

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, APRIL 2, 1859. VOL. II....NO. 14.

Spiritual and Reform Literature.

For the Spiritual Age.

A FIVE DAYS' TRANCE.

GENTLEMEN:—Sitting in my office, my attention was attracted to the statement in your paper of the trance as represented by the late William Tennent. A lady (Mrs. Myers) read it aloud while I was writing, and I replied to her, "That was just what I saw when in my trance." This astonished her, to learn that I had lain in a trance for five days, and she immediately said I ought to make it public, and I promised her so to do. Allow me to select your paper for that purpose.

In order that I may occupy my proper position before the world in thus giving this history, allow me to premise that I have always been a healthy man and in very full practice as a lawyer, for twenty years and upwards, laboring incessantly; and during all that time I have fortified my constitution against disease by horseback-riding in the morning before breakfast; the result has been that I never had an hour's sickness in all that time; never had the headache until in the early part of Feb., 1855. I had some professional business to transact in St. Louis, and went there for that purpose. When I arrived at that city I was attacked with a breaking out with red spots all over the body. I submitted my case to three efficient physicians in that city, no one of whom could tell me what was my complaint. I became perfectly prostrated in body and spirit, and was confined to my bed at the hotel for six days, and then got out and transacted my business as best I could, when I started for home. In crossing the prairies in Illinois I took a heavy cold, and have not had a well day since. On my arrival home I was advised to take warm baths, which I did at almost boiling heat, which caused the disease to return to the surface. I called it the leprosy, although it did not really correspond with the disease of olden time. By the slightest change in the weather this disease would strike into the system, in which case I became very stiff in my limbs, scarcely able to walk. I would then take a vapor bath, when I would soon get out again. Thus I progressed until I concluded to go to the country for the summer, and I accordingly removed to Germantown, some six miles north of the city proper.

When we had got comfortably fixed there, the garden all planted with vegetables and flowers in the yard, and everything suited to our tastes, my wife and three children were on the piazza sitting in the cool of the morning on the 14th of June, 1856, while my eldest daughter, Carrie, was pulling cucumbers in the garden. As I passed out by my wife, and feeling very poorly, I said to her: "My darling, I feel as if I wanted nursing this morning." She looked up at me and made no reply that I now recollect. My daughter saw me enter the yard; and while I was seated I was stricken down. The last sensation I had was the concussion of my head against the wall. Carrie, being within hearing, immediately ran to me (as I am told,) and saw the blood gushing out of my mouth. In her fright she immediately alarmed the house, and William Steward, my coachman, came and carried me to the house and placed me on my bed, where I lay apparently dead. My clothes were cut and stripped off of me, and I lay there stretched out for five days in a state of unconsciousness to this earth.

My death was announced on the following day in the *Sunday Despatch*, a paper published in this city, of extended circulation. Persons came far and near to see the corpse, as is usual in such cases, and I doubtless would have been buried alive but for a providential circumstance. My own family—parents, brothers and sisters—and that of my first wife, were Quakers. My second wife is an Episcopalian, she having been the wife of an Episcopalian clergyman in his lifetime, and she wished that my two children should wear mourning as a part of the paraphernalia of my funeral; while my mother, being an elder in the Friends' meeting, protested against it, saying that they had not done so for their mother, and that the fact of my having married another lady did not change their relation to their family. Pending this dispute, the supposed corpse was visited by Mr. William Horrocks, of Starkfield, and a friend of his whose name I never learned. As they were passing out the hall Mrs. Dickerson approached them to pass the compliments of the day for their kind interest taken in her husband, when one of them observed that he thought I was not dead, as he fancied that he had discovered the twitching of some of the muscles of the face. She immediately, as a loving and fond wife should, despatched one child for one physician, another for another, and a servant for a third, in the consternation caused by this announcement, which resulted in a convention of the family, and four physicians arrived in about twenty minutes.

After examination and consultation it was concluded I was not dead. They decided on the plan of treatment to resuscitate me, and I was left in the care of Dr. Wm. H. Squires, of that borough, he having arrived first, and by the courtesy of that profession, I understand was entitled to the case. And I take this opportunity to say that no man was ever more attentive to his patient, or made greater efforts to restore him than Dr. Wm. H. Squires was and did for me.

At first they forced brandy into my mouth until a sufficient quantity had been absorbed by the vessels to impart vitality, after which I swallowed, and then I was fed on diluted brandy, or brandy and water, for some eight days, when I was brought to consciousness; and the first thing I recollect as having been said to me was, that I was asked to open my eyes, which I did, and found that my sight had left me. I saw a dim, hazy light, but could discern no object whatever, although they were leaning over my bed. In this state I lay for some days, and the scales were taken from my eyes and my sight gradually returned to me. When I had so far recovered my sight as to read, I was handed by Dr. Lougthen, my cousin, who had visited me, the *Sunday Despatch* containing my obituary notice, which I read, and which few persons in this country have the privilege of reading, viz:—*their own obituary notice.*

I gradually became stronger, although I was confined to my room for nine months, until my physical frame was reduced to the weight of ninety-two pounds, which I weighed the first day I got out. All the hair had vanished from my head. I now weigh one hundred and fifty-three pounds, which is and has been for many years my standard weight, not having varied therefrom five pounds in twenty years.

During the five days I lay in the trance state, I saw a daguerreotype, at a bird's-eye view, of every act of my whole life—many, many things that had passed from my memory. It seemed to me that I was in a small car, like an office arm-chair (if you please), and placed upon a track on a descending grade, with thousands in each separate car coming on behind me. I was on the main track, to which hundreds of branches in view united just behind my car. We were thus moving at a very rapid rate down this descending grade, until I came to what seemed like the abutment of a bridge on one side of a fiery lake or stream, which seemed as by comparison to be about three hundred feet across. I saw that the rails on which my frail car was placed had no trestle work to sustain them, so that they were some hundred feet above the fiery lake. This caused a shock of my nervous system. I became alarmed at the impending danger, and looked every way to make my escape; but there was no avenue, no way by which I could either get out of the car or off of the track. I saw my doom, from which nothing could save me. I could not stop the car, and it by its own momentum ran over this abutment. As soon as I had got about half way across I discovered that instead of the rails being iron, as I had presumed, they proved to be elastic, and stretched gradually to that degree that I soon found myself surrounded with the smoke arising from the burning liquid. This seemed like incense. It was a pale blue vapor, not so dark as smoke.

I saw in the lake myriads of people of all ages and conditions, as it seemed. Some swung about apparently comfortable, with smiling countenances, as the liquid flames passed over their shoulders, seeming to be free from pain; while in the same lake others' countenances were distorted awfully, indicating all the anguish of soul that the human mind can conceive. Hell itself has no torture their countenances did not indicate.

Language cannot express the feelings of my heart, the horror of my soul, as I gradually sank down, down to the hell (if you please so to call it). I saw no way of escape. Horror of horrors seized my soul, until I bordered on despair, when all of a sudden I heard from behind the veil that I saw reflected from a rainbow on the opposite side of the fiery lake, the voice of my deceased wife, who cried out to me: "Will, trust in God!" That voice in that place inspired me with hope instantly; and as quick as thought I did place my trust and faith in God (where it has remained to this day). No sooner than I had my trust placed in and on God, than despair and all its horrors vanished, and hope took possession. The cords ceased to stretch, and instantly commenced contracting and so continued to contract, until they had found their level again, when my car immediaeely started of its own momentum, and I was soon landed over the lake to the other side.

As I reached the opposite abutment my car struck the veil that obscured heaven from my view. This veil was suspended from a rainbow, one foot of which rested on the corner of the abutment. No sooner had the car touched it than, as by magic, it raised up and became enveloped in folds around the bow to which it was attached. This being removed, I was ushered into the presence of the great I Am. This great I Am, as I comprehended it, was a coruscation of living light, ten thousand times brighter than the brightest day that the eyes of man ever saw when the earth was covered with snow and flakes o'ershadowed the trees, and nothing could be seen to detract from that light. This was the "Light of the World," as described by our Savior.

The first thing that attracted my attention there was what seemed a large piece of canvass, on which was daguerreotyped every little incident and act of my whole life, from the time I was five years old. It brought a thousand things to my recollection which had for years been buried in oblivion and forgotten. The next thing that attracted my attention was the shouting of ten thousand angel voices in one harmonious concert ringing throughout the vast retreat or arch of heaven. This light was so bright that the eyes became dazzled and I could not gaze upon it. I saw floating in the atmosphere or ether thousands and thousands of spirits in the forms of men, women and children, all clothed, or rather wrapped, in transparent garbs of white, the texture of which was like the snow-flake, much more pure than ermine or down. I can assimilate it to nothing so nearly as to the snow-flake.

This view of heaven where this great light existed, extended as far as the eye could reach; it seemed to begin behind this curtain, and extend without limit. The place seemed filled with all the music of all the various birds warbling their heavenly notes, united with the melody of all the finest stringed instruments, together with all the sweetest voices that ever fell with heavenly accent on the human ear. These all in one harmonious concert rung within the wide-spread arch of heaven, shouting their glorious anthems in praise to Him who is Father of all—the Great Jehovah.

The aroma that seemed to fill this illimitable space was made up apparently of the combined perfumery of all the sweet flowers of every clime and country on this habitable globe, refined and distilled to the most extreme and heavenly sweetness, for the enjoyment of those spirits of the just made perfect which I saw floating about in this ether or atmosphere.

It was soon announced to me that I should have to go back to earth and leave this beautiful scene and these heavenly associates; and I am free to say that I felt as Christ did when in the anguish of his soul he exclaimed: "Suffer this cup to pass from me; but not my will, but thine be done." With this feeling I came back to life, for what, I know not. There was a time before this sickness and suffering I had in my own mind my mission, and I pursued it with alacrity and cheerfulness until I buried my wife, since which time, and more particularly since my trance, the future is all dark and incomprehensible to me. I do not feel right in the practice of law now; this is not my mission for which I have been brought back to life. I shall wait patiently for the opening of the way, that I may again see that light that giveth light to the world.

I remain, yours truly, WM. R. DICKERSON.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1859.

ON THE TOWN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
For, coming and going, like waves of the sea,
Thousands are out this beautiful night;
They jostle each other, but shrink from me!
Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
Women pass with their eyes cast down;
Even the children seem to know
The shameless girl of the town!

Hated and shunned I walk the street,
Hunting—for what? For my prey, 'tis said;
I look at it though in a different light,
For this nightly shame is my daily bread!
My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear!
Only for this I might starve, or drown;
The world has disowned me, what can I do,
But live and die on the town?

The world is cruel. It may be right
To crush the harlot, but grant it so,
What made her the guilty thing she is?
For she was innocent once, you know;
'Twas love! that terrible word tells all!
She loved a man and blindly believed
His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears;
Of course the fool was deceived!

What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
To weigh in the scale with my innocent years;
My womanly shame, my ruined name,
My father's curses, my mother's tears?
The love of a man! It was something to give,
Was it worth it? The price was a soul paid down;
Did I get a soul, *his* soul in exchange?
Behold me here on the town!

"Your guilt was heavy," the world will say,
"And heavy, heavy your doom must be;
For to pity and pardon woman's fall,
Is to set no value on chastity!
You undervalue the virgin's crown,
The spotless honor that makes her dear."
But I ought to know what the bauble is worth,
When the loss of it brings me here!

But pity and pardon? Who are you
To talk of pardon, pity to me?
What I ask is justice, justice, sir!
Let both be punished, or both go free.
If it be in woman a shameful thing,
What is it in man, now? Come, be just;
(Remember, she falls through her love for him,
He, through his selfish lust!)

Tell me what is done to the wretch
Who tempts and riots in woman's fall?
His father curses, and casts him off?
His friends forsake? He is scorned of all?
Not he; his judges are men like himself,
Or thoughtless women, who humor their whim:
"Young blood,"—"Wild oats,"—"Better hush it up;"
They soon forget it—in him!

Even his mother, who ought to know
The woman-nature, and how it is won,
Frames a thousand excuses for him,
Because, forsooth, the man is her son!
You have daughters, madam (he told me so),
Fair innocent daughters—"Woman, what then?"
Some mother may have a son like yours,
Bid them beware of men!

I saw his coach in the street to-day,
Dashing along on the sunny side,
With a liveried driver on the box;
Lolling back in her listless pride,
The wife of his bosom took the air;
She was bought in the mart where hearts are sold;
I gave myself away for his love,
She sold herself for his gold!

