THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY W. H. CHANEY & CO.
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The Spiritual Age.

Correspondence.

WHAT IS NATURAL.

BR. NEWTON.—I am half inclined to ask of yourself or some other able writer an answer to the above enquiry; but on second thought I discover the folly, if not positive imposition, of such a request—the question involves a height we may not reach, a depth we may not fathom.

Compared with the future of our being this earth-sphere is but a nursery for babes, in which the oldest and most perfect ones are but taller children, while our highest and best institutions of learning are but infant schools, and imperfect at that.

If this picture is not overdrawn, it is folly, worse than that, madness, for us to expect to reach the ultimate of these things yet, or ever; but if in the effort we get one new ray of light, or take one advance step, we are compensated for our labor. When as spiritualists we attempt to settle the question of the properties of the Divine mind, or of the nature of good and evil, I almost involuntarily exclaim, what are we about and what do we expect to accomplish, and what are we thinking of, when we would make our limited perception of these things a standard by which our neighbor must walk. Though we shall fall short of perfection, still investigation must result in good; but having been so long accustomed to preaching in the old way as if the certainties were all worked out and marked down in a book and made plain as the daylight, and having seen the extravagance if not impiety of such a course, I am perhaps too fearful of falling back into that species of popular insanity.

Let us have our conventions, our writers and speakers, on all these subjects, but never should we suffer the opinions or discoveries of any number of persons to become a standard for any but themselves.

We are driven to the necessity of standing in our individual capacities, from the fact that we know of no theory as yet established which is in perfect harmony with itself, which shows quite clearly that we are all more or less befogged, and perhaps we might as well forbear the appellation of *fogies*, as applied to churchdom. We claim to be naturalists entertaining various degrees of respect for the bible; still there appears to me to be a want of harmony with a portion of us, and the leading object of this article is to call attention to the subject in some way that will enlist abler pens than mine in that direction.

There are some among us who cannot believe in a God, because if such a being existed he would not suffer the cruelties that one part of the race practise on the other; as in the cases of slavery, war, capital punishment, &c. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is often alluded to as a specimen of the malevolence of a God who would deal with his children thus.

Let us look at this case a moment.

It may be a question whether this account is not a part or in whole an allegorical figure, as many old testament stories evidently are, simply having in view a moral which these pictures of imagination would help to impress on the mind of those who understood its design, but we will suppose it to have been a literal occurrence, just as narrated in our bible. If so, it must and did take place in strict accordance with nature's laws; certainly it would have so been. A volcano known or unknown to the people could have shot forth its lava, which would fall like rain on those cities. This could have been foreseen by the guardian spirits of Lot and his family and measures could have been taken to secure their rescue, and all in keeping with natural law. Those who reject the bible on the ground of these cruelties are loud in requiring us to take *nature* as our teacher and pattern for imitation. Now whatever disposition we may make of the above case, it is certain that nature, in violent eruptions, not only sends out sprays and rains down destruction on some small place but it pours its floods of liquid fire over vast tracts of country, leaving nothing but its own smoking sediments behind. As ferocious and malignant as the God of the Heavens is represented to be, and as unworthy as such a character might seem to be of our adoration or even common respect, yet when his doings, as there recorded, one placed by the side of these eruptions of the earth, the action of the atmosphere, either stagnant or tempestuous, by sea or land, or by the side of the forked lightning which darts athwart the heavens, or down descending, pounces on its innocent victim while piously reclining on the bosom of virtuous affection—I say place this scouted Hebrew God by the side of these works of nature and his character for ferocity withers into comparative mildness; and yet naturalists reject the Jewish God and Bible and take nature as their teacher and pattern.

There is a leak in this ship somewhere.

If we claim to take the mildest sides of nature as our guide and to learn the rest out of the case, it is easily seen that we do not make it a rule, at all but simply drag it in as a sort of self-justification where it suits our purpose.

What is to be done? If nature's roughest side is to take part in our rules of conduct, then we must fall far back of ancient Jewry and Patriachal barbarism.

Can it be after all that the naturalist has no higher or purer rule of action than that which he opposes? Have the the investigations of our day been all lost? This cannot be.

Its use appears to be in crowding us to a point where we see the absolute necessity of light not yet received and to urge us on in search of that light till in accordance with the laws of want, effort and supply, we gain the point and find a rule of life and conduct that will not overthrow itself. If we follow the example of old testament writers, we shall practice drunkenness, incest, libertinism, polygamy, murder, &c. If we imitate nature we shall be so often in a squall that we can be no more confided in than the passing breeze. *The truth is we must have more light.* Our old systems cannot give us that light, and if spiritualism does not, then, it will come through some other channel. For, *come it must and come it will.*

I fancy that if we do not gain rapidly in real spiritualism, others will take our place and do the work we should have done. It does not become me to complain of any but myself. I have only to entreat others to look up these things and see if a system cannot be started or carried forward more perfectly.

Yours for "more light,"

ALBANY, Ill. H. FOSTER.

BLACKSTONE, Aug. 18th, 1859.

EDITORS AGE:—In a low, sandy valley (Spiritually speaking) seldom trodden by the foot of a Spiritualist, comes weekly the Age, and its approach is hailed by its recipients with as much zest as would be a spring of pure water by the thirsty traveller.

None need imagine its presence can be dispensed with here until we get *good enough* to do without it. After having read it for nearly two years, and being privileged in the time to read many others of its kind, I am fully persuaded that it should be entitled to the premium, above all, though there are many others very excellent. Tiffany's Monthly for one, which I very much desire to see accompanying it, and have thought it rather a mistake their not being clubbed together, thus rendering them more available to subscribers and profitable to publishers.

You may think that those who wish, can have either, but I find that papers and postage amount to quite a sum in the course of a year, to one obliged to calculate closely for *what* they have.

Blackstone and its vicinity being rather a dry place, as far as Spiritualism is concerned, one located here seems to require more of these written messages, in order to a corresponding outward supply to the Fountain of internal life, the which appears just as essential to the growth and development of the spirit as the warmth of the sun to that of vegetation. Here we very seldom have a lecture upon the subject. I know that every public place of worship at Woonsocket and B. are closed against its promulgation, but the town-house at the latter place can be obtained at any time, though I hardly think much remuneration can be expected. Yet it is evident that people are eager to hear, and if in some way from your numerously noticed lecturers, one could be sent this way, once a month, perhaps, a great change, it seems to me, would be effected. Certainly one advocating the theory here, would meet with a firm opposition by its *self-fancying* opposers. Their only great need is, some one to hold the glass in such a manner that they may be able to *see* themselves in it. It seems a hard task to get ignorance to look at itself, nevertheless when we come to witness its astonishment at its own dimensions, does it not often pay?

In our humble way we would do what we could towards entertaining any efficient speaker. I know it is said that "beggars should not be choosers," notwithstanding, I would prefer none at all, rather than *some* whom I have *tried* to listen to.

When I gave 25 cents for your paper, three months, its cheapness was only predominant in my mind, and I did not consider until afterwards, how it was. Within you will find one dollar and a quarter, for it, six months in advance. I would be glad, if able, to do something for it, as I have reason to fear it is not a paying business, pecuniarly.

I have tried considerably to obtain subscribers about here, though all to no purpose, as yet. Yours, in the bonds of fraternal fellowship,

SARAH S. SCOTT.

POLITICAL ACTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Now that Spiritualists are numbered by millions in the United States, do they not owe it to the interests of their cause, to consider *how their votes should be cast?* By a judicious use of the ballot box, a desirable change may be wrought in the tone of the public press, towards themselves and their belief. I, for one, am tired of beging unjustly reviled, abused, and misrepresented, and if I can cast my vote in a way to abate this nuisance, I am disposed to do so. Let us assume a political attitude, and make the world feel, that we are no longer to be trampled on with impunity. We all know that our ranks now number not only many of the most learned and enlightened, but really some of the best men in the country—men who could most safely be entrusted with the administration of public affairs. For myself, I honestly believe that the only prospect of rescuing the government from the abuses and corruptions known to be so prevalent among all parties, lies in the hope of enlightened spiritualists one day getting control of it. What do you say, gentlemen, to our nominating at the proposed National Convention, either Gov. Tallmadge or Judge Edmonds for the Presidency, in 1860, as a test of our strength? I am for it.

Yours for the ultimate triumph in the better light of to-day of all truth and right, over the error and wrong bequeathed us by the dim and imperfect past.

C. H. H.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa., Aug. 23, 1859.

PORTSMOUTH, Aug. 20, 1859.

BROTHER NEWTON:—I am again at P., with genial hearts, and warm, having as good a time as I can, without my husband to participate with me, and I have been to Exeter, where I met other friends with warm hearts, among whom was Dr. Johnson, *who took me to jail*, and in all the jails and prisons I have ever visited, I have not seen so much manifestation of genuine humanity as there. The jail is a part of a great nice house, with large airy rooms, all clean and neat.

The prisoners can have work to do and be paid for it. They have a library of good books gathered by the kindness of Dr. Johnson. The family of the jailor, composed of himself, wife and two lovely daughters, are kind and attentive to all their wants. The wife, a good mother-woman, and two daughters went in with us, and seemed quite at home, speaking to the erring ones, as though they were members of *their* family.

Dr. J. often visits them and gives words of encouragement and counsel.

He is anxious to establish a library for every jail in the state, and I wish all the young men in N. H. and as many other states as may be, would take the money they would otherwise spend for *cigars* in the coming year, and devote to such a purpose. Don't you think they will, if "*we women*" ask them *kindly*, to do so? God speed the work of reformation.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

[From the Memphis Avalanche.]

MARVELS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The difference of level between high and low water mark at Cairo is fifty feet. The width and depth of the River from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased, yet immense additions are made to the quantity of the water in the channel by large streams from both the eastern and western sides of the Mississippi. The question naturally arises, what becomes of this vast added volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans, and as certainly does not evaporate; and of course it is not confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region south of us.

If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkansas, bottom water is found as soon as the water-level of the Mississippi is reached. When the Mississippi goes down the water sinks accordingly in the well. The owner of a saw mill, some 20 miles from the Mississippi, in Arkansas, dug a well to supply the boilers of his engine, during the late flood. When the waters receded his well went down, till his hose would no longer reach the water, and finally his well was dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake, to let water into his well; the lake was drained, and the well was dry again, having literally drank ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is that the whole valley of the Mississippi, from its banks to the highlands on either side, rests on a porous substratum, which absorbs the redundant waters, and thus prevents that degree of accumulation which would long since have swept New Orleans into the Gulf but for this provision of Nature, to which alone her safety is attributable. In fact, if the alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi were like the shores of the Ohio, the vast plain from Cairo to New Orleans would to-day be part and parcel of the Gulf of Mexico, and the whole valley a fresh water arm of the sea. Were the geological character of the valley different, the construction of levees, confining the water of the Mississippi to its channel, would cause the rise in the river to become so great at the South that not sufficient levees could be built. The current would be stronger and accumulation of water greater as the levees are extended north of us.

