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 9, 1859. VOL. II....NO. 15.

Spiritual and Reform Literature.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.]

THE IMPROVISATORE:

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

INTRODUCTION.

The world scarcely estimates the service rendered by those who have unlocked the gates of sensation by the revelations of science and the resources of art; and yet it is to the clear perception of things which we obtain by the study of Nature's laws that we are enabled to appreciate her many varied gifts and the answering chords within our own hearts, which make music only when we know how to combine sweet tones into harmony. Thus we owe to the study of poetry a recognition of poetic tendencies in our own natures. The complex and almost infinite science of mathematics revealed in the arrangement of sounding music, opens a wealth of sensation to the student unappreciable by those who have not reached its profound depths. The sciences of geology and astronomy are but keys which unlock the cabinets of infinity in space and omniscient wisdom in order, while the instructed mind everywhere feels the clue of first principles to be the birth of some latent gift within, which could never be externalized but for the primal revelation of its existence.

The world's acceptance of modern Spiritualism is an especial illustration of this position. Who has ever recognized the tangibility of its facts without perceiving that it was but the solution to a problem that had had a world-wide and infinite existence? The understanding Spiritualist receives the phenomena as nothing *new*, but simply as an explanation of that which had hitherto existed without an explanation; hence the science leaves the facts precisely where it found them, but removes the sphere of their agency from unknown to known causes—from the world of supernaturalism to the realms of law and nature.

The following passages from the life of one whose history would appear as an insoluble problem, except in the light of modern Spiritualism, I offer to the world with a view of showing how intimately the phenomena repudiated by the savans of the world for their strange aberrations from natural law, have in reality been underlying all the familiar phases of that life which derives its chief beauty, excellence and ascension to higher unfoldments from the constant yet unrecognized ministry of the inhabitants of another world.

The leaf I have thus torn from the book of life-history I shall take leave to remodel in the shape of my own speech, and illustrate with my own sentiments; or, more properly speaking, with the light which a certain dearly loved demon, manifest to me in the form of a voice, and to the eye of many a seer as a bright particular star in human shape, flitting around me ever, counseling, sustaining, inspiring and warning me, until the flower of my own thought takes the hue and shape of my precious familiar's wider and more spiritual vision—enabling me to present many a tale to the public which good Mr. Coles in a late letter to the *Spiritual Age* pronounces as "evidently composed in a normal condition." Of course he *knows* this, as he asserts it thus positively.

Dear spirit companions! it little matters to the world whether it can estimate the highly prized boon of thy low breathings of inspiration, or no. *I* rejoice in them, and that is enough for me. As an honest teacher of the philosophy which I have been thus far practically instructed in, I am bound to tell the whole truth, as it is presented to me; and whether I encounter the scoff of the skeptic, or the blustering censure of the ignorant, the fact remains unchanged; and the silent current of thy inspirational flow, my spirit friend—best vein of my heart—remain still my counsel, inspiration, strength and warning!

PAGE FIRST.

All the world (at least the operatic portion of it) remembers La Gabrielle. Within the last half century her history, if not the name thus given—which I have purposely substituted for the real one—has flitted through the giddy mazes of fashionable and artistic life like a blazing comet, distancing all rivalry by its brilliancy, and leaving in its swift and meteor-like track a memory as bright and fleeting as the shining phantoms of the skies.

La Gabrielle, the orphan child of a poor Italian musician and a French danseuse, had been in very early childhood adopted by a celebrated English actress, and by her trained as an opera singer. Endowed with rare beauty, and a voice whose wonderful power, compass and sweetness marked her for the highest range of excellence, every charm which artistic training could confer upon such natural gifts, combined with her protectress's care, to complete an artiste who, on her very first appeal to public favor, gravitated, by virtue of necessity, at once to operatic sovereignty.

We first present her to the reader's notice at the age of nineteen, as she sat in a sweet snug home in Brompton, a spot where the hum of busy London life melted away into the stillness of suburban repose and that luxurious tranquility which the immediate vicinity of a great city with all its appliances for comfort and convenience admits of when long shady lanes, deeply embowered lawns, and wide-spreading perfumed flower-gardens intervene between the last aristocratic squares of the modern Babylon, and the almost monastic seclusion of a choice suburban retreat.

Turning down the long green lane, with its arching bowers of noble horse-chestnut and fragrant lime trees, you arrive at a gate which leads through many a mazy turn in the midst of a cultivated wilderness of rarest flowering shrubs and choicest blossoms, statues, fountains, perfumed arbors whose deep stillness and thickly curtained foliage suggest immeasurable distance beyond, and carefully trimmed hedge-rows whose cunningly contrived windings resolve the really small domain into an appearance of great space and extent, until you arrive at a succession of lawn-like terraces adorned with classic vases of choicest plants ascending to the open French windows, whose gorgeous hues of many-tinted glass cast the sunlight in rainbow glory upon the fairy-like summer parlor within.

Cottage and garden, boudoir and lawn, were all in keeping, and all eminently artistic, beautiful, and replete with the appliances of taste and luxury,—choice books, pictures and musical instruments everywhere proclaimed the inmates' sympathy with art. A fairy palace it was, needing but the sunlight of an illuminated soul to make it a reflection of the homes of the blest. Half shaded by the clustering roses and star-eyed jessamines that trailed their perfumed wreaths over the entire front of the house, and swept by the summer air, lay in masses on the very floor of the drawing-room, stood a couch whereon was stretched the mistress of this fair domain.

We have said La Gabrielle was beautiful; and the portraits of the operatic queen, with their wealth of sunny chestnut locks, deep violet eyes, long lashes, and dewy, peach-like cheeks, would bear to all beholders testimony to our record. Those, however, who have beheld that slight but exquisite form, and that wondrously mobile face, irradiated by the power of genius into living embodiments of the poet's and musician's most graceful imaginings, declare that mortal woman never yet impersonated so fully the unspeakable perfection of that beauty whose highest attribute is its nameless response to the soul.

Fancy her now, as the sunlight, seemingly imprisoned in every thread of her golden curls, lights up her beautiful home, so entirely in keeping with her beautiful self; but fancy what you will, and you never will arrive at the reality which we with the mind's eye can even now behold, and reproduce to you, my unimaginative reader, not as the image of what the externals of so much excellence would promise you, but as what the internal really fashioned, namely, a petted, spoiled child of fortune, actually unhappy because she had nothing to find fault with.

By her side, deeply engaged in the mystery of knitting, sat her quiet, gentle protectress. Long since removed by Gabrielle's brilliant success from the necessity of laboring in her old vocation, Mrs. Martin was now a retired actress. Gabrielle worshipped her; but as she was the nearest person just then upon whom the wearied beauty—flattered and almost idolized into selfish petulance, could discharge her weight of ennui—she had been laboring with an assiduity worthy of a higher aim, to awaken the imperturbable composure and good temper of the matron into some sympathy with her own restlessness.

"Mother!" she cried for the twentieth time within an hour, "you have no sympathy with me. To be condemned to act with that great gawky creature, with his big Italian eyes presuming to admire me, and his horrid coarse falsetto, like a consumptive fife whining out *Amima mia*—oh, it's heart breaking! And if Signor Luigi does not find me another tenor for the new opera, I'll flit off to San Carlos and break him up for the season. Now what say you to that, mother?"

"Say, child," replied madame, quietly, "that it's no wonder poor Pasco admires you, because you know everybody does that; and I have no doubt but if you say it's best to go, that it is so."

"Oh, mother, do listen!" cried the beauty, in a paroxysm of disgust, as the remote sound of a street-organ reached her sensitive ear; "is it not dreadful that I should be driven from my peaceful home by these shocking itinerants? Mother, do you hear? I tell you for the hundredth time since this room was fitted up for me, now quite one week, that I shall either have to change my boudoir, or be driven in a foreign land to seek a home where these cruel grinders are not allowed to disturb the calm of a sensitive soul."

"I fear, my child," replied Mrs. Martin, quietly, "that you must not go to San Carlos then. Your poor father, like yonder grinder, doubtless came from Italy, where he, like other lazzaroni, sang his first way into public notice in the streets. You will have to flee a long way, dear one, to escape the appeal of the poor wanderers plying for bread in the city streets."

"I am a fool, a brute, an ingrate, dearest, kindest mother!" sobbed the impulsive creature, springing from her couch and falling at her friend's feet, "and I do indeed deserve this reproof, and I'll—I'll—I tell you what I'll do, mother, something better by way of atonement than spoiling my eyes with tears; I'll go and beg the man's pardon and give him a shilling." So saying, and without waiting for her more sober companion, who, putting aside her work, prepared to follow her, with a view of preventing some display which she knew by experience any new change of impulse might call forth.

The fair Gabrielle darted through the window, and very shortly found herself leaning over the green wicket which separated her dwelling from the unfrequented road. Here, however, a fresh sound changed the current of her purpose, and one which vibrated in her astonished ears with scarcely less emotion, though with very different effect, than the noise of the organ grinders. This latter had passed from the scene, and in his place the tones of a man's voice sounded in the road fuller, sweeter and more deeply pathetic than any to which even this experienced artiste had ever before listened. He sang a wild, unfamiliar strain, but one which in the cadence of his magnificent voice struck like an echo from another world on her keenly susceptible soul. Riveted to the spot, she never even moved her eyes in search of the singer until the song was ended, when they encountered the gaunt form of a ragged and most woful looking itinerant musician. His pale and haggard face was nearly concealed by a thick mass of black beard and hair, from out of which preternaturally large eyes gleamed like coals of fire. He held in his hand a little instrument of the lute kind, and this he played with a skill in harmony with his voice, which produced tones scarcely to be expected from its rude appearance.

Never did heavenly strains issue from a more unpromising looking source; but Gabrielle's disappointment was changed into absolute terror as the gaunt creature caught sight of her; and springing forward with a wild cry of "Eulalie!" attempted to take the fair hand with which she had half opened the gate. Her action of fear produced a corresponding movement in the singer, who, after gazing at her for one moment with the most piercing scrutiny that the human countenance is capable of, humbly retreated with a murmured apology in the Italian language. Addressing him in the same tongue, Gabrielle requested him to continue his singing, and strain after strain of the same wild unfamiliar character, the stranger poured forth, while the entranced artiste, sated with all that the refinement of culture could produce, fairly forgot the earth on which she stood in her excessive delight; indeed, she was only recalled to herself by the voice of her mother, as she termed her protectress, suggesting that as the poor stranger looked weary, and the heat of the day must render the dusty roads oppressive, he had better follow them to the shady lawn and partake of some refreshment.

With a deposit of the first few shillings that ragged doublet had known for many a long day, and the good cheer of a meal of bread, meat and milk, the grateful singer readily accepted the ladies' gentle invitation to seat himself beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak and indulge their curiosity and interest by a recital of his antecedents. His father, though an Italian born, had been a soldier in the hated Austrian service. They said he was a brave man, but he died ere the singer had learnt to love the father as he did his memory; but of the widowed mother, with her lone cottage in the depths of the far-off mountains of Calabria, her tender love, her precious counsels and gentle teachings, how much he told them! He had an uncle, too, a venerable old priest, with whom his mother dwelt.