He lives, they say, in a princely way,
Flattered and feasted. One dark night
Some devil led me to pass his house;
I saw the windows a blaze of light;
The music whirled in a maddening round;
I heard the fall of the dancers' feet;
Bitter, bitter, the thoughts I had,
Standing there in the street!

Back to my gaudy den I went,
Marched to my room in grim despair,
Dried my eyes, painted my cheeks,
And fixed a flower or two in my hair;
Corks were popping, wine was flowing;
I seized a bumper, and tossed it down;
One must do something to kill the time,
And fit one's self for the town!

I meet his boy in the park sometimes,
And my heart runs over towards the child;
A frank little fellow with fearless eyes,—
He smiles at me as his father smiled!
I hate the man, but I love the boy,
For I think what my own, had he lived, would be;
Perhaps it is *he*, come back from the dead—
To his father, alas! not me!

But I stand too long in the shadow here;
Let me out in the light again;
Now for insult—blows, perhaps,
And, bitterer still, my own disdain!
I take my place in the crowd of men,
Not like the simple women I see;
You may cheat them, men, as much as you please,
You wear no masks with me!

I know ye! Under your honeyed words
There lurks a serpent; your oaths are lies;
There's a lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
I see it flaming up in your eyes!
Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Or rail at my boldness.—Well, have you done?
Madam, your husband knows me well;
Mother, I know your son!

But go your ways, and I'll go mine;
Call me opprobrious names, if you will;
The truth is bitter,—think I have lied;
"A harlot?" Yes! But a woman still!
God said of old to a woman like me,
"Go, sin no more," or your Bibles lie;
But you, you mangle His merciful words
To—"Go, and sin till you die!"

Die! the word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard this many a year;
It seems to promise an end to pain,
Anyway it will end it—here!
Suppose I throw myself in the street?
Before the horses could trample me down,
Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
And thrust me back on the town!

But look, the river! From where I stand
I see it, I almost hear it flow;
Down on the dark and lonely pier—
It is but a step—I can end my wo!
A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er;
The death-black waters will drag me down;
God knows where! But no matter where,
So I am off the town!

[*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

Persons who, throughout the whole twelve months, are worldly, think it necessary to be godly at a time of straits. All moral and religious matters they regard as physic, which is to be taken with aversion when they are unwell.

In a clergyman, a moralist, they see nothing but a doctor whom they cannot soon enough get rid of. Now, I confess I look upon religion as a kind of diet which can only be so when I make a constant practice of it; when throughout the whole twelve months I never lose it out of sight.—*Goethe.*

I soon discovered this, therefore, with regard to the poets—that they do not effect their object by wisdom, but by a certain natural inspiration, and under the influence of enthusiasm, like prophets and seers; for they also say many fine things, but they understand nothing that they say. The poets appeared to me to be affected in a similar manner.—*Plato.*

In ancient days the receipt was: "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim: "Know thy neighbor and everything about him."

For the Spiritual Age.

HINTS ON HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

ARTIFICIAL HEAT—VENTILATION—ATMOSPHERIC CHANGES.

CONTINUED.

We must consider the constant spending and generating of heat the most important action of animal life.....No physiological error ands by itself alone. Blood and vital heat depend upon one another. Only with a regular distribution of blood—a regular development of eat; and with a regular development of heat—a regular distribution f blood in the human system is possible.—*Dr. Wesselhæft.*

That the whole order of Nature was organized with especial reference to the temporal happiness and progression, as well as the *ultimate perfection* of man, "Her pre-eminent boast for wisdom, intelligence and art," we cannot doubt. But how far his non-compliance with, or rebellion against, the laws and conditions thereof, has had, and does have the effect to thwart, distract, or render abortive a part of, or the whole normally operative system of things,—

"Where all must full, or not co-herent be,"—

is a nice point for the determination of fallible wisdom. POPE, however, though upon a different, and to our mind a preposterous hypothesis, has anticipated our *belief* as to the extent of the supposed mischief, in the annexed remarkable quotation:—

"If each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall."
* * * * *
"Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God."

"The Lord hath made all things for their USE;" and had man kept his rectitude—had he exercised all his faculties only with reference thereunto—not "the least confusion" would have marked the operations of either the moral or material systems of the Universe. "Man being in honor and abideth not, he is like the beasts that perish" [Ps. 49: 12—20.] His instincts herein have become perverted; his reason is stifled; his consciousness is benumbed; and with great propriety it may be said,—"he needs a resurrection." "Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest." Despite the seductions of our lusts, the sophistry of quacks, and the sneering of cynics, we who believe these things must "take up our cross,"—which involves a return to *first principles*—to reverential obedience to the simple and self-evident laws of our being.

Let us no longer "mourn the tasks and pains" which, as necessary concomitants, "the great directing mind of all" has ordained to be co-temporary with, and to follow the infraction of Eternal Laws. The more civilization has advanced, the more man has multiplied means for protecting himself against the two best curative elements, viz: AIR and WATER.

Man has a natural (?) dread of *labor*. Indeed, to the more indolent, it is only another name for *pain*. Such people invariably acquire habits which are in the highest degree *emasculating*. We suppose, experience has demonstrated the necessity of artifical heat to modify the temperature of winter in northern climes; and as conspicuously apparent is the necessity of tight dwellings, to exclude the cold and retain the heated air. Now from these necessities spring the errors which we conceive to underlie the infirmities of the American people especially. Till within ten or twelve years we never could make a perfectly just application of a truth which a certain poet a good while ago rounded off, probably as a prophecy of the (*bad*) "time coming" when it should be fulfilled in the American infant,—

"The first cry, weak and piteous, *heralds long enduring pain*,
When a soul from non-existence springs, that ne'er can die again."
When another life is added to the heaving, turbid mass;
When another breath of being *stains creation's tarnished glass*."

Errors breed like Surinam toads. The infant being born into the world under unfavorable conditions, must of course require a modification of the hard and unfavorable conditions here, to meet the wants of its state. Often at this juncture the physician is consulted. But as physicians are men who, for "gold or glory," will tyrannize with the effeminate habits of civilized society, the unconscious infant is taken out of the hands of its rightful nurse and guardian, "Dame Nature," and subjected to all the debilitating appliances of a false theory of midwifery and medication, supported by false-hearted men and women. See how the little creatures are kept in warm rooms, dressed in flannels, and accustomed to warm food and warm baths, if any. Their vital heat has no direction to the peripheric skin; it is retained, therefore, in the internal skins; the whole surface looks pale and flabby; the inclination for hard and nourishing food is gone; they cry constantly for sweet-meats, gingerbread, pastry, and other weakening and irritating food, which gives no energy to the vitality; for the heat that surrounds them prevents the exhalation and regeneration of their own. Of course the change of substance cannot go on vigorously; the digestive organs must become inactive, torpid and feeble, and the whole system lose its natural vigor.

CALVERT.

LITTLE-VERD STREET, March 11th, 1859.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. IV.

THE GRAND MAN.

If man was "created in the image of God," according to the Mosaic genesis; or if he is the child or "offspring" of Deity, according to the Christian and Pauline idea; or if he is the "epitome of the Universe" as held by modern philosophers, both naturalistic and spiritualistic:—in either case (to repeat the argument of the preceding article) it is plain that by carefully studying the human constitution we may attain to some definite and positive ideas of its Original. We have already traced the likeness sufficiently far to discover the unmistakable attributes of Personality and Beneficent Fatherhood.

Let us, by the same safe and sure process, endeavor to search a little deeper into this great Mystery of Being,—remembering that just in proportion as man rightly understands himself, so will he rightly apprehend the source from which he sprung.

One prominent feature of man's constitution (at least as viewed in the light of modern Spiritualism) is, that he is an invisible *spirit*, dwelling in a visible body. In his rudimental stage of being, his body consists of material elaborated from the external world. In the next higher or spiritual stage, he has an organized substantial though subtile body, composed of the elements or aromas of external matter—which spiritual body is the habitation and instrument of a more interior principle, the inmost or essential self. The external body, in its form and various organs, corresponds to and shows forth the varied powers and capacities of the spirit, which pervades and animates it. Man's personality, then, embraces three departments, which for the sake of distinction may be termed *body*, *soul* and *spirit*—the latter being the inmost seat of consciousness, will, affection, etc.

Forming clearly such a conception of the miniature man, it is easy to transfer the same to his Original, who with propriety may be termed the GRAND MAN. It is then rational to conceive of Him as an invisible spirit, an organized Being, pervading and animating all visible things,—which things constitute his natural body. In this view, it may be proper to speak of external nature as a *part* of God, in the same sense that we are accustomed to regard the physical body as a part of the man so long as he inhabits it; while at the same time we are aware that the *real* man is a spirit subsisting in and manifesting itself through the visible body. The real man is never seen, any more than God is seen. Thus we discover an obvious truth in Pantheism (i. e., God in all things)—though, as usually defined, it is but a *third part* of the truth.

But more than this. We find that man is constituted with both *voluntary* and *involuntary* departments to his nature. Certain processes go forward within him—as the action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, respiration, the digestive and secretive functions, etc.,—mainly independent of either will or thought on his part. They are propelled by involuntary forces which work invariably to determinate ends, and over which he has no direct power or control,—though indirectly he may modify their action and effects.

Must we not conclude, then, that the Universe, considered as a Mighty Personality, a Grand Man, is constituted on the same plan?—and that what are called the unchangeable laws of nature belong simply to the involuntary part of the Deific Constitution? Here, then, we find a foundation for whatever of blind Necessity is apparent in the universe, while at the same time we see that this is not all. There must be, associated with it, a free (in some sense) and intelligent personal consciousness, as we know to be the case in ourselves. This view of the Deific constitution involves many interesting consequences, and solves some mighty problems; but leaving the reader to work these out for himself, we pass to another point if possible still more interesting.

Modern science has disclosed the fact that the water we drink may be and often is crowded with infinitesimal forms of animal life—myriads of active and sentient creatures, which live, move, and have their being in the smallest drop of fluid. A late writer, after a careful computation, asserts, that "In the space occupied by a drop of water the tenth of an inch in diameter there is ample room for more than seventeen hundred millions of the monads to live and rove at will."* It has been asserted that the sap of plants, and the blood of living animals and of man, has been found, when submitted to inspection under microscopes of the highest power, to be thronged with animalcules of still more infinitesimal dimensions. We are unable at this moment to lay our hand upon any competent scientific authority for this statement; but the following from the source just quoted is sufficient for the purpose intended:

"I placed some clear water of the Croton, which had been boiled, in a clean vial, and broke into it a few stems of the broom from a clothes wisp. In four days the vial was crowded with monads in numbers that surpassed estimate, but of which it is safe to say that the ounce contained more than the entire number of the human race that have lived on the earth from the days of Adam to the present time. As to their origin, whence they were produced, ... it is enough to say that it is very easy to imagine the eggs or larvæ of animalcules as transferred in the sap of plants through whose minutest channels they would be carried as a man floating in the Amazon. . . . Doubtless the eggs of animalcules are thus conveyed through all vegetable and animal juices."

* See "Croton Water and its Inhabitants," in Harper's Monthly for March, 1859.

Whether, therefore, the statement that living animalcules do exist in the human blood be yet verified or not, the suggestion, of itself, answers our point. Analogous facts clearly ascertained illustrate how one form of life can exist *within* another. Even if the life be only in germs, yet it is life individualized. It is easy to imagine how each globule of blood spinning through our arteries and veins may be a busy world,—its myriads of tiny inhabitants finding "ample room and verge enough,"—living, moving and having their being in us.*

Taking then this simple illustration as a basis, we may mount up the ladder of analogy till we reach a clear conception of the Great Mystery of Being. "A wheel within a wheel,"—life within life,—being within being,—from the minutest of microscopic monads up to the All-Comprehending Parent of all,—this seems to be the grand scheme of things.

Now how pregnant with meaning becomes the phrase, "IN HIM WE LIVE, MOVE, AND HAVE OUR BEING!" And how easy to grasp the stupendous thought, that our earth with all its creatures and concerns—that our sun, indeed, with its stately retinue of planets and satellites, and all their myriads of existences—are but globules coursing through the mighty arteries of Deity, or glistening particles in the visible body of Him who filleth all things! Is not such a conception as rational as it is magnificent?