Such results were, reasonably enough, anticipated; but the water, instead of breaking the levees, permeates the porous soil, and the overflow is really beneath the surface of the swamps. Such, it seems to us, are the wise provisions of natural laws for the safety and ultimate reclamation of the rich country south of us. We believe that the levee system will be successful, and that the object of its adoption will be attained. The porousness of the materials used in making them has caused most if not all the crevasses. Men may deem it a super-human task to wall in the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans, but our levees are the work of pigmies when contrasted with the dykes of Holland. The flood-tide of the Mississippi is but a ripple on the surface of a glassy pool compared with the ocean billows that dash against the artificial shores of Holland. The country which be reclaimed by our levees—a people as will not for fifty years cost when originmuch as those of the De hundred such ally built—would match a BONAPARTE kingdoms as that one, once wielded the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. H. CHANEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYRS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART I.

(Continued.)

His look was sternly upon me while I was speaking, and when I ceased, his gaze became terrible. His eyes seemed like two balls of fire, burning into my very soul. Then starting up, he paced the room in silence for several minutes. His agitation was painful to witness, and I half regretted my rashness. But urged forward by the demon of my destiny, I determined to push matters to the utmost extremity, regardless of consequences. Like many a poor wretch, I had chosen my course, and having entered upon it, there was no retreat. Conrad suddenly paused in his walk, and in tones of deepest sorrow he said:

"Charles, I have not deserved this of you. You should have known me better than"—here sobs choked his utterance, and fairly breaking down, he threw himself upon a couch and gave vent to his pent up feelings in such a fit of weeping as only the pure and noble in heart can experience.

Conrad had made me his *sole* confidant. He believed I was his sincere friend, as he was mine. Then how bitter the disappointment to discover my unworthiness. He felt that I had entered the temple of friendship only to pollute it—that I had won his confidence only that I might abuse and insult him. All this I comprehended in a moment, yet it neither softened my heart nor shook my purpose. O, where was the spirit of my angel mother—why came she not to her wretched son, to save him from baseness? Alas, the dark spirit, more potent to execute than her passive, loving self, now held me as if spell-bound.

By an effort Conrad calmed himself, and rose with the evident intention of leaving the room. But I would not permit him to depart thus.

"Conrad," I said, in a supplicating tone, "I am sorry if I have said aught to wound you. My head is wrong this morning, and I am hardly responsible for my acts."

"Are you sure, Charles, that your *heart* is not wrong, too?" He gave me a look so searching, so full of suspicion, that I almost quailed before his fixed gaze.

"Tell me, Conrad," at length I said, "Why my words have so offended you? I meant no unkindness—only for your good."

Instantly his whole manner was changed. Every muscle in his face seemed strained to its utmost tension, and there fixed.—His dark, luminous eyes were terrible to behold. And then, in a low, hoarse voice, he fairly hissed in my ears,

"You ask me to sell you my birth-right and then add insult to insult by telling me it is for my good!"

At this moment, Frederick Ault, a student distinguished more for success as a duelist than for his progress as a scholar, entered the room without the ceremony of knocking. At the same moment, too busy with his own thoughts to heed the intrusion, Conrad turned his back upon me and continued in a sort of soliloquy,

"And this base wretch is the only person I ever made a confidant! He alone I chose for my friend!" After pausing a moment, he continued; "yet I've seen him when he seemed so true no power on earth could have made me doubt him. He has fought for me—avenged my insults—shed tears over my misfortunes. O, how black must be his heart, thus to play the hypocrite! But now the mask is off, and like the serpent robbed of his fangs, the bite is harmless."

During this speech I lost all control of my passions. Had we been alone I might have borne it. But Frederic Ault—the cold, sarcastic Frederic—for him to hear such language applied to me, multiplied my rage a hundred fold. It is one of the follies of human nature, that men quietly pocket insults received by them in private, which, if listened to by a party, can only be wiped out with blood.

As Conrad ceased speaking, he turned quickly around, and for the first time discovered that we were not alone.

Springing to my feet, and before he could possibly have been aware of my purpose, I struck him a violent blow upon the temple, which felled him to the floor.

"Out, vile son of a cowardly traitor!" I cried, as I spurned his prostrate form with my foot.

The next moment I felt myself seized by Frederic, and forced back into my chair. He then assisted Conrad to arise, and without further words conducted him from the room.

If I entertained any doubts as to the consequences of this rencounter, they were removed within an hour. A note from Conrad, delivered by Frederic, briefly requested me to name my weapons, time and place, for a hostile meeting.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUEL.

The 15th of October, 1814, I shall never forget. Its recollection is burned into my soul in letters of living fire, and while life lasts, must continue to be a source of unceasing remorse.

By a singular coincidence, it was on this very day that Joachim Murat was shot at Pizzo. The son of an obscure inn keeper, he had gradually risen to be king of the most beautiful of lands; but the giddy height only rendered his fall the more terrible.

The morning of the 15th found me still under the control of the dark spirit. To Gerbert Bridolf, who promptly volunteered his services for the occasion, I had submitted the arrangements for meeting Conrad in mortal combat, and at an early hour he knocked at my room door. I was already dressed, and engaged in writing a letter, to be delivered to my paternal uncle, should I fall. Bidding Gerbert enter, I pointed him to a seat and resumed my writing. Having finished and sealed my letter, I deposited it in a small cabinet, and then turning to my visitor, said,

"Gerbert, this meeting with Conrad will prove of no ordinary character. I feel a presentiment that one of us, and perhaps both, will perish in this duel.—Should fate be against me, see that my remains are cared for as becomes my rank and station, and when all is over, take that cabinet to my uncle, Ferdinand Wydorf, who will inherit my title and possessions. Although my nearest relative on earth, yet I have no doubt he will rejoice, rather than mourn, when he learns that I have fallen."

Gerbert readily promised obedience to my wishes, and as the time had arrived when we should be on our way to the appointed place, we took our departure without further delay.

The spot agreed upon for consummating this terrible tragedy, was a beautiful grove, three miles distant. My companion was of a taciturn nature, and feeling no inclination to converse myself, we rode forward in silence. It was a ride which I had often taken upon a similar errand, but never with the feelings which I experienced on that memorable morning.

I had long been like one alone in the world. Save my uncle Ferdinand, whom I had not seen since my father's death, I had no living relative of a nearer connexion than fourth cousin. The sole ambition of my heart had been to excel at the university; absorbed with this single passion, had I seldom thought of my uncle, whom I had no reason to like nor dislike, nor had I made but few acquintances beyond the circle of students. Of a "tenderer passion," I knew nothing beyond its description by others, and had been inclined to set it down as existing in the imagination, rather than as a law of our being.

I had occasionally, experienced a sense of loneliness, yet it was a transitory feeling, and one which study, or a stroll with Conrad would speedily banish.

Until this morning, I never knew how necessary Conrad was to my happines. True, upon one point, *and one point only*, I had played the despicable character of a dissembler. Yet in all else, he had enjoyed my fullest confidence. There had been weeks and months, in which I would have perilled my life for him; and now, at this distant day, as I review the dreary past, I can think of no man upon whom I ever bestowed half the affection I did upon Conrad von Wieser.

As we rode forward in silence, thoughts of the happy hours passed with Conrad, came crowding thick and fast upon my memory. I recalled the time when he sat by my bed-side through the weary watches of many a night, as I lay a helpless sufferer from a wound which had well nigh proved fatal. I saw him again, just as he sat, his attention fixed upon the book he was studying, while ever and anon his eyes wandered towards me, always ready to minister to my slightest want.

Memories like these came trooping through my mind, and yielding to their spell, I began to feel the controlling influence of the spirit of my gentle mother, as it crept close about my heart, persuading me to abandon my unhallowed purpose.—For a time the dark spirit resisted, but love conquered, and by the time we reached the grove the dark spirit was completely vanquished.

Conrad and Frederick were already there; the former at a distance, leaning against a tree, apparently lost in deep thought.—Frederick greeted us in his peculiar style, politely reminding us that they had been waiting our tardy appearance. The scarcely perceptible vein of sarcasm which spiced this remark, would have provoked my anger, had I not fully made up my mind to bear everything—brave everything—submit to *anything*, that I might be reconciled to Conrad and avoid bloodshed.

In furtherance of this resolution, I at once stated to Frederick, that in my present mood I found it impossible to raise my hand against Conrad—that he was the only friend I ever had, and that in spite of the difference between us, I still loved him better than any other person on earth. I requested Frederick to repeat this to Conrad, and say to him that I was now able to perceive that the fault was all on my side—that I bitterly regretted my rashness, and that to be forgiven, would submit to any terms, however humiliating.

I would have said more, but my emotions were rapidly acquiring the mastery. The gentle spirit now possessed me, and only by an effort could I force back the tears which were ready to burst forth.

With a sarcastic sneer, Frederick turned away to deliver my message to Conrad, who had not changed his position since our arrival. The sun was shining through an opening between the tree tops, affording me a fair view of his countenance, which appeared pale and sorrowful. Not a trace of hatred or revenge could I detect, and full of the assurance that his answer would be pacific, I waited impatiently the return of Frederick.

Fifteen long minutes passed, during which they had changed their position, so that a clump of trees obscured them from sight. Finally, when my patience was becoming pretty well exhausted, I discovered Frederick walking slowly back.

"What does he say?" I hurriedly enquired, as soon as Frederick came within hearing.

"He says," he replied, in a cold, sardonic tone, "that he regrets to learn that Baron von Wydorf lacks the courage to accord satisfaction to one whom he has basely insulted, and struck in the most dastardly manner."

I felt the dark spirit seizing upon me as Frederick concluded, but the good influence nestled so closely about my heart, and plead so gently and so earnestly, that the dark spirit was conquered, and very calmly I enquired,

"Is this *all* the message Conrad bade you deliver?"

"Is it not enough?" he replied, with a scornful smile.

Like a serpent the dark spirit tightened his coils about me, crushing every noble impulse. But, making a last effort, the good influence again triumphed.

"From Conrad's own lips must I hear the message you have delivered," I said resolutely, "before I will ever believe he sent it; and to make myself sure, I will at once hasten to him."

"Yes," Frederick replied, in his most maddening tone, and with a look that tormenting fiends might have been proud to imitate, "and have him spit in your face for your trouble!"

Then the good spirit wept and pleaded in vain. She struggled to the last, but the dark spirit was too powerful. The evil star of my destiny was at its zenith, and yielding to the unhallowed influence, I bade Frederick inform his principal that I was impatient to meet him.

I have since thought that at this announcement, a look of triumph, and of devilish malice, flashed over the face of Frederick; but racked as I was by the deadly passions, it passed unheeded at that time, and I suffered him to depart without further parley.

