRATION. CONTINUED.

Nature is ever busy, by the silent operation of her own forces, endeavoring to cure disease. Her medicines are water, food, air, electricity, light, warmth, exercise, sleep, and withal, *temperance*.—*Dr. Dixon.*

In the first part of this article, published in a former issue of the AGE, we examined some of the prevailing prejudices against subjecting our physiological habits to the criticism and judgment of Reason; and also hinted at some of the *real* causes of that physical effeminacy and disorder which skeptics have made the butt of remarks more or less tinctured with ridicule. We shall now present a "terra firma" of facts, supporting a climax of argument, by which every candid reader may reach the truth. In the first place, then, we shall affirm that *faithful obedience* to the laws which the structure, capabilities and "manifest destiny" of the human body suggest to the intelligent and unbiased mind, is the most direct and safe road to permanent health, and constitutes a safe and successful system of hygiene. The spiritual medical student of the nineteenth century is doomed to disappointment, if, in the history of medicine and of medical men, he looks to find evidences of spiritual acumen in their researches into the causes of, and their administration of the remedies for physical disease. Generally speaking, they appear to have ignored the sympathies of the Divine and human natures.

Now we contend that those only who have a clear perception of these sympathies, and the laws and conditions thereof, are qualified to go forth to "the healing of the nations." The "holy men of old" undoubtedly recognized these sympathies, as we find *fasts*, &c., enjoined as conditions of spiritual blessing. But "*first* that which is natural, *afterwards* that which is spiritual," is an axiom of God, which is in danger of being overlooked in this thaumaturgic age. We think Pope was the first who observed that "amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think;" and hence it is that so many dabblers in Spiritualism—to the detriment of that noble cause—still remain. The world can boast but few solid thinkers—people who not only make new applications of known principles, but who constantly thrust inquiry into the limitless domain of the undiscovered. Such people, though rather *positively* than *superlatively* endowed by nature, are the benefactors of their age and race. We do not marvel that those who have been a long time bound should, when released by a "higher power," run into some wild extravagancies and defiantly condemn and set at naught everything like human authority; but we *do* marvel that liberal-minded thinkers do not make more strenuous efforts to dampen such a spirit, by discountenancing such proceedings as manifestly flow from it.

> "Order is heaven's first law, and this confessed,
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

Some one has aptly remarked that millions of people have seen apples fall, previous to that *one* which provoked inquiry into the principle of gravitation in the mind of the great Newton. The dull, the impatient, the frivolous, should, then, be taught a proper respect for, and faith in, those who have patiently employed their talents for the mental, moral or spiritual elevation of their kind.

Perhaps of all the "inspirational speakers" that have arisen since the debut of Spiritualism, very few have inferred the illustration of a true physiological principle, from the fact that during seasons of *spiritual* inspiration, the *natural* inspiration and expiration is carried on mainly through the *nose*, instead of through the mouth. Doubtless, also, there is a delicate, though unchangeable sympathy, which begets quick and instantaneous reciprocity between the natural and the spiritual *senses*—which is, when anticipated, a powerful auxiliary in both sanitary and spiritual reform. All who have been the subjects of inspiration must have observed how the natural sense of *smell* is quickened thereby. This, however, strictly sympathetic; for, as inspiration from a pure and exalted source intensifies the sense of only pure and sweet odors, so only sweet and agreeable perfumes tend to create the condition of harmony and receptivity necessary to influxes from superior and elevating sources. These laws and conditions, eliciting the foregoing remarks, obtain equally with the four remaining sister senses. Thus, as Dr. Hall observes, *our legitimate scope is almost boundless; for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders disease.*

The ancient Jews considered the blood the *life*, illustrating to this day one of their fundamental laws, not to partake of the life. We, therefore, find them starving the animal for twenty-four hours previous to its being slaughtered, that no new blood should be found; and, not satisfied with this precaution, they soaked the meat in water previous to dressing, lest by some chance blood should be left adhering. The offices to be fulfilled by the blood are as numerous as they are various; the renovation of every bone and muscle, as well as the numerous systems, even to the great organ of the blood—the heart itself. It has also to supply the various organs with secretions and excretions—such as the bile, the mucus, the saliva, the tears, the perspiration, &c. Without appropriate food these secretions must be imperfect; and without the proper performance of the digestive functions, the elaboration of the materials for the blood is imperfect, and the action of the various systems comprised in the human body are not only compromised, but they are ultimately destroyed. Hence the essentiality of proper food, drink, and digestion in the production of good blood; and the foregoing "spiritual" argument in favor of PURE AIR and odor, is paralleled by the fact that the blood's deterioration or depuration depends on the purity or impurity of that omnipresent element. Admitting this, the subject of VENTILATION commands the first and profound attention of the intelligent hygeist. But for our remarks on this subject, we refer a reader to a future issue of the AGE.

CALVERT.

For the Spiritual Age.

TRUST.

Brothers, let us trust each other;
All that's great in heaven or earth,
Fear would narrow, Doubt would smother;
Trust must seal a brave soul's worth.
Laws, relations, social factions,
All that elevates mere dust—
Yea, even angels' mightiest actions
Must be based and reared in trust.

Trust, and you, too, shall be trusted;
Heart to living heart will speak;
'Neath free sunshine brooks, o'ercrusted
With stern ice-flocks, issue seek.
Evil still is evil's scion,
Kindness aye will bless the kind,
'Tis a maxim to rely on,
That men make the world they find!

Therefore, trust! if left free choice is
Betwixt hope and fear; choose well;
Nobler heart in hope rejoices,
Charity has wondrous spell.
High nor low should harbor malice;
Greet brave souls with honor due;
The same sun which lights the palace,
Lights the meanest hovel too.

C.

SHARP TALK.

Garrison makes the following caustic reply to the charge of infidelity which has been cast upon him and some of his brother reformers:

"Infidels, are we? Yes, in the popular acceptation of the term. But then, when we learn what that is, instead of its being a reproach, it is a laurel that any man be proud to put around his brow; for to be a Christian popularly, means to be a sneak, a coward, a trimmer, a formalist, or a hypocrite—one who goes with the multitude to do evil—one who is 'on the side of the oppressor, where there is power,' and *because* there is power;—that is to be a Christian in this country, as Christianity is now interpreted and recognized. Now, to expose it, to repudiate it, is of course to be guilty of infidelity. Well, that is to be manly, heroic, and uncompromising for the truth. I would not, for the world, be recognized as a Christian, in the popular sense. I should feel that I ought to hang my head for shame, if that appellation were conceded to me, in the midst of universal religious degeneracy.

Sir, we have been accused of attacking the Church of Christ. We have done no such a thing. Why should we? We have no controversy with that Church, for it is the Church of Freedom. It has for its head, Christ the Redeemer, and we have no controversy with Redemption; that is our object. Christ came to open the prison doors, and set the captives free; that is our mission. Why should we have any controversy with a Church that is all right—into which no tyrant ever yet was permitted to enter, although many a poor slave, in spite of the tyrant, has been taken to its embrace? Sir, it is time for us to look at the assumptions of these organized bodies, which undertake to awe us down, to padlock our lips, to frighten the timid and unreflecting with the cry of 'infidelity.' It is an easy thing for any one to say, 'Our organization is the true church;' equally easy is it to say, 'I am a Christian.' A very different thing it is to be one; and a very different thing is the true Church."

Teaching Religion.

Mr. Carlyle says in his new work of "Teaching Religion," "Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle heavenward, cannot be 'taught' by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preaching and drilling. No, alas, no. Only by far other methods—chiefly by silent continual example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aiding them by a kind of miracle, well enough named 'the grace of God' can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole libraries of orthodox theology is, sometimes, the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who had in them, 'Devoutness, pious nobleness!' in whom the young soul, though not constantly observing, came at length to recognize it; to read in it the irrefragable manner; a seed planted thenceforth in his holiest affections for evermore!"

The order of a wise man is the highest of orders.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION.*

Such is the title of a work which has naturally and justly attracted much attention. It is filled with information, much of which is of great importance and startling interest. It is, too, upon a subject hitherto very little considered in this country. This circumstance is to be accounted for, in part, by the fact that we have attempted to wink the great vice and crime of prostitution out of sight, as if this would lessen its evils, thin its ranks, and make its existence less repulsive. As much as we may wish that no such evil was present in the community, it *does exist*, and not only must be acknowledged, but must be met. Here is the fact—a great and alarming fact—and it exists, nevertheless, in every considerable community in the land. The enormity of the evil will be appreciated on reading this volume, prepared with so much care by one of the most conscientious physicians in New York. Although in the main—the opening portion of the work excepted—prepared with a view to the great metropolis, it applies to the city of Boston, and other leading cities of this country. Prostitution is one and the same thing everywhere—the same black and slimy serpent; the same curse and misfortune.

The misery and moral death it works in New York, it also works here, and whatever of light can be shed, whatever of reform can be projected should be done. Here is a social evil, the magnitude of which it is not easy to estimate—an evil that is blasting and crushing woman—and which in some way or other is to be taken hold of and remedied; at least it is to be restricted and regulated.

Did our limits permit, we might draw from the stores of statistics gathered in the volume before us, affording a picture sad indeed to look upon. There are a few facts, however, of especial significance which we will venture to mention. The average duration of the abandoned woman's life in New York (and the statement will apply to Boston) is *just four years!* It requires only that brief space of wild revelry, champagning and carousing—of drink, degradation and disease—to reduce a beautiful girl of eighteen into a loathsome corpse. It ought to be known too, that the most of these wretched women are badly educated—there are a few exceptions; but Dr. Sanger tells us that "education is at a low standard among them." Ill-treatment by parents and husbands, sent one-tenth of this army of vice into their wretched calling. But the saddest fact of all, and the one most disgraceful to our Christian civilization, is that one-fourth of the lost women of London and New York were driven to the streets and brothels by *destitution!* The terrible alternative has been starvation or—hell! How many a reader of these lines, now safe in virtue, because safe in competence, might, if sharp necessity had forced her to such a decision, be now in the chambers of the courtesan? Nor will it answer for us to labor for the lost woman's recovery by Magdalen Asylums, &c., until we have labored harder to save the daughters of poverty from being lost through lack of daily bread. *Employment at a fair remuneration* will do more to rescue those for whom the brothel's vortex is yawning, than all the Magdalen Societies in existence. For while those societies afford occasional recovery to the few, the other method will insure prevention and safety to the many. Dr. Sanger states that there are 1850 abandoned women in New York. "If they were placed in a line side by side, they would extend two miles and four hundred yards, and of all the fearful array it would be seen that nearly one-half are under twenty years of age. As far as observation goes, not one in twenty is ever reformed. This fearful fact should impress itself on every member of the community. Dr. Sanger concludes his labors with the following propositions, which apply to other cities than New York:

There are six thousand public prostitutes in New York.

The majority of these are from fifteen to twenty-five years old.

Three-eighths of them were born in the United States.

Many of those born abroad came here poor, to improve their condition.

Education is at a very low standard with them.

One-fifth of them are married women.

One-half of them have given birth to children, and more than one-half of these children are illegitimate.

The ratio of mortality among the children of prostitutes is four times greater than the ordinary ratio among children in New York.