And in its light how quickly vanish all puerile notions of an outside, limited Being, enthroned either on the sky's blue arch above us, or in some far-off central star. On the contrary, we find ourselves enfolded within the Father's capacious bosom, engirt by His everlasting love; we find no place where He is not—no creature but is contained and sustained in Him.†

But has He really a form, like man? Why not—that is, as to His body, the material universe? Who can say that the worlds in which He dwells, to us unnumbered, and seemingly scattered in confusion through space, are not organically related to each other, as are the parts and particles of the human frame? True, we may never be able to discern the vast lineaments of this form. The microscopic animalcule that dwells within our veins, if such there be, millions of times smaller than the smallest mote visible to the naked eye,—were it to stand outside the body, and attempt to survey its dimensions, what could it take in or comprehend? Not a millionth part of even this puny frame. So may we never hope to take in at a glance the form of the Grand Man; nor, indeed, can we ever expect to see Him as an objective Personality. For how can we stand outside to look at Him, since it is IN HIM only that we exist? Was not then John plainly right when he declared that "No man hath seen God at any time,"‡ and Paul, when he affirmed that He is a Being "whom no man hath seen nor can see,"§—even though Moses, Isaiah and others in olden times supposed they had looked indeed, upon the very person of Jehovah?

But yet, as to the *inmost* of Deity,—the principles of Love, Wisdom, Power, Justice, etc.,—all will see that form, dimensions and locality do not pertain to these. They are manifested outwardly *through* form, as in ourselves; and hence "the invisible things of Him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

Other thoughts of mighty import crowd upon the mind as sequences of this view, some of which will be expressed in a future number.

* It has been suggested that these animalcules perform a necessary function in the vital economy—that the life-principle which is received in air and food, and which goes to supply the waste and to nourish the organism, is embodied or incarnated in these living forms, which, when they reach their appropriate destination, yield up their individual life-principles into the general life of the organism,—as animals in the outer world yield up their lives into the Soul of the World. An interesting train of analogies, truly, which science may yet confirm.

† Though we have been accustomed to use this illustration for years, yet we never met with anything like it in print, until since these articles were planned. The following passage from a sketch entitled "My Intimate Enemy," in the same number of *Harper* from which we have already quoted, is almost identical in thought:

"What we see is not the whole of God, but only a sweep of his garments. Perhaps the Milky Way might be a girdle, and the solar system a jewelled breast-plate.

"Are we on God's bosom, Marian?

"Yes, dear, or in it. It throbs and sends the worlds spinning through his veins. Do you suppose any little speck or globule of blood in this wee hand of yours knows or can understand you?

"Are we in God's veins, Marian?

"Yes, little one; in an artery, I think. Don't you feel near the heart?

"Is that what shakes me so sometimes? asked the child in a whisper.

"Yes, love; don't fear, it's God's heart beating."

‡ John i. 18. § 1 Tim. vi. 16.

THE "FROG" ARGUMENT.

Our Adventist brethren, who have for years stood gazing wistfully up into the skies in the vain expectancy of seeing Jesus descend therefrom in bodily form some fine morning, when he is to catch them up into glory, set fire to this world, making one grand fry of the unbelievers for their edification, demolish things generally, and construct a new earth for this handful of favored ones to dwell in—these very reasonable people have a favorite way of disposing of the facts of modern Spiritualism. They refer the whole movement to the doings of "three unclean spirits like frogs" which an ancient visionist once saw, or thought he saw, when in a trance on the Lord's day, about seventeen hundred and sixty years ago! These same people, however, attach not the slightest importance to the symbolic visions of the modern seers while "in the spirit on the Lord's day," or any other day.

This frog argument we find very lucidly stated in the *Advent Review*, as follows:

"The likeness of the spirits to frogs is very striking in many respects. It is said that the frog has a strong current of electricity, and it is well known that modern mediums and their spirits have much to do with electricity."

Is not that a clincher? Will ever a spirit or a medium dare croak again? or will any business-man venture to receive another message over the telegraphic wires? How knows he but the "strong current of electricity" comes from some frog or frog spirit? Such are the puerilities with which religionists stultify themselves. The same article concludes:

"Many have said that Spiritualism was decreasing and would soon be no more, but recent developments prove to the contrary. It stands out as a prominent and increasing sign of the end near."

Very true. The "end" of such vagaries in the name of religion is "near," and it will come just in proportion to the spread of rational Spiritualism.

If our brethren of the Advent faith, the majority of whom are doubtless honest and earnest in looking for the external coming of Jesus, could but open their minds and hearts to receive the Christ inwardly, in his true second advent, they would speedily find themselves "caught up" to a much higher plane of vision and experience—their old theological heavens and earth would "pass away with a great noise," their errors and sins would be "burned up" in the fire of truth and love, and "all things become new" indeed.

No inferior person feels, and forgives offences.—*Lavater.*

RELIGION IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

The question of the use of the Bible in our public schools still continues to agitate the community, and seems likely to demand a settlement upon a new basis. The Bishop of Boston has declared that the reading of the Protestant version, or even the engaging in any form of religious exercise in a mixed assembly, is an offence against the conscience of a sincere Catholic. What right, then, has the Protestant majority to enforce it upon the Catholic minority—at the same time compelling the latter to support what they deem heretical schools? A pertinent question, truly, in this country of alleged free toleration.

On the other hand, it is urged that the only alternatives are the banishment of the Bible and religion from the schools, or their division into sectarian establishments, whose influence would be to build up and intensify religious distinctions and animosities.

It is true that our system of mixed schools has a powerfully liberalizing tendency, and to it we are doubtless much indebted for the softening down of religious asperities. Yet there is a question of right and fairness involved in the matter, which no truly conscientious lover of freedom will overlook. Let the case but be reversed, and how quickly and jealously would Protestants repel any effort of Romanists to enforce upon them or their children anything peculiar to the Roman Church!

Both Catholics and Protestants are right in respect to the *need* of religious culture. The religious part of the child's nature as much demands development and direction, as does the intellectual or the physical. But if all parties in a community cannot agree upon a common platform of rudimental religious instruction, then it is clear that in fairness they must consent to leave that branch out of *common* schools altogether, and attend to it elsewhere as they may.

The chief obstacle to such agreement lies obviously in this:—the prevalence on both sides of mere *word-worship*—a devotion to the husks and externals of religion, instead of its kernel and essence—a reverence for the *letter* rather than the *spirit*—in other words, mere formalism in the place of true Spiritualism. It is easy enough to present lessons of piety and virtue, in language adapted to the youthful mind, avoiding the exact words of any version of the Scriptures, or of any creed, but presenting the essential truths of all, and to which neither party will object. Our school-books, in fact, are full of such lessons. It is only when one party, through excessive word-worship, oversteps its rights and insists on having *its* favorite formulas adopted as authority, that difficulty arises. This question of the Bible in schools (meaning, of course, the mere *words* of the Bible) will continue to be a bone of contention, until sectarians can learn the difference between words and eternal principles—that is, until there is more spirituality in the community.

Our school system is unquestionably a great deal better than none. Like Puritanism, out from which it grew, it has subserved a very useful purpose. But it comes very far short of affording the means of an adequate integral education. The future will have a better—as it will a better church; and Spiritualism will be the means of their inauguration.

Another Bugbear Dissipated.

Our readers will recollect the melancholy tragedy which occurred in Calais, Vt., in July last, in which two men were deliberately shot down by a third, while peaceably at work in a field. They will also recollect the effort which was made to connect this fearful event with Spiritualism. One of the most exciting and fanatical appeals to the fears of the ignorant and prejudiced which we have ever read, was based upon the allegation that this deed of blood was enacted in obedience to spirits. The trial of the assassin, Ariel Martin, has just taken place. The evidence, as reported in the Montpelier *Repository*, now before us, shows that Martin was an ignorant, weak-minded, almost idiotic youth, who had been subject to attacks of insanity from childhood. His reason for killing the men was that "they plagued him." No mention of Spiritualism is made in any of the testimony, except this; the jailer at Burlington says:

"I heard him converse with Dr. Thayer. Doctor asked him if he was a Spiritualist. Said he was and had had frequent communications since he was in jail.....He would not tell Dr. Thayer what his communications were."

This pretence, set up after he was in confinement, seems to be the only ground for the charge against Spiritualism—and it is flimsy enough.

The "Hatch" Controversy.

Miss Amelia J. Dods, of Brooklyn, N. Y., replies through the N. Y. *Herald*, to the aspersions cast upon herself by B. F. Hatch, M. D., in that sheet, with spirit and pungency. After alluding to Judases in the Christian church, she says:

"That the same miserable characters, Judases and hypocritical pretenders, are professed Spiritualists, is freely admitted. For the hope of gain they enter its ranks, reap perhaps a rich harvest, deny even their lecturing wives the common comforts of life, so as to embezzle their hard earnings, and when cut short of the golden harvest turn upon them in holy wrath—curse the cause of Spiritualism, hold on to the ill-gotten gain, and endeavor to ruin the reputation of their bosom companions, who brought money into their hands which they were unable to earn for themselves. Ah, there is nothing like policy. But that all this proves Spiritualism false, or its truth demoralizing, or that its sincere advocates are unprincipled scoundrels, I have yet to learn."

The *Herald*, finding there are two sides to the question, shuts down the gate on both parties.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.—The Belvidere, Ill., *Standard* says, "About one week since a husband and wife became deranged at nearly the same time from religious excitement. They are residents of Logan Township, Peoria county. They were making preparations to kill their youngest child and offer it as a sacrifice, when the neighbors interfered. They are now in the Peoria county poor house awaiting the decision of the authorities relative to the best disposition to be made of them."

LOVE AND INSANITY.—Dr. F. A. Noyes, of Boston, made the acquaintance of a charming young widow at a watering place last summer, was bewitched by her blandishments, proposed marriage, was twice rejected, and a few days since became a raving maniac in consequence. He was taken to the Somerville Asylum, where, after a determined attempt to commit suicide, he died on Friday last. So say the papers; but they lay no blame upon Cupid, nor do they propose to suppress charming young widows by law!

JAS. W. FOSTER, of Algonac, St. Clair Co., Mich., desires that some test medium or speaker would visit that place, and strengthen the hands of the Spiritualists. They are "poor and few in number, but stand their ground pretty well. Three or four persons have left the Methodist church and joined them, which makes a great uproar." Algonac is sixty miles from Detroit, on the river St. Clair.

The Editor's Table.

IMMORTALITY PROVED by the Testimony of Sense: In which is contemplated the Doctrine of Spectres, and the existence of a particular Spectre. Addressed to the candor of this enlightened age. By Abraham Cummings. Portland, Me.; Published by J. L. Lovell. For sale by Bela Marsh, Boston. 80 pages.

This is a reprint of a pamphlet published many years ago, containing, first, an able argument on the general subject of spectres, or spirit-manifestations, to which is added a large amount of testimony from personal witnesses to remarkable phenomena that occurred in the town of Sullivan, Me., in the year 1800. These phenomena consisted of rappings, and words spoken from the seemingly vacant air, claiming to come from the spirit of a woman then recently deceased; also the visible appearance of the spirit in a luminous form on several distinct occasions, when long conversations were held with her. The author was an educated clergyman, a graduate of Harvard University, and evidently a man of learning, piety and no mean abilities. So extraordinary were the statements put forth in this pamphlet that he was deemed insane by the Sadducees of his time, and the work for the most part was suppressed and burnt. A few copies, however, have survived, one of which, much dilapidated, fell into our hands a year or two since. The publisher has done a good service in this reprint. The current phenomena of a similar character, which have been so widely observed, have, in our judgment, relieved the reverend gentleman from all suspicion of lunacy, and his witnesses from the charge of imposture or delusion. The argument and the testimonies bear evidence of both sanity and sincerity; and will be read with great interest by all acquainted with the more modern manifestations.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Vine Wreathed Cottage" is the title of a new vocal piece just published by H. M. Higgins, Chicago, Ill. It is arranged to be sung as a song, or as a solo and quintette chorus. The music opens with a line of an exquisite Greek air which has been very popular. The accompaniment is simple and easy, adapted to beginners. Buy it and try it.

The same publisher has just issued a pleasing instrumental piece, "La Porte Schottisch."

Suggestions Respecting Sunday Schools.

The growing interest among Spiritualists in the establishment of Sunday Schools for the inculcation of spiritual and other useful truth, and the willingness of many to enter upon this work if they only knew how to begin, induces us to copy the following appropriate suggestions from the *Practical Christian:*

1. Let those of the congregation, male and female, who feel the importance of having a good Sunday School, form an Association for that purpose. The organization should be very simple.

2. Let the Association elect a President, two Vice-Presidents a Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian.

3. Let these officers act together as a Directory, subject to such instructions as the Association may at any time choose to give them.