During the final arrangements, I was every moment becoming more blood-thirsty. The remembrance of my humiliation, and my offer of peace, now goaded me almost to madness. Then, as I thought that the sneering Frederick had witnessed my humility, perhaps remarked my quivering lip, demons from the infernal regions seemed to lay hold upon me.

In the midst of my frenzy, engendered by these harrowing reflections, Gerbert informed me that everything was ready. Unknown to both Conrad and myself until that moment, after I had selected pistols as the weapons, our seconds had arranged that we should fight, at *only five paces!* But for the madness which consumed me, I should have objected to such a murderously short distance; and but for that madness, distorting my countenance, until I looked more like an infernal than a human, Conrad would have refused to fight at that distance. We were both excellent shots, and at five paces, there was almost a certainty that both would fall.

I stole a glance at Conrad as we took our places, and as I noted the pale, sad look he wore, the good influence came quietly back, striving hard for the control. But the next moment his whole bearing changed, and the expression of deep loathing with which he regarded me, gave the entire control of my mentality into the keeping of the dark spirit.

The fatal moment had arrived. The word was given—

"One, two, three—*fire!*

Both pistols were deliberately aimed—the trigger of each appeared to be touched at the same moment—there was but ONE *report!*

Conrad threw up his hand, and as he fell, his pistol was discharged in the air. *It had hung fire!*

When I saw Conrad stretched upon the cold earth, the life-blood slowly oozing from a wound in his right breast, the dark spirit retired, my evil passions forsook me, and in deep anguish, the good spirit came back and controlled me.

"Oh, Conrad," I cried, as I rushed forward and caught him in my arms, "tell me that you are not killed—say that I am not your murderer!"

"Charles," he said feebly, "lay me down again."

Gently I laid him back, and as I bent over him, listening to his groans, and watching the great drops of sweat gathering upon his marble brow, grief and remorse drove me almost frantic.

"O, God," I cried, wringing my hands, with my eyes turned toward heaven, "why was I permitted to murder my friend! Why *did* he refuse my offered reconciliation, then load me with insults, and provoke me to madness!"

With my eyes still raised to heaven, mentally praying that the earth might open and swallow me from sight, I did not observe the stealthy approach of Frederick, until I heard the sharp, ringing voice of Conrad, pitched upon an unearthly key suddenly saying,

"Charles—beware of—Fred—"

Hastily springing aside, I barely escaped being run through the body, and to my utter amazement discovered that Frederick was my assailant. A moment before I was praying for death, but the demoniac gleam upon Frederick's countenance, instantly changed the whole current of my thoughts. Before he could make a second pass at me, or even recover his guard, I rushed upon him and tore away his sword. All this had transpired in less time than I can describe it.

Upon being disarmed, Frederick retired several paces, and joined my second, who had stood a calm spectator of the cowardly attempt which had been made upon my life. Retaining possession of the sword, I leaned over Conrad, who whispered to me,

"Charles—this is horrible! Before you came upon the ground this morning, I instructed Frederick to enquire if you had any apology to make, and if so, to use his influence for bringing about a reconciliation. When you arrived, one glance at your countenance seemed to tell me that you, too, would gladly avoid a hostile meeting. Then Frederick came to me—drew me beyond your sight, and told me that you treated my proposition with scorn and insult. Charles, I am no coward you well know, but this morning I saw the spirit of my father, and he warned me against this duel. He bade me brave a perverted public opinion, and preserve my life for the sake of my mother, and his warning was still sounding in my ears, and in spite of the insulting message delivered by Frederick, I still hesitated, and implored him to make one more effort. For a long time he refused but finally consented. When he returned and delivered a reply from you, framed in language so cold and ironical, for the first time I doubted his fidelity. It sounded more like Frederick than Charles. Then I determined to take my place, but before a shot was fired, to speak to you myself. But the look of fiendish malice and revenge with which you regarded me, banished all remembrance save your blow and bitter words. Stimulated by this maddening impulse, I resolved that your life should atone for your insult to the memory of my poor father. You know the rest. I thank God that you are unharmed."

During this revelation, I had several times started up with the intention of ridding the world of a villain so black-hearted as Frederick had proved himself, but had as often been restrained by a pleading look from Conrad.—As he concluded, I again turned my head towards the place where our seconds had been standing, apparently engaged in a consultation, when to my utter astonishment I saw Frederick armed with the sword of Gerbert, within a few feet of me.

"Devil incarnate," I cried, springing to my feet, "your life or mine," making a furious pass at him.

(To be continued.)

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—Dr. Noble in a very able and analytical lecture at Manchester, "On the Dynamic Influence of Ideas," told a good anecdote of Mr Boutihouse, a French savant, in illustration of the power of imagination. As Dr. Noble says:

"Mr Boutihouse served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of the last century. At the battle of Wagram, 1800, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated.—While re-loading his musket he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below the knees, separating them from the thighs; for he suddenly sank down, shortened as he believed. The trunk of the body fell backwards on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionlesss among the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system.

At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff who came around to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon.

"Ah! touch me tenderly," replied Mr. Boutihouse, "I beseech you, a cannon ball has carried off both my legs."

The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, "Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you."

Mr. Boutihouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs he thought lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said Mr. Boutihouse, "than I ever had been in the whole course of my life before. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball passed under my feet and ploughed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs." The truth of this story is vouched for by Dr. Noble."

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction.—[Channing.

Where a man's business is, there is the place for his religion to manifest itself.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

The Haunted and the Haunters;

OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A friend of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest,—"Fancy! since we last met I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London."

"Really haunted?—and by what?—ghosts?"

"Well, I can't answer these questions; all I know is this—six weeks ago I and my wife were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, 'Apartments Furnished.' The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it."

"What did you see?"

"Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer, nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said dryly, 'I know why; you have staid longer than any other lodger. Few ever staid a second night; none before you a third.—But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

'They—who?' I asked, affecting a smile.

'Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don t mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still. The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her farther. I paid for my week, and too happy were I and my wife to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford Street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighbouring areas, said to me, "Do you want any one at that house sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, £1 a-week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— Street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena, which at present deprive it of all value. I cannot let it, for I cannot even get a servant to keep it in order to answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle.—She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of it, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent-free for a year to any one who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character!"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is that my life has been spent in the East Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, amongst whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repainting and roofing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half pay. He came in with his family, a son and daughter, and four or five servants; they all left the house the next day, and although they deponed that they had all seen something different, that something was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, or even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to repeat the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you *not* to pass a night in that house."

"My interest *is* exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamilliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J—— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me,—and thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

"F——," said I, "you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition?—well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"Oh, sir! pray trust me," answered F——, grinning with delight.

"Very well,—then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now,—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well,— of course, see that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally as well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen."

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honour. I dined alone, and while dining, read, as is my habit. The volume I selected was one of Macaulay's Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of the healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subject, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me my favorite dog,—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still, there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir;" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz. that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first ran in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation and followed me and F—— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean appartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not winebibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back-yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp,—and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet felt a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining parlour, a small back-parlour, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an armchair. F—— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me, moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half laugh—and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"Now," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire up-stairs. We locked the doors of the drawing rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below.—The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for it is a ——"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard, I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkable strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place.—We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open.—I entered in the same instant. The light then colapsed into a small globule, exceeding brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in the rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers; there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all, four), the footfall still preceding us.—Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a sea-farer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough, wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as ——"

(To be continued)

Many persons give us the dying words of great men, but none of them are so touching and beautiful as the last words of the old schoolmaster. "It is growing dark—school may be dismissed." Down to the gates of an unseen world he carried the love and regard of the children he had trained. It was his last kind dismissal in this world of schooling.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1859.

"DEMONISM—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON GARDNERIZED."

Under this startling caption, the *Boston Olive Branch* of the 27th ultimo, serves out something more than a column. As a believer in spirit influence, we have been led to the conclusion that the editor wrote that article under the direct control of a spirit. But in accordance with the teachings of Paul, to "try the spirits," we propose to try *that spirit*—not in malice, but upon that principle of eternal truth and justice laid down by Christ—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

1st. *The general aim of the writer.* This is apparent upon the surface; namely, to ridicule, slander and abuse spiritualists.—We might quote many sentences in proof of this conclusion, but will be content with the following:—"At the late 'Spiritualists' Convention,' held at Plymouth, a certain Dr. Gardner was bold enough to proclaim this revelation to the astonished demonites in full picnic assembled."

2d. *The aim of the writer in particular.* It is equally apparent that the editor, under the control of a "lying spirit," perhaps the very mischevious scamp who so cunningly deceived Ahab—1 *Kings*, XXII., 22—aims at misrepresenting Dr. Gardiner, by attributing to him language which he never used, and circumstances which the Dr. never even *thought* of, until they appeared in the *Olive Branch*—an emblem of peace drawn up in battle array—the volunteer of assasins of principle, of harmony, and of truth. The following extract, which, as the readers of the AGE will perceive, is a tissue of fabrications, in no way warranted by any statement of the Doctor's, displays a spirit so utterly averse to the teachings of Christ, that we copy it as a sort of theological curiosity:—

"The most astounding part of the Doctor's announcement, however, was that he, the great *I am* of Boston Spiritism, was the instrument in the hands of spirits, who induced the Emperor to commence the war. He was with him night and day before his armies left the shores of France; and when at last the Emperor set out for Italy it was under the Doctor's direction, and with his express sanction. In a short time time the learned Doctor, who has been pensioned by Napoleon, will return to France, and either become the Prime Minister of the Empire, or, as proposed in the case of Agassiz, a new place of honor and a title of distinction will be created expressly for him in reward for his services.

Such is humbug; and so be it, until the world mends."

The foregoing contains no less than eight untruths, manufactured purely from the imagination of the editor, which must have been the impressions he received from the "lying spirit," the perusal of which has afforded us both pain and pleasure.

We are pained to find a public journal, for many years the organ of a religious denomination which claims so much purity and perfection for its members, thus becoming the medium for falsehood and slander. And here let us enquire of our poor, "possessed" brother, if, being sincere in his belief that spiritualists are "demons," he is not wronging himself by abusing them? If, in point of doctrine, he is right, and spiritualists are wrong, is it a christian way to attempt convincing them of their errors, to call hard names, revile them, sneer at them, and fabricate slanders against them? And when he calls them "demons," is he perfectly sure that he is not like the inebriate, who said the table and chairs were drunk?

We do not mean to be uncharitable towards our afflicted brother of the *Olive Branch*, for we really pity him. Therefore we shall not call him hard names. But whether it his misfortune or his fault, that he has thus yielded himself to the control of a "lying spirit," is not a matter of any moment. In either case he is an object of pity, and we undertake to say that no person, unless like *him*, "in the gall of bitterness," can read his article without experiencing emotions of pain and regret.