The patriarch of a wild and savage district, mostly composed of forlorn or desperate characters, the old priest he represented as a home missionary from the very courts of God to shepherds, herdsmen and bandits, who, without his self-sacrificing life, passed in the midst of such rugged scenes and persons, could never have heard holy word or pious prayer. Here, in the free air of vast mountain ranges, with no other companionship than his gentle mother and reverend uncle, the singer had spent his early life—sometimes supplying the humble home with the spoils of his daring sportsmanship, and sometimes whiling away the hours in tending the meagre flock of goats, which was the chief wealth of the scanty household. While the hillside and deep ravine re-echoed to the strains of his wondrous voice, the rude population scattered about in these regions had learned to listen and admire with such a fervid appreciation of his fascinating gift, that they had been accustomed to assemble together at stated times to hold a musical fete and drink in the tones of melody which none but the vibrating chords of Italian hearts could truly respond to.

There, on the purple mountain tops, with the wide range of glittering alpine peaks for a temple, with the crimson glories of the sinking sun for a dome, and the far horizon of a blue Italian sky for a canopy, the strange, uncouth figures of the mountaineers, with their picturesque costumes, swarthy features, and wild flashing eyes burning with the fire of passionate enthusiasm, kindled up by the delicious strains of their mountain minstrel, held their sacred harmonic meetings in the holy and regal halls of Nature. Sometimes their "echo of Paradise," as they called their singing idol, chanted to them stories of the glittering stars, or the silent, loveless moon, while the Italian summer night spread out her shining page of revelation for a song book. Sometimes the tinkling of their guitars kept chorus with their leader's lute, while the graceful peasants with bending forms flitted in mazy dance beneath the moonlit sky, like the guardian spirits of those airy heights. More commonly, however, the one precious voice filled the space like the prince of air, till the first faint streaks of sunlight pointed with rosy finger to the dial-plate of another day. Then would they part—the peasant with full heart dedicating purposes purified by the holy influence of music to the Patron Saint of the coming day,—the bandit with choking sobs vowing a life of penitence to the blessed St. Cecilia, which the very next hour saw dedicated to the spirits of rapine and murder.

A day came when the rich tones of the mountaineer were heard for the first time in one of the grand city churches. His uncle, the priest, being called upon to assist at a requiem, had tendered the young man's services for the choir. An enterprising operatic manager was present, claimed the prize, and under the promise of educating him, carrying him to all the cities of the world, and by the exercise of his voice, cultivated by celebrated masters, securing an immense fortune, which the young mountaineer was to come back and lay at the feet of his beloved mother and uncle, he was finally lured from his free mountain home, and self-bound a musical apprentice to the wily speculator.

At this part of the narrative the speaker's voice became strangely husky. "My mother!—Home, home, my mountain home! so far, far away!"

Bitter sobs told the whole story of the parting scenes with far more force than any words could have done. His listeners wept with him, this poor child of the Alpine mists, and in fancy beheld the old priest and the forsaken mother, their forms melting away in the remote mountain gorge, waving their last farewell to the wanderer. But why this abject poverty, this desertion? Where was the master? Dead,—gone down in the fatal wreck which befel the Santa Cecilia one sad night, when on the iron-bound coast of that England which was the home of the manager, all but two of the crew and the poor mountaineer perished.

"I heard their death-shriek," he said, "and above all the wild wail of my only friend. It said, 'Farewell, earth, home, Ernest, forever—forever!' as clearly as ever human tongue could speak."

"Santa Cecilia the ship's name? Yours, Ernest? Then your master was Jerome Luigi?" murmured La Gabrielle.

"'Twas so, my lady; yet how should you know?"

"My manager was his brother, and has told me many stories of the wonderful tenor singer whom his brother and partner had found in the mountains and was bringing home to educate. His death and the sad details of the wreck are incidents familiar with us all; but we thought you had perished with the rest, and it is now three months ago. Heavens! you have then been begging your bread since, I fear. What hardships you must have suffered! A long sickness, the rude hospitality of a poor fisher's hut, and his subsequent efforts to sing his way to that London where he confidently hoped to make his fortune, was the conclusion of the story, while Gabrielle, in frantic delight at the romance of the adventure, and admiration of the vocal prize she had captured, despatched messengers in all directions to find the master's brother, Signor Luigi, the impressario of the royal Italian opera of which herself was the prima donna. Then finding her protege considerably elated by the sudden and brilliant change of fortune which had dawned upon him, she requested him to favor her with a repetition of the first air she had heard him singing.

"Give me a subject, Signorina, and I will sing you anything you please; but I cannot repeat my songs, for I never sing twice alike," was the reply.

"How!" cried La Gabrielle. "Do you then compose as you sing?"

"Yes, madame."

"And the poetry?"

"It is hardly worthy of that name, madame," he replied, modestly, "but when the sentiment is fixed the words seem to come with the air, and both come, I know not from whence, unless it be that Santa Cecilia sings to me and I echo her song."

"Why, this is better than all!" cried La Gabrielle, in an ecstasy of triumph. "At last I have found a real Improvisatore!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRUE MAN.

Never yet
Knew I a whole true man, of Jove-like port,
But in his heart of hearts there lived and reigned
A very woman,—sensitive and quick
To teach him tears, and laughter; born of toys
That meaner souls make mock at. If a man
Include not thus a woman, he is less,
I hold, than man. ANON.

The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility; for as we advance in knowledge, our deficiencies become more conspicuous; and by learning to set a just estimate on what we possess, we find little gratification for the passion of pride. This is so just an observation, that we may venture to pronounce, without exception to the rule, that a vain or proud man is, in a positive sense, an ignorant man.—*Mrs. Macaulay.*

MARRIAGE.

O, noble, aspiring young man, with eagle eye, and soul leaping forward to battle in the world's strife, canst thou, darest thou go forward without the love of woman as a shield, without the sacred name of woman bound up in thy heart of hearts, a talisman to thee against the persecution and scorn and oppression which the world may bring against thee? You cannot measure the word love, except you can guage the height and depth of eternity. Will you not make it holy?—will you not do something to make it more sacred than the cold, empty, formal name of marriage this day proclaims it to be? Marriages there are on every hand, in every home, so sacred, so precious, so truly spiritual, as to convince us that God himself is the priest who has joined them together. But where are the mates—where are the two parts of this most sacred union? On the one hand, you find sensuality roaming the world under the pretence of searching for his affinity. Doing what? Making a mistake, either through ignorance or design; breaking through the trammels of society, and reduplicating his mistake fifty fold. Is this doing good? Is this making the marriage tie, or breaking it? It does not touch marriage at all. It is simply giving loose rein, perhaps through ignorance, to sensuality. We denounce it as one of the most pernicious and fatal mistakes which society can sanction, in the so-called reforms of the day. On the other hand, what do you see? There are wretched women, or helpless, broken-hearted, spiritless men, bound in unequal ties, in matches formed from "expediency." O, we loathe the word! Men and women! you are fathers, mothers, guardians! know this: it is a crime against God if you dare to force into a union two beings whom Nature herself, the great High Priest of life, has not called into that union. Men and women, guardians and parents! you perform an equal act of desecration against Heaven when you dare to interfere with parental authority, to separate that which the voice of Nature has proclaimed shall be bound together in holy wedlock, where there are none of the external disabilities which society justly regards as sufficient reason why the union should not be consummated. So long as these disabilities of physical or mental condition are provided for by society, neither parent, guardian, or friend, has a right to abstract one rose-leaf from that full and perfect flower which God himself has fashioned and bestowed upon man and woman under the name of marriage. So long as these disabilities that we have stated, and others that wisdom, affection, and care for the race will suggest, are regarded, men and women violate the first law of Nature when they form matches for what is termed "expediency." O terrible name! Is Nature expedient? Ay, is she? She fashioned the sunlight, and she fashioned the earth which needs that sunlight, and gives, in return, the emanations which surround it with the fiery mists that make it shine; she fashioned its satellite, the moon, and she gave, between the earth and that moon, that inevitable law of attraction which prevails between them; and Nature, when she makes the sun of human affection, and the moon of human love, marked the line of attraction arbitrarily between these, as she has between the bodies that are revolving in space. Let not man place the hand of authority, nor bind the fetter of his iron yoke upon this most sacred, most natural tie. Men and women soon recognize the sweet voice of Nature, which speaks in that unselfish love which would lie down and die for the thing it has selected from the midst of the world to be the polar star of its hopes.

O, beautiful love! Far deeper, far more glowing, far more gracious and beautiful than ever poet sung or painter represented in color, is the union between those outreaching minds that feel they have supplied the lack which Nature has devolved upon some being of the opposite sex to supply. O, surely, surely, the whisper which the voice of attraction itself pronounces in the ears of those who love—the call which Nature herself, in the out-yearnings of affection, sounds in the ears of those who love—should render holy this union between the two halves of the perfect angel.—*Emma Hardinge.*

Equal Justice to Man and Woman.

The refined woman recoils with virtuous scorn from her fallen sister, but often welcomes him by whom she fell. We are told that Christ said to the woman's accusers, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone;" but smitten by conscience, they went out one by one. And who is not in some way allied to this great guilt? The fact of common weakness should at least make us merciful. It is not just that upon the woman alone should fall the blot of shame. The text is a great lesson of charity and mercy, and it is a great lesson of justice also. There is neither justice, honor nor delicacy in our modern custom, which scarcely frowns upon the guilty man, while pouring out all the vials of wrath upon the guilty woman. It may or may not be true, as some insist that this foul cancer in society can never be eradicated; but we ought at least to insist upon it that the shame shall be fairly divided, that the sinning man shall be branded as deeply as the sinning woman. Suppose every guilty man bore the mark of shame in his face in the market, or at church, how long would the evil continue? But the meanness of man has thrust the whole shame upon woman.—*Chapin.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. V.

SEVERAL TOPICS.

"Man, KNOW THYSELF!—all wisdom centers there."—*Young.*

The greatest truths are the simplest. There is a universe of truth in the above line by Dr. Young. Man is apt to look afar off for that which is near at hand. No grander mistake has Theology ever made, than in turning man's attention away from himself in his yearning to "find out God." There is no need of ascending into heaven, or of going down into the deep (in an external sense), for the truth is nigh us, even in our mouths and in our hearts. Man needs but to ascend into the heights and explore the depths of his own being, and he may obtain *as* distinct, positive and restful conceptions of Deity and His modes of operation, as he has of himself. True, there are, and doubtless always will be, limitations to his knowledge in both directions, though it be ever extending; but he may be fully assured that a thing or Being *is*, though he may not fully understand either *what, how* or *why* it or He is. By simply tracing, however, the analogies drawn from man's own being, much more may be ascertained than many have been wont to suppose. Let us pursue this inquiry a little further.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE—PRAYER.

Take, for example, the subject of prayer, and answers to prayer, which is a source of much perplexity to many minds. On the one hand, the devout religionist deems it his privilege and duty to make known his wants and troubles by verbal supplications addressed to a personal Being, and insists that such supplications are often answered by special dispensations of Providence in his behalf. On the other hand, the skeptical fatalist deems it incredible that God, if there is such a Being, can stoop to notice the trifling affairs of myriads of puny individuals, and impossible that He should violate the fixed laws of the universe by specially interfering in their behalf. There is truth on both sides of this question, as a glance within ourselves enables us to see.