4. Let the Directory appoint a Superintendent, with one or more Assistants if necessary, and a sufficient number of Teachers. The best and most responsible will be none to good.

5. Let the children and youth be assembled under the direction of the Superintendent, congenial classes formed, and the Teachers assigned.

6. Let that part of Sunday be devoted to the School which seems to be most convenient to all parties concerned, not exceeding one hour and a half. The exercises should not be too tedious.

7. Let the exercises be opened and closed in an orderly manner, with brief devotional services, (a hymn at least)—all simple, expressive, pertinent and fervent,—no long, prosy, austere, mechanical performances. An appropriate Juvenile Liturgy would be a good thing: only the school should not be tied to it. We intend to prepare something of the kind as an experiment.

8. Let from fifteen to twenty minutes, immediately after the opening service, be occupied by an interesting address, exhortation, declamation, narration, anecdotal illustration, or interlocution. The Superintendent, the Teachers, the preacher of the day, any competent visitor, or, in case of declamation, etc., one or more of the scholars may fill up this space in a profitable manner. Occasionally the whole session may be occupied with one or more of these general exercises. Avoid sameness, tameness, dullness.

9. Let the rest of the time be spent in the classes, between the teachers and their pupils. Here is a wide range of exercises; provided the Teachers have warm hearts, earnest souls, and active minds. Text books for set lessons, if suitable ones were available, would be good in their place, but should not be too much relied on. Such as we have hitherto had are too cramped, artificial, dull and dry; not to mention the still more objectionable features of many, which are not fit for use on progressive planes of thought at all. We must not depend much, at present, on Lesson Books. Such as we need are yet to be made. But boundless fields of knowledge, faith, sentiment, principle, surround us. All the past, present and future invites thought. Books and publications, external nature, human experience, and the vast spiritual world are pouring out lessons to us. Themes and topics innumerable spread themselves out before investigators. Let our Sunday School Teachers depend chiefly on familiar conversations with their pupils and on questioning back and forth. Let them give out interesting subjects a week beforehand. Let them pick up pithy, touching anecdotes, incidents, facts and items, wherever they can find them, to read or repeat to their classes, and invite their pupils to do the same. Thus they will always have plenty of subjects. Let them be alive, and adapt themselves always to the capabilities of their scholars. Then they will be more than paid in their improvement and satisfaction for all their exertions.

They will not be confined to any book or department of knowledge, nor excluded from any, but may cull topics from all. Classes of young men and women, and others of maturer years, may profitably be formed, and belong to the School, having Teachers and subjects to match. And the more mutual the processes of instruction the better. But let the grand object always be solid mental, moral and spiritual improvement,—not mere formality, display, amusement, personal smartness or popular respectability.

10. Let the Superintendent or Teachers hold a regular meeting, for consultation or improvement, once a week or fortnight. This will enable them to manage their school all the more successfully.

11. Meantime, let the Directory call on the congregation for aid, and otherwise obtain funds to maintain a good Library for the school. This will give a growing interest and solidity to the institution.

12. Let there be an Exhibition or Festival of the school once or twice a year.

Friends, we must navigate our own craft and work our own passage along the stream on which we are sailing. We cannot expect our neighbors to help us much. They are wondering which way we are drifting. Let us show them that it is towards a better, not a worse state of society.

NOT A DIVORCE.—Our New York correspondent writes:—"I wish to correct a partial error which I inadvertently made in my last letter in stating that Mrs. Hatch had obtained a separation from Dr. Hatch. I should have said that the injunction against Hatch had been made *perpetual*."

AUBURN, NEW YORK.—The Spiritualists of Auburn have organized for the purpose of sustaining weekly meetings, and invite calls from public speakers. The officers of the Association are J. H. Allen, President; F. Goodrich, Treasurer; and D. M. Turnier, Secretary; to either of whom communications may be addressed.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism Exposed.

VON VLECK IN WILLIMANTIC.

BRO. NEWTON:—It may not be entirely uninteresting to your readers to know that the "Exploding" process is going bravely on. Dr. Von Vleck has taken pity upon the deceived and benighted inhabitants of this village, and has, moved by that yearning philanthropy which characterises him and his compeers, for the trifling sum of fifteen cents a head per evening, "exploded" Spiritualism, and exposed its trickery. He showed, without the slightest mistake, that it is possible to cheat by means of the ballot-test, so-called—to open letters, answer them, and re-seal them, so as to evade ordinary inspection—to copy pictures from an ambrotype and palm them off as spirit pictures upon the unsuspecting and credulous. He also accomplished the inconceivable feat of snapping his ancle and wrist joints in imitation of the raps; and escaped from a rope tied so loosely that a dunce could have disengaged himself therefrom with ease.

These performances constituted the premises for his conclusions, which, as they constitute a new era in moral philosophy, should be published for the consideration of moralists. I am a cheat, says the Dr. (no doubt of that), I can cheat with the ballot-test, therefore Conklin, Redman, "his half-fool brother" and Mrs. Coan are cheats, for they use, *in some cases*, the same test!!

I am a trickster, a deceiver, says the Dr.; I can open and answer letters so as to conceal the fraud; therefore Mansfield is a trickster, a scoundrel. Farther—Conklin, Redman, Mansfield and Mrs. Coan are cheats; and, therefore, all the thousands of mediums who give "physical manifestations," are cheats and swindlers. Your readers cannot fail to see the impossibility of ever escaping the iron linked chain of such a logic. Just look at it once more to see and feel its crushing force. Here it is. I am an "expert" medium—a deliberate cheat, trickster and swindler. I have traveled over the country as a medium. Spiritualists, trusting my professions, have fed, clothed and sheltered me. I have repaid that hospitality by wantonly and basely deceiving them, and that too in reference to the most sacred sanctities of the human heart. I followed this until they discovered and exposed my baseness, when I made the astounding discovery that *all* mediums were knaves like myself!!!

Admirable reasoning! Because one man, who signs a bank bill is a counterfeiter, therefore, all bank presidents and cashiers are counterfeiters also. Because one man forges a note, therefore, every note is *prima facie* evidence of forgery on the part of the maker. There, Mr. Editor, if you can unravel that web of moral demonstration, so that Spiritualism can breathe again, pray do it. I give it up in despair.

Von Vleck proposes in his handbills to expose the "*immorality* of Spiritualism." His method is certainly a novel one, and merits the praise of originality. He first exposes his own knavery, and then turns round with the utmost coolness and says, "I am a Spiritualist." Is there any flaw in this argument? Scan it closely. I am an immoral knave; but I am a Spiritualist; and, therefore, Spiritualism abounds with immoralities. Conclusive, isn't it? Let no man hereafter say that Dr. Von Vleck is not a logician—a moralist of immaculate purity. I had prepared myself to go yesterday to the church, and seeing a few sombre countenances, to strike an attitude, and in low, sepulchral tones exclaim: "Othello's occupation 's gone," and leave; but when I saw the hundreds of smiling faces, I actually had the temerity to offer some proof of the fact of spiritual manifestations through physical substance.

It may seem strange to you, but it is nevertheless true, that there are still hundreds of Spiritualists in this place. They own a church of their own, have regular lectures every Sunday, besides occasional ones week evenings. So infatuated are they, as to affirm that not a few profane men swear no more, and even the intemperate have been reclaimed, through the influence of Spiritualism. I believe the Dr. hasn't exposed this, nor shown how the trick is done.

But the most remarkable feature connected with these expositions, is the fact that ministers and church members are found hand and glove with a confessed knave and trickster, receiving with unbounded satisfaction the miserable imitations he practices, and swallowing without a question his absurd sophistry, while at the same time they scout with scorn the testimony of the most upright and trustworthy men and women of the age. Does this illustrate the old adage that "birds of a feather flock together?" Does the church really intend to gather up the excrementitious scum rising upon the surging sea of spiritual agitation, and sip it down with joyous gusto as the honeyed nectar of unmixed truth? Will they open their arms to every knave who proposes to abuse much-hated Spiritualism? Well, so be it. They are welcome to what they get. No doubt the paling glory of the church will become resplendently bright, when the beaming light of moral purity, which flashes in such brilliant corruscations from the unstained holiness of Von Vleck, Bly, Randolph, *et id omne genus*, shall revivify the smouldering fires of her crumbling altars. Then may they exclaim with gladness: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, and saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

J. S. LOVELAND.

WILLIMANTIC, March 21, 1859.

Spiritualism in the South.

Mrs. E. A. OSTRANDER, of Castleton, Vt., writes under date of Troy, N. Y., March 12th, 1859:

"* * * My labors have been confined to the South for three months, and I have found anxious investigators there, and many, very many who are asking with trembling earnestness 'if these things be so.'

"Through Dr. L. F. W. ANDREWS, editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, of Macon, Ga.—a zealous believer and a gentleman of ability and worth—I accepted an invitation to spend the winter South, and my visit I feel has been blessed to many,—thanks to the angel-band that strengthen and sustain me in my duties! Much credit is due to Dr. Andrews for the independence and manly integrity with which he combats for *the right*, whenever attacked.

"I found few who openly avowed themselves to be Spiritualists, or even interested in it; but I am glad to say the number increased rapidly; and with no people have I ever been more cordially received than with the Georgians. Nothing that could render my stay among them pleasant, was neglected. Many tokens of regard and kindness I received from a people who are impulsive, but honorable, warm-hearted and generous. They had never had lectures upon Spiritualism, and notwithstanding sectarian opposition was strong, yet *truth* was stronger; and this, with the novelty of trance-speaking, attracted good audiences and full circles. The interest steadily increased during my stay, and I left many calls unanswered for want of time and strength to fill them. As my mediumship is confined to the mental phenomena and trance influences, their curiosity could not be gratified in what we call physical manifestations. Now these are required. A first-class test medium would do a great deal towards establishing in their minds the actuality of spirit-intercourse, and would be warmly welcomed by the Spiritualists of Macon and vicinity.

"I have met individuals from various southern sections, and from them I learn that throughout the Southern States there is a suppressed but earnest desire to investigate understandingly the wonderful phenomena of Spiritualism; and many are quietly visiting the North almost expressly for this object.

"There are many partial mediums, but very few who as yet are sufficiently developed to afford satisfactory evidence to the actual skeptic; still the 'leaven' is operating, and the interest deepening in all directions.

"I will just use this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt gratitude to the Southern friends, for their liberality and loving kindness towards me while with them, and of declaring, too, that 'Southern nobility,' and 'Southern hospitality' are *truths*—the manifestation of which will ever be remembered pleasurably and affectionately by me."

Acknowledgement.

J. T. ROUSE, of Indiana, wishes to acknowledge through the AGE the kindness of the friends of progress in the village of Orland, Steuben Co., in donating to him the proceeds of a Social Party held for the purpose, in consideration of his services as a spiritual lecturer. The party was held on the evening of Feb. 22d, at the residence of Russell Brown, Esq.; was largely attended by a harmonious company, and the liberal sum of fifty-seven dollars and seventy cents was realized. Being the first effort of the kind in that vicinity, he considers it speaks well for the liberality of the friends there. He returns his most grateful thanks to the friends who interested themselves, and to the public who patronized the occasion.

A Disclaimer.

BROTHER NEWTON:—I learn from many sources that some suppose me to be the author of two books written by E. W. Loveland. But the most singular part of the supposition is, that I have given the initials of another person's Christian name, and witheld my own from the books referred to. Now, be it known that I am not the author of said books; nor do I know him personally. I am told he is a resident of Hartford, Ct., and bears the name of the famous Restorationist, Elhanan Winchester. I protest against the injustice thus done my friend, in stealing his honors and bestowing them on me. When I do write a book, I shall most likely entertain so high an opinion thereof as to affix my signature thereto. Till then, good friends, don't rob E. W. Loveland of his well-earned honors of authorship and mediumship.

Will the *Banner* and *Telegraph* copy the above, or give the substance in their columns. Yours truly, J. S. LOVELAND.

WILLIMANTIC, Ct., March 21, 1859.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

"THE MINISTRATION OF THE SPIRIT,"

Was the topic of the lecture on Sunday afternoon, through Miss Doten. The words "I come not to send peace, but a sword," were taken as a text. It was partly devoted to a justification of an opinion advanced on the preceding Sunday evening, in which, it appears, the medium did not fully coincide with the spirit-speaker who used her organism. The difference was in relation to bearing patiently the consequences of an inharmonious marriage rather than seeking release.