But as a spiritualist, the article has also afforded us pleasure. It proves that the doctrine of spiritualism is rising in the majesty of truth, and spreading itself over the whole land. The poor, afflicted editor admits that it is now believed by "so many hundred thousands," and declares that the fact "is not very gratifying to the pride of a man's intellect." Well, we think that the most *respectable* portion of community, known as "scribes and pharisees," were similarly shocked, about eighteen hundred years ago. They used the terms "devils" and "beelzebub," while the editor of the "emblem of peace" is content with the polite expression of "demons."

But we hope our brother may have his eyes opened to the truth, and be enabled to put away his "familiar spirit." Such an article as disgraced the *Olive Branch* on the 27th ultimo, is unbecoming the character of a gentleman, to say nothing of the character of a Christian.

The pleasure which we experienced while reading that article—pleasure at the thought, "how desperate the cause of our opponents has become, when such weapons as slander and falsehood have to be used against us"—we say the pleasure which this reflection afforded us, was alloyed with a keen regret to find one of the editorial fraternity so false to the doctrine taught by Christ—so false to the avowed principles of his Church—so false to the rules of good breeding—so false to himself.

INSPIRATION.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. XXI.

No subject occupies a place more fundamentally important in the popular religious systems, than that of Inspiration. Yet there is none concerning which a greater degree of ignorance and misconception prevails in the theological world. Religious teachers and writers, of nearly all sects, are accustomed to appeal with the fullest confidence to "the words of Inspiration" as the test of all truth, the final and conclusive authority on all questions of belief, duty and destiny. On this assumption rests, in most minds, the whole fabric of modern theology. And yet, if asked the simple primary questions, what is Inspiration? What is its source? What are its modes, laws and conditions? and *why* are its utterances to be regarded as clothed with supreme, plenary and final authority?—who of those who rest upon this assumption can give us an intelligent, rational, philosophic answer?

Indeed, the subject seems to have been regarded, by most "orthodox" Divines at least, as *too sacred* to be inquired into—as one of the mysteries which it is impious to seek to understand. Dr. Gaussen, whose work entitled "Theopreustia," just republished in this country, represents the ultra-orthodox views of the matter, shrinks with awe from any inquiry into these primary questions. He says, "The influence which was exercised upon these men [the inspired writers of the Bible,] and of which they themselves were conscious in very different degrees, has never been defined to us.—Nothing authorizes us to explain it. The Scriptures themselves have never presented to us its mode or its measures as an object of study."

Dogmatic theology and religious authoritarianism have good reason, indeed, to shrink from a searching investigation here. Should its main pillar, its central assumption, be found to rest upon a sandy foundation, the whole structure must come tumbling down, and great will be the fall thereof! But we cannot believe that the Infinite Father desires his children to draw back with dread and fear from the study of any of His doings, or His ways of revealing Himself. On the contrary, we feel that He is best pleased with those who most earnestly and reverently seek to understand all His ways. It is ignorance and conscious guilt alone which make men imagine that God will be displeased with any such inquiry. The more we know of the Father, in all ways in which He manifests Himself, the more shall we adore and love and rejoice in Him.

Modern spiritualism, in its now widely familiar phenomena, has thrown a flood of light on this whole subject of Inspiration. And we believe it is the means providentially instituted by Infinite Wisdom to counteract the prevalent skepticism of blind unbelievers on the one hand, and to correct the perversion of blind unbelievers on the other. We will endeavor to substantiate this position as we proceed.

While it is true that no Bible writer has undertaken to give us a philosophical explanation of the mode of the Divine Afflatus, nor even any careful scientific detail of the peculiar phenomena, physiological and psychological, attending it, yet the received scriptures contain such references to individual experience as are full of significance and instruction From them we learn that the alleged inspired persons of ancient times exhibited prominently the following phenomena:

1st. They were sometimes thrown into states of trance, or ecstasy, in which their external senses and bodily powers were partially or wholly suspended, or controlled by by some foreign and powerful influence. As examples, we read of King Saul, when "the spirit of God was upon him," that he was first moved to "prophecy," and then "stripped off his clothes and lay down naked all day and all night," evidently in a state of unconscious trance.* Ezekiel, when beholding some of the visions recorded by him, says that he fell upon his face and was helpless.† Daniel declares more than once that he was thrown into a deep sleep on his face toward the ground."‡ Paul, in describing his experience on a certain occasion, says he could not tell whether he was "in the body or out of the body."§ And John the Revelator lay "as dead" at the foot of the "shining one" who opened to his sight the vision of the apocalypse.‖

2d. These inspired persons, or some of them, enjoyed at times the opening of internal or spiritual senses, enabling them to see and converse with spiritual beings, whom they describe sometimes as "men," or having the "appearance of men," sometimes as "angels," and not unfrequently "the Lord" is said to have appeared. They were also made to see visions, symbolic or literal, expressive of truths or of coming events. Instances in point are too numerous to need quotation, but some of the more noticeable are to be met with in the histories of Abraham, Moses, Elisha, Ezekiel, Daniel, Peter, Paul and John.

3d. The subjects of Inspiration were conscious at times of an unusual and powerful internal impulse to *speak* or *write*. So characteristic was this, that the Hebrew word meaning prophet (NABI) is from a root signifying, according to Dr. Kitto, "to boil up, to boil forth, as a fountain." Evidences of such an up-gushing impulse, in unpremediated speech, will occur to every reader of the Bible.

4th. This impulse to speak or write was attended by the suggestion of thoughts and words, often above and beyond what were common to the subject in his ordinary condition, and consciously originating in *some other mind* distinct from his own. In one case, (that of Balaam, Numbers, 23, 24,) a prophet was compelled to speak just the opposite of what he wished to say; and the diciples of Jesus were taught under certain circumstances to take no thought how or what they should speak, for it should be given them in the same hour what they ought to say; "for it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of you Father that speaketh in you."¶

5th. Some inspired men, and those who are considered the highest examples, as Elijah, David, Jesus, and his apostles generally, appear to have seldom if ever manifested any unusual external phenomena—anything like trance, ecstasy, or phrensied excitement; but the inspirational influence was exerted upon or within them in connection with a calm, exalted, conscious and and dignified use of their own normal powers. In the language of Dr. Dick, "the operation of their mental powers, *though elevated and directed by superior influence*, was analogous to their ordinary mode of proceedure."

Other characteristics, such as the power, sometimes exercised, of perceiving unspoken thoughts, the gift of healing, etc., might be mentioned, but these will suffice for the present purpose.

So much is clearly deducible from the Bible itself as to the mode and manner of ancient Inspiration. But perhaps a word of corroboration from a competent authority may not be out of place on this point. All "orthodox" Divines have not manifested quite that aversion to inquiry into this subject that has been alluded to. The learned Dr. Kitto, recently deceased, and who has been regarded as one of the highest authorities in Bibical literature, has ventured, though with great caution, to make some remarks upon the mode and conditions of Inspiration; and what he has written is full of significance. We quote two paragraphs from his work entitled "Bible Illustrations," under the head of PROPHECY, taking the liberty to italicise a passage or two of special note:

"In regard to the mode in which the will of the Lord was imparted to the prophet, all inquiry is more curious than profitable. It may, however, be inferred, from the expressions used in Scripture, as well as from some distinctly recorded instances, that the most usual mode of communication was by means of immediate vision—that is, by the presentation to the prophet of the matter to be revealed, as if it were to the prophet an object of sight. If this were the common mode, it was not, however, the only. Some things in the prophecies require us to suppose that they were made known to the prophet just as he made them known to others—by the simple suggestion of what he was to say, or by the dictation of the words he should utter.

"A question has been raised as to the mental and bodily state of the prophet when under the influence of these Divine operations. Was he as fully in possession of his natural faculties, as completely master of himself, then, as at other times; or was he, on the contrary, in a condition of ecstasy—in a state of passive subjection to a higher power, which held his own faculties in temporary but complete abeyance? Interpreters and readers who come to the Bible with minds full of classic love, remember that the prophets and diviners of the heathen world, during their seasons of pretended inspiration, exhibited the signs of outward excitement, even amounting to insanity; and they are prone to seek signs of the same kind of rapture and entrancement in the Hebrew prophets. On the other hand, the only Christian writers, who lived in the times of paganism, speak of this intense and frenzied excitement as specially characteristic of the delusive pagan inspiration, and point with gratification to the contrast offered by the calmness, self-possession and active intelligence of the Hebrew prophets; and we think these righs. Look at the only instance in which Scripture places the demon of a prophet of the Lord in direct comparison with that of the heathen prophets; and contrast the frantic excitement, and leapings and cries of the prophets of Baal, with the calm, dignified and solemn attitude of Elijah. *That there are instances of showing excitement under inspiration is not to be denied.* But too much stress has been laid upon these special instances; and an eminent divine, [Hengstenberg] who sees more of ecstatic movement in the Hebrew prophets than we are prepared to do, has yet supplied what appears to us the right rule of judgment in this case. He says, 'The state of ecstacy, though ranking high above the ordinary sensual existence, is yet not the highest, as appears from Numbers, 12th, [the case of Elijah and prophets of Baal, cited above,] and the example of Christ, whom we never find in an ecstatical state. *To the prophets, however, it was indispensable, on account of the frailty of themselves and the people. This forcible working upon them of the Spirit of God would not have been required if their general life had been altogether holy;* for which reason we also find ecstasy to manifest itself the stronger the more the general life was ungodly; as, for instance, in Balaam, when the Spirit of God came upon him, and in Saul, who throws himself upon the ground, tearing the clothes from his body, with a prophet whose spiritual attainments were those of an Isaiah, such results would not be expected."

These particulars, meagre though they may be in a scientific estimate, yet are of the utmost importance, in that they suffice to identify unmistakeably the ancient inspirational state with modern experiences now somewhat common. Inspiration becomes thus rescued from the domain of miracle and dogmatic assumption, and brought within the scope of rational investigation. This being so, by carefully studying its modern exhibitions, and ascertaining their real nature and worth, we may learn also how to estimate the true value of ancient inspiration.

In another article, we will trace the parallel, and show the inevitable conclusions.

A. E. N.

*1 Sam. 19: 23 24. *Query*:—If any modern "medium" should be impelled to such an act of exposure, when should we hear the last of "the *tendencies* of Spiritualism?"

†Exe. 1: 28; 2: 2, etc. ‡Dan. 8: 18; 11: 19. §2 Cor. 12: 2. ‖Rev. 1: 17.

¶Matt. 10: 19, 20.

[From the N. Y. Times]

MEDICAL CONSERVATISM.