Every distinct particle which exists in our frames is connected by fibres with the sensorium. When pain or discomfort is felt in any part, a prayer for relief at once goes up to the central seat of life and energy. Though the involuntary forces of our systems are a general providence, ever working to beneficent ends—as the promotion of health and joy in every part, and the overcoming of disease wherever it may appear—yet the *voluntary* power may also, and often does, interfere and take special measures for the aid and relief of a disordered member. Such interference must of course be in harmony with the fixed laws of the organism; but its exercise, according to our skill and ability, is one of the fixed laws, so to speak, of our voluntary nature. It proceeds, however, from a distinct and higher department of our being, and is governed by laws peculiar to that department.

Must not the Universe, the Grand Man, be supposed to have a sensorium—a Central Seat of Life and Energy—to which are telegraphed by an analogous process the wants and woes of all sentient creatures? And must it not be a law of His Being to voluntarily minister to these wants by seemingly special interpositions, as really as gravitation is a law? Such interpositions imply no suspension or infraction of fixed, *involuntary* laws; but simply the supervention of higher but equally orderly forces, acting in accordance with the universal principles of love and wisdom.

But *how* can we conceive that God acts *voluntarily* towards us, insignificant creatures as we are? We answer, in this way, if no other:—*through the agency of ministering spirits.* He, dwelling, in the inmosts of all beings, can and does, in proportion to their godlikeness, prompt and move them to watch over, aid, act upon and minister unto others; according to needs and conditions of receptivity. Parents know the needs of their children, and are prompted by love to provide for and discipline them. Guardian spirits perceive the wants of their earthly wards, and are moved by the same love (though usually guided by higher wisdom) to supply these wants, ward off dangers, and administer suitable discipline. And thus there is a universal, parental providence, both general and special, reaching from the Highest down through all ranks and grades of being. But this Love—this omnipotent and all-pervading Providing and Blessing Principle—what is it but the inmost of God Himself? For "God is Love."

True prayer is the sense of need, coupled with openness to receive, whether expressed in words, or silently felt in the soul. Most verbal prayers are unanswered, indeed; because the supplicators, through lack of wisdom, ask for that which would not satisfy their real needs. Some, perhaps, are unwisely answered; because the immediate guardians of the suppliant, in this life or the other, may lack the highest wisdom. But all this does not invalidate the great fact of a Universal Loving Providence, nor the grand law of want and supply.

Besides, it should be remembered that as the heart involuntarily throbs and sends the life-current gushing through the arterial system, so the will has power, voluntarily, to some extent, to concentrate and project the nerve-spirit with special force to or through any part of the organism, as occasion may require, causing every fibre and atom to thrill and quiver with intenser life. So, by analogy, the Divine Will may specially project that most vital of all magnetisms, called the "Holy Spirit," to any part or particle of the universal whole—not arbitrarily, but in accordance with the eternal laws of wise volition—awakening new life and energy in every world and every individual soul that receives it.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

And, here, in connection with the truth of a Parental Providence, comes in naturally the idea of the Maternal element in Deity. It is common to speak of Him only as a Father; but does not the heart, equally with the reason, demand also the recognition of the Mother? It is written, "God [or rather *Elohim*, THE GODS,] created man in his own image. . . . male and female created he them." Surely, mankind being male and female, proves the existence of the same distinction, in some *real* sense, in the First Cause. But how shall we conceive of it? As two distinct Persons? Not necessarily. If the common theory of conjugality be true, neither man nor woman alone is more than half a person! We are accustomed to speak of "two willing souls melting into one." The highest conjugial angels are described by seers as being "two in one"—that is, male and female counterparts so completely blended and absorbed into each other that to the vision they appear as one in form. This cannot be the case with the *forms* of this rudimental state, but it is often approximated to *in spirit* by happily conjugated pairs even on earth. Furthermore, the primal Deific Principles of Love and Wisdom, corresponding to Life and Form, are readily apprehended as sustaining the relation of positive and negative, or masculine and feminine, to each other. These hints suffice to show that there is, in the universal Parent, full ground for all that tenderness of affection which the word Mother in its highest and holiest significance calls forth. Some persons use the phrase "Father God and Mother Nature;" but this does not meet the case, since Nature is but the *external* of God, while the distinctions of masculine and feminine plainly run through all degrees, internal as well as external.

NOTHING OR SOMETHING?

One word here on a question over which theologians and materialists have wasted an incalculable amount of breath. Did God make the material universe out of nothing? "Yes," says the theologian, "for there was nothing to make it of!" "No," affirms the materialist, "for out of nothing, nothing can be made. It therefore never was created, but always was!" The first answer is a palpable absurdity. The second is true in its premises, but mistaken in its conclusion. We prefer, with Swedenborg, to say, He made it out of HIMSELF. Being himself, as to his inmost, the Essence of all substance, He includes within himself all forms of substance that can possibly exist. That our earth, and by analogy all other worlds, have been created or formed out of materials previously existing—that is, *gases*—is now generally conceded. Of what these gases were produced, our analysis may not tell; neither can it affirm that they are the primal forms of substance. Whatever forms it may assume, it is inconceivable that a particle of essential substance has ever been added to that which always was, and is, and shall be.

PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

Finally, as to the term Atheist. This is usually applied to one who denies or doubts the proper personality of Deity. Such denial may be merely theoretical and comparatively harmless; or it may be practical and positively pernicious. The most important part, so to speak, of Deity, is the *inmost*, —the primal principles of Love and Wisdom; or, as manifested in action,—Beneficence, Order, Justice, Truth, Purity, Fidelity, Progress, etc. He who recognizes these and incorporates them into his own daily life and conversation, is a *godly* man, even though he be unable to conceive of a Personal Deity. He who denies these principles by a life of selfishness, disorder, injustice, untruth, etc., however orthodox may be his theories and professions, is a *practical Atheist*, whose influence is to be dreaded and his example shunned.

Such, reader, briefly and crudely, are some of our ideas of God—ideas which Spiritualism has enabled us to entertain. Judge for yourself whether it can be justly charged with tending to Atheism and impiety.

"He Ought to be Punished."

How common this remark, or something equivalent, in relation to the perpetrator of any crime or wrong. "It is to be hoped that the villain will be arrested and brought to condign punishment," is a more elaborate form of expression for extraordinary occasions. But was ever a villany enacted that was not duly punished? Is such a thing possible in the constitution of human nature? We think not. No man can do a wrong, the least or the greatest, without inflicting a corresponding injury upon himself—the pain of which he will feel, sooner or later, so sure as he exists. The ever-present God within himself will not fail to arrest and bring him to a just judgment.

If the teachers and guardians of the public morals would but insist upon this momentous truth with half the zeal they manifest in propagating the opposite atheistical error—namely, that the wrong-doer escapes punishment when he eludes the officers of human law—they would do far more for the establishment of order in this world.

Fresh Fish versus Salt.

Here is a live specimen just *hooked* out of the *Atlantic*:—"I find," says The Professor, "that there is a very prevalent opinion among dwellers on the shores of Sir Isaac Newton's Ocean of Truth, that *salt fish*, which have been taken from it a good while ago, split open, cured and dried, are the only proper and allowable food for reasonable people. I maintain, on the other hand, that there are a number of live fish still swimming in it, and that every one of us has a right to see if he cannot catch some of them. Sometimes I please myself with the idea that I have landed an actual living fish, small, perhaps, but with rosy gills and silvery scales. Then I find the consumers of nothing but the salted and dried article insist that it is poisonous, simply because it is alive, and cry out to people not to touch it. I have not found, however, that people mind them much."

THE BIBLE AND OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Arguments in the case of the Eliot School Rebellion, by H. F. Durant, Esq., for the Defence, and Sidney Webster, Esq., for the Prosecution, have been published in a pamphlet by H. W. Swett & Co., 128 Washington st., Boston. Both arguments are very able productions, but we regard that of Mr. Webster, who took ground against the enforcement of Protestant formularies upon Catholic children, as the sounder of the two.

THE BEAUTY OF HUMILITY.—"The spirit life," said a departed friend in conversing with us the other day, "is but an extension of the life begun on earth; only we lay off our stove-pipe hats and our haughty airs, and walk the streets of the New Jerusalem hand in hand like little children, ashamed of the 'manhood' we once so much boasted."

MR. BRITTAN has been lecturing with success for the past week or two at Macon, Ga. He is now about returning North and East. See his card under Personal and Special.

A PUZZLE FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

History, like individual experience, abounds in life-problems for which common philosophy furnishes no sufficient solution. By ignoring the spiritual,—by leaving the so-called "supernatural" out of the account,—as is the custom with modern writers, we neglect the only clew which can possibly guide us through many an historic labyrinth of mystery and confusion.

We propose to illustrate this truth, not by studying the lives of ancient heroes, bards and seers, whose insight and inspiration have dug the channels of history,—but by taking a less lofty and antique subject, which will answer our purpose, while it will perhaps amuse the most casual reader.

The character of Timothy Dexter, self-styled "Lord Dexter," who flourished in Newburyport some more than half a century ago, appears so full of strange and contradictory traits that biography wonders at it. Some of the anecdotes of his "lordship" have almost passed into proverbs. The story of his sending warming-pans to the West Indies has given an American form to the old adage of "Coals to Newcastle."

Other anecdotes of his marvellous stupidity and marvellous luck are equally authentic. Being told that there was a great demand for stay stuff for ships, he at one time bought up all the whalebone in the markets; an accidental monopoly that caused a rise in the price of the article by which he reaped great profits. During the French Revolution he became impressed with the idea that the royal family would retire to America; to meet which emergency, he purchased a large stock of provisions to keep them with when they should honor him with their company.

Being the only "lord" in America, he seemed to take it for granted that they would come directly to him. Although disappointed in this expectation, he had the satisfaction of selling his superfluous stock at a large advance, in consequence of a change in the markets. Another time he sent a ship-load of produce to the West Indies with orders to the captain to bring it home again if he could not get a certain price. Nobody believed that such a price could be obtained, as it was at least double that which produce was accustomed to bring at the West Indies. The ship, however, had scarcely reached its destined port, when some British vessels arrived that were in need of the cargo, and gladly took it at the captain's own terms. Dexter also sent some woolen mittens to the same warm latitude. The warming pans were turned into ladles and skimmers—but what could be done with woolen mittens? Just at the proper time, an empty vessel, bound for the Baltic, came along, looking for a cargo of some kind, and purchased the goods at a round price.

In view of these singular "chances" Dexter's critics and biographers have been puzzled to know whether he should be considered as insane, a fool, or a wise man in motley. That he was a person of extravagant vanity, gross ignorance, and shallow mind, there can be no doubt. Yet that in all his speculations he was successful beyond the wisdom of the wisest is undeniable.

What, then, is the secret of his extraordinary success,—his amazing "luck"? It is a little singular that all who have written of Dexter's eccentricities have missed the spiritual key to his character.

Among other things Lord Dexter did to acquire fame and greatness, was the writing of a book, which is probably the most heterogenous mass of ignorance, absurdity, and bad spelling, with occasional gleams of insight, ever printed at the author's own expense. In this literary attempt, entitled "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones" we find the following significant passage, throwing light upon his speculations. We take the liberty of punctuating—the author of the "Pickle" having placed all his stops on the last leaf of his book requesting his readers to "peper and solt it as they plese."