The leading ideas advanced were that every new reform, every fresh influx of the Divine spirit into this world, brings at first not peace but the sword of discord. This discord is felt through all the political and social relations, as well as the conjugal. It is disciplinary, intended to impel the soul upward, to seek a higher harmony in God. God controls all circumstances, and when it is best that it should be so, the marriage relation will be sundered by death. But those who are unable to love or respect each other in it, should live apart, as brother and sister, and not bring into the world children tainted with spiritual and physical deformities. All self-denial, trial and suffering in this rudimental existence will be abundantly compensated in the growth of spirit, and the bliss that shall follow.

WOMAN'S MISSION TO WOMAN,

Was the subject of the evening lecture. She remarked that Woman's Mission to Man had often been set forth; but her duty to Woman embraces some points not fully apprehended. She must labor to elevate her own sex as well as the other, though the mission may be less attractive. Those who understand their duty should stand by and encourage each other.

Woman is the nucleus of the family relation—the mother and educator of youth, even before they know what life is. She should be receptive to all truth, that it may flow out to others through her womanly, affectional nature. Individually, a good and true woman may do much—her power in society is great. But if all such were united in harmony, they would form a mighty battery through which would be drawn down divine influences for the elevation of the sex as a whole.

It is a painful fact that woman does not understand woman, as man does man. With honorable exceptions, she is jealous of her own sex—fears that others will surpass her in ornament or in the affections of men. This is a childish and foolish weakness, which must be outgrown. Woman, to fulfil her mission, must learn to be nobly unselfish, in honor preferring one another.

Woman has a depth of affection that man does not comprehend. But her pride leads her to conceal it. Even when she is wronged, wounded and crushed in her affections, she will hide the wound, and walk proudly on, allowing the faithless betrayer and libertine to seek another and another victim. If she would but go in kindness and confidence to her unsuspecting sister, tell of her own wrongs and warn against a like betrayal, how much misery might be stayed! Her affections should go out thus to her sisters. The elder should give the benefit of their experience to the younger. One cause of this difference between men and women is, that man associates with his fellows in the great world, and his sympathies are called out broadly; while woman to a great extent is shut up at home, busied only with selfish interests and concerns, knows little of and cares little for her sisters.

Woman, also, can be greatly useful to woman, in giving of her experience to those who are about taking upon themselves the responsibilities of wife and mother. These responsibilities are momentous. Prenatal influences are of the utmost importance to the well-being of offspring and these should be understood. Those who have had experience should warn against pitfalls and errors into which they may have fallen. They should not let pride restrain from this.

Woman has also much to do for woman as a housekeeper. There are domestics, often, whose highest idea of a lady is to dress is silks and diamonds, and sit at the piano, or lounge all day upon the sofa. A higher ideal must be taught—namely, that to act nobly, to do the best one is capable of for the interests of the household, is the true crown of womanhood. This influence upon domestics is a most important thing. By it some Bridget or Ellen may be ennobled and elevated, whose influence again will tell upon others, and be perpetuated without bound.

She has also a most momentous mission as the mother and instructor of daughters. These she trains to be instruments of either salvation or, it might almost be said, damnation to others. Whatever accomplishments a mother gives to her daughters by education, her example in the duties of daily life teaches the most powerful lessons. See to it what kind of a marriage portion you give your daughters in the inheritance of a mother's example. If you train them merely to catch some silly fish upon the hook of matrimony, you will in all probability live to see most sad results.

Several examples of noble women were here cited, as Miss Dix, Mrs. Fry, Florence Nightingale, etc., who have done much to exalt woman in the eyes of man. Every woman who, sacrificing selfishness and jealousy, stands out nobly for the right, does much to elevate her sex. A beautiful tribute was paid to Mary Ware, the woman of simple goodness, who unostentatiously devoted herself to doing good among the poor and lowly. If all cannot be geniuses, yet all can be simply good.

Emma Hardinge, Cora Hatch, Anna Henderson, Frances Hyzer, and others, were mentioned as doing a noble work for woman which cannot be estimated. They but show what others may become.

There is a charity which hopeth all things, and believeth all things, and overcometh all things. When woman is pervaded by this, she will understand her sister. Now she is more ready to condemn the weak and fallen of her own sex than is man. Man is more generous. It should be otherwise, for woman alone knows the strength of those yearnings for sympathy which lead her sex into temptation.

As reformed inebriates make the most effective reformers of others, so redeemed publicans and harlots, purified through the fires of their own experiences, will yet prove themselves most efficient laborers for the redemption of the fallen and degraded.

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.—This body, as probably most of our readers understand, is not exclusively a Spiritualistic association, but includes also religionists of various phases, and a large infusion of materialists, or "infidels" of the old fashioned stamp. The question last discussed had no special bearing upon the facts or philosophy of Spiritualism; hence we judge a report would not interest our readers generally.

The question for next Monday evening is—"Is vocal prayer beneficial to mankind?"

THEODORE PARKER's desk, at the Music Hall, last Sunday, was supplied by Mr. Henry James of Newport, R. I.—a sort of transcendental Swedenborgian Spiritual Philosopher. He presented some very clear and for the most part acceptable statements of spiritual truth; though he saw fit to speak of modern spirit-manifestations and spiritual literature in very ungracious terms. A true philosopher ought to be able to take broader views.

The Spiritualists of Roxbury are holding free meetings at Dearborn Hall on Sunday evenings, which are well attended. L. B. Monroe occupied the desk the last two Sabbath evenings.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDEY will lecture upon the Marriage Question, on Thursday evening of this week, at Democratic Hall, Room No. 3 Mercantile Building, Summer street.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, March 25th.

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

DR. ORTON: It is assumed by Dr. Hallock and Dr. Gray that all manifestations and influences from the spirit-world are good—that the spirits communicating are all good, and laboring according to degree of intelligence, for our good. This position he deemed unsound, un supported by facts, and dangerous. It is held by us that each individual here is in affinity with some part of the spirit-world—that part which is like himself—and that the spirits of that part are more or less his companions. With what part of the spirit-world was the young man in affinity who is said to have poisoned his young wife, the other day, to whom he had been married five months, for the sake of a new flame? and with what part, the wife of that member of Congress who proved false to her marriage vows; and with what part, her paramour, who seduced the wife of his friend; and with what part, the member of Congress himself, who murdered the seducer in cold blood? The position of those gentlemen is opposed both by reason and fact. Reason says, death has no power to subdue selfishness and revenge—that it can of itself make no change in the quality of the man. It only removes him to a higher plane of life, where his powers for good or evil have a wider scope. History declares that bad spirits have influenced the affairs of mankind in all ages. We find it at the very beginning in the garden. Lying spirits deceived the prophets. Demonic spirits, at a later day, obsessed persons and tormented them, sometimes even casting them into the fire. These spirits were cast out by Christ and his disciples. Of what kind were they, good or bad? Christ pronounced them bad. The testimony of all gentile nations, Asiatic, Greek, Roman, is the same. All had cases of demonic possession. The same is true of modern Europe and America. Swedenborg testifies to the diabolical character of multitudes of spirits; and our modern manifestations support the correctness of his experiences and relations. The conclusion, therefore, that death changes all into a condition of purity and well-meaning, must be set down by the candid mind as totally unwarranted.

MRS. FRENCH: Dr. Orton had sustained his position by an array of mental manifestations, instead of physical facts. She had experienced violent manifestations, but never one, she thought, which was intended for harm. She had seen mediums who professed to have been choked, and had had their lives threatened by spirits. One makes his own heaven and hell; and as he makes it here, so will he find it in a future state. The resistance of mediums causes them to enter into demonic conditions. She never met with a spirit who manifested a revengeful disposition. All are for right, truth and justice. The moment one lands on the other side of Jordan, he sees as he never saw before. He may be degraded and unhappy, but his desire is thenceforward to advance. A revengeful man, who had disinherited his son for intemperance, died, and in about two hours after his demise he came to her, though she was several hundred miles away, and requested her to write to his wife to destroy his will, and protect the unfortunate one, for he had wronged him. A medium can be controlled by a positive mind in the form, and this will account for the evil communications we get, which seem to come from the spirit-world. On a former occasion she had related one instance, as she then supposed, of an evil manifestation. She had now become better acquainted with the case. The woman was lifted up in her bed and thrown down violently, and tormented in various ways. She was hysterical and ugly, and had never filled the place of a wife or mother in her family. An uncle of her's used to tell her that he would take the *ginger* out of her if he ever got to the spirit-world. He died, and he it was that was training her so severely. He even threatened to kill her, but told her all the while if she would behave herself he would quit her. She finally did reform, and was left in peace, and now enjoys the love and respect of her family and friends.

DR. GRAY: In his use of the expression, "putting new wine into old Mosaic bottles," he had had no allusion to Dr. Orton. If he were a poet, and held to the old theory of retaliation, his love and wisdom would naturally flow out in the old retaliatory form. He would add to what Mrs. French had said, that the rapping may also be interpolated, and a sentence begun by spirits be completed by mortals.

DR. GOULD: There is the case of the legion of devils cast out of the demoniac, who begged the privilege of entering the swine. Of what kind were they? It was believed by ancient Spiritualists, and is by many now, that all diseases are produced by evil spirits. None of us pretend to say that death can sanctify a man. It is also believed that we are greatly dependent on the spirit-world for our thoughts. If this be true, then all do not become loving and kind on going there. We furthermore believe in guardian spirits. What kind have murderers, slave-drivers, pirates, etc.?

MRS. FRENCH: She does not say that all spirits go to heaven, but that each makes his own heaven or hell; and that the miserable desire to come back and warn us of their condition, and help us to avoid it. She did not believe that all spirits could come back.

MR. LEVY: It was known to the Conference that his wife, Emily, died on Friday last. On Friday night, it would appear, she announced her death in a dream, to Mary, a German woman who formerly lived with them, but now resides several miles away, and who was not aware of Mrs. L's illness. The same occurred again on Saturday night. On Sunday night, according to Mary's statement, or rather near the morning of Monday, as she was lying fully awake, Mrs. Levy appeared to her, with her usual dress and manner, and taking her by the hand, said: "Good bye, Mary, I am going to another world." Mary could no longer be dissuaded by her husband from going to see how Mrs. Levy was; and on the following day, as Mr. Levy inquired out her residence in order to inform her of his wife's death, he ascertained that she had gone to his house in person in order to relieve her anxiety. On going home he found her there, and obtained these particulars from her.

DR. HALLOCK: When one inflicts an injury, it returns with greatest force on himself. This law holds good everywhere. Character is as valuable in the spirit-world as here. Why then should we not be as careful not to malign its inhabitants? Guardianship and the law governing it are thus broken. Who doubts that Garrison, Phillips and Gerrit Smith have a genuine love for the masses? and yet they put up a wall between themselves and others, and judge men on the old Mosaic principle of retaliation. They say men are moved by their wills, and might do better if they would. They do not look into a person's state. Every true manifestation teaches that wrong has its origin in ignorance and childhood. Let the abolitionist proceed as the schoolmaster does with the little child, who does not call it a dunder-head and tell it it will go to hell for its ignorance. The old Mosaic doctrine of retaliation must pass away. Every man you choke to death but creates the necessity of choking two more. Progress, change of heart, is not a matter of the will. You cannot vote yourself an intelligent member of society. The seed must have time to sprout, the corn time to grow.

DR. GRAY: The facts brought to show that evil spirits obsessed persons in old times, are very few and meagre. But we at least know ourselves. In our experience it is not so. Our gross natures cannot come in rapport with the spirit-world. For instance, turn the spiritual side of amativeness to the spirit-world, and the result is prolification of truth. We may have mesmeric rapport with one another, and call it spiritual, which is a very different thing. And so with the dancing hats, which, when asked if all present shall not take a drink, bow in affirmation. They were a base imposture. The same with demons choking hogs in the sea. He did not believe a word of it. If we come in rapport with the spirit-world, it is only with our spirits. He did not believe there was any malice of purpose in that world. He, however, was building his spiritual body by the operation of his will power. The consequences of his acts may last to eternity. So much of a foundation has the old doctrine of hell-fire. We take our position according to our states, and thus are judged according to our deeds. He was not dependant on spirits for his good or evil thoughts. He was responsible for them himself.