Many of these children are living in the abodes of vice and obscenity.

The majority of these women have been prostitutes for less than four years.

The average duration of a prostitute's life is only four years.

Nearly one-half of the prostitutes in New York admit that they are or have been sufferers from syphilis.

Seduction, destitution, ill-treatment by parents, husbands or relatives, intemperance and bad company, are the main causes of prostitution.

Women in this city have not sufficient means of employment.

Their employment is inadequately remunerated.

The associations of many employments are prejudicial to morality.

Six-sevenths of the prostitutes drink intoxicating liquors to a greater or less extent.

Parental influences induced habits of intoxication.

A professed respect for religion is common among them.

A capital of nearly four millions of dollars is invested in the business of prostitution.

The annual expenditure on account of prostitution is more than seven millions of dollars.

We repeat, it is time that the attention of the better portion of the community was directed to this subject; and the sooner our statesmen, philanthropists and others, address themselves practically to the work, the sooner will its evils be lessened.

*THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION; its Extent, Causes and Effects throughout the world. Being an Official Report of the Board of Almshouse Governors of the City of New York. By William W. Sanger, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, says the Nashville *Gazette*, was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with her tear-marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I loved so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! "But I know in whom I have believed," and leaning on His arm, "I fear no evil."

Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you! I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be, and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold our last communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpse of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I remember the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less, when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches—'I am not lost, but gone before.'"

[The above we clip from the columns of the Boston *Courier*. Should the bereaved husband so affectionately addressed, recognize the presence of his spirit-bride, and hear her tender whisperings from the immortal realm, how suddenly, in the estimation of that sheet, would he be transformed into "a miserable dupe of a vile imposture!" The idea of spirit-communion, when a mere sentimental fiction, is touchingly beautiful; but when it becomes a realized fact, it *is* an "awful delusion!"]

Those who think boldly, freely and thoroughly, who stand upon their own legs, and see with their own eyes, have a firmness and serenity of mind which he who is dependant on others has not, neither can have; nor are they so liable to be imposed on; whereas others are subject to be driven about by the breath of the world, which is always blowing from every point of the compass.

True emulation is the endeavoring to rise superior to others in everything virtuous and praiseworthy.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON, S. B. BRITTAN, L. B. MONROE,
EDITORS.

Principal Office,—No. 14 Bromfield Street, (up stairs,) Boston, Mass.
LEWIS B. MONROE, BUSINESS AGENT.

New York Office.—At Munson's Bookstore, 5 Great Jones Street.
S. B. BRITTAN, AGENT.

Chicago Office.—At Higgins' Music Store, 45 Lake Street.
HIGGINS BROTHERS, AGENTS.

Buffalo Agent, - - - - - - - - - S. ALBRO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. I.

In the first number of the present volume of the AGE, we intimated an intention to undertake something like a systematic exposition of what we understand to be the grand principles of Spiritual Truth and Human Duty. This we proposed to do for the especial purpose of distinguishing between true Spiritualism on the one hand, and certain grossly *un*spiritual theories which have been promulgated in its name, on the other; as well as with the intent of showing that the essential doctrines of real Christianity are written in the human constitution, and therefore eternally true.

We now design to enter upon that work; premising that the reader must not look, in our treatment of the subject, for the display of extensive research or varied learning. We claim no qualifications of that character. Our expositions will be confined to common topics, and will be entirely within the range of common powers of judgment.

The title we have chosen for these articles indicates one peculiarity of our views. We are not of those who regard Spiritualism as a new Religion, or as offering to mankind a distinctive system of religious faith and duty. Hence we choose to avoid such phraseology as would imply this. On the contrary, we recognize the existence of but ONE absolute Religion; and all the various forms of it which have prevailed among men, however crude or refined, false or true, have indicated efforts at one and the same end. Spiritualism we regard as a most valuable help to a broad and clear understanding of the one universal Religion, and to an enlightened and loyal performance of its duties. We shall treat it, therefore, not as being in itself a defined system of religious doctrines, but as an *element*, the infusion of which into all systems of Science, Philosophy or Religion, will vastly clarify, elucidate and elevate; and out from them educe an eclectic, complete, harmonious system of Universal Truth.

Careful definitions of terms are necessary at the outset, to guard against misapprehension. The term Spiritualism is used in very different senses by different persons, and much of prejudice and opposition have their basis solely in calling that "Spiritualism" which is not such.

The popular modern definition of Spiritualism is, the recognition of spiritual beings and agencies, and of certain phenomena as produced by them, with the special fact that the disembodied or departed can and do communicate with those in the body. In its comprehensive sense, however, Spiritualism cannot properly be defined otherwise than as embracing all that department of truth which relates to man's spiritual nature, powers, relations, welfare and destiny; also to all other spiritual beings, and to the spiritual forces and substances of the universe.

Thus broadly defined, it has several sub-divisions,—as Phenomenal or Scientific, Philosophical, Religious, Practical, etc. In its Scientific department, it has to do with the observation and classification of phenomena produced by spiritual agencies. In Philosophy, it searches for the hidden causes, the primal principles and general laws of all phenomena, and inquires for the sources and consequences of all acts. In Religion, it seeks for the *interior* truth, the *absolute* right, and a true apprehension of the *First* Cause, looking beneath all forms, rituals and creeds, for the essential and eternal verities which they shadow forth. In Practice, it is the application of all truth so learned to the noble ends of a true life—the subjugation of the animal and selfish, and the exaltation of the spiritual and divine.

The word *spiritual* involves the fundamental ideas of refined, pure, ethereal, essential, internal, etc. Hence no theory or practice that is at variance with these qualities can with propriety be termed Spiritualism. It, therefore, is the opposite of mere materialism in science, of superficiality and atheism in Philosophy, of externalism in Religion, and of selfishness and sensualism in Morals. Let it be distinctly noted that we decline any responsibility for the *theological* views of prominent Spiritualistic writers. Each has a right to his own, and while we regard them with respect, we cannot accept them as authority. The same may be said of spirits themselves—since they differ as widely, according to their different degrees of experience and development, as do the people of earth. Each must judge for himself in regard to both doctrine and duty.

So much in definition of Spiritualism.

The word Religion equally needs careful defining. Some consider it synonymous with a scheme of doctrines and dogmas arbitrarily imposed on men by a crafty priesthood, and kept up for its benefit; or at best but a merely superstitious reverence for imaginary beings, and belief in groundless speculations. Much of the so-called religion of the world is undoubtedly of this character, but this is not what we mean by the term.

Religion is a Latin word, derived, according to Cicero, from *re-legere*, to re-consider, but according to most modern lexicographers from *re-ligare*, to bind anew, or to bind fast,—referring to oaths or vows to the gods, or the obligation of such oaths. If the first etymology be true, religion is equivalent to a careful study or consideration of the great problem of life. The second, however, is more in accordance with its general use, which includes the idea of *binding* or obligation. We would then define the one universal Religion of which we have spoken, thus—The sense of relation to Higher Powers, and of duties growing out of that relation, with the earnest performance of such duties.

Spiritualism helps to a better knowledge of these Superior Powers, a clearer perception of these duties, and prompts to a sincere and faithful performance of them.

The fundamental idea of Religion, it will be observed, is *sense of duty*, or *obligation*. It implies the existence in man of a tendency or disposition to do otherwise than right; else there would be no necessity for "binding anew" or "binding fast" to the supposed right. If, then, all man's *spontaneous* desires and tendencies were right, there would be no religion (in its exact sense), and no need of any, in the world.

In lower and grosser conditions of development, man's sense of *duty* comes often in conflict with his *inclinations;* and hence his religion is a gloomy, irksome restraint, usually imposed by arbitrary authority, enforced by fear of hell and other selfish motives, and obeyed in slavish blindness, without ability to see its reasonableness or its propriety.

This is the quality of a large share of the religion of Christendom to-day. But as man becomes enlightened and spiritualized, or truly regenerate, he perceives and loves the right and the good; he chooses them for their own sakes; his spontaneities become pure; duty fades into delight, and religion merges into *spirituality*.

The lower phases of religion may be better than none for these who cherish them—nay, they are inseparable from lower stages of growth. But, however gross, they may be stepping-stones to higher and more spiritual conceptions.

Such, in brief, are our views of Religion. Without, however, being over-exact in the use of this term, but accepting it in its popular significance, as including whatever relates to Deity, Duty and Destiny, we shall proceed, in succeeding articles, to state our present views of several prominent religious ideas and doctrines.

"FREE-LOVE" IN HIGH PLACES.

Within a few days, the whole country has been shocked by startling developments of crime and social corruption at the National Capital. A prominent politician and member of Congress from New York detects the legal partner of his bed and board—a lady of unexceptionable standing in "fashionable society" and "noted for her handsome jewelry and beautiful toilettes"—in illicit amours with the District Attorney of the United States, a personal and political friend of her husband. The latter, furious with rage, seeks the offender, and shoots him down in the public streets on Sunday!

But this is not all, nor the worst. The universal testimony seems to be that this case is remarkable only for the summary and public manner in which retribution was meted out to one of the offenders. It is more than hinted that intrigue, domestic infidelity, and unlimited corruption, are the ruling characteristics of what is called "society" at the Capital. The Washington correspondent of one of our most reliable journals says expressively and in italics—

"The Recording Angel is supposed to have 'no jurisdiction' over members of Congress or their wives."

More than this, it is affirmed by those who know, that he who so readily assumed the responsibility of avenger in this case, as is usually the fact, had not earned the right by being himself "without sin." The Albany *Evening Statesman* says of him:

"The career of the individual who so pompously enacts the character of 'injured husband' in this domestic turmoil is familiar to our citizens, as, indeed, it is known to the people of the entire State. He has a reputation for everything *but* integrity, honor, morality and manhood. If there is a moral vice with which he is not conversant—practically familiar—we think it must be indeed modern. Those who are familiar with the libertine career which first gave him possession of the unfortunate woman whom he now calls wife, will not be surprised at the *denoument* of his married life."

The New York *Evening Post* significantly remarks that "it is certain that the man who makes no scruple to invade and destroy the domestic peace of others, has little right to complain, when the mischief which he carries without scruple into other families enters his own."

There are several momentous lessons in all this, and lessons which, for their enforcement upon the public mind, require perhaps the recurrence of just such startling events. One is the almost utter destitution of moral power in our present political government. Were it what a government should be, its head-quarters would be the centre of a healthful and purifying moral influence radiating in all directions, instead of a sink of all manner of corruption. Who can believe such an institution to be God's representative in this world, and its enactments an echo of the Divine Voice?

Another lesson is, the impotency of the existing marriage institution as a safeguard of virtue, and the need of loftier and worthier ideas of that relation. This is beginning to be seen by some. One paper, which has been in the habit of charging the results of miseducation, false ideas and ungovernable passion, when they appear among Spiritualists, to belief in *Spiritualism*, uses the following appropriate language in regard to this case:

"It is absurd to consider this instance a solitary one; it is absurd to attribute this blinding flash of crime to the stormy passions of a single heart; the tone of society in our American public life—the manner of our domestic education—the false ideas of the marriage relation, born of an untrue standard of happiness, all are accountable for the development of passions which have in this instance placed a seducer in his grave—a homicide in his cell—a dishonored wife without the pale of human sympathy."—*Boston Courier*.