Within the last ten years there has grown up quite a company of educated female physicians, into whose hands, as a matter of course, some of the most profitable departments of professional service drop as naturally as a ripe peach falls to the ground. Grievously as this new order affects their receipts, the shrewd young men of the medical ranks wreathe their features into a—smile, and welcome it as gallantly as possible. That women should prefer women as their physicians, when women are to be found rivaling men in skill, intelligence, and learning, is so simple a thing that no man who is not himself a natural fool will grumble at it. Indeed it would be so very unnatural for a woman of delicacy and sensitiveness to prefer a bearded man as her attendant in the hour of her physical distresses, that the modest and generous in the profession have uniformly treated their new rivals with courtesy, and confessed that damaging as it is to their finances, there is reason, morality, and right, in making room as gracefully as possible for the female practitioners. But the old women of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, and their gossips of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, are not disposed to pocket the affront put upon them by the intrusion of the BLACKWELLS, the ZAKZZEWSKAS, and the LYDIA SAYRES into the Esculapian temple. These grave and reverend bodies have carefully considered the subject in its length and breadth, and are shocked at the monstrous indelicacy of a woman's studying the nature of the diseases to which her sex is exclusively prone. They have carefully weighed the question in their capacity as guardians of public morals, and, possibly, reflecting that there might be evil communications between the lady physicians and the female nurses, they conclude it is their duty to frown upon the admission of diploma-bearing women to the bed-chambers of suffering mothers. The report embodying the results of this quizzical parliament is brief, and runs as follows: "In reply to the propositions embraced in the resolutions submitted for their opinion, the censors would respectfully report, that they would recommend the members of the regular profession to withhold from the faculties and graduates of female colleges, all countenance and support, and that they cannot consistently with sound medical ethics, consult or hold professional intercourse with their professors or alumni." We do not hear that these ungallant Galens have pronounced it inconsistent with sound ethics to countenance female nurses, when women are the unhappy subjects of their prescriptions, and exposed to their manual or instrumental torture. And probably we never shall hear this, for nurses, though never so female, do not intefere with the fees. MICHELET, in his extraordinary book on "Love," treats of woman as if she were always an invalid. None so well as physicians know to what an extent this desolate presumption is just and true. They know that nine-tenths of their ordinary practice is afforded by women; that their professional calls, the year through, are made upon nine women to one man; that the more varied employments of men, and their larger enjoyment of out-of-door exercise, gives them a larger power to withstand the assaults of disease than most women can count upon; that, indeed, if from their income were to be deducted their bills for attendance upon the gentler sex, not one in a score of their swarming numbers could live by his business. If women therefore are to be allowed to monopolize the medical care of their own sex, a company which no man can number of masculine M. D.'s will be thrown out of employment.

LIGHT AND LOVE.—Hall's Journal of Health says:

"A finger nail is renewed in one hundred and thirty-two days in winter but requires only one hundred and sixteen in warm weather. And as light hastens vegetation so it is known that the hair grows faster in the day-time than in the night; and the beautiful principle holds good as of our moral being. We all expand and grow into the likeness of our great Father in proportion as charity keeps up the warm summer time in our hearts—while the sunlight of a life that is pure and true, dispels the clouds and darkness of wrong doing, and creates an atmosphere fit for the breath of angels.

"ALL FOR 25 CENTS.—Mr. B. B. Russell, 515 Washington street, has laid upon our table a package containing the following, all for 25 cents:—12 sheets letter paper; 12 do, note paper; 12 buff letter envelopes; 12 white note do.; 2 steel pens; 1 pen holder, and one sheet blotting paper. This is the best and cheapest arrangement for the purchaser we have seen. Mr. Russell disposes of a large number of these packages daily.

"POLITICAL ACTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS."

We give place to a correspondent in another column who suggests a most important plan of action for Spiritualists, in the ensuing Presidential campaign. We wish every sincere, true-hearted lover of the cause, to read the article of "C. H. H.," and if its suggestions appeal to his better judgment, let him do what he can to arouse the Spiritualist public to the necessity of some such political movement or organization.

We all believe that the real, underlying ideas forshadowed by what is popularly called "Spiritualism" look forward to the political, material regeneration of Society, as well as to a Spiritual revolution, and it is high time that some public, formal action, looking in this direction, were taken. We do not need, and cannot have, at present, a political "platform," or declaration of principles.—All we want is a palpable manifestation of our numbers and power, to entitle us to the respectful hearing and consideration of the public at large. No one thing could do so much towards enforcing for Spiritualism a position in this country, as the casting of two or three hundred thousand votes in 1860 for Gov. Tallmadge or Judge Edmonds, as President. *And we can do it, if we try!* We can hold the "balance of power" between the two great parties of the Union, and when we have *demonstrated* that fact, there will be but very few of our enemies who will care to employ such pleasant little names as "fools," "humbugs," "charlatans," &c., &c., which are so freely indulged in now-a-days. Even Prof. Felton might put on a *show* of decency, at least, towards so formidable a body of individuals, wielding so potent an engine as the ballot.

The reason we are not more respected, is that we lack *organization*. There is not and has not been, *unity of action* among Spiritualists, so far, for the very best of reasons. Those reasons are fast passing away. Let us now begin to take the preliminary steps to organization—union. The day is at hand when *we must all work together* for the upbuilding of our cause. Without Association we are and of necessity must be in a measure powerless to effect any great work.

The Irish Catholics of the Union are not near so numerous as the spiritualists.—They are, as a mass, ignorant and degraded, yet clannish in their habits. Under the direction of their priests they vote almost as one man, and we need not tell our readers, that their influence upon our elections is controlling and decisive. Were they to desert the Democratic standard under whose flag they march, defeat and disaster must inevitably follow.

How much more, then, shall the influence of Spiritualists tell upon those elections, if they but come together, voluntarily, merely to show their power. The great mass of believers in our faith are recognized to be among the most intelligent, moral, order-loving, law-abiding citizens. Genius and talent is plentiful in our ranks. Let us, then, show our power in 1860! After we have proved that we possess it, it will be time enough to discuss the question of what we shall do with it.

△

"MISTAKE OF THE PRINTER."—This time honored individual, who has had to bear the blame of all the blunders made by editors, has at last been caught making a "mistake."—Our last issue, which was the first of the Quarto Series, should have been Vol. 1, No. 1, but the printer made an oversight, and the error was not detected until part of the edition was worked off. But as it was the first number of the Quarto form, such persons as received it can easily remember the mistake. They will notice that this is Vol. 1, No. 2.

GENERAL AGENTS.—We have made arrangements with P. Clark of Boston, and S. R. Porter of Sebago, Me., to act as general agents for procuring subscribers to the AGE. They are authorized to receipt for money paid on subscription.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS will secure a copy of the AGE for *three months*, on trial.—Within that time our new and thrillingly interesting spiritual story, MINNIE THE MEDIUM, will be completed. Send in your names!

[From the Spiritual Telegraph]

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

TUESDAY EVENING, Aug. 23d.

Question: Spirit control, its uses and abuses: the difference (if any) between "trance," "fascination," "possession," etc., and the means of relief or defense against injury therefrom.

DR. ORTON: These various phases of human experience are to be considered as a single fact, whose proximate cause is the influence of mind over mind—the action of one mind upon another. What he understands by "spiritual control" is the trance. When the trance is but partial, it is called "Spirit-influence;" and when carried to the entire subjugation of the will, it is termed "possession."—"Fascination" is illustrated by various animals, as in the "charming" of birds. It is common both to man and the inferior animals. Each individual emits a sphere infilled by his prevailing love, or state. The orator does it when he desires to win his hearers to his views. The lover does the same. The mother invests her child in this outflowing love-sphere; and, all-unconsciously it may be to both, the child reposes in it as upon a bed of down. Every other phenomenon, to which the names in our question have been applied, are but intensified symptoms of this universal fact of the action of mind upon mind through this invisible outgoing sphere, which is doing its work ever; whether unconsciously to agent or recipient, or by direct effort of will on the one part, and submission on the other.

Each and every one of these phases may be abused and turned to evil purposes, if the subject chooses to surrender the command of his own fortress, or yields it ignorantly; but not otherwise. Self-control is an inalienable *power* as well as right, and to part with it for any considerable length of time, or even *at all*, save for a clearly defined and valuable end, is an outrage at once to nature and to sound morality. Men now and then start up in this Conference, and actually boast that they are sent hither by their "*Spirit-guardians*," whose silliest mandate they pride themselves on obeying to the letter, as though it were the proudest boast of a man that he can not lift his own legs, unless within the "baby jumper" of spiritual guardianship. The cure of this nonsense is, to *strengthen the mind*. Something may be done by remonstrating with the Spirit in control. Sometimes he may be ousted by a vigorous exorcism or command to depart; but in such cases the relief is often but temporary so that a radical cure is only certain through strength of mind sufficient to rise above the annoyance. Let the subject put his own shoulder to the wheel, and call upon Hercules.

DR. HALLOCK agreed with all save the dramatic portion of the above prescription. He had entire confidence in strength of mind, both as a preventive and a cure; but that is secured, not by windy gesticulations of expulsory formulas, but by studying the laws of the mediatorial state. We have no logical right to refer our weakness or our sufferings to the spiritual world, until we have failed to find an adequate cause in this. The growing experience of mankind converts each succeeding day into additional evidence that all human sorrow arises from *neglected law*. He thinks the treatment by exorcism does but spread the contagion. The doctor who resorts to it is as much diseased as his patient. Strength of Roman Catholic-latin exorcism, and strength of wind to belch it forth, is not strength of *mind*, but just the contrary. There is no element of strength in that method of disposing of effects. When the student has referred his problem to the devil, he has finished his education.

MR. INNIS: As far as he has observed, it is not in the power of the inferior to influence or control injuriously the superior; that is to say, if the medium or trance-subject is any *better* than the devil, the devil can not injure him. If this be so, then has every medium entire immunity from evil Spirits, (supposing any such to exist,) and from evil everywhere, by simply being in a state to decide absolutely that it *is* evil; for, really to know that a thing is evil, is to rise above it. Any man would renounce the devil, only show him the cloven hoof.

DR. ORTON: Plausible as that may seem, on examination it will be found fallacious. We are not, as individuals, all strength, nor yet all weakness; but these qualities are so blended in each as to leave the best of us at times subject to attack. We are not without sad examples of men of invincible might on the plane, for exampl, of forensic intellect and statesmanship, who are the veriest imbeciles on the plane of women and wine. The doctrine of Dr. Hallock, that we are not to refer to the Spirit-world as a cause until we have proved the incapacity of this world to furnish one, is nonsense. Mind is mind everywhere, and on all planes, and mental phenomena result from it, irrespective of locality or condition as to external body or covering. The great realm of mind is not bisected by the grave; only, and except in imagination, and for convenience of expression. We divide the globe we live on, from North to South, by an equinoctial line, but Mrs. Partington herself would scarce dream of drying clothes upon it.