"One more speck—Drole a Nuf. I dreamed of warming pans three nites, that they would doue in the west inges. I got no more than forty-two thousand,—put them in nine vessels for diferent ports,—I cleared seventy per sent. The pans they made yuse of them for couking—Bery good, masser, for coukey! blessed good, in Deade, missey; got good handel! I found I was very lucky in spekkelation. I dreamed the good book was run Down in this Country; gone so low as halfe prise —the bibel I mean. I had the Ready cash. By holesale I bort twelve per sent under halfe prise. I put them into vessels for the west inges, and sent a text, all of them must have a bibel in every family, or if not they would goue to hell.—Here comes the good luck; I made one hundred per sent and little over."

The main point to be observed here is that Dexter *dreamed* of the speculations which turned out so "lucky." Now what other inference can we draw, than that this man, so vain, so shallow, so ignorant, was a medium for spiritual impressions? Dull and short-sighted as he was, far-seeing minds made him their instrument. Was it a company of waggish spirits that surrounded him? or a board of departed brokers hungering after their old occupation? or a society of satirical moralists whose design was to write out in this man's career a burlesque upon riches, pomp, and titles?

Other acts of Dexter's life show that he put faith in the revelations of spirits. "On a time," says his biographer, Knapp, "Dexter had a bed of melons robbed night after night, of the richest and best of fruit." He was advised to apply to Madame Hooper, a fortune-teller, for information. The thief was shown to her, and she "represented him as a grave looking man, in drab clothes, one that was never suspected by the owner of the melons, but she distinctly told him how to find the house, and that there he would find several melons that had been marked by him. Precisely as he was directed he did, and there were his melons concealed, to be sold the next day."

From that time Dexter frequently consulted Madame Hooper, who, it appears, possessed unusual powers of clairvoyance and prophecy. He also put faith in the predictions of a certain astrologer, of whom Knapp relates, while sneering at his pretended science: "He said of himself that he should never die until the sun was blotted out of the heavens, and, to fix the credulity of thousands, expired in a miserable manner on the 16th of June, 1806, during the great and total eclipse of the sun on that day. He was stretched on his death-bed, so exhausted that he could not raise himself without assistance to gaze on the phenomenon. Being supported by some one and handed a piece of smoked glass to look at the sun, he reverted to his former philosophy, and at the moment of total darkness when all nature around him seemed distressed, the chill of death came over him and he expired without a sigh."

Dexter also had a *poet laureate*, named Jonathan Plummer, an eccentric genius, of a religious turn of mind, who dreamed dreams and saw visions; and who, outliving his patron many years, finally hastened his own death by self-mutilation. When asked what prompted the horrid act, he replied that God commanded him three times; twice he refused; but again the Spirit called him, and he b eyed. "But now," said he, "I begin to fear it was not God that ordered me, but the devil."

Dexter himself died in 1806, aged over three-score. From his "Pickle," and from the character of his associates, we are convinced that he was no mere lucky blunderer, but a man whose temperament, if not his qualities, fitted him for the reception of spiritual impressions, which are not always, as we know, vouchsafed in amplest measure to those who make wise and virtuous use of their powers.

"THE CHRISTIAN RESURRECTION," ETC.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 8th, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE AGE.—In your issue of March the 5th, you give a very interesting article on the subject of the "Christian Resurrection." The idea presented is, as you remark, not a new one; prominent spiritualists having given expression to it within the past few years. Such being the fact it is a matter of surprise with me that spiritualist papers should delay giving it notice until Mr. Sears comes out and gives it utterance in his "Athanasia." Does Mr. Sears' avowal of his belief in the possibility of such a phenomenon make it any more probable or worthy of investigation than Davis' or Harris' views in regard to it? From what I have read of Mr. Sears' "Athanasia," I do not perceive that he has uttered a single important thought which has not at some period been advanced through our spiritual mediums.

A young man in this city who makes no pretensions to great scholarship, neither to great mediumship, gave the subject of your article a clear and full illustration, expressing the same idea while under spirit influence. He never read Davis' works, nor Harris, nor Swedenborg, and he uttered the sentiment long before Mr. Sears' "Athanasia" was conceived.

Now, my good brother Reformers, what appears mysterious to me is, that while the world is demanding of Spiritualism that it should reveal some new idea in the world of thought and intelligence—something that Orthodox leaders have not discovered—when a new idea is exhumed from the great quarry of all truth through spiritual mediumship, we must take no notice of it until some polished gun from fogydom mixes it in with his charge, and booms it out with a great noise, claiming it as part of *his* thunder—the result of *his* shrewd theological conceptions.—Why not give support to this beautiful idea when avowed by Mr. Davis, or Mr. Harris? Surely the perceptions of our seers, in relation to important phenomena of a spiritual nature, are more reliable than those who shut their eyes and close their reasoning senses against the present spiritual movement.

You say that Mr. Sears' "Athanasia" proves that Saint Paul teaches this doctrine. I would be glad to see the passage in any of Paul's epistles where he even intimated that such might be the process of resurrection. Christ's resurrection, and the one which was supposed to have such vast importance to the world rested in it, was always spoken of as that one which took place the third day after the Crucifixion, and which was believed by all his followers, to be the veritable flesh and bones body of the man Jesus, which had always been with them. This continued attempt to make the Bible prove every new thought or idea shows such a disposition to a weak dependence on *authority*, that it merits the contempt of honest and liberal minded progressionists. I do not believe that Paul himself understood the *philosophy* of spiritual intercourse. No more did John, Peter and the rest of the prominent mediums mentioned in the Bible. They were themselves overwhelmed with wonder at the manifestations produced through them. It was such a profound mystery to them that they could only account for it by attributing the manifestations, both physical and mental, to direct inspiration and interference of God himself. How then, could they have any knowledge of this transformation of the material into the spiritual?

Yours for truth, B. A. RICHARDS.

REMARKS.—If our friend's criticisms were intended to apply to us (A. E. N.), we would say that we put forth substantially this idea of the Christian Resurrection in the first public lecture we ever gave on Spiritualism, several years ago, having derived it directly from the spirit-world. But the little favor it then met with from spirits and spiritualists generally, caused us for some time to reserve it for more mature consideration. Its clear and forcible presentation by Mr. Sears, on independent grounds, reassured our own convictions, and led us to think that the world, both spiritualists and others, might now be more ready for its reception. It is not our habit to dogmatise on such questions, nor to accept of the opinions of others, whether spirits, seers, or "orthodox leaders," without careful scrutiny.

As to what Paul, Peter and others understood and taught, while on the one hand, we do not look to them as final *authorities* for what we should believe, yet, on the other, we see no justice in misinterpreting what they wrote. The writings of these men have been translated and explained to us by people who confessedly have had very crude ideas of spiritual things, and who have interpreted according to their own distorted conceptions. How, indeed, could they do otherwise? As fair-minded inquirers, we should go behind these interpretations of the translators and of the church, and give the writers credit for the best construction their words will bear. And we think no one can attentively read Mr. Sears' luminous exposition of Paul's pneumatology, without feeling that the old apostle has fared very shabbily at the hands of his materialistic expounders in all ages. So of all New Testament writers. The TRUTH, only, is authority; and that is just as good from the pen of Paul as from the lips of a modern seer—and no better.

SPIRITUALISM IN TROY, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Troy have associated under the name of the "First Independent Congregation of the city of Troy." The following articles drawn up by Mr. Tiffany, forming the basis of association:

"Being members of a common humanity we recognize God as our Father, and man as our brother.

We mutually covenant to live true, virtuous and religious lives.

It shall ever be our aim to be right in spirit and to do right in deed.

In our religious work we will strive for the perfection of our own character in every virtue; and also for the aiding of others in the like work.

The atonement we will seek, shall be that of harmony with God and his government. The salvation, that which is only attained through obedience to all his requirements.

We would ever recognize as the highest authority, God's truth revealed in our own souls; and our highest responsibility to God and Humanity dwelling in our own sense of Justice, Truth, Purity."

Our correspondent—Miss MELINDA A. BALL, of Troy, who furnishes the above—appends the following remarks:

It will be seen by these articles, that the key-stone of liberty of conscience, is placed in the hands of every member of the association; and all that is required of Aspiration, is, to keep her sails set in the right direction, and keep a good look out from her post of observation. This surely, is a principle that every true heart will fraternize, and when placed before a people as a standard of action, it becomes as it were a centre-light, around which all forms of thought may gather, and behold themselves in the eye of the All-Mind, to receive its approbation, or condemnation, just as its reflection from this compound magnetic lens accords with each one's sense of the Beautiful, the True.

HIEROGLYPHICS.—We have been favored with several pages of curious and elaborately executed hieroglyphics, of which we are requested to furnish "the true interpretation, and anser the same for good of the medeam" (we follow the orthography of the letter), the statement being added that the message is "on bisness."

We wish to inform all spirits, whether in or out of the body, that we lay no claim to "the gift of interpretation," and prefer to transact all business matters in plain English. We never regard these mysterious scrawls, of which we have received many, as worthy of the least attention—believing that any sensible spirit who has anything of importance to say will put it in intelligible language.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

NEW YORK, March 31st, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—The weeks are like birds of passage—they fly swiftly away, but unlike the airy voyagers, they never return again. We linger behind, chroniclers of passing events—brief historians of the hour, culling the flowers of thought, plucking up the rank weeds of society, and preserving the good fruit for the benefit of those who are to come after us,—the links which bind the present with the past and the future, in an endless and unbroken chain. But to end this soliloquy, allow me to say, that New York *is* a great city and that there are many people in it, all striving to obtain the bread of life; some by their wit, some by their knowledge, others by toil, and the few live on the labor of many. It is both instructive and amusing to see some of the various and ingenious methods which are resorted to, to make soul and body keep company and live together in harmony.

In my many walks through the *perfumed* streets of this metropolis, I meet many an odd character and see many strange things, some accountable and some unaccountable; among the latter class, at least to many wise heads, are the

DANCING HATS.

Passing up Broadway (rightly named) amid the throng of fashionable loungers and feminine dry goods advertisements, sweeping the dusty sidewalks with their magnificent silk dresses, we let them sweep on, while we turn down Bleecker street among the more humble pedestrians, and passing a few doors, suddenly descend into a subterranean apartment where "oysters and drink" are dispensed to the votaries of Bacchus, Venus and the night. As we enter, the brilliant jets of gas make the place cheerful, and we tread lightly on the saw-dusted floor. There are a dozen or more gentlemen present. (We judge them them to be such by their clothes). They are discussing the various topics of the day, prominent among which were the war question, the death of Mike Walsh, and other matters both spiritual and temporal. We listen to the sage remarks of an elderly gent with a white neck-cloth, who is excusing his presence by saying that he is commanded to "prove all things and to hold fast to that which is good" (the liquor?)

"Do you wish to see the *Peppergram*, gentlemen?" exclaims a young man with a smiling face, to whom all eyes are immediately directed.

"That is what I came for," squeaks a little man with a corkscrew nose, who has been carefully examining the room, the floor, and the furniture to discover the concealed wires or other apparatus by which the hats are made to dance.

The master of ceremonies now takes a seat near the centre of the room with accordeon in hand and opens the "peppergram" with the following brief introductory:

"John, bring some of those hats here and let us see if they will oblige the gentlmen with a cotillon all round."

Several dilapidated and venerable hats are at once forthcoming.

"May I examine those hats, sir?" asks our corkscrew friend.