That the relation existing between this "injured husband" and the "woman whom he calls wife," was anything but a true marriage, needs no argument to show. It is one part of the mission of Spiritualism to introduce and promote higher and purer ideas of marriage—raising it from the plane of animalism, selfishness and sensuality, to subserve the divine ends of use and spirituality. This it will do in proportion as its recipients become *spiritual;* and its failure to do this in any case is attributable, not to its teachings, but to the obstacles it encounters in human nature and false education.

But why does not the press cry out "Free Love in Washington!" or expatiate upon "the demoralizing tendency" of Democracy, which is now in power, and which the parties in this case professed? The answer is easy.

Apropos to this subject—the Springfield *Republican* has recently discovered that "it is hardly just to load Spiritualism, as a faith, with all the moral mistakes of its professors," but adds that "it must be acknowledged that a great deal of impurity has for some reason or other been developed in the midst of the believers." But why indulge in such an implication, when its own columns and those of the press at large bear witness to a far greater amount of impurity and general rascality outside the ranks of this "faith," a large share of which is among clergymen, influential church-members, young converts, etc.—as we could readily show did we make a business of collecting such filth? No honorable journalist would be guilty of this meanness.

MORE "INFIDELITY."—Rev. Prof. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., (son of the eminent Geologist) has created great alarm among the faithful by declaring in a public lecture on the history of the Bible, that the "Pentateuch is a *pictorial epic*, composed of various fragmentary poems collected and arranged by Moses." These certainly are "perilous times" for ancient dogmatism.

ORTHODOX SPIRITUALISM.

[We take pleasure in transferring the following from the editorial columns of *The* (N. Y.) *Independent*,—presuming that facts and arguments from that source will seem more conclusive to *some* minds than if originating in so heretical a sheet as our own. We cannot help asking—If, after all, heaven is so near that good pious people can hear the singing of its choirs before the spirit leaves the body—so near indeed that its glories would be visible to us all "if our eyes were only purged to see them,"—may it not be possible that Spiritualists are right in believing that they sometimes commune with its inhabitants? Perhaps Mr. Beecher, the "Star" correspondent of *The Independent*, may be ready by this time to tell us what sort of "a fish" there is at the other end of our line, as he suggested some years ago. Will he?]

THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

How little do we know of the relations of Heaven to our present sphere of being; or of the attitude which the spirit of the dying believer may hold toward that, even before his final transition from the clay to the skies which we call Death? Now and then there come experiences, passing before us in the providence of God, that make us start and almost tremble, that make us again exult and marvel, at that immediate proximity to Heaven which they seem to manifest; as if the very gates of pearl were opened within the walls of the sick-chamber; as if those vast celestial sceneries which we are so apt to put far from us did really, unseen, environ closely and infold the world, and stretch away around the bedside of him who by faith is prepared to enter them! The impression of such scenes is most helpful and exalting. They take the sharpness of the sense of separation from the hearts of those who linger behind. They almost, rather, make us glad that our friends have been permitted to go before us into this so strange yet near glory. And they hardly can fail to lift to a higher level of thought, of feeling, of desire, of habitual purpose, of daily contemplation, the souls of those who tarry behind.

A scene of this kind which occurred not long since under our immediate observation very forcibly suggested these thoughts at the time, and is worthy of being in part at least recorded, that it may do perhaps the same office for others.

[The editor here speaks of a gentleman, an intimate friend, who was converted during the late revival, and proved a very devout Christian.]

* * * Suddenly it was announced to him that he must die! that what had seemed a heavy cold, accompanied with slight congestion of the lungs, was a fatal disease, and would terminate speedily; that wife and infant son must be left, with sisters, brother, and absent mother; all earthly affairs be closed up promptly, and the last preparation be made for Eternity. He was not surprised, nor at all alarmed, but intimated that he had been expecting it, and was ready through God's grace to meet it. At a little before noon, on the last day of his life, he was lying passive on his bed, with a few friends not far from him, when she who watched him with the wife's intense solicitude observed that he opened suddenly his eyes, and that an unusual and very remarkable brightness, of expression and aspect, suffused his face. Immediately, he put his hand to his ear, as in the attitude of intent listening, and after a few moments of utter silence and intense gazing upward said, in the slow, almost inaudible words, which were all that remained to him: "I, hear, the, songs, of, heavenly, choirs"! Then sinking into apparent sleep he lay a few moments, but suddenly arousing again exclaimed, in the same low tones: "Where, am, I? Am, I, back, again? I, have, been, up, higher!" and a little later, to his sister: "You, cannot, understand"! And so he sank into the unconsciousness from which he never rallied, but which a few hours afterward just silently deepened into death.

Now what shall we say to such phenomena? Where there is no indication whatever of mental unsoundness, or over-excitement? Where no effects of medicine are supposable? Where the eye is sane, intelligent, calm; the pulse is regular, although faint, and the expression is sweet and mild, while yet the heavens seem opened plainly before the soul, and the very inmost jubilee of them to be shared by the heart before its departure? Is this so? Is the impression immediately, naturally, inevitably made, on those who witness and partake in such scenes, the just and true one? And are the glories of the heavenly world close to us always, if only our eyes were purged to see them? What an influence ought to drop from them, then, on all our ways! How should their purity and gladness pervade us! How short a step, for the redeemed and immortal spirit passing upward to its rest, should Death appear!

Spiritualism in the West Indies—A New Objection.

A correspondent of *The Crisis* (a "New Church" publication), writing from St. Thomas, West Indies, says:

"I had a letter from Mr. J. G. Wilkinson, of London, wherein he speaks of the spiritual manifestations spanning the earth; no doubt all true; but who are in states to meet these visitors? I was led to admit them, as all my family are powerful mediums. We had music *really wonderful*; drawings of no ordinary kind; writing of a very beautiful kind, filled with all correspondences; musical compositions, each peculiar, national, and many phenomena which were very imposing. My daily conversations with these spirits were at times highly interesting, and I must say, I believe, I was benefitted in part. But as they could not refrain from blending with our spiritual devotions, attempting to name our state with the interior sense, to direct, &c., I was by the Divine Hand led to suspect a deep scheme, which only by the Divine Power and Providence was cut short. My experience has been sufficient to show me that there are very few men at this day safe, who venture upon these communications, and therefore I consider that mode of mediumship highly disorderly and dangerous. The true mediatorial state, of an entire kind, is of a different nature, being the opening of the inner degrees according to order. That there will be many such, like E. S., [Emanuel Swedenborg] there is not a shadow of a doubt."

We have heard many singular objections to spirit-communion by pious people, but this writer's is the most extraordinary of all. It is commonly urged by religionists that the spirits who communicate are frivolous, undevout, and their influence unfriendly to spiritual devotion—though *we* have found that this depends, as it does with our earthly associations, upon *the class* of spirits which we attract around us. But this devout man was "led to suspect a deep scheme" of diabolism because the spirits *"could not refrain from blending with the spiritual devotions"* of his family! (His other objections are too obscurely stated to make anything of.) Marvellous shrewdness and piety this! Wonder if the man considers it "safe" and "orderly" to converse with his friends and neighbors on spiritual subjects, or to allow them to blend with him in the devotions of the church! We doubt if an equal instance of superlative sanctity has occurred on our earth since "a certain Pharisee went up into the temple to pray."

☞ See announcement of a spiritual story by Miss Hardinge.

The Editor's Drawer.

A "Central Mind" for Spiritualism.

We yield to the importunity of the writer of the following communication, who regards it of high importance to himself and to Spiritualism that it should be placed before our readers. And we would say nothing to prejudge the matter in the mind of any one. A Beecher once remarked that one indispensible evidence that a man is *called to preach* is, that men are *called to hear him*. So in this case we judge that if our correspondent is called by any competent authority to the position of "Central Mind" and Grand Organizer of the spiritual movement, other people will be correspondingly *called* to gather around him.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—Sir,—I wish, if possible, to avail myself of your paper to bring whatever I may have to do with Spiritualism to an early crisis. For more than twenty years I have been the subject of influences by far transcending any that have been made public. Silence has been enjoined, to be observed until the time should appear ripe for action; which is at present, if others are found ready to sustain their appropriate share of labor.

I have never sought spiritual communications in any shape; they came to me, appearing as distant emanations of the Divine Principle. I have rested in the assurance that the whole subject would undergo the most searching examination, and be established in its truth to the satisfaction of mankind, as soon as met by the organization of a human authority competent to the purpose.

It is difficult to apply precise titles to arrangements projected in other spheres. The calling allotted me is sufficiently indicated by the term *Central Mind*, used by mediums who have touched upon the subject.

The time seems at length to have come when the unlimited resources of the spirit-world are to be gathered for our benefit, if we will but put ourselves in order for their reception. Spiritualism, with all its faculties, is as yet but a scattered force. To the present time, its influence has been directed to individuals. In order to a use adequate to the scope of this Remedy for Evil, its power must be brought to bear in the mass, not only upon classes, communities and nations, but upon the whole race. To this end, with a view to the correction of our errors for all time, the light has been spread over many lands, and a sympathy established in multitudes of minds, so that when a better system of practical action is once produced, its spread will be universal.

No man who recognizes his own fallibility, can accept a charge bearing upon the interests and welfare of others, without first establishing safeguards against his errors. The Central Mind is not fitted for his post by superior talents, but by a susceptibility to influences which teach him how to select agencies appropriate to public employment. He is only the nucleus around whom others assembling may form a body capable of bearing the burthen of government, and cannot enter upon his office without providing against the influence of either private or popular views, the aid of those who, ascertaining the correctness of his acts, will, so far as human opinion is concerned, assume their entire responsibility.

I have recently learned of the preparation of a medium of distinguished psychometric powers, who seems destined to act in selecting a council of congenial minds. It appears incumbent on me to draw public attention to this subject, in order to come as early as possible at a knowledge of persons, if such there be, willing to devote themselves worthily to the common good.

Before any signal action can be formally taken for the public welfare, there are questions of most serious and extensive import, which must be disposed of; so that all who would make common cause, shall, by coming at the truth, be of one mind upon them. Those determined not to transgress the bounds of Right, must know their limits, in order to freedom and effect in their operations.

What are the Rights of Poverty? Is absolute want to be met but by the cold hand of charity; or are the causes of the condition to be sought and removed, so that there shall be poor no more?

What are the Rights of Labor? Is it still to be a stigma to work for a living; or is such action to be honored before all the gifts of fortune?

What are the Rights of Woman? Is she to continue a slave to her lord and master; or is she to be recognized, in the perfect individuality of her natural endowment, as the equal in rights, and the superior in many faculties, of her brother man?

What is the true Marriage or sexual relation?—a question that must be settled to the satisfaction of Heathendom and Christendom, Jew, Gentile and Barbarian—of man and woman over all the earth.