MRS. SPENCE (Britt): Is there such a thing as evil spirits, who manifest themselves with evil intentions? There are mundane communications as well as spiritual. But while this is true, going out of the body does not separate us from the realm of mind. Nor can death affect the mind. The miser takes his avarice with him, the benevolent man his benevolence. They return again to us as they were when they left the form. Seven years ago in St. Louis, she became a medium. For a long time she heard nothing about evil spirits. When she did, she inquired about it of her spirit friends. They avoided a direct answer. They told her, "Investigate the laws of life. You see us return as we were. Death makes no change." Soon she heard of a girl in the city who was said to be obsessed. The spirit possessing her was her mother, who had tried to murder others and then killed herself. The girl was affected in the same way. She was taken to her and found her biting herself, and others praying for her. She was moved to say to her in a strong voice, "rise," and gave her water to drink, when the influence left her and she was restored to a sound mind. Again, a steady religious young man who knew nothing of Spiritualism, awoke in the middle of the night, and said he felt as though he was John Kelly, a rope-dancer recently deceased. The spirit made him get up, then took down his bed and piled it in the corner of the room, and set him to dancing. From this time the young man delighted in nothing so much as to dance, fight, drink brandy and smoke. He became pale, thin and feeble. In this condition he called on her. She put her hand on his head, talked kindly to the spirit, and the influence left him. She then instructed him how to make himself positive to such encroachments. Very shortly after, Kelly appeared to her. He swore at her. "You have taken my medium from me," said he, "and I will pay you for it." She reasoned with him. He replied that he knew nothing but to dance and sing, and must have his fun. She offered to introduce him to higher spirits with a view to his improvement. He consented and she did so. Once afterward only he returned to the young man, who resisted him, and he departed. A multitude of similar instances had come under her observation, and some of them too full of horror to be told. Thousands on thousands in the spirit-world, under the dominion of low and groveling passions, are about the inhabitants of earth, and have no knowledge of any higher life. From these our protection is a positive condition toward everything below us, and purity of soul. We owe them nothing but good will. They help to demonstrate the fact of immortality and its conditions; and it is in our power to aid them on to higher planes of being. If death is to purify us, let us rely on death; if not, let us purify our lives here, that we may be pure and happy there. J. R. O.

Spiritual Manifestations.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

No. VI.

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

It was night in the quiet month of June, 1846. The day-birds were at rest; all Nature was hushed in sweet repose; the stars shone forth in their heavenly beauty. The moon had climbed the rocky hills at the foot of Green Bay, and not a breath of air moved the pellucid waters. Silence reigned. Nature seemed resting after the toils of the day. Adelia, my sweet wife, asked me to walk on the beach with her; and as she did so I noticed a melancholy tone of voice that was unpleasant, and grated harshly on my soul.

"Yes, sweet one," I replied, "I will walk with you, and we will talk of by-gone days—of those halcyon days when together we sat 'neath the shade of the lofty pines and listened to the summer wind's murmur as it swept through their green-clad boughs."

"Ah, dear soul, I am afraid that our walk will be anything but pleasant, for I feel that there is a dark spell surrounding me, and that my journey of life is nearly over."

There was a sadness in her voice that pained me; and as I looked towards her to see if I could not discover its cause, I noticed great tears stealing forth from her eyes.

"Come, come, my wife!" I cried, "this will not do. You are low spirited to-night, and the cool evening air will do you good. Come, let us walk."

Slowly we pursued our course down to the beautiful sandy shore of the lake, or bay. We wended our way for a quarter of a mile or more, each feeling that there was a crisis in our lives at hand. Neither spoke save in monosyllables. All of a sudden my wife grasped my arm, and in an agitated voice said: "Eben, Eben, do you believe in dreams?"

"No," I replied; "I do not think that they are to be depended upon; yet I have known some dreams to come true. But they are frequently the result of suggestion, and we can readily account for them from some cause that transpired the day before the dream." And as I finished I gazed into her face to see if I could read its effect on her mind.

"Ah, my husband, that will not do. You cannot do away with the deep impression created in my mind from a dream that I had last night; and as that log yonder is associated with my dream, we will sit down on it, and then I will tell it you."

We seated ourselves on the log, and as we did so she took my hand, and said, in a deep, earnest, yet sad tone of voice, "Eben, in my dream last night all the past of our lives came up before me. I was a little child again, playing around my mother's knees—frolicking beneath the shade of the old Norway pine that stood near father's barn. Again I was batting the ball with brother and sister, then picking the rich, luscious strawberries in the meadow, and chasing the butterfly from flower to flower. Then it was fall—rich, golden harvest days. The wild nut and beautiful fruit were ready to be gathered. Another period of time had passed, and I was a girl of seventeen. You came and saw me, and praised my comely face. I listened to the music of your voice and loved you, and was loved in return. Then we sat in the south bay-window, where you first told me of your love. Again I placed my hand in yours, as you asked me to be your little wife. Once more I rested my head on your heart, and was very happy. Then I stood all in my bridal robes, surrounded by our young friends. I was very happy. The appointed hour came. You entered the room, took my hand, kissed it and led me before the man of God, who joined us in holy wedlock, making us two one. The congratulations of our many friends succeeded. My mother came to me weeping, and, taking my hand, placed it in yours; and as she did so she said: 'I yield her up to thee;—cherish my last-born flower—the purest rose of the old tree! Take her, my son, with a mother's blessing!' She wept as she gave me one fond embrace, and left me yours. Then my father, all manly and beautiful in his old age, and with a tremor in his voice, saluted me with a father's kiss, and said, 'God bless Adelia!' then grasped your hand and pointed to me without speaking a word; and as he followed my mother I saw his eyes filled to overflowing with tears, fresh from the fountains of his soul. Years rolled by. We moved to the far West. Children were given and taken from us. We moved again, and as we did so I dreamed that it was the last of my earth journeys. We landed yonder on that point. Time passed; last night came, and I retired, and then I dreamed that it was just such a night as this, and I thought I was sad, and that you came and asked me to walk with you. I saw you and myself walking along the bay shore until we came to this log. I thought that we seated ourselves on it as we now sit; that I was telling you something that interested you very much; and while I was talking with you a wolf howled—first low, like the moan of the night-wind, then again it was repeated nearer and much louder, and then close by us, sharp and shrill, and in that many-toned voice that the wolf alone possesses.

"Hark! hark!" said my wife, "what was that? Oh, Eben, 'tis true. There is the howl of the wolf!"

Again it was repeated—nearer, and again, still nearer—in the sharp, shrill manner she had described.

"Oh, Eben, my dream—my dream! Well," she continued, "I thought that we returned to the house. Ten days had passed from time away, and oh, how beautiful the sun rose on that morning! The whole eastern sky was one broad glowing shield, and in the centre of this shield there came from beyond the waters aurora's golden chariot. Oh, how beautiful and still the morning was! The bay seemed to sleep in silent beauty; not a sail or bird of the water was to be seen on this vast liquid mirror. Ten o'clock came, and I could see away down yonder as far as the eye could reach, a little speck like a white cloud, not larger than your hand. Soon I felt a breeze, so gentle and soft that it would not have disturbed a butterfly sleeping on her bed of roses. Fresher and fresher it blew, and the little cloud had grown into the full-sized beautiful sail of a schooner. The breeze increased; on came the schooner, like a thing of life, until opposite the river's mouth, when she rounded to and let go her anchor, and as she did so she was struck by a squall of wind, parted her cable, and went ashore. Oh, how it blew! Then I saw you in the water taking the passengers off the wreck; and as you were thus engaged, I thought that I was very sick. I sat in a chair, with a wet cloth round my head. Your man McCarty came into the room, and I asked him to go call you. He went, and I saw you take Dr. Hall from the boat and come up out of the water to the house. I knew that I was going to die. I saw you help me to my bed, and I was in such agony,—oh, how I suffered! You sent for Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Boyden, who came to your assistance. Soon I became insensible; pain had ceased, and speech had fled. I heard the Doctor say that there was but one chance for my life, and that was to take my unborn babe from me. It was done, and you held in your arms a little daughter. I heard the Doctor tell you there was no hope—that I could not live; and then you turned to the ladies and told them that you would watch with me during the night. All night, till two o'clock, you staid by my side and noted every change, every breath. At two there came a change, and that change was death.

"After the spirit had left my body I thought that I spoke to you, saying, "Eben, I will come again; and then I thought I saw a great tear-drop well out of my right eye and that you gazed at it for some time and wept. Time rolled on, and you took my body in a boat and carried it up to the island and buried it under the shade of those pine trees where we have so often rested ourselves in our rambles, and then you left the grave, so sad, and when you came to our room and found it empty and lonely, you lay down and wept bitterly. You afterwards took our little ones and went with them a great way to your mother's. I was with you. You travelled by water and by land. You put my babe into a basket and cared for it yourself. Night and day I watched over you all, and whenever you thought of me I knew it, and was very happy. You arrived at your mother's in Mercer Co., Ill., and told the sad tale of my death. Oh, how I tried to make myself known! You stayed with your mother and sister for a few days, were taken with fever, and as soon as you were able you left for the north, leaving our children with your friends. Two months rolled by. I was continually watching my little ones, and at the expiration of that time my little girl was given me from its earth home. Oh, how happy I was when I saw that I was to have her with me in my spirit-home; and as I received her little soul from the arms of your dear mother, I thought that I sprang from earth away to my home in the flower gardens of Paradise;—and then I awoke in a state of wild bewilderment, and wept bitterly. Now, love, I have told you my dream and I assure you that it will come to pass. I know it will."

I tried to reason her out of her belief, but to no purpose. Sorrowfully and sadly she commenced setting her house in order, and cheerful as the circumstances would admit, she never lost sight of the fact that she was to die in the course of the next two weeks. In talking with her one evening, she said in answer to some remark that I had made, that she was neither mad nor crazy, but rational and in full possession of all her faculties. I never passed so painful a time as in those days, noting, as I did, her every preparation for the great final change.

The fated morning came. It was brilliant and beautiful. Not a breath of air ruffled the still waters of the bay. I stood and gazed with awe upon the grand natural scenery before me, and then I thought of my wife's dream, and I would have given worlds had the sky been covered as with clouds. Oh, how I prayed for the cup to pass away; and as I stood gazing out on the water, I felt a gentle touch on my arm, and as I turned around, I met the earnest, sorrowful gaze of my wife.

"See," she said, as she pointed to the glorious scene before us, "See the commencement of the fulfilling of my dream;" and she turned away in sadness and went to her room.

Ten o'clock came and with it a slight breeze. I again looked forth upon the waters and lo! away off on the bay, and in the direction my wife had pointed out, I saw a sail. It was very small, a mere speck. Again I felt the pressure of the gentle hand, and heard my wife in her sorrow say, "behold the sail." My soul was too full for utterance, and I, too, felt that the time was near when my wife would be called away. On came the vessel, and with it came the wind. Fresher and still fresher it blew, and as the vessel rounded to, off the mouth of the river, and as she let go her anchor, one of those squalls known on the western lakes as white squalls, struck the vessel, bringing her on to her beam ends, parting her cable and carrying her on shore. Forgetting in the excitement of the moment my sadness and the dream, I ran to the beach, sprang into the water, and had landed two or three passengers, when I was hailed from the shore by one of my men. It was McCarty. I knew what was wanted. I called for Dr. H——, who was a passenger in the schooner from Chicago. I took him ashore, went up to the house, found my wife sitting in her chair, just as she had described in her dream. We put her to bed, from which she never rose.

On the morning of the 21st of June, at half past one, she breathed her last, and after her pure spirit had taken its flight to the mansions of rest, and ere nature had chilled her loved form, there welled out from the spring of her young life, a great tear-drop filling the cavity of her right eye, and as I gazed into the cherished fountain, I heard a voice, and it said, "Eben I will meet you again." Then all was still. During her hours of sickness she had left me a little flower, a sweet little girl.

The dream was fulfilled by burying her under the shade of the tall pine trees where she had seen her form laid. In a few days I went south with my little ones. I carried my babe in a basket over seven hundred miles, two hundred of them by land in a carriage and at a time when railroads were not known in Illinois. I went to my mother with my little ones—tarried there for a few days; was taken sick;—I left for the north as soon as my health would permit; and in two months from the death of my wife, my little daughter was taken also. When I looked back through the past, I thought of her wonderful dream, and saw that it had been fulfilled to the letter.

Here in this dream, we behold the same power that manifested itself so often as recorded in the Old and New Testament; and none of those recorded in Holy Writ are more pointed and pertinent in true presentiment, than this I have written out. Truly God worketh and doeth all things well E. V. W.

Various Items.

........The *Telegraph* is informed by a Paris correspondent, that Mr. Hume continues to be the mystery of St. Petersburg, and that the present condition of his wife shares a part of the interest.