DR HALLOCK: Nevertheless, it is possible for us to conceive of cases in which it would be convenient, to say the least, to know that one is afflicted by his own disregard of law, rather than by the devil and his imps. As for example: Had the witch triers of the seventeenth century but known that man is fully as subject to suffering from ignorance of natural law, as he is from being possessed by the devil, words can never express the misery and sorrow that might have been avoided. The law of *demonstration*, though there be no express clause in the Jewish decalogue commanding its observance, is nevertheless a law of God as we may be assured from the fact that *science is*; and the commandment, to keep it holy, is written not upon "tablets of stone," but upon the constitution of the mind. The philosopher finds the place of safety behind his demonstration. "The fool passes on," (beyond it,) "and is punished." What is done determines the nature of the doer. Take the facts cited last week, occurring at Mr. Conklin's, and add this to it, that at the next circle which he attended, under every precaution that could be taken in the absence of light, to guard against deception, in the midst of a variety of singular manifestations of power and intelligence, a human hand was several times deliberately passed from below, up one of his legs, the hose pulled down upon the instep, and the leg rubbed from above downward, by the ends of three fingers closely joined. By request, this was done to a degree of severity, which left the parts discolored the next morning, indicating a degree of power which only awaited a *malicious will* to perform an unlimited amount of mischief. But in that case, as in every other yet rationally authenticated, the mischief *never is done*, and thence he concludes the place for the philosopher is behind his observed fact, and that there is no safety in theorizing in advance of it.

MR. COLES: Dr. Hallock sets himself comfortably down "*behind* the manifestation," and this is just the difficulty with him. Were he to place himself fairly before it, and in broad daylight, he would find that his "rock of defense" was but his own shadow. The Doctor has a great deal to say about "*uses*," but where is the use? He has been scratched on the leg, and thumped on the head any time these six years, and yet for anything he can see, he is the same as at the beginning. So far as he is concerned, his alleged facts indicate a sad waste of raw material. This is moral evidence that they are no facts, or rather that they are false ones, and originate with the mediums rather than with departed Spirits.—He has witnessed none, as yet, that did so originate, as he either knows or fully believes.

Here Mr. Coles, with his usual scientific skill, made another anatomical *post mortem* upon the body of *delusion*, (first killed and put out of the way by his own chivalrous hand,) laying bare, here a cheat, and there a gullibility, which seemed to well nigh settle it, that, like the ingenious author of the discovery of the "psychical cosmos," there is nothing either honest or *real* in the universe but himself—the veritable and veracious *John F. Coles*, being, and existing, at, or near, No. 314 Broome-street, (in the vicinity of the Bowery) New York! This is encouraging. Simpletons, (if not shadows,) that we are, let us rejoice in the whereabout of at least one verity with a pair of eyes in his head. But to return.

MR. COLES said: With respect to the question, there is no such thing as breaking a law, as Dr. Hallock intimates. The law of manifestation is inviolate like every other. Each condition has its own laws. Ebriety and inebriety, when a man passes from one of these states to the other, he *breaks* no law, he simply comes under the control of that which belongs to the causes of the new condition. Mediums have yet to learn that they may be, and, he thinks, generally are, "controlled," "possessed," "fascinated," or whatever name is current, by an *idea*, or persuasion of their own minds. Sometimes stimulus is from without, in mesmerism, alcohol, religious enthusiasm or popular fanaticism; but from whichsoever of these sources, the subject, true to the law of the case, invariably manifests his prevailing enthusiasm or idiosyncracy in strict harmony with all that pertains to the condition. Once stimulated to action, if the subject is a fighter, he fights; if a spouter, he oratorizes; and if an enthusiast in the direction of Spiritualism, he sees Spirits. In one of his rural rambles, as stated years ago, he met with one of these geniuses, who had "Charles O'Malley" for his guardian Spirit Charles O'Malley is nothing, but a figment of fancy, and yet, as we see, this man could be controlled by it; and he thinks he ought not to be read out of the spiritual church for calling attention to these undeniable facts. Dr. Hallock seems to be in full communion, though everybody knows he denies a large share of what is currently put forth as proof of Spirit-existence beyond the grave, to be any demonstrative evidence of the claim; and he feels that a little farther extension of the mantle of charity will retain *him* in it, notwithstanding his denial of the whole of it.

DR. MASSEY thought the real merits of the question of uses and abuses had not been touched. What is required is an elucidation of the beautiful and true in Spiritualism; and we need not follow the mind into its disembodied state to do that. The body is the executive of the soul, and hence the soul may be studied through the manifestation of its present body, and its nature and powers as well ascertained as it exists to-day in its earthly tabernacle, as at any subsequent period of its history. It is of the beautiful that he desires to speak; and *will*, if the subject is continued.

The subject is continued. Adjourned,

R. T. HALLOCK.

A SHARP LETTER.

To LEMUEL SHAW, *Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and* JAMES WALKER, *President of Harvard University:*

GENTLEMEN: Now that the press has ceased its ridicule of your homage to Morphy at the Revere House, a criticism of little importance, I wish to present the scene to you in a different light.

You, Mr. Chief Justice, represent *the law* of the commonwealth; to you, Mr. President, is committed the moral guardianship of the young men of her University. Yet I find you both at a table of revellers under a roof whose chief support and profit come from the illegal sale of intoxicating drink, and which boasts itself the champion and head of an organized, flagrant and avowed contempt of the laws of the commonwealth.

* * * * * *

But you, Mr. Chief Justice, know that three-quarters, if not four-fifths of all crime result from habits of intoxication; that nine-tenths, at least, of all the murderers you have sent to the gallows, had never been murderers had they not first been drunkards. You can look round you and back for fifty years, and see places at the bar and on the bench, once filled by genius and hope, now vacant—their tenants in drunkard's graves. You know how fearful the peril which modern civilization and specially popular institutions encounter from the cheapness of liquor and the habits of indulgence in all our great cities; you know the long and earnest labors of noble men, for fifty years, in both hemispheres, against this evil, and the momentous experiments they are trying of legal prohibition to arrest it; resulting here in a stringent law against the sale of intoxicating drinks. You know also that the Revere House is the insolent leader of that heartless and selfish faction which, defeated before the people, seeks by unblushing defiance of the law to overbear opinion and statute.

And you, Mr. President, the moral guardian of the young men of our University, well know its venerable statutes and unceasing efforts to prevent the use of wine within its walls. You know how many, often the brightest names on your catalogue, too early marked with the asterisk of death, owe their untimely end to wine. Both of you know that the presence of men holding such offices as yours, goes as far as recreant office and reputation can to make bad a roof respectable.

Yet I find you both at a midnight revel doing your utmost to give character to a haunt which boasts its open and constant defiance of the moral sense of the State, solemnly expressed in its statutes.

No one denies, gentlemen, your right to indulge what social habits you please in the privacy of your own dwellings; or in traveling to use the customary accommodation of an inn, even though intoxicating drink is sold on the premises. Few will care to criticise, if, choosing some decent roof, you join your fellows and mock the moral sentiment of the community by a public carousal.—But while you hold these high offices, we, the citizens of a commonwealth whose character you represent, emphatically deny your right to appear at illegal revels in a gilded grog-shop, which but for the sanction of such as you, had long ago met the indictment it deserves. How can we expect the police to execute a law upon which the Chief Justice pours contempt by his example? How shall the grand jury indict the nuisance of which the Supreme Bench is made a part? We, the citizens, have a right to claim that should public opinion, by our labors reach the point of presenting these gorgeous grog-shops at the criminal-bar, we shall not find their frequenters on the Bench.

Again and again, Mr. Chief Justice, have I heard you, at critical moments, in a voice whose earnest emotion half checked its utterance, remind your audience of the sacred duty resting on each man to respect and obey the law; assuring us that the welfare of society was bound up in this individual submission to existing law. How shall the prisoner at the bar reconcile the grave sincerity of the *magistrate* with his heedless disregard by the *man* of most important laws? If again the times should call you to bid us smother justice and humanity at the command of statutes, we may remind you with what heartless indifference you yourself have violated that law which you are sworn and paid to uphold, and one on which the hearts of the best men in the State were most strongly set. Was it not enough that you let History paint you bowing beneath a slave-hunter's chain to enter your own court room; but you also present yourself in public, lifting to your lips the wine-cup which, by the laws of the State over whose Courts you preside, it is an indictable offense and a nuisance to sell you?

And let me remind you, Mr. President, that even your young men sometimes pause amid scenes of temptation or in our streets where every tenth door opens to vice—pause at some chance thought of home or rising regard for the sentiment of the community. And, Sir, should such frail purpose of even one youth falter before the sight of his President in a circle of wine bibbers, and that first step lead to an unhonored grave, you will be bound to remember that in the check and example you promised and were expected, and set to hold upon him, you wholly failed; that in the most impressible moments of his life the virtue of the State struggling with its sensual indulgence, its lust of dishonorable gain, its base pandering to appetite, already too strong; and in that struggle he saw your weight ostentatiously thrown into the scale of contemptuous disregard of the moral sense of the State. I remember well when from a pulpit constantly boasting that a new creed had thrown away a formal and hollow faith, and brought in the wholesome doctrine of works, you painted so vividly, how hard it is for a young man to say "No." Is this the method you choose to illustrate the practical value of the new faith, and this the help you extend to the faltering virtue of your pupils? giving the sanction of your character and office to the prince of rum-sellers and law-breakers, and flinging insult on one of the noblest reforms of the age?

Observe, gentlemen, I do not now arraign you for your private habit of wine drinking. I don't complain that a Judge, who sees so much crime from it, still gives it his countenance; that a clergyman—the chief apostle of whose faith declared he would eat no meat while the world stood, if so doing made his brother to offend—still throws that stumbling block in the way of his pupils. But I arraign the CHIEF JUSTICE of Massachusetts, and the PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, because when the rum interest of the State is marshaling its strength to beat down the law by gross, open and avowed disobedience, they are found lending their names, character and office to give respectability to the grog-shop, whose wealth enables it to lead that dishonorable and disloyal effort. As a citizen I claim that you disgraced your place if not yourselves; and I hope the day will come when such insult by such high officers to any statute of the Commonwealth, much more to one representing its highest moral purpose, will be deemed cause enough to remove the one and impeach the other.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

August 1, 1858.

THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH.

AN ADDRESS

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(*Concluded.*)

Thus, taking in al history, we may consider the educational orbit of the race, as completing itself under natural and revealed religion, as its centrifugal and centripetal forces; natural religion being, as I have said, in its last analysis, self-worship—and of course intensely favorable to self-assertion, individuality and self-development, or alienation from God as a necessary preparation for the worship of God in the end—and revealed religion, being the essential condition of emancipation from self and connection with God, as a power outside of and independent of man—or, God coming to possess, and fill, and occupy the soul he has been making for his dwelling.