These and other questions vital to the peace of families, the welfare of every individual, and the very existence of the social compact, are agitating the ablest and most earnest minds, and shaking time-honored institutions to their foundations. Still there is no ascertained truth sufficient to form a basis whereupon all, even of any one sect or party, may permanently agree. Conventions and free discussion make known the evil, but attain no remedy.

Such questions cannot be evaded; and lying at the root of social growth, they must be met, dealt with, and disposed of, before men can unite in action; because the principles involved in the difficulties form the legitimate basis of social harmony.

Spiritualism has come to our relief, promising at least to make plain the course of right, and reconcile all differences; and it prescribes the mode in which its operation must be met, to be of avail to so great a purpose. Spiritual assistance has been brought to bear upon matters of no less apparent difficulty, and resulted in complete success. A true intelligence would direct us to heed the admonition and accept the boon, by fulfilling the required conditions. This will be done if a few be found prepared to encounter the sacrifices, labor and privation necessary to the undertaking, and if not, my humble steps will be confined to walks that do not lead to the affairs of others.

Prayer and devotion, adapting our souls to receive the ever present light of Divine Truth, will bring understanding; and in a superior mood, with the kindly aid of ministering angels, we may realize views of correct principle that will bring peace on earth, and with peace, happiness. GEORGE BARNARD.

SHERBROOKE, Canada East, Feb. 1859.

The First Lecturer.

DEAR NEWTON:—I notice a statement in your paper under the head of "Special and Personal," that "J. S. Loveland was the first lecturer in behalf of Spiritualism in New England." As I doubt the accuracy of the statement, will you have the kindness to permit me to give my reasons?

I am not aware that any lectures were ever delivered in New England, (if, indeed, any such were given in any other part of the country), in behalf of Spiritualism, previous to July 1850. In April 1850 I issued my prospectus for publishing "*The Spiritual Philosopher*," the first No. of which was issued in Boston the following June, and this I suppose to have been the first spiritual paper that had ever appeared. In July following I rented a hall for three months in Court street, head of Hanover, where I gave gratuitous weekly "Lectures in behalf of Spiritualism," and, which I suppose were the first lectures of the kind in New England, as I am quite sure they were the only lectures of the kind ever heard of in New England, and for some considerable time *after* the year 1850.

And if we except the occurrences at Stratford, Conn., (no sittings for spiritual manifestations were ever given there) then perhaps I may say that Spiritualism was introduced into New England through my family, as my daughters were the first media who ever gave sittings hereabouts.

Spiritualism was first introduced to the people of Boston in my lectures delivered in the Masonic Temple, in Nov. 1849, and continued there for some three months during the winter of 1849 and '50. During those lectures (on Pathetism) I constantly brought up the phenomena of Spiritualism, to which public attention had been called through the Boston *Chronotype*, and I procured two hundred copies of Messrs. Capron and Barron's pamphlets, just then published on this subject, which I distributed among my auditors, so that my labors in this field actually begun in Nov. 1849. The next year I lectured in behalf of Spiritualism in Philadelphia, in June; in Boston, July; and in Providence, Oct. And, now, if you can give me the name of any other person who was "in the field" as a lecturer, before these dates, please do so, and believe me Yours truly, LAROY SUNDERLAND.

BOSTON, Feb. 17, 1859.

[We should be sorry to have Bro. Sunderland robbed of any of the laurels which belong to him in connection with Spiritualism; and we are confident Bro. Loveland had no intention of making a misstatement in the matter.—ED.]

Correspondence.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—After a long silence I again seek communion with the readers of the AGE from the village of Gotham—the great Babylon of the modern world; for there is no other place on the globe where there is such a confusion of tongues as in this same city of New York.

Having quietly ensconced myself in comfortable quarters, and become a little used to the ceaseless bustle, I shall make tracks about town occasionally exploring its mysteries, and giving your readers the result of my investigations into both material and spiritual, as I may think will interest them in their leisure moments.

New York, considering its age, is indeed a wonderful city; in many respects exciting the admiration of the traveller, notwithstanding its filthy streets and its most reprehensible municipal government, which is a by-word and reproach to the present enlightened age.

New York is not only the metropolis of the Empire State, but also of the Western world—the *entrepot* into which are constantly flowing streams of humanity from the four quarters of the globe. It is a city of immense wealth—of magnificent enterprise, daring ambition, pride, poverty, crime and degradation.

It is in this city that princely fortunes are made and lost between the rising and setting of a day's sun. It is here that men who have been wrecked in fortune come to seek shelter, and to hide themselves from those they have known in better days. It is to this city of brilliant prospects that thousands of young men whose buoyant imaginations have painted a dazzling future, fly on the wings of hope to reap a fortune before they have sown its seed. It is here that hosts of men, pursuing the gilded butterfly, taking no heed of their footsteps, fall into the pits of misfortune which everywhere lie concealed in their way, and never rise again in this sphere of effects.

Young men, be content to till the soil in your peaceful village, and avoid the dangers and temptations which are sure to beset you in the city, is the advice of your friend, the itinerant, whose eyes look daily upon such scenes of misery and woe as would appal the hardest heart. But let the great city slumber, while I write of other matters by the waning light of my dying candle.

MRS. HATCH.

This highly gifted lady continues her lectures every Wednesday evening at Clinton Hall, and on Sunday evenings at Musical Hall, Brooklyn. I have listened to her but once since my arrival, (her exposition of miracles), on which occasion she attempted to explain ancient miracles as being performed in accordance with natural law. She evidently, from her reasoning, accepted the Bible account of them as truthful, and by her argument made them as dark and doubtful to the mind of your correspondent as any orthodox divine could have done. She is more finished and artistic in her gestures and manner than formerly—more precise in her enunciation; but whatever she may have gained in elocution and polish, I could not discover a corresponding advance in spirit and soul. I speak only for myself.

Mrs. Hatch is a great favorite in this city, and attracts much larger audiences than Miss Hardinge—which is quite the reverse in Boston.

SPIRITUAL HEAD-QUARTERS.

S.T. Munson's publishing house, 5 Great Jones street, is the spiritual head quarters in New York, where the friends of progress and modern Spiritualism "most do congregate" to discuss spiritual matters and obtain the latest reform publications and the SPIRITUAL AGE.

There is a great want of more first class books teaching the true philosophy of Spiritualism outside and independent of the medium or the writer's private theological views, which in the majority of cases are dragged in and forced upon the reader's attention. It is not theories and speculations that we want, so much as facts and the results of careful and patient investigation.

While dwelling on this point, allow me to call the attention of your readers to Judge Edmonds' recent discourse, "What is truth?" delivered in this city on Sunday morning, Feb. 13th, just published by S. T. Munson, in pamphlet form; containing also Signor Monti's feeble effort on Ancient and Modern Superstition, and Joel Tiffany's able reply. These three lectures are published at the low price of fifteen cents, and should be in the hands of every person interested in the spread of the truth.

MRS. HAYDEN

Is still stopping at "Munson's Investigating Rooms," and her circles are well attended by intelligent investigators, and there is a steadily increasing interest in the public mind to know more of spiritual phenomena, and to hear from those who have gone to the better land. All that now seems to be required is a few more reliable test media and an increase in the ranks of the recanters, to keep the fires burning brightly to light those in the valley of darkness up on the hill top of freedom from the errors of the past.

W. L. F. VON VLECK.

A little creature wearing the above appendage who publicly acknowledges his past rascality in deceiving and defrauding the people by bogus manifestations, trifling with the better and holier emotions of the soul, recently exposed himself at Clinton Hall, before about sixty persons, Spiritualists, skeptics and dead-heads, all told.

The poor little fellow told his pitiful story in a bungling and awkward manner, confessing his guilt and promising to be an honrable man in the future. He again appeared in a little room in Cooper's Institute, but with what success I have been unable to learn, not having seen any person who had disgraced himself by being present.

DODWORTH'S.

The meetings at this place are well attended by highly respectable and intellectual audiences. During my short sojourn here, the desk has been supplied by the Hon. Warren Chase, Judge Edmonds, Joel Tiffany and Signor Monti, the last of Harvard College.

There is also another meeting held at Lamartine Hall, which I have not yet had time to visit, but shall do so at the first opportunity. There are two spiritual meetings held at Brooklyn on Sunday, by which you will learn that Spiritualism is not quite dead in this region notwithstanding the *fearful* (?) onslaughts of the redoubtable Hatch, the *Herald*, *Courier* and *Express*, all of which have had a kick at the lion within the past week; but I have not yet heard of anybody who was half as much hurt as themselves.

MR. AND MRS. J. R. METTLER

of Hartford, have been passing a few weeks here, and have been overrun with business. Mrs. Mettler is one of the few persons in her profession who are reliable. She is a true lady, and enjoys the esteem of all who have the honor of her acquaintance. Her rare clairvoyant are worthy the attention of invalids.

REV. I. S. KALLOCH

of your city gave a lecture at Cooper Institute before the New York Benevolent Association, on the 16th. Subject, "The Future of the Republic." A gentleman who was present informs me that the *Rev.* gentleman was quite chop-fallen by the *very* small audience present on the occasion, and the marked absence of any considerable number of ladies. It is thought he will not lecture here again this season. Ever thine, W. R. H.

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

P. S. *March 7th.*—Yesterday when the sun of heaven was shining brightly down upon the Church of the good Shepherd, I saw with my own eyes, B. F. Hatch, M. D., partake of the sacrament at the above-named church, with all the solemnity of an honest man, and this too on the very day that his abusive article against Spiritualism appeared in the *Herald*.

Who is Dr. Beck?

EXETER, N. H., March 9, 1859.

BRO. NEWTON:—As Dr. Beck published last April in your columns two of the most remarkable and interesting cases of healing by the laying on of hands, which are on record, and has recently published some important test cases, perhaps some of your readers are asking, "Who is Dr. Beck?" I was intimately acquainted with him two years, '53 and '54, and knew him as one of the ablest and busiest physicians of the western country. He was well educated and kept himself thoroughly posted in all matters pertaining to his profession, kind and attentive to all his patients,—a man of large body, but with a soul big enough to thrill its every fibre with generous impulses. I know of no physician more competent to testify in relation to the class of facts he relates, and of no man whose testimony would be any more reliable. Yours, very truly, GEO. G. ODIORNE, M. D.

Boston and Vicinity.

Inspiration and Incarnation.

[Abstract of Miss Hardinge's Lecture at the Melodeon, on Sunday Evening, Feb. 25th.]

The lecture was introduced by singing a sweet musical composition by Miss Hardinge, entitled "The Last Supper."

Miss H. then read from John, 1st chapter: "In the beginning was the word." "And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." These words, she remarked, present no original thought peculiar to Christianity. The idea of Divine Incarnations was intuitive with the race. None can tell when the thought was first born. Chrishna, Zoroaster, Minerva, etc., are examples of it. Devoutly as mankind may have reverenced the one Supreme Invisible God, dwelling in inapproachable majesty, yet these mediators, or incarnations of God, coming among and suffering with them, have always been dearer to the heart of humanity. There must be some truth in an idea so universally prevalent. But leaving this to be referred to again, the speaker turned to the topic of the evening, viz:—

INSPIRATION.