"Most certainly sir, they have been *felt* before this." Several laugh at the attempted pun. Inspector pronounces the hats to be genuine, honest hats, and the operator places several of them a few feet apart before him with those of any of the company present who are ambitious to have their tiles join in the mazy waltz. The fingers of a *Dexter* hand are now placed upon the keys of an accordeon which gives forth the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Do they miss me at home" and other appropriate airs. For a few moments the castors appear to be stoically indifferent to the power of music.

At length one grave hat bows partially to the company, which seems to be the signal for a general "Right and Left," and away they go, black, white, and grey, in a double shuffle, as though they really were conscious, intelligent, thinking hats.

One gentleman who has been watching the movements very closely now vouchsafes the opinion that it is a *real* spiritual manifestation, and offers to back up that conclusion with the contents of his portly purse. A more cautious individual is not so sure on that point and wants to "wait a little longer."

The operator, or "middleum," sets up no special claim, volunteers no opinion, nor attempts to account for the (to the bystanders) mysterious power that makes the hats dance, but assures a learned doctor that if he will but take hold of his hand for a moment, he can impart to him sufficient influence to do likewise; and that if he will only open his mouth, the hats will instantly fall over; all of which occurs, and the disciple of Esculapius acknowledges himself a convert. But passing from gay to grave, let us turn for a moment to the more sad reality, and say a word about

MIKE WALSH,

who was recently found dead in an area in Sixth Avenue. Two or three weeks before his unfortunate end, Mr. Walsh, with a couple of friends, were attending a Spiritualist circle held by Mrs. Hayden at Munson's rooms. At that sitting he asked the spirits if they would tell him of the whereabouts of a friend of his, who, only a short time before, had suddenly disappeared, and who, it was said, was last seen coming out of the "Hone House," where he himself, singularly enough, was so soon to leave on his walk of death to the gates of the other world, as it was the last place he left before he was found dead.

HORACE GREELEY AND JUDGE EDMONDS.

It affords me much pleasure to inform you, from the highest authority—the gentlemen themselves—that Mr. Greeley, of the New York *Tribune*, has offered to Hon. Judge Edmonds the use of one column of his paper, once a week for ten weeks, to present the facts and claims of Spiritualism. This is a very fair and generous offer, which the Judge has accepted. The first article of the series has already been furnished to that paper.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

The secular and the religious press are often telling the world of some misfortune or crime that has happened, as they say, through the influence of a belief in Spiritualism; just as though a man's belief in the power of spirits to communicate would of necessity impel him to do a wrong act. The doctrine is about as erroneous as many other of their dilapidated notions. With just as much propriety might the spiritual press ask if a belief in Christianity caused Sickles to kill Key, if Mrs. Sickles and Butterworth were Christians? I have been led to make these remarks from something *spirits* recently did, and Spiritualism did not do.

A Rev. gentleman belonging to one of the stricter sects called at a medium's rooms in this city a few evenings since, evidently entertaining the belief that the spirits of the other world and the mediums of this, were no better than *he* was. The room being somewhat warm, it had the effect to raise the spirits in his stomach to his head, and he soon became very loquacious. Wit being out, he expressed himself very freely—thought that *free*-love doctrines were not so bad as represented; hadn't any objection to making love to a pretty woman himself; thought the church was too strict, and ought to allow more license; for "are we not commanded to love one another?—didn't Christ love Mary and Martha? and don't I love you?" addressing himself to the medium. Medium opened the door and showed the Rev. lover out into the cool air to refresh himself with the consoling reflection that he had made a mistake in regard to the true character and mission of mediums. Will the anti-spiritual press give currency to the above fact and charge it to the Rev. gentleman's belief in Christianity? — Mrs. Spence has given three lectures the past week at Clinton Hall; Mrs. Hatch one; so we have not been without a *quantum sufficit* of spiritual food. Ever thine, W. R. H.

WILLIMANTIC, CT.—"Bro. Jabez Swan has been laboring here and speaking with his usual freedom of the character of all liberal people and sentiments. Under his influence the Orthodox news-vender was so far psychologized that he inserted in the copies of the *Age* and *Banner* a notice that he should no longer furnish those papers, on account of the skeptical character of those buying them; yet the *Police Gazette*, and novels, with 'bundles of trash,' cumber his shelves. But he found he had for once, at least, '*raised a spirit*' which threatened to injure his pockets. Then he suddenly forgot his scruples, and has promised still to take cents from sinners. The *Age* and *Banner* will be had by the people, at all events. Cordially yours, E. S. WHEELER."

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—"You are aware that Mr. G. B. Stebbins is stationed here to speak Sundays for three months from Feb. 6th. Our meetings have steadily increased; the audiences are intelligent, and appreciate the doctrines and principles so ably set forth by Mr. S. We are now making arrangements to have Mr. S. remain with us for one year. Yours truly, JACOB VOLLAND."

A Word from California.

A Subscriber at Stockton, Cal., writing on business, appends the following:

In this State we have some fifteen thousand Spiritualists, most of them good and true men and women. In San Francisco, a Mr. Tyler, trance-medium, is lecturing to crowded houses, with great success, as I am informed. The friends of the cause are numerous in San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. Stockton contains quite a number, but as yet they have made no public demonstrations. We are holding circles constantly, and much good has been done; church members are attending circles, and we fondly anticipate reclaiming some of them from the "error of their ways." May God grant us success, is my earnest prayer.

We have five churches in this little city, but the clergymen, being rather liberal in their views, as most California clergymen are, we have thus far escaped a scathing at their hands. One of them is now much interested in our glorious cause, has attended several circles, and is reading works on the subject. He has preached progression beyond the grave, for years past.

We are in great want of mediums, especially *test mediums*, as well as speaking mediums. Can't you enlist some in our behalf? There is a great field for a few good mediums. None others need come here. We are a gold-seeking, and gold-loving people, I am sorry to say, and none but the most powerful mediums could arouse the masses from their gold worship. Californians are a liberal people, and good mediums would, no doubt, receive a fair recompense for their services; but if the *material* substance should prompt any one of their number to come to our shores, we say stay away. Though the "laborer is worthy of his hire," still we want no medium who has not more of the love of his fellow man at heart, than of filthy lucre. God be with our cause.

Yours in Bonds, R. B. Hall.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

"The self-hood of Genius" was the subject of Mr. Wheeler's inspirational discourse on Sunday afternoon. Genius is receptivity to the higher. All poets, artists, geniuses, are such by virtue of their susceptibility to spiritual influences. They stand between the heavens and the earth, transmitting truths to their fellows. We would not have this office of the soul considered abnormal, but as the normal and proper manhood and womanhood. Men speak great and divine things when they are merged in the infinite. It is the natural condition of every man to stand exteriorly related with the material world, and interiorly with the spiritual. Let the internal senses be opened, and where the eye before saw but a horizon, it now discovers a universe; where you saw but a sun you find a Deity; and in the place of jarring discord you find heavenly harmony. Is this a loss of individuality? No; it is the true manhood vaulting into the throne and grasping the sceptre. This exaltation of the spiritual is the self-hood of genius, the dignity of mediumship, the glory of the office of seer.

The gospel of independence has been preached; it is our mission to preach the gospel of submission. We would say, Thou art free, O man! but only free in a submission to the good, the Divine. You must forget yourself before you can be merged in the infinite; and you must be merged in the infinite before you can be elevated from your present condition.

There are those who object to this doctrine, and contend for a bald individualism. They would have no sacrifice of the individual consciousness. But does the child when it rests on the bosom of the mother lose its individuality? As much does the seer lose his individuality when he rests sweetly on the bosom of Nature and receives the life which is his sustenance and growth. All transitions are states of unconsciousness.

A man yields to the influence of the higher, and the world calls him fanatic, heretic; but he is safe, for he vibrates in harmony with the music of the spheres. All men are eloquent when they speak their own highest thought; they are enthusiastic, inspired. Then follow the best of your own genius; trust your own perceptions and intuitions; claim your heirship with the sages, seers, and prophets of the past. Trust in the God that is over us, and rest,—rest in harmonious activity.

We present a few ideas from the evening lecture on "Impulse." Impulses are crystals of life, while principles are perfect spheres. The assertion has gone abroad that a life of impulse is the true life; but we affirm that the life of principles is the true one. Our impulses have little to do with abstract right and wrong; an indigested dinner shall change their whole course; but principles exist forever. Have you ascertained a principle of your own existence? live it, at whatever cost to yourself. If you are diseased seek for health; for only the healthy man can be truly religious. Our sins have not their origin in total depravity; it is that we have placed ourselves in relation with things inimical to our nature; and we must suffer the consequences till we come into harmony with law. He is not pious who is simply negative, who has no passions, no appetites to subdue; but he who struggles to overcome his own impulses and temptations and to live in conformity with the highest law he can discover. The lesson of a whole life is nothing more than a knowledge of the Divine law and its application to ourselves. What we should pray for is, a sound mind and a sound body; for it is impossible to save the soul unless we save the body; that is, it is impossible to redeem the one from disease and restore it to health unless we redeem the other also.

At the close of each lecture the medium gave some poetic improvisations, which were correct in metre, easy and natural in delivery, and well adapted to the subject treated. While Mr. Wheeler's discourses lacked consecutiveness, and were too diffuse and repetitious, they evinced power and capabilities of a high order. Mr. W. is destined to accomplish much good; and we shall look to see the truths which he utters presented in a more compact and consolidated form as he progresses.

Emerson on Originality.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—held in the estimation of many to be *the* man of the age—is delivering a course of lectures at Freeman Place Chapel, on Wednesday evenings. He talks in his usual epigrammatic, almost paradoxical way. We attempt the difficult task of presenting a few notes of his lecture on originality.

Whoever looks at the insect world must have remarked the extreme delight they take in suction. This constitutes the main part of the insect's life. So it is with mammals and with man in early life. And so it is with a scholar. Whoever looks into a library will find the scholar engaged in this sweet function. Life can never be bitter to him who loves reading. What we most desire is the book which shall be to us what the picture toy-books were to our childhood. The debt of mankind is great to the past; the most original owe much to those who have preceded them. Many modern jokes come from Rabelais, as a river from a rivulet; and could we know Rabelais, we should find the rill which supplied his rivulet. Many fables occur in all languages; such as "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," "The Wandering Jew," etc. The popular story of the man who hung his bugle by the chimney fire and a tune thawed out, is found in Greece in Plato's time. Our nursery tales, "Mother Goose," came from India, and have been warbled by nurses of children for unknown thousands of years. Dante absorbed the teachings of Thomas Aquinus and the other ancient "doctors," and thus it comes to us. Our psalms and liturgies are a growth from those centuries old; and the Bible is like an old cremona which has been played upon thousands of years.

Yet truth is always present. It only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read it. Minds of parellel elevation have seen paralle truths, in all ages. Swedenborg said, every soul exists in a society of souls, and that influences pass into and nourish it as from a mother to a child. In sleep those spirits that surround a soul offer him suggestions which are reproduced when he is awake. But it seemed to the speaker that we are not surrounded by a small circle, but by one including every being of all time. We are rivulets fed from every mountain and height in Nature.