........The Spiritualists of Mansfield, Ohio, have a hall in which they hold regular Sunday meetings, and often have have five hundred persons present.

.... Miss Helen Dresser, sixteen years old, is lecturing in the southern cities on Mormonism. She is the daugher of Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, whose escape from Salt Lake city some two years since made a stir at the time.

.... Enoch Saunders, the colored veteran of the Boston Post office, made famous by his wit, has gone "under the sod," as he predicted, at the last thanksgiving presentation that he should do within the year.

.... "Of all my family," said Mike Malsh once, "not one has died in bed—all by accident or violence, and such will be my fate," a prophecy singularly fulfilled. He was found dead on the sidewalk a few mornings since.

........The *Propagateur Catholique*, a Southern Catholic journal, learns that Gen. Wm. Walker, the "grey-eyed man of destiny," recently converted to the Catholic Church, has determined to enter a religious order, and become a Catholic priest.

.... In Watertown, Ct., there is a musical prodigy, Miss Abigail Emeline Atwood. She is only ten years of age, and peforms the most difficult music upon a great variety of instruments. She plays almost any piece she hears upon any instrument she has yet tried; and still she has never received any musical instruction whatever—not being able to tell one note from the other.

.... A charitable individual in the neighborhood of Willimantic, Conn., proposed to raise a subscription for a poor, hard-working man, who recently lost a valuable cow. Every one applauded the object and its originator—money was raised—poor man expected to be made happy, when—his benevolent friend produced an old bill against him to just the amount raised, and—and retained the cash! Large-hearted man, that.

........A Boston clergyman who undertook to help two watchmen carry a drunken Irishman to the watch house, received a kick from the Irishman's foot which knocked out one of his teeth and laid him sprawling in the mud. Spitting out his vagrant tooth, and cured for the nonce of everything like charitableness, the clergyman ran at the drunken offender with his umbrella, shouting—"Knock the fellow down! knock him down! he has broken my jaw! down with him!" The police had in turn to defend Pat against his irate friend, who left for home, carrying with him the sage advice, that "it is the best at all times to leave the performance of public duty to those who are best accustomed to it."

.... A New York minister desirous of making a sensation, a few Sabbaths since, in preaching on the crucifixion, instructed the sexton, when he got on that part of the discourse where he describes the darkness overspreading the heavens, to draw down the gas, giving light only to make the darkness visible. The sexton however, awkwardly put out the gas altogether, which so confounded the preacher that he was unable to proceed. Some of the trustees of the church hurried to the sexton in the lobby, and inquired what was the matter. Greatly to his chagrin and mortification, as well as that of the preacher, he was obliged to explain.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, APRIL 2, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—M A Ball, T W Sawyer, J Corwin, J Mayhew, S A Horton, S Albro, B Keith, S S Williams, S Olinger, A B Sawyer, J S Loveland, W T Parker, F Herblin, D M Turnier, J W Foster, D Farr, E Woodworth, R R Briggs, H Thatcher, C A Greenleaf, E W Alexander, J F Hollister, E M Burke, W Marbury, H O Hurd, H S Upham, B F Hutchinson, J R Armstrong, J R Hecox, S Howard, G Barnard, A C Stiles, J F Carter, P Blount, W S Howland, P K Wilson, E C Gahisha, "Calvert," A Tyler, H M Higgins, B B Marshall, F L Fairfield, G E Bugbee, E S Wheeler, G Kellogg, J Bradford, G F Green, W A Eddy, E F Rudd, D Kelly.

WILL BE COMMENCED NEXT WEEK!

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 of April 9th.

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.

A large extra edition will be issued. This will be an excellent time to subscribe. Dealers are requested to send in their orders early.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

REV R. HASSALL will speak at the Town Hall, Milford, N. H., on Sunday, April 3d; Rev. T. W. Higginson April 9th.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will lecture in Providence, R. I., the 3d and 10th of April. Friends in the vicinity of Providence wishing to engage his services for week evenings during his stay in that city will please address him in care of Henry Simon, No. 250 Friendship street, Providence, R. I.

H. L. BOWKER will give free lectures and public tests of his powers by having expenses paid. Address, Natick, Mass.

CALVIN HALL'S Post Office address is Willimantic, Ct.

E. S. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, may be addressed at Norwich, Conn., till April 1st; from then till further notice at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. Is engaged in Conn. and Boston until April 11th.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture as follows: Foxboro', Mass., April 3d; Westerly R. I., 5th, 7th and 8th; Milford, N. H., May 15th.

PROF. PAYTON and AMANDA M. SPENCE will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

FREEMAN J. GURNEY, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address, South Hanson, Mass. t20

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.

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

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 defense 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.

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.

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

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations as follows: South Danvers, March 25th and 26th; Lynn, 27th; Woburn, April 3d; South Dedham, 5th and 6th; Walpole, 7th and 8th; Foxboro', 10th; Mansfield, 12th and 13th; Norton, 14th and 15th.

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

E. S. WHEELER will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

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.

Meetings for trance speaking are held every Sabbath, at usual church hours, in Democratic Hall (Room No. 3) Mercantile Building, Summer street. A circle is held at the same place every Thursday evening, for which good mediums are engaged. Admittance 10 cents.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed a 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. 29 tf

Mrs. ADA L. COAN has, at the request of many opposed to Spiritualism, as well as the general desire of the friends, taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place, where she will give sittings by the hour, from 9 A M till 6 P M. Terms $1 per hour for one or two persons.

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, the Independent Clairvoyant, Electropathist and Medium, has rooms at 11 Lagrange Place, where she will be happy to receive those desiring her services. 9

Mrs. L. A. BIRCH, Clairvoyant Test Medium; also public speaker; No. 12 Avery St. Circles on Wednesday and Friday evenings.—25cts. 14—8t*

Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for development and manifestations. No. 30 Eliot street.

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. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

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

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

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

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

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR,

Commenced originally by Abner Kneeland, will enter upon its 29th volume, on the 27th of April. It will be devoted, as usual, to the protection and development of Universal Mental Liberty, by means of those genuine Liberal Principles which are founded in Truth, Nature, Reason and Free Inquiry. It also contains moral and valuable Literature; entertaining and useful Miscellany; choice Poetry, &c; together with a carefully selected Digest of the news of the day. Terms $2 per year, in advance; single copy, 6 cents. Specimen numbers sent free on application. Published by JOSIAH P. MENDUM, 45 Cornhill, where may be found all the Standard Liberal Works, among which are the writings of Voltaire, Paine, Hume, Gibbon, Volney, D'Holbach, Comte, Taylor, Rousseau, Ethan Allen, Kneeland, Herttell, Offen, &c. &c.; also, the only correct Life of Thomas Paine ever issued from the American press.

"THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WOMAN," AND "MARRIAGE."

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES, delivered in Boston in February last, by MISS EMMA HARDINGE. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton. These two lectures are pronounced the most able which have yet been given to the public on these deeply interesting and important subjects—the vital springs of society—on which so much happiness or misery depends. The increasing interest which is manifest all over the land in these topics, creates a lively demand for these very opportune addresses. They were delivered before densely packed audiences, composed of the most respectable citizens of Boston, and listened to with almost breathless attention. For sale by the trade generally. Price 10 cents each, or $7 per hundred.

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TRACTS ON SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritual Tracts, from No. 1 to No. 9. By Judge Edmonds.—Price 3 cents each. Vision of *Paul Pry*, the Spiritualist.—Price 10 cents. *Marriage*. By Miss Hardinge.—Price 10 cents. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. 13—4t.

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages 8vo. Price $1 50 Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston. 6—tf

Interesting Miscellany.

A WIFE WANTED.

Mr. A. B., of the town of C., in the State of D., in writing to the minister, adds a few words to the wife of the minister in about the following strain:

"I am a widower, and to promote the welfare of my children as well as my own, I should like to find some good woman of suitable age, who would be willing to cast in her destiny with mine. I would prefer one of our own faith; a lady of some literary taste, of good domestic qualities; one that would seek her enjoyment in the retirement of a country home, by endeavoring to make all happy that came under her influence. Such an one God has taken from me, and I am lonely and sad. In person I would not care for a beauty, though I believe I would pass by the woman of whom it might be said "she is ugly;" but a comely woman, generally, stands higher with me than those commonly esteemed as handsome. I don't like a woman to paint, nor one given to too much braiding of the hair, or wearing of jewelry, but the adorning of one's self with good works would render me happy were I united with such a one. Musical talent I greatly esteem. From the disposition to scold, heaven deliver me. Can you mention one of your friends, maid or widow, that would answer about this description and suit me?

Yours etc., A. B."

To which the minister's wife makes the following response:—

"Your appeal certainly excites my sympathies in your behalf. You think if one whose heart is "filled with the milk of human kindness" should unite her destiny with your own that your happiness and that of your children would be promoted thereby. You wish for one "who will make all happy that come under her influence." But how is it with yourself? Are you captious or fault-finding? Do frowns and chilling words come into the house at your entrace? Or do the eyes which look to you for love receive from you the sunlight and smiles of a glad heart? How will it be with the wife that you wish in your country home? Will she have a life of the affections and the intellect, with kindness and respect from those to whom she gives her love and life?

"A woman such as you have described might grace a throne, or a Fifth Avenue palace of one of our merchant princes. I know of but few men who can appreciate the love of a noble-minded woman. It is self-sacrificing, seeking only the good of the loved ones.

"I think now of one who had never known a mother's love. She had passed her life among those who feel that "getting a living" was the "end and aim of life." They had advised her to marry a widower, with five children, that she might have a home. Her heart went out to those motherless children. She thought they might learn to love her. The father was a good, kind man, but never demonstrative of affection, careful and calculating. I saw her for the first time on her wedding night. She was shy, retiring, and I thought like some timid, frightened creature. She was not calm. I saw her when she kissed the children; how anxious she was for their love! Poor, struggling, panting heart that could not rest without love! The love of the Eternal and Unchanging Father had not been found. The peace of heaven had not been attained. This is found only through bitterness and tears, and hers had been a quiet life; no heart struggles, only a weary wasting and wishing to be loved. The practical common-sense man at her side saw nothing of all this. She was but wedded to dollars and cents, not to a heart or soul. Her own heart is *dead* now; starved as literally as human bodies starve and die for want of daily food.

"She performed her duties faithfully, tried to win the children's love, but she was not their mother. She was only a step-mother, and had no right to that mother's place, nor to the love which that mother had received. She might toil through weary days, and wakeful nights, for she was cook, laundress, chambermaid, nurse and seamstress, but received for this unending toil no smile, no kind nor appreciative word. Enough that she was boarded, clothed and lodged for all this service. Do you wonder her heart is *dead?*

Pardon me now, if I ask, how is it with you? What is your life?—hard, cold, calculating? or true, earnest, and sincere? Rather than wed a friend to the former, I would first think of her burial. If the latter description should be nearer the truth, I will give you and your letter a second thought, though I dare not promise you a wife. You must e'en *seek* and *speak* for yourself. The Minister's Wife."

THE LAND BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

The little child was dying. His weary limbs were racked by pain no more. The flush was fading from his thin cheeks, and the fever that had for many days been drying up his blood, was now cooling rapidly under the touch of the icy hand that was upon him.

There were sounds and tokens of bitter but suppressed grief in that dim chamber, for the dying little one was very dear to many hearts.

They knew that he was departing, and the thought was hard to bear; but they tried to command their feelings that they might not disturb the last moments of their darling.

The father and mother, and the kind physician stood beside dear Eddy's bed, and watched his heavy breathing. He had been silent for some time, and appeared to sleep. They thought it might be thus that he would pass away, but suddenly his blue eyes opened wide and clear, and a beautiful smile broke over his features. He looked upward and forward at first, then turning his eyes upon his mother's face, said in a sweet voice, "Mother, what is the name of the beautiful country that I see beyond the mountains—the *high* mountains?"

"I can see nothing my child," said the mother; "there are no mountains in sight of our home.

"Look *there*, dear mother," said the child, pointing upward "*yonder* are the mountains. Can you not see them *now?*" he asked in tones of the greatest astonishment, as his mother shook her head.

"They are so near me now—so large and high, and behind them the country looks so beautiful, and the people are so happy—*there are no sick children there.* Papa, can you not see beyond the mountains? Tell me the name of that land."

The parents glanced at each other and with united voice replied, "The land you see is heaven, is it not, my child?"