This was defined as not merely the communication of ideas *to* the mind of man (which is more properly *instruction*), but that influence which, falling upon him from higher realms, causes his mind to expand, unfold and grow from within, as the seed expands and grows under the influence of sunlight and air. Inspiration prompts, quickens, kindles up the powers; stimulates the soul to reach up and grasp what is above it. So all new thoughts are born.

The first man who invented a plow, or any other implement for the cultivation of the earth, was inspired. He felt the need; he reached up and caught the idea. So all new inventions are derived, and thus all human progress has been effected.

What is the occupation of departed spirits? Do those giant minds of old linger in the murky atmosphere of earth merely to repeat, parrot-like, what they had attained in the earth-life? Are there no wider fields for them to roam? Men talk of classic lore, and teach their children to construe dead languages, thinking this necessary in order to obtain inspiration from the master minds of yore. The gross and disgusting character of much of this lore was forcibly depicted; and the highest earthly achievements of these ancients, in the works of art and architecture they produced—the temples of their Deities—were contrasted with the Temples of Industry of to-day.

But where is all this mighty army of departed luminaries, poets, philosophers, statesmen, to-day? Step by step they have advanced in the spirit-life; and as they have progressed they have watched over and aided the progress of the world. Only thus could they exalt themselves; for it is the universal law that we advance in proportion to our labors to help others. Had they not progressed, the world could not have advanced. They have stood as intermediates or mediators between the Infinite Father and His earthly children; and thus an unbroken chain reaches all the way down from the Highest to the lowest. Is such a destiny to be dreaded or deplored? Are not all of us in the same relation to each other? Is not our progress wrought out by imparting to those below us? And shall we deny to spirits the same privilege—that of receiving from higher and transmitting to us?

Now to recur to the subject of Incarnations: The theological idea may be incredible; but the world has ever felt the need of inspiration, and it has recognized God in those noble, godlike spirits who have in all ages appeared, so much in advance of the common ranks. God has ever been incarnating Himself in Humanity.

These mighty ones can never part from our race—they are forever one with us. Every human being is under the guardianship of some radiant one, who is seeking through him to give a nobler life to the world. Instead of one Plato, the world may have ten thousand. It is a sublimer thought that we may to-day walk hand in hand with those grand old masters, than that we must pore over their dead words in books in order to obtain inspiration from them. Ye who look back eighteen hundred years for the loving Jesus, and revere even the foibles recorded of him, turn to the living Jesus of to-day, and learn of him as he is. Where is he now? Here, in this place—wherever two or three are gathered in his name—wherever good is to be done.

What, then, is to be the work of modern Spiritualism? Is it to make a world of *mediums*—mere passive tunnels for others' thoughts? By no means. *Inspiration*—individual growth—is the end and aim of all medium power. By using an organism, spirits may show what they have attained, and what is therefore possible for us. They show what remains yet to be learned. They suggest new fields of investigation, new problems in science. It may be centuries before these problems are mastered and made of practical service; but it is by growth coming from the stimulus of inspiration, and not by authoritative teaching, that humanity is advanced.

Phenomena are of little consequence further than they promote this growth. Inspiration is proportionate to wants. An answer from the spheres of light is always ready for those who seek. "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find."

The speaker closed with a devout address of thanksgiving to the Infinite Father for the light and joy which had been bestowed, and an affectionate supplication for blessings upon the audience, from whom she was to be separated for many months.

The Melodeon Meetings.

The subject of discourse through Miss Amedey, on Sunday afternoon, was "The Miracles of Christ." She took the ground that the power by which Jesus wrought miracles was not supernatural, nor in any way different from the power which may be possessed by all who live a life in obedience to Divine laws. These laws are natural in their operations. Christ was an embodiment of the love and wisdom of God. He was commissioned by the Father to reveal the truth to man. All those qualities which go to make up the true man of God were intensified in Christ. The Father that dwelt in him did the works. It was the intensification of electrical forces which enabled him to heal the sick, &c.

By his Parables he brought the truths of his mission to bear with great force upon the minds of those who listened to his teachings. The parable of the mustard-seed brings before the mind principles of the greatest importance in life. The parable of the tares sown among the wheat while men slept, illustrates the truth of man's need of watchfulness to guard the avenues of the heart against all evil influences. But why, it is said, if God is just, are men allowed to sow tares among the wheat? Why is there so much inharmony? All is not what it seems. The tares and the wheat are necessary to man—the antagonisms of his nature are needful to his proper development; and the reason why men look upon these apparent inharmonies as evil, is because they do not know what they themselves are.

Man does not see the hand of God in the working out of his destiny. The serpent which he takes to his bosom as a cherished flower, stings him to the heart, and through this suffering he is led to his God. Every individual that floats up and down in the universe of God is but a globule in his veins.

At the conclusion of the discourse, a lengthy improvisation was given on "The Future Destiny of America,"—a topic which had been sent to Dr. Gardner, designed for the evening, but which he declared he had communicated to no one.

In the evening, the birth, life, acts and death of Jesus were historically reviewed at length. He was considered as merely a human being, and his resurrection that of the spiritual body only. This was followed by an improvisation on "Immortality."

BOSTON CONFERENCE.—The question relative to the inherency of the laws of Nature gave rise to a spicy and interesting debate on Monday evening. It was continued for further consideration next week, when we will give a synopsis of the arguments.

FREE MEETINGS.—At the Melodeon on Sunday last, a committee consisting of Messrs. Farrar, Jenkins, Gardner and Wetherbee, was chosen to consider the subject of Free Sunday Lectures, and to report on Sunday afternoon next.

SOCIAL LEVEE.—A levee complimentary to J. H. Conant is to be given at Union Hall, on Wednesday evening, 16th inst. Hall's celebrated Quadrille Band have volunteered their services, and a pleasant time is anticipated. Tickets, $1.

WALTHAM. The Spiritualists of Waltham hold a levee at Concert Hall on Tuesday evening, 15 inst. Let the friends be present in full numbers.

LOWELL.—We are pleased to learn that a movement has been made by the Spiritualists in Lowell to establish a liberal Sunday School. We wish them success.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, March 4th.

Question: "What do we know of the spirit-world?"

Dr. ORTON said: He did not subscribe to the position that all phenomena which could be accounted for on the natural plane, should be referred to that plane. This is just as unreasonable as it would be to hold the occupants of a house responsible for a crime there committed, because they had the ability to do it. The ground covered by spiritual and natural phenomena is, necessarily, much of it the same; and the source of each is to be decided by the weight of evidence and probabilities, as we decide anything else. The evidence of our senses we call positive proof; and yet this sort of evidence is not as conclusive as it is possible for circumstances, or the deductions of reason, to be. No external fact can be settled with as much certainty as is the fact, that two and two make four; which last is settled by a spiritual process wholly, with which the natural senses have nothing to do. Though the commission of a crime is established by three eye-witnesses, after all, there remains the possibility that the witnesses were suborned, or mistaken in the person. A thing may also be proved, by showing that to suppose otherwise, would lead into the impossible and absurd. Of two propositions, one of which must be true, we decide, even in opposition to our senses, in favor of the one, when it is seen that the other involves an impossibility. Thus, in answer to the questions, Is God good or evil? Are his children by nature good or evil? If we rely on our external senses, and take man as the highest representative of the Deity known to us, and canvass his acts as they appear on the surface, and take an inventory of the crime and misery with which the world abounds; it is only when we find ourselves horror-stricken at the idea of rendering a verdict on the side of evil, that the spiritual man within us makes himself heard; and consciousness and reason unite in declaring such a conclusion, as impossible and absurd, as it is horrible. By all these methods of proof, and more, may the existence and modes and conditions of the spirit-world be shown. Under the head of proof positive, aside from the testimony of the past, there are those among us who have seen its beautiful landscapes spread out before them; who have conversed face to face with its inhabitants, and handled them with their hands. So much for the external. But on passing within ourselves, we find ourselves already in a spirit-world—a world of thought and affection—of which the five senses know nothing. Here in fact we live, sending out our thoughts to the extremest bounds of space, and pouring out our affections on the objects of our love, and receiving theirs in glowing, sensible waves of delight, in return. In this inner world we are conscious of the presence of friends who are absent in the body; and many possess a like consciousness of the presence of those who have passed the bounds of flesh. Here within ourselves, are the beginnings, and a part of the spirit-world—a part which every one can examine for himself. To find the whole, it is only necessary to extend this through all space. Every individualized thing, as well as man, is pervaded by a substantial spirit, which is its life. There are changes of state, but no death; and hence the things that we see here, taking on immortal forms, go to make up the spirit-world—its globes, its scenery, and its inhabitants.

WM. BROWN, of Buffalo—*entranced:* There is one God—the Universal Father—and one family of mankind, who are all brothers. Man is made up of body, soul and spirit. Spirit is not mind. An emanation from spirit and matter forms mind. At death, dropping the body, we take our places in the spirit-world, high or low, in accordance with our loves. Those in the first sphere have not the power of seeing each other—they can only see natural things; and still the inner principle is as pure as God himself. Is nature God? No. God is a person, and the highest individuality. Spirit acting on matter produces forms. We are in the image of God, a fact which we never could have imagined, had it not been true. A spirit cannot speak with a physical voice. We hear them only by a change of state. He had seen spirits and handled them. They spoke through him and impressed him. He could tell in five minutes how many grains there are in 99,988,361 half pints of wheat, so many grains to a gill, or answer any other similar question, correctly, and almost instantly; and he thought this ought to furnish some evidence of the existence of spirits and a spirit-world; for he did not pretend to do it himself. The answers were impressed on his mind; and in the world within himself, he could see the figures and read them off. He was a sailor. He had come from Buffalo, three hundred miles of the way on foot; and his object was to go among the docks and teach the sailors. Sailors were a noble class of men, having the God-principle within them. His object was to cultivate this, and bring it to bear fruit.

Dr. GRAY: We may say with entire certainty that we do know there is a world of spirits. To his mind, the records of old times were enough. But in addition to this, by the blessing of Providence, we have our own experience. And, secondly, we know that our personal friends who have spoken from that region, have described their state as one of increased comfort, and illumined with the divine hope of future progression. As to the occupations of that sphere, he did not think we knew much about it. It was not of much consequence to us. On the other hand, the method by which they communicate with us is of consequence. He referred to the discovery of rapport, by which communications can be made without the use of words—by which all feelings and knowledge can be transferred from one to another. This was a discovery of Spiritualism, and a universal law, applicable to this plane and all others.

Mrs. FRENCH: She knew of the world of spirits from its inhabitants. A certain lady for some weeks had been in the habit of calling on her every third day, for medical treatment. On Thursday of last week, Mr. Culbertson being ill, it was not convenient to receive her; and she asked the spirits to impress her not to come. Within ten minutes they reported they had done so—that she had turned back after having started to come. On Friday, she asked them to impress her to come, and she came, when they compared notes. The report of the spirits proved true. On Thursday, after having reached the ferry, she seemed to be told almost in an audible voice, to turn back and go home, which so impressed her that she went home; and on Friday, she received, in like manner, a notice to repeat her visit. Again: the week before, her daughter, ten years old, said to Mr. Culbertson that a lady with blue eyes was standing beside him, giving a description of the lady. That, said Mr. C., answers the description of my sister who is living; but on the same day he received a letter from her husband in Westmoreland County, Pa., announcing her death. She knew there was a spirit-world. A spirit came to her and besought her to go to her family, who were starving—giving street, and number, and names. She went and found it all so. Yesterday a spirit told her she was about to be called on by a poor afflicted creature, and asked her to give her aid and consolation. Soon after she came, starving and cold, with the salutation, "In God's name give me a cup of cold water and a crust of bread!" She went with that woman to her home, which she found to be a station house; interested others for her, and together they had placed her in comfort.