Were the first men the only original, and we all caves-droppers? Men live in a world of truth and yet prefer to quote. Our language, our thoughts, our religion are but quoted. But the Divine never quotes; it *is* and *creates;* it resides in the *new*. Talent says things that it never heard but once; Genius says things it never heard. It is a presumption against a man when he begins to cite authority. It is plain that he has no valuable thoughts of his own. Men speak of immortality; but when they begin to quote I am satisfied they have nothing for me.

Genius is health; inspiration is a gift to all. The old poets were quoted as we now quote Scripture. The true poet is always inspired. But if the thought is true, what matters who said it? If on hearing your thought my will at once accepts and acts upon it, it at once becomes mine and God's; and as soon as it becomes mine it breeds new thoughts within me.

Literature is to you just as great as you are; and the past is exactly corresponding to your own growth. The same air passing into the trachea of an ass will bray, and into the trachea of a nightingale will sing. A profound mind is very rare, but such always exist.

Three separate meetings are sustained by Spiritualists in Boston; at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoons and evenings; at Democratic Hall, Sabbath and Thursday evenings; and at No. 14 Bromfield street Sunday mornings. A Conference is also held at the latter place regularly on Monday evenings.

Miss Magoun, Susie Clure and others will speak at Democratic Hall (Mercantile Building,) Fast Day evening. Miss Magoun will also lecture at the same place next Sunday afternoon and evening.

F. L. Wadsworth lectured at Dearborn Hall, Roxbury, last Sunday evening, on the "Appetite of the Soul."

Various Items.

..... "All good books," says Dr. Spooner, "are catholic." An explanation being asked, he said, "I say so and can prove it, I think, from the fact that all good books are very apt to keep Lent."

..... "I wonder why literary people are so afflicted with large noses."—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Why, that's "as plain as the nose on a man's face." Because they *knows* so much!

..... "Papa," said a precocious boy to his father, "why do the Puseyites burn candles?" "Why, Tom," replied the matter-of-fact governor, "I suppose they are in the dark."

..... It is believed that the father of mankind never reproached his wife but once for the unhappy cause of their expulsion from Paradise; she bitterly and recklessly replied, "I don't care, Adam!" He never again mentioned the subject.

..... By a Catholic Almanac recently published, it appears that in 1774 there were but nineteen priests in the colonies which declared their independence in 1776, and in 1790 there were but one bishop and twenty priests in the United States. In 1808 there were two bishops, sixty-eight priests and eighty churches. There are now forty-five bishops, 2108 priests and 2334 churches.

..... The editor of the Louisville Presbyterian *Herald*, in replying to a subscriber who inquires how he should prevent young men from calling to see his daughters on Sunday, says:—"Call your daughters in, and make them recite the Catechism, and politely invite their visitors to come in and see how well they can do it. In a month, you will not be any longer annoyed that way."

..... A story is told about a chap that went aboard the cars at Milwaukie, going eastward, who was "slightly mixed," says the Sheboygan *Journal*. He handed two two-dollar bills to pay his fare, and the conductor asked him where he was going, when he replied, "Going to h—ll." The conductor handed him back sixty-five cents and told him he would have to get off at Madison.

.....There once lived in Worcester quite a witty painter by the name of Weston. Old Dr. Bancroft being desirous to have the Commandments put up in his church in a handsome style, applied to him to furnish them, and was very particular that he should have clear stuff, what the carpenters call good, handsome board. "O yes," said he, "I understand—you want the Commandments without the *nots* in them."

..... Dr. Hatch, (so he says) while attempting to speak to Cora at the conclusion of a lecture, was set upon by her spiritual friends. He complimented them incidentally in a letter of explanation, by observing that if he were an artist, and desired to draw a tableau of a scene in——(where the Cochituate water pipes never burst,) "he should select the one the Spiritualists presented, countenances as well as attitudes." If he wanted a head-devil, a glance at a looking-glass might assist him in completing the picture.—*Gazette.*

..... John S. Holland of Pembroke, Christian county, Ky., offers a reward of $150 for the capture and return to him of Thomas Whitlock, a Methodist preacher, twenty-eight years old and weighing one hundred and seventy-nine or a hundred and eighty pounds. If caught in a free state the reward is but $100. Has anybody seen a Christian minister loose, of about this age and weight? If so, there is a chance to make something handsome by sending him back to his anxious master in Kentucky, and at the same time to dispel his singular illusion that he is responsible for his ministerial movements to a higher master.

..... A Princely Medium.—The British *Spiritual Telegraph* is informed that Prince Adelbert, the brother of the king of Bavaria, is not only a full believer in the facts of modern Spiritualism, but is himself a medium of a high order. It seems that, among the facts of the Prince's experience, he has lately been informed by the spirits that an entirely new musical instrument is soon to be invented by them and put before the world. The same paper notes it as a singular fact that a similar announcement concerning a new musical instrument, has lately been made by the spirits to a gentleman of the editor's acquaintance in England.

..... Pious War-Murder.—Old Gov. Hull used to relate with great humor, the peculiar manner in which old President Stiles of Connecticut, told him of his only military adventure. Speaking of the war, (the revolution then raging) the sufferings of our people, and the barbarity of the enemy, he said:—"When they came up here, I saw our people, all turning out under arms to meet and fight them, but I had'nt fired a gun in twenty years. I knew the red coats had no business here, so I got down my gun. I cleaned it up, and followed our people to mark the enemy. We soon came near them, and the firing begun. I drew up my gun, though I had not fired a gun in twenty years. I drew a fine sight on a red coat, prayed the Lord to take his soul right to Heaven, shut my eyes and pulled the trigger." Sent right to heaven!

..... One of the public sayings of Prof. Hitchcock of New York, which has exposed him to serious charges of heterodoxy, was this: "It has been clumsily held that Adam was a federal or representative man—I know not upon what grounds; but this I know, I did not vote for him!" This is paralleled by Candace's declaration on the same subject in Mrs. Stowe's minister's Wooing: "I did'nt do dat ar' for one, I's got good mem'ry—allers knows what I does—neber did eat dat ar' apple—neber eat a bit ob him. Don't tell me!" And Candace's wholesale faith, when she afterwards concluded to take the whole creed without a why or wherefore, will be an excellent model for Prof. Hitchcock, when he desires to purge himself from heresy; "I did eat dat ar' apple—I eat de whole tree, an' swallowed ebery bit ob of it, if you say so."

..... Spirits in California.—Vallecto, California, has been excited for two weeks about the supposed doings of a ghost in a house occupied by a family in that town. Every night, says the Calaveras *Chronicle*, loud knockings have been heard in the house, sometimes in the garret, at others against the partitions and again upon the tables—sometimes upsetting tables, chairs, &c., and raising a general row throughout the house. A medium was sent for, but the spirit refuses to communicate with any one but the gentleman of the house, and he refuses to communicate with the spirit. How they will settle matters remains to be seen. The spirit informs the medium that he will not leave them in peace until he obtains an interview with the person desired. The editor of the San Andres *Independent*, referring to the same ghost, says: "He will rap and stamp upon the floor and weather-boarding, each knock of his invisible mallet increasing the amazement of the watchers. So far he (or perhaps *she*) has baffled every effort at detection. The 'critter' is absolutely intangible, uncomeatable, and pronounced by judges a 'genuine' ghost!"

Passed to spirit life.—March 12, 1859, Mary M. Bennett wife of Henry Barron, of Pepin, Wisconsin, and daughter of G. B. Bennett, formerly of Auburn, N. Y.

Painesville, O., 22d ult., Mrs. Cornelia M., wife of Joel Tiffany, Esq., aged 47 years.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Friday Evening, April 1st.

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

Dr. Orton: In reply to the proof offered that the spirit world is a parallel of this, made up of good and evil, the deniers of evil entertain us with philippics against the Mosaic doctrine of retaliatory punishment. It was difficult to see what this had to do with the point. It was well known that he was no believer in retaliation either on this plane or any other. If a man is a bad man here, it is not because his fellows or any higher powers, have compelled him into that condition as a punishment; but he is what he is of his own free choice, as the necessary result of his course of life. The same is true of the spirit world. Men are evil there not as a retaliatory punishment, not by decree of the Deity, but because having vitiated their affections, they find their delight only in the gratification of their perverted passions. The law of punishment is this: Every act has bound up within itself a train of consequences, good or evil, which reverts on the actor. When evil becomes aggressive, it is proper and necessary to force it back, and restrict it within harmless bounds; but this is not punishment. It is simply affording protection to those who have need of it. On this principle, there is reason to believe, God acts, on this plane and every other. Such will alternately be the rule adopted among men—to protect the weak, and rely on active kindness and improved conditions of life, to soften and elevate the depraved.

What more of interest is there to be said with regard to the nature and conditions of the spirit world? If it be true that every individual thing is what it is by reason of an individualized spirit within it, which thus ultimates its form and quality in matter, and that a spirit on any plane when once individualized, has passed beyond disintegration, and can not cease to be, then it is easy to determine the substantial nature and appearance of the spirit world—as easy and certain as is the solution of a simple problem in mathematics. In that event, the spirit world on all its planes, is an exact counterpart of the natural. For his part he had no doubt of the correctness of this position. Hence on going to the spirit world he anticipated finding valleys and hills, lakes and rivers, trees and flowers, birds and beasts, dwellings and temples—in short, on the different planes, everything we have here in increased perfection and beauty, but in every respect as real. The spirit world must be a *something*, or a *nothing*; if it be a *something*, it is impossible to conceive that it should be anything different from this. For the same reason he expected to find there like modes of life—room for a free play of all the affections, for the prosecution of the arts, and the cultivation of the sciences. It is not reasonable to suppose that our rudimentary state and training here, the faculties we develop and the tastes and habits we form, are to fit us for nothing, and to lead to nothing. Besides it is needful to our happiness that there should be no sudden break in our career. A person suddenly separated from a lifelong occupation, is almost certainly made miserable, and sometimes even insane by the reaction. Hence it is that on going to the spirit world, each one may follow his old avocation until he becomes interested in something else.—There is material at hand for all work and culture. The builder may build, the farmer plow and sow, the artist paint, the student delve in books. The arts and the sciences we have here are but a reflex of what exists in the spirit world, and we shall probably never reach a plane of life so elevated, as to take us beyond them.

Mr. Bradford: What is the distinction between a good man and a bad man?

Dr. Orton: The condition of his affections. A man is as his loves. If he loves gross and hurtful things, he follows them out in his acts irrespective of the injury he may do himself or others, and associates himself with his like. In determining the *good* or the *bad* of a man, the intellect does not come into the account. Many of our worst villains are very strong in the head. In mental power they are giants, in heart, devils. Happiness relates to the affections, not at all to the intellect. We are happy, as we are kind, loving, benevolent and worshipful; and miserable, as we are severe, uncharitable and selfish. In intellectual strength Spiritualists have astonished the world; their lack is in the heart—in their failure to bring up the affection on to an equal level, and to recognize the fact that man needs something higher and nobler than himself, to worship. Even the good man, as the world goes, who scorns to do a wrong to his fellow, if his aspiration and worship are fixed on nothing higher than his own intellectuality, is in truth but a monument of intensified selfishness; and in the choice of his supreme love, has erected an impassable wall between himself and the realities and possibilities of that glorious angelic manhood, for which he was designed.