"Yes it is heaven. I thought that must be its name. O, let me go—but how shall I cross those mountains? Father, will you not carry me? O, take me in your arms and carry me, for they call me from the other side, and I *must* go."

There was not a dry eye in that chamber, and upon every heart there fell a solemn awe, as if the curtain which concealed its mysteries was about to be withdrawn.

"My son," said the father, "will you stay with us a little while longer? You shall cross the mountains soon, but in stronger arms than mine. Wait—stay with your mother a little longer; see how she weeps at the thought of losing you."

"O, mother, O, father, do not cry, but come with me, and cross the mountains—O, come;" and thus he entreated with a strength and earnestness which astonished all.

The chamber was filled by wondering and awe-stricken friends. At length he turned to his mother, with a face beaming with rapturous delight, and stretching out his little arms to her for one last embrace, he cried, "Good-by, mother, I am going; but don't you be afraid—*the strong man has come to carry me over the mountains.*"

These were his parting words; upon his mother's breast he breathed his last, and they laid the little fair baby down again upon the pillows, and closed the lids over the beautiful blue eyes, over which the mists of death had gathered heavily, and bowing by the bed-side, prayed with submissive, though bleeding hearts, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

POPULAR LOGIC.

"The Lounger," who occupies a conspicuous place in *Harper's Weekly*, finds a great variety of things to say. Among the good ones we find the following about

Non Sequiturs.—There is a story in the papers that a young lady of Ipswich has been sent to the Worcester Insane Asylum a raving maniac, and that her insanity was produced by attending revival meetings.

There is a kind of popular logic that would instantly conclude that therefore revivals produced insanity, just as we see a solemn warning against what is called "Spiritualism," based upon the fact that somebody who believes in it has become insane. Undoubtedly an ill-balanced mind may be overthrown by any excess of emotion produced by the most simple and natural occasion in the world. There are people who are made insane by the death of dear friends; but it would be rather an absurd generalization to say that the death of children produced insanity in the parents. If you went to France and the first man you met upon the pier was using a red cotton pocket handkerchief, it would be easy, but rather ridiculous, to infer that the French are addicted to the use of red cotton handkerchiefs.

That a man loses his wits at a revival or "Spiritualistic" meeting is not an argument against revival and Spiritualistic meetings so much as against his wits. To make it an argument, you have to show that the general and necessary tendency of revival or other meetings is to insanity.

There used to be an occasional statement in a certain newspaper of a certain town, that the boat of a party of naughty boys sailing in the bay on a summer Sunday afternoon had been struck by a gust and capsized, and the naughty boys were lost. *Moral:*—Boys who go a sailing on Sundays will be drowned.

But in this same town it happened that a minister looking out of the window of an unfinished house, lost his balance, fell and broke his neck. Thereupon another newspaper announced:

"On Tuesday afternoon the Reverend James Jones was standing in the unfinished building, No. 210 Water Street, and looking from the window, unfortunately lost his balance and fell to the ground, breaking his neck by the fall. This melancholy casualty should serve as a warning to clergymen not to look out of windows of unfinished buildings on Tuesday afternoons."

Drawing Inferences.

"I liked your sermon very much to-day, with a single exception," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"

"I think you used too many technical phrases."

"Did I?—I didn't think of it."

"You repeatedly spoke of drawing inferences. Now that was Greek to many hearers."

"O, no. Most every one, of course, knows what we mean by drawing an inference."

"You are mistaken, brother, as sure as you live; I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase"—

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am; now there is Mr. Smith," pointing out a man just turning the corner from the meeting-house, "who is quite an intelligent farmer; we will overtake him; I will ask him if he can draw an inference and I do not believe he will understand me."

Accordingly the two ministers quickened their pace, and as they came up to the said Mr. Smith, his pastor said to him:

"Brother Smith, can you draw an inference?"

Brother Smith, thus summarily interrogated, looked at his pastor for some fifteen seconds, quite surprised, and then rather hesitatingly said:

'Well, I don't know; I s'pose I could. I've got a pair of steers that can draw anything to which they are hitched—but I shouldn't like to on Sunday."

A Scientific Discussion.

"You argers, sare, dat de world am flat and and stands on a big rock," said Sambo; "now I want you to tole me what dat rock stand on?"

"I'se s'prised at your ignorance!" returned Cato, "why it stands on annurer big rock."

"But what does bofe of dem rocks stand on?" said Sambo, confident that he had his opponent cornered.

"Why, dar is rocks all de way down," replied Cato after a moment's hesitation.

"My colored friend," said Sambo, with a pompous air, "I'se sorry to see sich 'splays ob remitigated obscurity in a gemman ob your egsalted pertentions; allow me who has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de wery deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat dis earf is round and devolves on axles."

"I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat prompts you to distend to dis gemman de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin," returned Cato, "and wid all reference to s'perior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you on de freory dat you advances. Kase, if de world was round and turned on axles, would'nt de axle-trees, broke down and spill all de people in de street? answer me dat."

It is unnecessary to add that Sambo was utterly confounded by this overwhelming argument, and forced to "knock under" to the superior intellectual attainments of his opponent.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

"THE BOOK OF LIFE."

Sometimes we turn heart-sick away
From worldly care and strife,
And try to read as best we may
The solemn book of life;
It is a strange, mysterious book,
O'er which awe-struck we bend,
And we may read as still we look,
"*Beginning, but no end.*"

The record of our early years
Is thus brought forth to view;
All stained at times with bitter tears,
It keeps sweet memories too.
But as we turn the pages o'er
With doubt and sorrow rife,
The heart looks forward, more and more,
Unto a holier life.

It may not be all perfect bliss,
Where parted spirits go,
Fond smiles, kind faces we may miss,
That tarry yet below.
How much of loneliness and grief,
May reach a higher sphere,
From how much care death gives relief,
We see not, know not, here.

To some of us, e'en after death
May come the bitter cup,
But stronger hope and clearer faith,
Will buoy our spirits up;
A hope that can sustain and guide,
And all impatience quell,
A faith, that what-so-e'er betide
"*He* doeth all things well."

We die not. Father! well may we
Rejoice that it is thus,
That there is not, and cannot be,
A dreamless sleep for us.
And calmly and triumphantly,
May all who love Thee, sing,
"Oh! grave where is thy victory
Oh! death where is thy sting!"

Virginia.

Tioga, Co., Pa.

For the Spiritual Age.

ADDRESS TO THE SKY LARK.

[Translated from the original Welsh.]

Sentinel of the morning light!
Reveller of the spring,
How noble and how wild thy flight—
Thy boundless journeying.
Far from thy brethren of the woods alone,
A hermit bent at thy Creator's throne.

O wilt thou climb the Heaven for me—
Yon rampart's starry height—
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light;
And seek with day's first dawn upon thy breast,
My lady-love—the moonbeam of the west!

No woodland denizen art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain brow,
Thy music in the sky;
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly caroller of angel song!

C.

Above all things never despair; God is where he was.

"Oh, thou, by winds of grief o'erblown,
Beside some golden summer's bier,—
Take heart—thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year."

When a man begins to reason, he ceases to feel.—*Rousseau.*

Who wails the decree that sets the gem free,
Its prison-bed riven!
Is not death a birth? Say not "Last of Earth,"
But write First of Heaven.

Patience is the tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.

Speak truth! nothing can need a lie;
A fault that needs it most grows two thereby.

In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thine own self. Another is but one against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayst avoid, but thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward.

There is but one Temple in the world; and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—*Novalis.*

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

4—tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Jones street, New York.

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY,

Day and evening, at Munson's Rooms. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some o the best mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 o'clock, A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening circles from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 50 cents 33tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York

Medical Cards.

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of Self-Abuse and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

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

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

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

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

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

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

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

W. H. NUTTER,

Trance, Healing and Developing Medium, 105 Pleasant street, Boston. All curable diseases, such as dropsy, liver, heart, spinal, and various other diseases, successfully treated by the laying on of hands. Charges moderate. Office hours from 9 A M to 5 P M. 12—3m

THE HARMONIAL MAGNETS;

For the cure of disease of the Throat, Lungs and visceral organs, upon new and scientific principles; by Humphrey T. Packer, M. D., Harmonial Physician of fifteen years' practice.

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

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

I. G. ATWOOD,

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

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

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

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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

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

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

LIGHT BREAD,

WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

☞ How to make *light* delicious Bread with simple Flour and Water *only.*

Merely your address and one dime will ensure you by return of mail a little book on Healthful Cooking and How to Make Light Bread with Flour and Water only. Persons interested are invited to call and see this delicious bread Temperance House, Nos. 18 and 20 Lagrange place, Boston.

THE SICK ARE HEALED

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

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

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM,

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

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,

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

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

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

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

Bela Marsh's Advertisements.

JUST PUBLISHED.

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

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

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

JUST PUBLISHED.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

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

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

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

Single copies at retail, 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. On receipt of price, the book will be sent by mail, postage free. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent per order to all parts of the Union.

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

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

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

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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

HENRY C. WRIGHT'S BOOKS.

Marriage and Parentage; or, the Reproductive Element in Man, as a means to his Elevation and Happiness. Price $1.

The Unwelcome Child; or, the Crime of an Undesigned and Undesired Maternity. Price in cloth, 45 cents; in paper covers, 30 cents.

A Kiss for a Blow; or, a Collection of Stories for Children, showing them how to prevent quarreling. Price 38 cents; illustrated edition, 62 cents.

The Errors of the Bible Demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; or, Man's only Infallible Rule of Faith and Practice. Price in cloth, 38 cents; in paper covers, 25 cents.

The above are for sale, at wholesale or retail, by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 41—tf &

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD IN HISTORY.

By L. Judd Pardee. Price 10 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH No 14 Bromfield street. 52 tf

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT.

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

BELA MARSH, publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 31—tf

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Parker's Sermon of Immortal Life, 5th Edition. Price 10 cents. Also, Parker's two Sermons on Revivals, and one on False and True Theology. Price 8 cents each Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, where may be had all the various other writings of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale and retail. 21—tf

PUBLIC ORAL DISCUSSION.

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

FOUR SERMONS,

Preached in the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 30th and 31st, 1858. By Theodore Parker. Price 17 cents. Also, a Sermon, preached on the 4th of July, in Boston, on the effect of Slavery on the American People. Price 8 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. 32—tf

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE CONVENTION,

Held at Rutland, Vt., June 25th, 26th, 27th, 1858.

Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents; in cloth 67 cts. The work contains Debates on the Bible, Government, Marriage, Spiritualism, Slavery, Woman's Rights, Free Trade, &c. 32—tf.

RICE'S SPIRIT MEDICINES.

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

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

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

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

Miscellaneous.

A CARD.

For some time past I have devoted my peculiar mental and psychometrical power to directing persons how to improve their condition and select right business pursuits &c. At the request of many, I have concluded to assist persons in making changes and getting situations. For this purpose I shall receive business applications. Persons having stands, or business situations that they would like to dispose of—such as stores, hotels, farms, manufactories, &c., can apply, and should state terms, conditions and particulars. Persons in want of the same should apply, stating what they want, and how much capital they would like to invest. Persons in want of a partner, teacher, agent or mechanic, should state what they want and the qualifications required. Persons in want of such situations should apply. Those having means to invest, and those seeking investments; and finally, any business application will be received. No charge will be made for the applications. When the application is met, the parties will be informed, and a small compensation required in proportion to the value, which shall be made satisfactory. By sending a small portion of their writing, persons may have a reading of their character, condition, qualification and business adaptation, with important information concerning business, health, marriage, and all matters that require mental insight and clairvoyant perception.

Terms, for a full reading on all points, $3; readings on a single point, or personal readings, $1. Advice will be given on business matters and changes; fee $1. Persons who prefer the accuracy of the reading to a test, may state their age and complexion.

All letters should be directed to Natick, Mass., or left at my office, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturday of each week, for readings or business. Those who doubt my ability or integrity in these matters, will be furnished with satisfactory references on application. H. L. BOWKER.

Natick and Boston, Mass. 12—tf

PHILADELPHIA BOARDING.

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

MISS HARDINGE'S INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

ON THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WOMAN.

Price 10 cents. Also, Mr. Higginson's Rationale of Spiritualism. Price 18 cents For sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. 9—3t.

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED.

Dr. Ammi Brown, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8—tf

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 664 Washington street, under Pine Street Church, Boston.

All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above. f

REMOVAL!

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

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

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

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

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUFFOLK DYE HOUSE,

CORNER OF COURT AND HOWARD STREETS, BOSTON.