Dr. HALLOCK: Let us take an account of stock. In spite of all logical sequences, of which we have heard to-night, we all know that multitudes, led astray by scientific deductions, have been lost in conjecture, and shipwrecked on the rocks of infidelity. He knew how the spirit-world was divided by those who did believe—the psalm-singers on one side, and the groaners on the other. Have we made an advance on this? We have settled the question. There is a spirit-world. It is no longer a matter of conjecture. This is an achievement of the nineteenth century, and the crown of all. The past was not enough, unless it could be made to impinge on the present, by an analogous experience. By authority of this intercourse, we affirm, that it is not divided into heaven and hell; but, as Dr. Gray says, our friends from that sphere speak to us as from homes of increased comfort and hope. They have also brains, hands and feet. A webbed foot is a prophecy of water. What else goes over? The human affections; and this makes the man in the spirit-world complete.

Mr. D—— read a sensible communication from his brother in the spirit-world, describing his entrance, surprises and experiences there. His first surprise was to find himself with a body, hands and feet; his second, that he was conscious at all, as he had expected to remain quiescent until the morning of the resurrection. Everything was beautiful about him, and he at once felt a desire to bow himself before the author of so much wisdom and goodness. He was aroused by a touch on the shoulder. A bright being stood beside him, who invited him to go and see his home. Before arriving there, he became insensible. When he awoke, he found himself beside a flowing stream, in a land of fragrance and joy. The ground was covered with a velvet turf, which, as he trod on it, gave forth music. "Glory to God!" he shouted,—"this is Heaven!" Again he was touched, and bade to worship God, not in fear, but in the strength of a man, and was instructed that his uses were to labor to elevate those below him, to his own standard of knowledge and truth. J. R. O.

Spiritual Manifestations.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

No. III.

FORESHADOWING.

In dealing with facts as I met them prior to my becoming a Spiritualist, I shall not confine myself to give dates in rotation.

I once had a cousin—a noble, truthful, generous woman—wedded at an early age to a worthless husband. She paid the penalty of her indiscreet marriage by meekly suffering a thousand deaths during the few years she lived with him. Often have I, when a boy, sat at her feet and wondered why she was so sad.

One morning in August my sweet cousin came to my father's house weeping, her face pale and white as the bloodless flesh could be. I was startled at the great change apparent in her. My mother, in astonishment at her appearance, asked: "What is the matter, Betsey?"

"Oh! oh! aunt!" she exclaimed, "*I am going to die!* and were it not for these little ones—my babes—I should rejoice at the change. Oh, who will care for them and guide their young souls aright? Aunt, it is terrible to live one's young life away, loving and unloved, as I have done. God knows how I do love my husband; and I would willingly suffer over again all that I have suffered, could I but bring my erring husband to a sense of his true condition, for then I should have hope of his reforming. But it never can be, for soon my soul will be with my God, and my body will soon be placed in the narrow tomb. Last night at midnight I sat at the window of my little bed-room watching for the return of my truant husband, when all of a sudden the schoolhouse opposite was illuminated with a sudden flash, and then burned steadily, the light throwing its rays fully upon my window. I rubbed my eyes in order to see if I was not deceived; but no, it was true—too true. The light was there, but the house was not on fire; and there came a moving throng of neighbors and friends from every quarter to the school-house. Soon it was filled, and I saw the good old minister in his place, and on the table in front of the desk stood a coffin; and there sat you and your family, aunt, weeping; and there were my poor husband and babes. I thought it so strange that you should all be weeping over a corpse, and I not know who was dead. The sermon was ended and the coffin was opened, and to my astonishment I beheld myself and my unborn babe, all silent and cold in death. Then the multitude in silence moved slowly to the graveyard, and there I saw the coffin and my corpse, with my child's, deposited in its last earthly resting-place. Then came the benediction and the separation of the people, some to their homes, some to lounge away an hour at the corners—leaving me a lone and cheerless mourner; and then the scene changed, and I was again in my room.

"The golden Fall, with its ripe fruit and yellow leaves, had come. I was sick. My child was born—a sweet, blue-eyed boy—given, only to be taken,—born only to live for a few moments. He died, and then I saw myself rapidly sinking. I died with puerperal fever. Aunt, I know this will prove true, for my mother was with me, and told me that the time was near at hand, and that I must prepare to die and join her in Heaven. And oh, aunt, you will be kind to my little ones and care for them! I will repay you with holy thoughts from Heaven, for my mother says I can come back and see my babes and those I love on earth after I have left my body."

My mother talked long and earnestly with my cousin, and was fully persuaded that she had seen a vision and that it would be fulfilled. With words of comfort my mother bade her not to weep, but rather to rejoice and prepare for the great change that was to take place.

The Fall came with all its golden beauty. The swallows had swarmed and started for their southern homes. The first frost had nipped the last flowers of Fall. The apples were ripe and the wild nuts of the forest were ready to be gathered in for winter sports. October with her golden twilight sweetly smiled on Nature's rich productions. My poor cousin in the meantime had quietly prepared for the approaching change.

The day came. All nature was clad with a golden mantle of completion, and the labors of old Mother Earth were over for the season; she had brought forth bountifully, and her children were rejoicing in receipt of her gifts. My poor cousin alone was sad. Her truant husband was away carousing with characters of his own stamp. Night had dropped her sable curtain, and all Nature was hushed in sleep. A gentle tap was heard at our door. It summoned my mother to the bedside of my poor cousin; and ere the morning sun smiled on earth again, a soul was born on earth—another in Heaven; she was a spirit.

A little blossom had bloomed for an hour, and passed before her to Heaven. Her form was laid where she had seen her grave, and under circumstances corresponding with her vision.

Have we not in this incident a most striking proof of spirit-power? One feature is noticeable here—the power of spirits to represent that which is to be, and ability to carry the spirit of one living from the body, and imprinting on the mind a positive reality. "I John saw these things." May not the above be considered as truly a vision as was John's on Patmos? Was God, in person, or his spirits, acting as agents—carrying out His laws—preparing the way for a soul to join the hosts that had preceded? E. V. W.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, March, 1859.

Various Items.

.....It is a literal fact that at a dinner given on the 22d of February at Pittsburgh, Pa., Dr. Dake gave as a sentiment: "When Gabriel blows his horn, may George Washington be the first to rise."

..... A crafty sinner who pretended to be a saint, and stole Dea. Wilder's gold watch from him at a Boston prayer meeting, has been detected, and sent to jail for six months. His name was Geo. F. Crafts.

..... There is a big ugly yellow poster opposite our window, which, by a strange typographical error, reads, "Preaching for the Times." It should undoubtedly be Preaching for the Dimes, and the mistake is unaccountable.

..... A "bearded ball" was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy honor to his face. At the supper table, among the toasts and speeches denunciatory of shaving, was the following: "*Man*—full-grown, bearded, Nature's great master-work; too noble to be bare-faced, too perfect to be botched by the bungling of barberism."

..... The people of Rahway, N. J., are having a ghost excitement. A certain house has been recently haunted by what purports to be the ghost of "Gid Morris," who threatened before his death that he would do it, and several tenants have lately been driven from the house by his pranks. A bold fellow lately undertook to watch for the ghost, and says he shot at it, and that it vanished in the smoke.

..... It can hardly be known that Free Masons have a rite of baptism. The New Orleans papers contain an account of the baptism of a number of children in that city by the worshipful master, in the presence of the lodges of the city in their regalia. The ceremonies were very impressive. After the water had been applied to the children, a censer of fire was swung around their heads, and then they were declared to have undergone purification both by water and by fire. From the fact that several clergyman were present and took part in the exercises, we infer that the baptism was not considered an invasion of the province of the Christian church.

..... A RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCE.—At Overyssell, Holland, a Protestant woman, married to a Roman Catholic, a few days ago gave birth to twins. By an agreement come to with her husband on the occasion of her marriage, half of their children were to be Protestants, the other half Catholics. But the Catholic priest of the place declared that he would either baptize both or neither. The woman insisted that the agreement should be fulfilled, but her husband and his family pronounced in favor of the pretension of the priest, and the two children were taken to the Catholic church. These circumstances having become known in the town, a crowd of people assembled in front of the house occupied by the couple, and when the godfathers and godmothers arrived with the children a volley of stones was thrown at them. They had to seek refuge in adjacent houses, and it is said that one of the children was killed by a blow from a stone. The excitement of the people continuing, the windows of the priest's house and of houses occupied by other obnoxious persons were smashed.—*Dutch Paper.*

Obituary Notices.

BORN TO THE SPIRIT.—Feb. 15th, 1857, Mrs. MARGARET DANSKIN, of Baltimore, aged 77 years.

Thus in the fullness of time the spirit of a mother and friend has passed to the higher life. Dear as she was, and *still* is to some, and well known and beloved by *many* among us, a few remarks upon her life of "uses," her spiritual experiences, and her gentle transition to the angel-state, are appropriate.

So prone are we to feel that our beloved ones *die* when the earthly form is no longer the habitation of the soul, that we forget their continual presence, and fail to realize that the mansions wherein they dwell are surrounding us. Any example which impresses this truth upon our hearts and understandings is of great value—giving higher views of the life here, and nobler, clearer ones of that which will be ours hereafter.

The subject of our brief and imperfect tribute was early called to endure trials and assume responsibilities far beyond the common lot; and while health and strength remained throughout a long pilgrimage, she performed not only life's duties, but bestowed its charities with a warm heart, a clear mind, and an open and ready hand. Many an orphan rejoiced in hers as in a mother's love, and both here and in the Father's House they call her blessed. The needy went not empty away, nor did the children of sorrow ever fail to receive from her true sympathy in those griefs which do not admit relief.

Such were her active years; and in the quietude of her declining days, she was enabled to receive as a little child, that beautiful faith which she had so truly lived, and which recognizes in God a tender Father of *all* his children, and in the beloved ones who "go before," "ministering spirits" to do His will.

Through the mediumship of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Washington A. Danskin, she received from time to time messages of instruction leading her mind to higher contemplations, and promises which were all fulfilled before, ane at her departure.

This is no fitting place to make record of these communings, but we who have been privileged to both hear and read them, may bear testimony that now, as of old, angels are continually descending with words of love and wisdom, and in her case they were not obliged to bear back the sorrowing thought and feeling, that they "came to their own" and were not received.

These messages, as it were, passed to her inmost heart, with the immediate sanction of the external mind, and, without labor, became convictions which comforted and consoled in hours of trial and suffering, and in days of darkness, made clear the vision to spiritual things; they brought into subjection the worldly will and subdued the strength and purified the grossness of the material frame, till this at last became as the pure and gently breathing form of infant life,—and through all these her soul had attained the heavenly grace of patience.