But within the domain of revealed religion, and in Christendom, the same centrifugal and centripetal forces continue to act; of course under the modifying influences of revelation. Here, the World represents the centrifugal, the Church, the centripetal force; the world upholding, asserting, and defending Humanity, its freedom, the unimpeded play of its tastes and faculties and desires—favoring the development of the utmost energy, enterprise, and individuality; the Church steadily denouncing humanity, as depraved, corrupt, unclean, partial, condemned—its freedom, license; its independence, rebellion; its only hope and salvation in and from God. Thus the world, and the Church, notwithstanding, or rather because of this disagreement, has each truth on its side, and each been performing indispensable duties—one *making* man, and the other *saving* him; one giving him a Being to *be saved*, and the other putting salvation into his being—one making him "a living soul," the other, "a quickening spirit." The world, and that portion of the Church, which has been with the world in this quarrel, has been mainly right in asserting the dignity and rectitude of human nature, the Church mainly right in asserting the destituteness and depravity of human nature—for one looked at man with reference only to his faculties, the other with reference only to his destiny. One looked at him, as a vessel of honor, in the shape originally given it by his creator, finished and perfect; the other as a vessel, empty, and waiting for a divine fullness, which should prove its true ennobling. There was nothing inconsistent in these ideas. Both were true, and each did injustice to the other's real meaning, but not to the other's terms—and, greatly as the earnest discussion touching the import and the fitness of the phrase used to convey the ideas of these opposed parties was needed to clear up the real truth, we can afford now to drop it, if prepared on both sides, to acknowledge the halfness of our antagonistic statements.

And within the Church, as well as within Christendom, these two forces have been at work, under the names of Romanism and Protestantism; Romanism representing the centripetal force of Christianity, Protestantism the centrifugal; Romanism standing for external or divine authority, Protestantism for internal liberty and individual freedom; Romanism representing God's condescension to man, Protestantism man's aspiration toward perfection; Romanism leading to worship, Protestantism to work. But there is no doubt that Romanism, merely as a religion, fulfilled its function more perfectly than Protestantism, whose main services have not been to religion, but directly to humanity, and to religion only indirectly.—Not that her influences were not vastly, nay, indispensably necessary, even to the ultimate triumphs of faith; but they have not been in the way of bringing man's soul more under the idea or the inspiration and sway of God, but rather of conscience, and intellect, and will—a magnificent development of human faculties and powers, but not, as experience proves, adequate to the religious wants of man; to the peace and rest of the soul, the nurture of the sweet and unselfish affections of the Gospel.

Is it not plain, then, that as Protestants of the Protestants, we are at the apogee of our orbit; that in us the centrifugal epoch of humanity has, for this swing of the pendulum, at last reached its bound. For one cycle we have come, I think, nearly to the end of our self-directing, self-asserting, self-developing, self-culturing faculties; to the end of our honest interest in this necessary, alternate movement. We see it to be so well established in Protestantism at large, that it does not need our leadership—that it is sure to do its work and complete its oscillation independently of us. And we are weary of the toil it has thrown upon us; the speculation, inquiry, and self-sustaining energy we have put forth under its compulsion. Moreover, having enlarged our faculties, we want a use for them: having achieved our freedom, we know not what to do with it; having cultivated our wills, consciences and intellects to the utmost at present possible, they cry out for objects that they do not find. And this is the painful pause, this the suspended animation, seen and felt throughout Christendom—especially throughout Protestant Christendom, and more particularly throughout our own more Protestantized province of the Church. Why is it that the moment we find ourselves in possession of men whom genius, character, and scholarship fit to lead us on in our logical career to new victories and the extension of our faith, they almost uniformly become paralyzed by doubts and scruples, and lose their interest in the progress they might assure? It is simply because the small elevation which gives them command of us, reveals to them the absence of any more road, in the direction we have been going. Not brave enough, or quite clear enough, to announce this, they allow themselves to seem smitten with sudden indifference to their former interests, and leave the rank and file to blunder on and find out the truth for themselves. Of later years this has been our most constant experience as a body. The moment we have given our faith to our leaders, that moment, without changing their allegiance or opinions, they have lost their own faith in themselves and our cause.

Of course this state of things has been attended with other results. Not a few, less conscious of the unrest, weariness, and dissatisfaction of ultra-protestantism, have pronounced the recoil upon it they began to notice, a servile and dangerous retrogradation, and to resist it, have rushed on, reckless of consequences, into a still bolder self-assertion. Like the new war-rocket, which, having expended its first force, lights with its last ember a fresh fuse that propels another projectile far beyond the place where it falls itself, Protestantism, which has exhausted its own orbit, flings off into space its eccentric particles, henceforth to be contented with a geocentric, not a heliocentric revolution. Thus the school of Mill and the secularists abroad, and the Emersonian and transcendental school at home, acknowledge only one true movement in humanity—the egoistic—the self-asserting and self-justifying movement—which is Protestantism broken loose from general history, taken out of its place in the providential plan, and made the whole, instead of the part. Toward this position we have of necessity continually tended, and into this many of our bravest and best spirits have gone to dwell, and all of them have been to visit. And now that the ecclesiastical leaders of ultra-protestantism begin to be anxious to turn their forces, not back, but round and up, we may expect to see literary and secular leaders arise who will have none of their scruples, because little of their experience, and who will press on and inspirit the flagging ranks—that for a time may take new courage in the hearing of fresh and cheery voices, and seem to themselves to have great victories before them in the old field. Science, art, and culture will place themselves in the van, which the Church lately held but now deserts—and there are not a few who do not quite say, but hint clearly enough to be understood by the wise, that the Church of the future will be the diffusion of a universal intelligence, in which natural laws shall take the place of bibles and prayer-books, and Science and Art be the high and only priests.

If, however, universal history is to be heeded, if the great common instincts of humanity are prophetic, if religion be the earliest and latest, the deepest and highest interest of man, then we may trust that the sense of want, the yearning for rest, the longing for legitimate authority, the expectation of relief, the general feeling throughout the devouter portion of Protestantism of dissatisfaction with the existing attitude of things, with a secret faith that God or Christ is about to interpose for its relief, indicates the conception—I do not say birth—of a new religious epoch, to be distinguished as much by faith, as the last has been by doubt—an epoch in which the temple that man has been building and beautifying, shall be occupied by its Lord—in which the passive side of humanity shall enjoy its long neglected rights; and when, instead of seeking God as the solar system is seeking the star *Aries* in the constellation Hercules, He shall seek us, as the shepherd in the parable, leaving the ninety and nine of the flock, sought the lost lamb and folded it in his arms; and in place of self-assertion, self-abnegation and life in God, shall again become the type of human experience.

Even the intimations of the destructive philosophy of the positivists, which ends in a ritual of worship, and the application of the Hamiltonian metaphysics to orthodoxy, which puts the reason of religion as the mean product of two extremes of absurdity, seem to be lending unwilling testimony to the same yearning for a settled and externalized faith.

Who can believe, or who, intimately acquainted with the inner life of this age, desires to believe, that the nineteenth century, however important in its place, is to be indefinitely continued? Or that the spirit and temper of this inventive, bustling, irreverent, and self-asserting time, is to govern the whole future; a time in which knowingness, curiosity, wit, covetousness, and publicity, external accomplishments, arts, and achievements, have so largely taken the place of the deeper passions and richer experiences of the soul; and in which conjugal love, parental care, filial reverence, domestic quietude, true friendship, spiritual art, poetic imagination, and private peace, seem so lamentably in abeyance. Man's body, tasked by this quick time, is furrowed by the lash, and begs for mercy; his nerves have come to the surface with the unnatural strain; his spirits fagged, or unduly stimulated, send him moping or maudlin to the mad-house, or dig him an early grave.—Meanwhile his proud work is to moor the hemispheres side by side with his metallic cable; to decant the oceans with the syphon of his Isthmus canal; or to swallow the continent when he flings toward the Pacific his iron rod. His insolent pleasure is to dance over dread Niagara on the showman's rope, or to hang above it in the slippery clouds, till he dwindles it to a ripple. His architecture, gay with emulative cost, covers cheerless homes; his churches, splendid with sectarian rivalry, shelter unworshipping hearts. His philanthropic assemblies, crowded and frequent, breathe violence and hatred, while they advocate the rights of man, and rebuke the church in the tones of Mephistopheles. An age, that has to be busy to save itself from knowing its own destitution! to which leisure is a burden and solitude a calamity! What is there that we can desire to see perpetuated in the peculiar spirit—I do not say in the institutions, achievements, or victories—of an age like this?—And when this spirit which now animates the highest and most influential classes of society, and produces the self-criticism, the disintegrating individualism, the pride that kills hospitality, and the strain of social emulation which makes elegant fortresses of men's homes; the esoteric want behind the exoteric abundance; when the cold polish, the brilliant surface, the dead enthusiasm of the best and most characteristic products of the nineteenth century, come to strike downwards and to be seen in connection with the inferior culture, the more vulgar tastes, the coarser grain of the masses, as they surely will, we may then perhaps discover the origin of the alarming symptoms of our national life, its vulgar credulity, and as vulgar infidelity, its denial of so many things that are false; its unspirituality and spiritism; its no faith in the Old Testament, and interest in the Mormon Bible and the Spiritual Telegraph.*

Nobody acquainted with that portion of the modern literature of all nations which indicates the inward yearnings of our instant humanity, can fail to acknowledge the omnipresence of a dissatisfied, expectant, and thoroughly bewildered, spirit. The cultivated mind of the rising generation, whether in England or America—that of young men and women who will help largely to form the next age—is not so much aggressive or progressive as in a painful equipoise which forbids healthful motion—melancholic, sad, astray or afloat. What Lamartine says so well of one of his characters, "*Ill fut ne fatigue*," may be said of the most intellectual and spiritual portion of our youth of both sexes. The inherited thought of a Protestant epoch of three centuries duration, is born tired, in the meditative mind of our generation.—As a necessity of this state of things, the Protestant Church has lost its hold of the two ends of society—the cultivated and the uncultivated end—of the head, because it is under the dominion of paralyzing ideas, which leave faith a fiction and worship a mockery; of the foot, because it is no longer controlled by that authority which a living and satisfied faith can alone put into the wills and into the actions of the governing classes. The infidelity of our age is not commonly an insolent, self satisfied flippant criticism of evidences, or a sour and bitter assault upon Christianity, although we still have that. It is, in the cultivated classes—and with frightful frequency there—a silent, thoughtful, sad consciousness that the soul has no faith, and possesses no religion except the religious sentiment, and knows no God and no Savior—with a tender reserve toward others, a gentle unwillingness to bring into their own condition those in whom faith still has an existence. And in the uncultivated classes, it is a loss for the time being, in the absorbing interest of life itself, enriched with the emancipated rights and opportunities which this self-asserting epoch has given to the masses—of any sense of a need of religion, with a decay of the affections, instincts, and usages connected with it—a state frightful to consider—not in its immediate, but only in its coming social consequences!

Meanwhile, in the empty crypts and chapels of the human mind have rushed, as by the attraction of a vacuum, the succedaneums and lieutenancies of Worship and Faith. The instructed and thoughtful have attempted to revive the worship of Nature; while demonology and witchcraft have amused the supernatural instincts of the people at large. The microscope and the refracting mirror have become the chief windows of the soul for the educated, whose only spiritual world, it would often seem, now lies in the interstices of the physical laws of the universe; while the people have been bowing down to patent reapers and sewing-machines, the daguerreotype and the stereoscope, trance mediums and homœpathic miracles—and both classes have made hero-worship—whether of a horse-tamer or a chess-conqueror—the unconscious indulgence of their disused and suffering organs of veneration and faith.