Mr. Bradford: He was at first greatly prejudiced against Spiritualism, but after the death of his wife and daughter, happening in the company of a medium, he received such proofs of their presence, as to convince him of the truth of spirit communion. Since that time he had had a varied experience, and had become somewhat developed himself. He had enquired of his spirit friends about bad spirits, and had received for answer that there were undeveloped ones, but none malicious. At one time he had a five dollar gold piece which he had long carried in his wallet. A voice seemed to say to him one day, "put it away or you will lose it." After a little time the injunction was repeated, and finally for the third time, with increased earnestness. He then put the piece away, and an evening or two after, on returning to his house, was accosted on the steps by two men, who pretended to be drunk and undertook to force their way into the hall. He got rid of them with some trouble, but found when they were gone that they had robbed him of his wallet, with the dollar or two of change remaining in it.

Dr. Hallock: Dr. Orton maintains that evil exists in the spirit world and reflects its shadow on this. The conclusion he had come to was, that our old Mosaic notions so color the manifestations as to make them take on this appearance. Those of us who insist on basing our beliefs on facts, hold that whatever comes through a medium, partakes of the medium. In the movement of ponderable bodies interpolation is impossible. If one fact could be produced where the malice of the spirit is clear, that would end the argument. But things change in appearance according to the stand point from which they are viewed.—Hence we insist on facts. Until lately the existence of a spirit world has been merely hypothetical. Now it is proved. Let its conditions also be proved. The disciples of Fanny Wright and the French Encyclopedists were not moved by the words of Isaiah or Swedenborg. Such men require facts. Mrs. Spence who spoke on this question at our last session, has reached the conclusion that there are many unhappy beings in the spirit world. But look at the facts by which she sustains her position—a Methodist girl supposed to have been possessed, who was released by a word and a glass of water, and other instances of a similar character. It is not true that death makes no change. Every change is a progress. Our first birth is a progress. From youth to puberty is a progress, and from ignorance to intellectuality. Another change occurs on passing into the spirit world, in the view a man takes of himself. He comes then to see himself as he is. Take the child.—Locked up within him is the conjugal love. Of this he is entirely unconscious, until puberty gives him birth into it. Men are walking in our midst who are entirely mistaken with regard to themselves; and others there are whom the world entirely mistakes. Cheever thinks a slaveholder a devil, while on the other hand a Baltimore quaker when required by his society to give up his slaves, refused on conscientious scruples, and accepted excommunication rather than turn his negroes unprotected on the world. Again, the crimes that horrify us in the public papers, are the exceptions even in the lives of those who commit them. Men can not live always with murder in their hearts. But when some wretch kills his fellow, the enormity of the act drives out of our remembrance everything else. How much of human love for father, mother, wife and children, he may have exhibited in his life, we never stop to inquire.

Dr. Orton: But a small part of men's evil acts are induced by malice. The seducer has no ill-will towards the victim whom he wantonly ruins. His passions are perverted, and he is willing to trample on anything and anybody in order to gratify them. So with the avaricious man who robs his neighbor of his farm. He holds no malice against him. And the same is it with the ambitious man who beats down his rival, and mercilessly elevates himself on his ruin. The same law applies to the spirit plane. Spirits, in the wrong they may do us, are not so much influenced by malice, as by the determination to gratify through us their appetites and passions. To achieve this there are multitudes who will patiently practice every species of hypocrisy and craft. But Dr. Hallock calls for proof of malice. Would he accept it? The speaker then related several instances of personal injury, breaking of furniture, and apparently cruel deceptions practiced by spirits; and closed by saying that there was much still behind, no less convincing, which would not bear a public relation.

Mr. Brush: His experience coincided with that of the last speaker. He agreed with him also in the picture he had drawn of the spirit world. There every one is in his own love, and it is in the gratification of this that wrong is done. In his circle all was pleasant at first. The spirits all professed to be good, but ultimately they instituted a series of deceptions and wickedness which forced them to break it up. Actual violence on the part of the spirits is rare, for the reason that they cannot get a sufficient control. The harm to mind and morals is greater than that to the body. Still persons are made sick by them. His wife was greatly injured.

Dr. Hallock: Trim the evidence down and no sign of malice would be found.

J. R. O.

Spiritual Manifestations.

The Spirit Voice.

Mrs. Jane Ermina Locke, late of Boston, the author of the following poem, was aroused at midnight by a voice as of some one repeatedly calling her by name. No person was astir in the house and none abroad in the street. All was silence, as the hour would indicate. The impressions and feelings incited by the strange incident she embodied in verse a short time subsequent to the event, and published in a recent number of the *Maine Spectator*, as follows:

I heard it at the midnight hour,
  Afar upon the blast;
What was it? some blest angel power
  Some spirit rushing past?

It came amid my slumbers deep,
  Still calling, calling me;
A measure sweet the chime did keep,
  As some sweet melody.

I heard it, and my soul awoke,
  My eyelids quickly raised—
Whose were the loving lips that spoke?
  And round me wild I gazed.

Again the silvery accents came,
  Still closer to my ear;
Repeating o'er my childhood's name
  In tones familiar—clear.

"Say—say who art thou, friend?" I cried,
  "Why art thou here to-night?"
And but the darkness there replied
  To waiting ear and sight.

And yet the echo lingered still,
  Till ready seemed my feet
To follow that mysterious will—
  That call so tender, sweet.

But must I know it was a voice
  Of phantom, or of spell,
Framed with such tenderness of choice,
  That I should heed it well.

Still, still whence came it through the dark,
  My slumbering heart to stir?
From some long-wrecked or perilled bark,
  Waiting the comforter?

From some dear, distant dying one,
  As from his agony
He put his seraph pinions on,
  And took his trackless way?

Some passing soul—no, not unshriven,
  So rapturing was its tone!
Perchance would beckon me to heaven,
  Nor wander there alone.

Or came it from winged watchers fair,
  Gathering around my feet,
Whose truant whispers on the air
  Fell audible and sweet?

What spirit to mine own did call?
  Still must I ask and wait?
For sure no footsteps trod the hall,
  None lingered at the gate.

All, all was dark and dread,
  In mimicry of Death;
And but the wind-god kept his tread,
  On the scared midnight breath.

And yet who woke me so to list?
  Oh God! I fain would know!
It seemed the voice of one in tryst,
  I heard long, long ago.

It came so softly to my ear,
  So sweetly to my heart,
I could but pause—I could not fear,
  Or bid it e'en depart.

Oh spirit, spirit, come again,
  And whisper to my soul!
Nay, call aloud, nor call in vain,
  But keep my heart's control.

And what thou wouldst, oh, speak it all!
  And what thou wouldst with me;
So will I wait thy midnight call,
  And answer back to thee.

But a few days transpired after the appearance of this poem before the mysterious problem was solved by the fair and gifted writer. She was indeed "beckoned to heaven," whence she may now whisper to her earthly friends, like the mysterious visitor that summoned her to the spirit-home.

Do Angels Visit the Earth?

"Behold the angels of God ascending and descending."—Gen. 28: 12.

Many cases are related of the last moments of persons, whose minds were clear and their senses perfect, having visions of angels. It is said that a child of the Rev. Ashbury Rozel, an eminent Methodist minister, who died some years ago at Alexandria, Va., when it was dying looked up with an expression of intense pleasure, and putting forth its arms exclaimed, "Father! father!" when its spirit winged its way, in that father's bosom, to its home in heaven. The father had in life been exceedingly devoted to his child, and though he had preceded it to its final home, he returned to bear it hence.

A stranger recently died in this city after a protracted illness. A short time before his death, he said to a kind gentleman, (who had taken him to his own rooms, when he was with friends and without money, far away from home, sick, weary, without where to lay his head, and there ministered to his wants with all the kind attentions a brother could bestow for months:)

"Two men, clothed in white, are waiting for me. They came last night and said I must go. They look at me very kindly. Do you know I went out with them last night, and they conducted me all around the city? They are very gentle and kind."

Who can say this poor man was not accompanied by ministering angels? Kind spirits in the flesh had attended to his wants while he lived, and good angels came to conduct him home, when the vital spark left its earthly abode.

"Oh, death, where is thy sting?
Oh, grave where is thy victory?"—*San Antonio Herald.*

Curious Story of Major Andre's Sister.

Miss H. B. was on a visit to Miss Andre, and, being very intimate with the latter, shared her bed. One night she was awakened by the violent sobs of her companion, and upon entreating to know the cause, she said: "I have seen my dear brother; and he has been taken prisoner."

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that Major Andre was then with the British army, during the heat of the American war.

Miss B. soothed her friend, and both fell asleep, when Miss Andre once more started up, exclaiming, "They are trying him as a spy," and she described the nature of the court, the proceedings of the judge and prisoner, with the greatest minuteness.

Once more the poor sister's terrors were calmed by her friend's tender representations, but a third time she awoke screaming that they were hanging him as a spy, on a tree, and in his regimentals, with many other circumstances. There was no more sleep for the friends; they got up and entered each in their own pocket-book the particulars stated by the terror-stricken sister, with the dates, and both agreed to keep the source of their own presentiments and fears from the poor mother, fondly hoping they were indeed built on "the baseless fabric of a vision."

But, alas! soon as news, in those days, could cross the Atlantic, the fatal tidings came, and, to the deep awe as well as the grief of the young ladies, every circumstance was exactly imparted to them as had been shadowed forth in the fond sister's sleeping fancy, and had happened on the very day preceding the night of her dream!

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1859.

Letters Received.—T Burdick, R Cook 2, F Josselyn, G Pulfer, W Whitcomb, W B Dickerson, B B Hall, M C Hoyt, F Lewis, A S Cooke, J Pray 2d, S N Gaskin, B F Rowe, L Carpenter, C Brigham, S K Terry, M Harris, S S Thompson, C N P, J Kennedy, J H Shepherd, J Dodge, J W Fuller, S Barry, W Holton, A Stone, E F Burpree, P A Bullard, A C Estabrook, Strickler & Bro, G Brown, J Volland, S E Grimes, W M Savage, F Loomes, G Barnard, W Chase, T Knott, L G Rich, E B Wheelock, M L Fort, F Eppes, M W Carpenter, W B Smith, J Smith, S B Bulkeley, M Howser.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

S. B. Brittan will return from his long Western and Southern tour about the middle of April, and will spend the spring, summer and autumn in the Eastern and Middle States and the British Possessions. His friends in New England, New York and elsewhere at the North, who may require his services from and after the first of May, either on Sundays, or for philosophical, popular and practical lectures—to be delivered through the week, will address him at New York, or at Newark, N. J., his present residence.

Miss Emma Hardinge begs to apprise her friends that her address in future will be No 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all communications should be addressed. Miss Hardinge will lecture in New York and vicinity during April; in Providence, Worcester and vicinity during May; in Lowell, Portland and Oswego during June. In September next Miss Hardinge will proceed via. Pittsburg to St. Louis, Memphis, and other places West and South, and requests applications for lectures in those sections of the country to be addressed as above as soon as possible, in order that she may complete her route for the coming winter.

Hon. Warren Chase lectures April 10th in Cincinnati, O.; 14th, in Dayton; 18th and 20th, in Milan; 24th, in Cleveland; 29th to May 2d, in Chagrin Falls; May 1st, in Adrian, Mich; 17th, in Albion; 22d, in Battle Creek; 25th and 26th, Harmonia (near Battle Creek); 29th, Kalamazoo; June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, Grand Rapids; 9th and 10th, Grand Haven; 19th and 26th, Chicago, Ill.; July 10th, Geneva, O.