The body having thus performed its last offices, yielded the spirit to those who had prepared it, and who had watched and waited to receive it into the beloved companionship of the Eternal Home.

"The shock of corn was fully ripe," and those who gathered to consign the body to the grave, felt no weight of sorrow, for in that symbolic fullness of her years, seventy and seven, which denotes completion, they felt that *all* had been achieved and suffered—the rudimental state was finished.

Mrs. Hatch, in an entranced state, spoke both in prayer and from these words: "*There shall be no more death;*" and of all who were present, there were none who did not feel that the beautiful and impressive lesson which fell from her lips truly divested "death of its sting and the grave of its victory."

The loving mother, the warm and true-hearted friend no longer meets our material sight, but we feel that she is none the less with us still; and is another added to the band of ministering angels, who keep watch and ward over us.

Those who do not thus believe with us, can find also their consolation, for the

"Actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

FRIENDS OF THE AGE:—I have just received the welcome intelligence that a long and sorely afflicted sister, whom I numbered among the choicest ones of my circle of friends, on account of her superior qualities of heart and mind, was released from the prison-house of her physical suffering on the 15th inst., and borne to the beautiful mansion prepared for her by her own true life here. She had many relatives in the State of Massachusetts, who will know her more readily by her original name—ALMIRA F. DAVIS—than by the name of her husband—Mr. E. L. GROVER. She lived and suffered with that stealthily creeping but surely fatal malady, pulmonary consumption, near Laona, Chautauque Co., N. Y., up to the age of thirty-eight years, when physical nature was compelled to let go its hold upon the well-grown spirit, and she departed, leaving a husband, several young children, and many loving friends, to mourn their bereavement and regret the cause of her early transition.

The subject of this notice was, from youth, of a reflective cast of mind, and the religious element was dominant in her nature. In her early seekings after spiritual truth, she embraced the Baptist faith, either because the tenets and doctrines of that sect appeared to her mind more rational than any other, or because her social affinities and other circumstances governed her choice; and she united herself to that sect of worshippers. Subsequently to this union—how long I am not informed—she became acquainted with the religious views, and listened to the doctrines, of the Universalists. Here her loving spirit first heard the idea advanced that "*God is love;*" and so rational, so convincing and so absorbing was the new-born thought, that her whole soul embraced it and repudiated the scriptural and orthodox imputation, that the Infinite Father Spirit is angry, every day, with his human children, and is ever watching for occasions to pour out his bottled wrath upon them. By force of conviction she embraced the religion which presented to her devotional soul a God so incomparably more worthy of adoration than the despotic, vengeful and variable one of the Mosaic dispensation; and she was a Universalist.

In a mind thus progressive, thus unwedded to sect, creed or dogma, what could be expected but that she would unhesitatingly embrace the next religious development which should present to her free and lucidly reasoning spirit a step still farther in advance of Universalism than the latter was of Baptist Calvinism? Such, to her mind, was the religion and philosophy presented to her by ministering angels; and as soon as she *knew* the phenomena to be true, she drank in the philosophy as the vital aliment of her interior being; and her thoroughly satisfied soul cried *Eureka!* From the moment of her settled conviction of the reality of angelic ministration to mortals, and of the truth that their religious and philosophical teachings were from the realm of Infinite Wisdom, no doubt ever for a moment found a resting place in her mind: and her beautiful faith, which, to her, was tantamount to positive knowledge, bore up her spirit through the protracted siege of her physical system by the determined destroyer, and carried her triumphantly through the scene of change, to the bright shore of her spirit-home. S. A.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28th, 1859.

BORN INTO SPIRIT-LIFE—Feb. 15th, MARGARET BULLARD, wife of General Bullard, of Waterford, N. Y. Her parting was that of the true Spiritualist. Young and fair as she was, the earth had no attractions for her. Of rare mediumistic capacity, her heart and eyes were alike fixed on the bright homes of the spirits. They were her friends and companions on earth, and in long weary hours of suffering they decked her couch with flowers of consolation and patience. To the very few who really knew, loved and appreciated her, the loss of her gentle ministry on earth will leave a blank only to be filled up by the low whisperings of her voice from her spirit-home; but none who looked on the peaceful clay, beautiful with the impress of the happy parted spirit, would grudge her the rest she yearned for.

The Troy Harmonists with sweet low songs celebrated her spirit's birth, singing at her own special request, "I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest," bidding the broken casket farewell with "Gather the beautiful." E. H.

DEPARTED.—From Burlington, Vt., to the land of the hereafter, March 1st, 1859, CATHARINE MCELLORY TOWN, aged thirty three years. Catharine had five children, four of whom she has left in the land of shadows. Soon after the birth of the first she had the misfortune to fall and injure her head. Ever after, she has been afflicted with a rather peculiar kind of fits, which at first were very slight; but gradually she came to have an occasional severe one. These fits, with trouble and hard work, finally prostrated a naturally strong physical form; so we have borne it away to mingle with its kindred dust. Sown in dishonor, raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power; sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body. M. E. G.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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

LETTERS RECEIVED.—E Nichols, O Harris, W Tebb, H DeGrove, S K Verrill, S Albro, G Barnard 2, P Ashley, W L Gay, S Cook, J D Ogden, M E Dickerson 2, W C Waters, J Nesbitt, W Fulkerson, H Towne, W Breck, W Pratt, D T Wood, M Wright, G Grant, L Moody, G H Stockham, T L Wakefield, L E Slade, "J R," L H Stone, J W Currier, T Bond, E Fulton, "B O," A D Cridge, Barrington & Co, S B Nichols, M E G, G G Odiorne, H N Gove, H F M Brown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. E. S.—Mrs. Bean has returned to Boston. Her card will be found below.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Publishers of the SPIRITUAL AGE have great pleasure in announcing that

MISS EMMA HARDINGE

is engaged in writing, from spirit-impression, A POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE STORY, to be entitled

THE IMPROVISATORE;

—OR,—

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES!

The publication of which will be commenced in the AGE early in April.

The tens of thousands in all parts of the country who have listened with wonder, delight and instruction to Miss Hardinge's brilliant efforts as a public speaker, will find equal satisfaction in reading this production of her gifted pen.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Henry C. Wright speaks at Waltham next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture as follows: Milford, N. H., March 13th; Springfield, Mass., 20th; Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, 24th. Evenings intervening she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.

MISS SARAH J. IRISH, the celebrated test rapping medium, may be addressed at Victor, N. Y., care of M. Wright.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE speaks at Lowell, Mass., the first two Sundays in April; in Worcester, Mass., the last; in Portland, Me., the first four Sundays in May.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Philadelphia and Baltimore during March; in New York, Willimantic and Naugatuck during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, &c., during May; in Portland and Oswego during June. Next Fall and Winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and requests letters and applications for her services to be addressed to 194 Grand street, New York.

MRS. C. M. TUTTLE speaks at Worcester, Sunday, March 6th, and at Putnam 20th and 27th.

L. JUDD PARDEE speaks during the month of March before the Second Society of Spiritualists in Providence, R. I., at which place he may be addressed.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Oswego, N. Y., Sundays, March 6th and 13th; Utica, 20th. He can be addressed at Oswego, care of J. S. Pool, until March 15th. After this Mr. W. comes to New England to spend the Spring and Summer. Those wishing his services as a speaker are requested to address to this office until further notice.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Oxford, N. Y., March 3d and 4th; in Binghamton, Sunday, 6th; in Owego, 10th, 11th and 13th; in Oswego, 20th and 27th. She will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of Oswego on week evenings, between the 20th and 27th. Address Willard Barnes Felton, Binghamton, N.Y., until March 18th; from 18th to 27th, Oswego, N. Y.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street (above Race), Philadelphia, for lectures on Religion, Politics, and Society.

CHENANGO VALLEY.—Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton has, by the earnest desire of the friends of Spiritualism in Greene, Oxford and Norwich, N. Y., decided to spend the month of April lecturing in such places on the stage route from Utica to Binghamton as the friends may desire. The friends in the several places desiring lectures will please communicate their wants to Willard Barnes Felton, Binghamton, N. Y., previous to March 18th.

Dr. C. C. YORK will answer calls to lecture in the trance state. Address, Boston, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Geneva, Ohio, March 2d; Painesville, 3d and 4th; Cleveland, 6th; Chagrin Falls, 7th and 8th; Newburg, 9th and 10th; Clyde, 11th; Toledo, 13th; Burr Oak, Mich., 15th; Sturgis, 16th; Elkhart, Ind., 17th and 18th. All letters from north, west and south of Chicago, addressed to him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March will be considered.

A. B. WHITING is engaged to speak in Albion, Mich., every Sunday for three months. He may be addressed there till May 1st.

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.

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.

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.

JAMES H. HARRIS, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. tf4*

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

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in So. Hanson, Saturday and Sunday, March 5th and 6th; East Bridgewater, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8th and 9th; Newburyport, Sunday, March 13th, Byfield, Tues. and Wed., 15th and 16th; Georgetown, Thurs. and Frid. 18th and 19th, Groveland, Sunday 20th; Danvers, Tues. and Wed., 22d and 23d; S. Danvers, Thurs. and Frid., 25th and 26th; Lynn, Sunday, 27th.

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, at the Melodeon, on Sunday mornings, at 10 1-2 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. A. W. DELAFOLIE, the Independent Clairvoyant and Medium, has rooms at 13 Lagrange Place, formerly the office of Miss Munson, where she will be happy to receive those desiring her services. 9

MRS. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M for 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 12 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

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All curable diseases, such as dropsy, liver, heart, spinal, and various other diseases, successfully treated. Charges moderate. Office hours from 9 A M to 8 P M. 12—3m

Interesting Miscellany.

TOM WILD'S GHOST.

"Mr. Travers," said one of my village pupils to me, one morning, on the opening of the school, "it is reported in town (so he called the village of a few dozen houses) that Swamp Dick saw Tom Wild's ghost last night,"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; "did you hear the particulars?"

"No, sir, except he saw it at the gate as you come out of town."

This Tom Wild had been in his lifetime, just one of those persons whose ghosts, in the opinion of lovers of the supernatural, are apt to be seen after death. He had been a very dissipated, reckless young man, and, at the time of his decease, was under bail to appear at the next term of the County Court to stand a trial for shooting his father-in-law, and wounding him so severely that his life was for some time considered to be in danger.

Having business in the village that evening, I took advantage of the occasion to question Swamp Dick about his adventure. This individual, by-the-by, was a slave belonging to a gentleman of St. Joseph's, and had received his singular *sobriquet* from a previous place of residence.

"Dick," I asked, "did you see Tom Wild's ghost, last night?"

"Yas, marster, I did."

"Tell me what it looked like, and all about it."

"Yas, sah. You see, Marse Travers, I was er workin' out at de place (his master's plantation) all day yisserday; un as I was er comin' ullong home in de ebenin', I stopt at Dan Low's quarter ter hab ullittle talk wid im ubbout er' possum dat he cused me er takin' outer his gum. We had a werry warm talk ubbout it, un Dan said I cussed him, (but I didden do no sich er thing,) un dat he was er goin' to hab me turned out er meetin' fur it. I tell you what, Marse Travers, dat Dan Low is de wus nigger in de neighborhood. He's alwus arter quarrellin' he is; he'd druther quarrel den eat anytime."