L. Judd Pardee is engaged to continue during the month of April with the Second Society of Spiritualists in Providence, R. I., at which place he may be addressed for the present.

H. P. Fairfield will lecture in Providence, R. I., Sunday, April 10th. 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. 260 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.

E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, may be addressed until further notice at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. He is engaged in Conn. and Boston until April 11th.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture as follows: Westerly, R. I., April 8th, 9th and 8th; Milford, N. H., May 15th.

Prof. Patton 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. 13tf

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 defence and elucidation of Rational Spiritualism.

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

Lorin Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations as follows: South Dedham, April 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 at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

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

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

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

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Mrs. 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, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedford street). 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.

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.

A Discourse delivered under spirit-influence, by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday evening, March 26, 1858. Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton. Price 8 cents each, or $5 per hundred. This discourse contains much good advice, and was listened to with very general satisfaction. BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 15—tf

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Which had afflicted me at intervals of two weeks or less, for nearly thirty years, by using the *Compound Sarsaparilla Syrup*, prepared without alcohol, by B. O. & C. G. Wilson, Wholesale Botanic Druggists, 18 and 20 Central St., Boston.

15—3m Hiram P. Whitehouse, at Barrett's Dye House, Malden.

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Wanted, at the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a young man of correct morals, having a good practical knowledge of phonography, and can keep books, and write a good hand. Good encouragement will be given. Address Dr. Andrew Stone, 96 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y. 15—3t

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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, Hertell, Offen, &c. &c.; also, the only correct Life of Thomas Paine ever issued from the American press.

TRACTS ON SPIRITUALISM.

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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.

PRESAGES OF CÆSAR'S DEATH.

We are told there were strong signs and presages of the death of Cæsar. Many report that a certain soothsayer forewarned him of a great danger which threatened him on the ides of March, and that when the day was come, as he was going to the senate-house, he called to the soothsayer, and said laughing, "The ides of march are come;" to which he answered softly, "Yes; but they are not gone."

The evening before, he supped with Marcus Lepidus, and signed, according to custom, a number of letters as he sat at table. While he was so employed, there arose a question, "What kind of death was the best?" and Cæsar answering before them all, cried out, "A sudden one."

The same night, as he was in bed with his wife, the doors and windows of the room flew open at once. Disturbed both with the noise and light, he observed, by moonshine, Calpurnia in a deep sleep, uttering broken words and inarticulate groans. She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him murdered in her arms. Be that as it may, next morning, she conjured Cæsar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the senate, and, if he paid no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other species of divination, or to sacrifices, for information as to his fate. This gave him some suspicion and alarm; for he had never known, before, in Calpurnia, anything of the weakness or superstition of her sex, though she was now so much affected.

He therefore offered a number of sacrifices, and as the diviners found no auspicious tokens in them, he sent Antony to dismiss the senate. In the mean time, Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, came in. He was a person in whom Cæsar placed such confidence, that he had appointed him his second heir, yet he was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius. This man, fearing that if Cæsar adjourned the senate to another day the affair might be discovered, laughed at the diviners, and told Cæsar he would be highly to blame, if, by such a slight he gave the senate occasion to complain against him. "For they were met," he said, "at his summons, and came prepared with one voice to honor him with the title of king in the provinces, and to grant that he should wear the diadem both by land and by sea everywhere out of Italy. But if any one go and tell them, now they have taken their places, they must go home again, and return when Calpurnia happens to have better dreams, what room will your enemies have to launch out against you? Or who will hear your friends when they attempt to show, that this is not an open servitude on the one hand, and tyranny on the other? If you are absolutely persuaded that this is an unlucky day, it is certainly better to go yourself, and tell them you have strong reasons for putting off business till another time." So saying, he took Cæsar by the hand, and led him out.

He went to the senate-house, where he was assassinated by the conspirators.

MISTAKES ON MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his celebrated lyric—that souls were *paired* when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, least of all the *most* intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials and efforts. Let two persons then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be for either a draw-game at self, or for walking *æquis passibus*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first sight may have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect that, for aught we know, they may appear in the spiritual world, as Mr. T. L. Harris says, like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas, apart, they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriage must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives—ideal wives want practical men; and the earth-side and the heaven side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be *conjoined*, and not *adjoined*.—*Monthly Religious Mag.*

AN ANAGRAM.—An objection has been raised to the name of Leviathan, as applicable to a ship, because it is one of the appellations applied in the Bible to the Father of all Evil. It is very curious, however, that the words "Steam ship Leviathan" may be exactly transposed, or anagrammatized into the following sentence:—"I have spelt him—Satan!"

Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody.

STONE BROTH.

A poor desolate traveller, overtaken by a storm of wind and rain, and being also oppressed by fatigue and hunger, came by chance to a house of affluence and begged for a little charity, but was repulsed with a surly answer that there was nothing for him. He then begged only to be permitted to dry his clothes and warm himself by the kitchen fire; as this request cost nothing, it was granted him. Finding that it was not probable that he should get anything in this place, he set his wits to work, and first humbly requested the cook to permit him to have the use of a saucepan and a little clean water, and he would make a dish of stone broth.

The oddity of the thought raised the curiosity of the inmates of the kitchen, who seconded his request. The traveler then picked up a stone from the high road, and washing it perfectly clean, put it into the saucepan of water. He then craved a morsel of salt and a little pepper, and an onion and some scraps, which the cook had discarded. Thus he made a very savory mess for himself, to the great amusement of the spectators, who not only let him enjoy his stone broth in peace, but were so much pleased with his ingenuity that they gave him also a dinner; and he departed dry, warm, and well fed.

This story gives an example of the beneficial effects of a little ingenuity when aided by perseverance and activity; how unlike those idle fools who drop all endeavor on the first check they receive, and if everything does not answer their silly expectations, quickly cry out, that it is impossible to be achieved and therefore useless to make any further effort. Such is the conduct of the slothful and short-sighted, who must again and again be reminded that nothing is denied to industry and perseverance, and nothing is to be got without them.

Romance.

All prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists *made* romance. They do—just as craters make volcanoes,—no more. What is romance? whence comes it? Plato spoke on the subject wisely in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, "Man's soul, in a former state was winged and soared among the Gods; and so it comes to pass, that, in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and prickling pain as of wings trying to come forth, even as children in teething." And if an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discoursed thus gravely on the romantic part of our nature, whence comes it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole care of it to ballad-makers and opera-singers? Let us look up in fear and reverence and say, "God is the great maker of romance. He from whose hand came man and woman,—He, who strung the great harp of existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them one to another;—He is the great Poet of life." Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder of the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

A Precocious Child.

A friend related to us this morning a scene in a schoolroom, which we think will do to publish, and is too good to keep. It is the custom in the schools to read a moral lesson each morning, when the scholars are questioned on what has been read. The day our friend visited the school, the lesson was in regard to the taking of fruit, and was a sort of narrative, in which it was stated that a teacher had told his class not to touch the fruit which grew in a neighboring orchard, but to wait until it was perfectly ripe, and they should have a share of it. They all disobeyed the commands with the exception of one little girl,—she alone refraining from touching the fruit. The first question asked by the teacher was:

"Which did right, the little girl, or the others of the class?"

The unanimous answer was—"The little girl.

The next question asked was—"Why did not the little girl also take the fruit?"

This appeared to puzzle the class, and for a long time there was no ready answer. At length a little fellow at the bottom of the class held up his hand, which was equivalent to saying that he thought that he could give the answer. He was told to proceed—when he astonished the teacher and convulsed our friend by exclaiming—"Pleath, sir, I geth she was too little to reath the fruit!"—*Glasgow Journal.*

Spirit Rapping no Novelty.

Humbert Birk, a burgess of note in the town of Oppenheim, had a country house, called Berenbach. He died in the month of November 1620, a few days before the feast of St. Martin. On the Saturday which followed his funeral they began to hear certain noises in the house where he had lived with his first wife; for at the time of his death he had married again. The master of this house, suspecting that it was his brother-in-law who haunted it, said to him:

"If you are Hubert, my brother-in-law strike three times against the wall." At the same time they heard three strokes only, for ordinarily he struck several times. Sometimes, also, he was heard at the fountain where they went for water, and he frightened all the neighborhood. He continued this knocking repeatedly until masses were said for him and alms given to certain of his poor friends.

A connecticut peddler, calling upon an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no peddler had ever traveled?

"Yes," said she, "I know of one and only one, that no peddler has ever traveled, (the peddler's countenance brightened,) and that's the road to Heaven."

"My good woman," said the Evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"

"No sir, we hav'n't," was the reply, "but they have got it awfully down to New Orleans."

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?"

He answered with much simplicity, "poor relations, sir!"

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation were weeping except one man, who begged to be excused as he belonged to another church.

An old negro woman once prayed—"O, Lord, let there be a full Heaven and an empty Hell." We have faith that this prayer will be answered.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

OUR PET CANARY.

[Suggested by reading an account of "Charlie's" death, &c., in the AGE]

Happy singer was our "Charlie,"
Warbling cheerly, late and early,—
Not a note with sound of sadness,
All was joyful, full of gladness;
Echoing from every wall,
Ringing, ringing through the hall,
Songs of our canary!

Well he knew the hand whose care
Placed his cage in open air—
Brought him water sweet and good,
And supplied him well with food—
Decked his home with simple art,—
Of each dainty brought a part
For our pet canary.

But one day he missed the care
That so long had fed him there;
Death that loving household entered,
And with poising arrow ventured
Deadly aim at mistress dear,
And she came no more to cheer
Our dear pet canary.

Then our "Charlie" stopped his singing,
And no more was heard the ringing
Of his merry joyous song.
All was still, and then ere long,
Falling down, drooping, dying,
Plaintive moaning, gasping, dying,
Lay our pet canary.

Wrapped in simple paper shroud,
And with feelings sadly bowed,
Thence we carried bird away,
Buried him in humble way,
Sorry that no more he'd sing—
Sorry that no more would ring,
Song of our canary.

But one day from out the wall,—
Ringing through that ancient hall,
Right where "Charlie's" cage had hung,
Joyful notes most sweetly rung;
Each of us well knew the ringing—
All declared it was the singing
Of our pet canary.

Think not that we were deceived,
While for our dear bird we grieved;
Three times was the singing heard!
Was it spirit of our bird?
Telling us with joyous sound,
That its *mistress* dear was found?
Was it pet canary?

Tell us, ye who live in air,
Do such spirits mingle there?—
Tell us spirits by your "rapping"—
Tell us, by some curious tapping—
Tell us by some sacred token,
Just as plain as if 'twere spoken,—
Was it our canary?

Shall we meet the bird again,
In the world where spirits reign?—
Will the birds be there to sing,
Poising on etherial wing?
Do they to that world belong?
Shall we in the world of song,
Hear our pet canary?

* * *

To do good to our enemies is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

FAITH.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving;
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth. MRS. KEMBLE.

True beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

Oh, many an angel spirit walks the earth unheeded,
That when its veil of mortality is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded;
Wearing its glory like a starry crown."

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. MILTON.

It is the heart alone which renders a man truly eloquent. It is that alone which, in barbarous as well as cultivated ages, gives that affecting character to poetry which renders the poet immortal.

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