It may be necessary to inform the reader that a gum is a trap for opossums or rabbits, and it is of a section of a hollow gum-tree.

"But Dick," I said, "you are forgetting the ghost."

"Oh, no, sah. Well, den, you see, marster, Dan un me was er jawin' each other so long dat it was mos' dark when I lef de quarter. You know las' night was er wery dark night, un I felt wery lonesome us I come ullong through de woods, where you could barely see your hand 'fore your face. Den I was er thinkin' what would happen tur me if dey was ter hab me turned out er meetin'; un den I 'gun ter think dat maybe 'twasn't right in me, arter all, ter git so mad, un ter talk as I did."

"But about the ghost, Dick."

"Comin' to it d'rec'ly, sah. Us I wus er sayin,' I wus er thinkin' dat, ef dey wus to turn me out er meetin' maybe de debbil would git me. I felt werry bad ubbout it all de way I wus er comin' ullong home, un kep' er wishin' dat I could meet wid somebody er gwine inter town. Well, jus' us I got ter de top er do hill, jus us you come inter town dere, I see er man ullittle way erhead me, in er big obercoat. I walk fas' fur ter try fur ter ketch up wid him, but I couldden. Den when he got right tudder gate he turn roun' so as I could see his face, un den went straight out er sight same as ef he had sunk right inter de groun.'"

"Was that the ghost you saw?"

"Yas, sah."

"How could you see his face, as dark as it was last night?"

"Dun know, marster; but I see his face plain unnough dough, for all dat."

A few days afterwards the same pupil told me that Tom Wild's ghost had been seen again,

"By whom was it seen this time?" I asked.

"By Aunt Caroline, sir—old Mr. Wild's cook."

Some time afterward, meeting Aunt Caroline, I asked her if what I had heard was true.

"Yas, undeed, sir," she answered; "I seed him jes' as plain as I see you now."

"How did it happen, aunty?"

"Night affore las' sir, jes' ullittle arter daylight down, I thought I hear somebody er talkin' in de backyard, un I step outer de kitchen ter see who 'twas. Un dare I see um plain unnough, standin' talkin' at de backdoor uv de house."

"Saw *them?* I thought you had seen but one ghost."

"No, sir; dare was two uv um—Marse Tom un little Josh."

Little Joshua was a brother of Tom Wild's, and had died a short time after him.

"Well, aunty, I asked, "what did the ghosts do? Did they say anything to you?"

"No, sir; dey jes' look urround at me—dat's all."

"Did you speak to them?"

"Yas, sir; when I see um standin' dare, I say, 'Ah! is dat you?' un den I went back inter de kitchen."

Aunt Caroline seemed to take ghost-seeing as coolly as if it were a very common affair.

"Were the ghosts still standing in the yard," I questioned her again, "when you returned into the kitchen?"

"Yas, sir."

"How were they dressed?"

"Marse Tom hab on dat big obercoat he used ter wear so much. You reckleck dat coat, Marse Travers?"

I nodded "yes."

"Un little Josh hab on de blue yarn suit he used ter wear to school ebery day."

"Did you see anything of them afterward?"

"No, sir; neber seed um sence."—*The Old Plantation, by James Hungerford.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A lady lay down in her bed one night, leaving her candle burning on the drawers, in expectation of a servant coming to extinguish it; she fell asleep, but was awakened after a while by, as she fancied, a mouse running over her face; she started up, a great light filled the room, and she beheld, to her extreme consternation, some linen on fire which lay near the candle on the drawers. The maid-servant had not been, as expected, to put out the light; which had burnt down and communicated with things around it; and the young lady, her family, and probably her neighbors were saved from mischief incalculable, by the apparently trivial circumstance, imaginary or real, of a mouse running over her face. —*Miss Marshall.*

Worth hath been underrated ever since wealth was overvalued.

AN EARTH-BATH.

"My uncle, an old clergyman, had lived many years in a damp parsonage in the New Forest, and he was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. He was advised to consult Dr. Graham, who was then all the fashion. He did so, and was persuaded by him to take an earth-bath; he actually took one, and he thought it did him good, and was likely to be of great service. My uncle often regretted that he had not resolution enough to persevere; but it was exceedingly unpleasant. The patient was led into the doctor's garden; there he took off his clothes behind a screen, stripping himself stark naked. He was then placed in a hole in the ground, just large enough to contain him; in what posture I do not recollect, but I think standing. Earth—finely sifted vegetable mould—was gently filled in quite up to the collar-bone, the head and neck being free, and remaining out of the ground; the arms were buried, being placed close to his side. The patient being fairly in the bath, the screen was removed, and he commonly saw other persons around him in a like situation with himself; and he passed the time, as well as he could, in conversing with them—for it was necessary to remain three or four hours in the earth.

"'How cold he must have been!' a lady remarked.

"On the contrary, the sensation of heat was most oppressive; there was an unpleasant feeling of suffocation, and the perspiration was profuse. When the time prescribed had expired, and the screen was placed around him, the bather was taken out of his grave, and well rubbed, and he was allowed to put on his clothes and depart. It was so disagreeable, that my uncle could never summon courage to undergo the operation a second time; but several of his friends had taken an earth-bath frequently, and they thought that the process was of great use to them.

"I have seen persons in the earth-bath myself. I well remember going with my uncle the first time he consulted Doctor Graham. A man-servant, in a splendid livery, received us, and conducted us into the garden, and we saw there what seemed to be a bed of cauliflowers. It was the age of wigs—of powdered wigs—and there were several old gentlemen buried up to the neck in the ground, with the head only to be seen above the earth, and a well-whitened wig upon it. The footman led my uncle up to one of the most considerable of the wigs, and introduced him to his physician: 'This, sir, is Doctor Graham.' For the doctor took a bath every morning himself, to encourage his patients, and shone forth on the surface of mother earth as the biggest of the big wigs. He could not feel my uncle's pulse, for his arms were interred as well as his body; but he looked at his tongue, and asked him very many questions, in exact accordance with the practice of the college, and finally he prescribed an earth-bath, which shortly afterwards my uncle took.

"'How dreadful!" all the ladies exclaimed, with one voice, 'it must be just like being buried alive! Were there any women there?'

"Not when I was present, certainly; and I rather think that females did not take these baths; and yet I recollect that the advertisements strongly recommended them to ladies as an unfailing remedy for sterility, inasmuch as the earth would surely impart to them some portion of its fruitfulness—the earth being the fertile mother of all things.—*Life of Shelley.*

Please let me be a Little Boy.

"Oh, Johnny," cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs, tandem, and called out in a loud whisper, "Get up, whoa!" But at length, finding but little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hand on his breast, said, with a long breath, "Oh mother, "it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they do," replied the mother.

"Oh, then, mother dear," cried, Johnny, in a winning tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in this petition. Please mothers, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood; that when your heads are low in the grave, they may point back to those days and say, "We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."

Taking the Oath.

The *Knickerbocker* is responsible for the following:—A correspondent in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives the following scene, in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids. Mayor Church presiding. Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk.

CLERK—Do you solemnly swear—

MAYOR, (with dignity)—Stop—The witness will hold up his right hand.

C—The man has no right hand, your honor.

M (with some asperity.)—Let him hold up his left hand then.

C—He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your honor will perceive.

M (savagely)—Tell him to hold up his right leg, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court without holding up something. Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved. (Witness sworn on one leg.)

Hard-Shell Preaching.

A whang-doodle hard-shell preacher, wound up a flaming sermon with this magnificent peroration:

"'My brethring and sistern! ef a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three *Arabian* children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, hetted seven times hotter than it could be het, and it didn't swinge a har on their heads! And there was John the Evangeler; they put him—and where do you think, brethring and sistern, they put *him?* Why, they put him into a caladronic of bilin' ile, and biled him all night and did't *faze* his shell! And there was Daniel; they put him in a lion's den—and what, my fellow-travellers and respected auditories, do you think he was put in a lion's den for? Why, for prayin' three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brethring and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den!"—*Harper.*

A TRADE.—They tell a good story of a worthy old divine in Massachusetts, who deemed the virtue of frugality an appropriate part of christian life and practice. Going into the hat store of a friend in Boston, the considerate merchant selected a ten dollar beaver and offered to make him a present of it. The clergyman hesitated. It was rather too good an article for him to wear. Asking the value of a different article and learning that it bore the more moderate price of three dollars, he suggested that he would prefer the three dollar hat, and the difference between that and the ten dollar article, *in money!*

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

MY ANGEL GUIDE.

When the winds of winter blow
And the earth is wrapped in snow;
When the birds have ceased to lave
In the frozen rivulet's wave,
And the leaves of summer breeze
Are dead beneath the icy trees,
Then be near my angel guide,
Protect and shield- Oh! Lord provide!

When the silvery moon of night
Withdraws her mild enchanting light;
When comes the storm's terrific din
And every star of hope grows dim;
When all around is lurid, dark,
And hopless toss'd my foundering bark,
Then be near, my angel guide,
Protect and shield—Oh! Lord provide!

If friends should fail when death comes on,
And mind and reason all are gone,
If by the clouds of error dark
I've failed on truth to build my ark,
Or when my soul hangs on the doubt,
And cannot rise above the cloud,
Then be near, my angel guide,
Protect and shield—Oh! Lord provide!

When first my vision greets the bless'd
That in the bowers of heaven rest,
Or when I hear seraphic son s
Of million, billion, trillion tongnes,
And when I seek to rise still higher
With songs of love to heaven's choir,
Then be near, my angel guide;
Lead on, lead up!—Oh! Lord provide!

J. A. H.

PHILADELPHIA.

LINES TO A LOST CHILD.

It is midnight in the valley,
The sky is overcast;
The snow is driving wildly,
And the wind is rising fast,

As a little maiden wanders
Alone amidst the storm,
With only summer garments,
To shield her drooping form.

And, weeping, down the valley,
The little maiden goes—
Her loving heart most broken,
And her brief life near its close.

The icy blasts wail louder—
And faster falls the snow,
And chiller grows the maiden,
While her sobs are faint and low.

At last her footsteps falter,
And she sinks upon the ground,
Where her troubles cease forever,
As another home is found.

And when, upon the morrow,
The sun comes clear and bright,
It nowhere in its journeying
Will see a sadder sight.

For o'er the home now darkened
Are weary shadows spread:
A mother weeps in bitterness,
Her little daughter dead.

But at the gates of Paradise
An angel form appears,
Arrayed in robes of purity,
And smiling through her tears.

BARRY GRAY.

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power—the never-halting time—
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

To persevere in one's duty, and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—*Washington.*

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king. Give him brains without riches, and he is a slave. Give him riches without brains, and he is a fool.

Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families, debate;
Gold doth friendship separate;
Gold doth civil wars create.

CROWLEY.

There is nothing worth having that is not difficult. The life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long contest with difficulties, and none of us would be the men we now are, if we had tamely allowed difficulties to conquer us.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

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