It is not strange in a state of things so humiliating, so unsatisfactory, so wearisome for thoughtful spirits as this—so alarming, too, if alarm were not impious as a conclusion, for lovers of their race and their country—that questful inquiries should be made of the past, of philosophy, of experience, of the soul itself, as to the probable issue of this epoch. Nor is it to be at all wondered at, that so many, by either positive or negative consent, should be now acknowledging a longing for the revival of the ages of Faith. Many, already, of the ablest heads and the strongest hearts of the time, not chargeable, certainly, with the ignorance of science, history, or philosophy, like Newton abroad, and Brownson at home, have gone boldly and bravely back into the Catholic Church, and with them hundreds of the worshipful, tender, and thoughtful young men and women of Protestant Christendom. Without understanding their necessity or their solace, I confess, for one, I value the costly testimony which such a course has given to the worth of the fundamental idea of Catholicism, in a time when puritanical prejudices and terrestrianism combine to confound the superstitious and accidental usages and customs of the Catholic Church, with its essential ideas, and so blind the Protestant world to its own interest in the other and larger half of the integral history.

* "I hear my cotemporaries boast of the enlightened age they live in. I do not find this light. To me it seems that we state our problems somewhat more distinctly than heretofore. I do not find that we solve them. We are very luminous in our doubts. Never, I think, since the world began, was so wide a prospect of lucid perplexity laid open to the speculative mind. We walk our labyrinth in clear day, but we don't get out of it. Society and Religion lie dissected before us. We analyze, detect, repudiate; we rush back and gather up the fragments of what a moment before we had torn in pieces. We embrace again the old form and the old creeds, and we embrace them at the last perhaps, with as much of despair as of hope." [Thorndale, on "Conflict of Opinions," page 18.

Protestantism—for I will not say, the Protestant Church—stands, and nobly stands, for human rights—for man as against rulers, kings, institutions, ignorance, want, vice, sloth; stands for morality—which is good usage and wise custom, for citizenship, individuality, faculty, will and knowledge. The Catholic Church stood for revelation, for God condescending, for super-naturalism, for bread from heaven, for the authority, the support, and the benediction of living and divine persons, outside of humanity and above it. As such, independently of its historical identification with Christianity, Romanism had a sacred and indefeasible right in the history of humanity. It represented God coming to man—as Protestantism represents man coming to himself—and then, perchance, and perchance not, going to the Father who comes to meet him. The Church, in every heathen age, has been some rude but potent organization of the idea of God brooding over and descending upon his children; the natural priesthood of the world, having been the spirits, in whom, however crudely, the sense of God overpowered the sense of themselves. What the natural religions of the world thus preluded and typified, the positive religions of history have distinctly articulated and fulfilled. The Christian Church, in its earlier ages, did not embody, nor did it need to embody, the morality of Christ; for at our time of day, morality is the necessary product of knowledge, which in emancipating the individual, and all individuals, gradually makes order, decency—in short, morality, the only possible condition under which human beings can live together—which is a sufficient account of the tang of worldliness and inadequacy which disflavors the phrase of Morality. Morality, though a slow growth, is a sure one, and follows in the wake of education and freedom—matching precisely the political and civil condition of every community.

But the Christian Church embodied and represented what is no growth of civilization, and what is independent of ages and graces of culture—the doctrine and presence of the Holy Ghost—the descent of God into the world, the gift of himself to his children as the *pleroma*—the only fullness for the infinite emptiness of the human soul. It represented, in short, what alone is entitled to be called religion—the bond and contract between God and man—in which the superior party is God fulfilling his promise, not man observing his obligation. In natures, whose constitutional individuality had been sufficiently secured by a high organization, or by propitious circumstances, the Catholic Church, by the supply of the Holy Spirit which it furnished, and the lively faith it communicated, worked those miracles of saintly character, artistic beauty, and divine purity, which include, as their after-birth, even the great ornaments of the age immediately succeeding the Reformation. But it is equally true, that the masses, though immensely and benignantly supported, emancipated and elevated by the earlier ages of the Church, were in the deepest need of the centrifugal movement, which we call Protestantism, when it came—or, rather, when their want of it produced the reaction which was its final cause. For the Church had absorbed the world; the divine had overflowed the shallow channel of humanity, and it needed to be deepened even at the expense of becoming temporarily dry, that it might hold larger measures from the river of God.

The particular, the general, the universal reason for the suspense of faith, we have now successfully set forth. It remains only, in conclusion, to look at the form in which we may hope that faith will rally and go on. And this brings us face to face, at last, with what we have been secretly envisaging all the time, the Church question, which is the real question of the earnest, religious thought of the time, and agitates itself and us, under all sorts of disguises. Many, indeed, are striving with all their might, to prove that there is no such question; that we have got by it; that it is treason to the nineteenth century, to humanity, and to the future, to allow any reality in it; that only priest-craft and quackery give it a seeming importance for their own ends; that the world is going on well enough upon its present tack, and wants only more of what it has already got so much. But these encouraging sceptics cry Peace, peace, when there is no peace. The Church question is a real question in all Protestant countries—most so in Germany, in England, in America; and it must be met and discussed with a courage which it does not yet find outside of the innermost circles of confidential scholarship, and the private communion of hungering hearts.

Who does not see that the fatal misgiving at the bottom of the mind of Protestantism is this—Have the external institutions of religion any authority but expediency? do they stand for and represent anything but one portion of the human race educating another portion of the human race, which, in the last analysis, is self culture? And if they stand only for self culture, on what other basis do they stand than schools and colleges?—None whatever, the logical mind will answer, except that they are *religious* schools and colleges. Make your ordinary schools and colleges, your family education, *religious*, and you may dispense with the Church, which has no basis but expediency, and is founded wholly in man's wit. Accordingly, it is a very common and spreading feeling, that our religious institutions are approaching their natural term of existence. I know, by personal conference with some of the most living minds of Italy and Germany, that *patriotism* is fast getting to be the only religion of the upper classes, and while their ritual is music and revolution, their immortality is to die for fatherland. And why not, if religion means only human development and self-perfection? What furnishes these, is the highest interest of society and man; and if the school does it better than the Church, the school ought to, and will, supersede the Church, as, indeed, it already occasionally has done in what are thought to be very advanced neighborhoods of this country. But the Protestant of a less uncompromising kind, may reply, you overlook the fact that Christianity is a positive revelation of truth and duty, and that the Church, having to embody this revelation, has an excuse and a reason, nay, a necessity for existing. But suppose he is asked, Has not this revelation emptied its contents into the human reason, into history and civilization, until the Gospel of Christ is so mixed with the moral and spiritual life of society, that philosophy and practical wisdom, nay, that Society itself, is wiser than the Church? What special or exclusive custody of the Gospel given to the world, has the Church? and if we have the Gospel, what want we of the Church? I know no answer to this question, if the Gospel means only or chiefly what it now passes for with most noble spirits, a mere revelation of truth. It is more. It is a gift of life, or communication of power, which is continuous, its force and virtue always residing in its living fountain, making the Church, through which it is given, not a mere reservoir that may be emptied, but a permanent conduit, or channel, through which flows down the eternal river of God. But is the Church, in fact, such a channel, supposing even that the fountain be alive and flowing, and that God be really immanent, communicating a force not merely *in* but *to* our souls through His Gospel and by His Son? Is not society itself now, in its total organization, the vehicle through which the consciousness of God, opened by Christ, reveals itself to, and nourishes and makes divine, the life and heart of man? In short, is not that invisible Church, which, without noise of hammer or saw, secretly builds itself up in the spiritual life of humanity, far more real, life giving, and sustaining, than the visible Church, which the extant religious institutions of Christendom claim to be? The query is plausible, and is proposed by noble men among us. But has it only an affirmative answer? Far be it from me to deny that the Holy Spirit to an extent seldom appreciated, that God himself, to a degree infinitely beyond any ordinary or possible recognition, that Christ, in these latter ages, in an immeasurable sum, is the secret life of humanity. Were there not a vast deal more of God, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost in the world than the world knows of, or thinks for, we should go to ruin swiftly indeed. But I am persuaded that we have, as social and terrestrial beings living in definite historical relations, a great deal more of obligation to the visible than to the invisible Church. The invisible Church takes due care of itself and of us; the visible Church is committed to our hands. I do not say that the visible is as important as the invisible, or as great in its influence, but only that it is our charge, because of the two it alone is within our voluntary reach. Moreover, I am convinced, that in accordance with the whole analogies of Providence, every radically important relationship of humanity is, and must be, embodied in an external institution; the relation of the exclusive affections, in the family, the social relations in society, the political in the State, the religious in the Church.

I am well aware that the *ekklesia* of the Scriptures is the collection or congregation of the *kletoi*, the called. But it is only an illustration of the common rule governing our humanity in all things, that the collection or calling together of human beings in any one of their radical relationships, or about any one of their essential needs or aspirations, developes at once something which none of their individual parties could have predicted or anticipated, or in himself possessed—a pre-ordained consequent of relationship—a "*tertium quid*," which is very different from any of the elements of which it is composed. Thus man is a domestic, a social, a political, an ecclesiastical being; but it is absurd to say that any individual man is thus each one of these things, the family, society, the State, the Church, being impossible to an isolated being, and even inconceivable until it has been experienced as the fruit of a community of life. There is a Church in humanity, as there is a family state, a social state, a political state—a Church which has always been developed, and has been the principal source of the religious life.

of humanity. Christianity takes advantage of a previously existent institution, which was not simply Jewish, but human, when she pours her life through the Church. This is the reason why Christ established *His* Church, but not *the* Church; and why so little of the thought and inspiration of our Lord is used to reconstruct an institution already organized, through which his spirit was to flow; but that spirit was no less shut up in an institution and an organization than is the family, differing by various shades and ueages as that does, but always tending to its pure and holy type of strict monogamy; or than the State is, or than society is.

Would that I could develop here, at a time so forgetful and reckless of the dependence of society on organization, the *doctrine of institutions*, the only instruments, except literature and the blood by which the riches of ages, the experience and wisdom of humanity are handed down; institutions the only constant and adequate teachers of the masses, and which are to the average mind, all that honor, conscience and intellect are to exceptional men and women. But I forbear.

Christianity, nothing until an institution, seized the Church as the pre-established channel and organ of the influence and transmission, the conduit of her living water, the vehicle of her Holy Spirit; She put her own external marks upon it, as well as her own interior life into it, and has at length made *the* Church to mean HER Church, as THE Bible has come to mean her sacred books. All sacred books predicted the Bible, which has summed them up, and dismissed them from duty: and the Church in the wilderness predicted the Church in Christian civilization which should publish the eternal Word. Thus the Church is neither new nor old, neither fixed nor transitional, it is simply living, and therefore, like the family and the State, is costumed and uncostumed, is cold, is warm, is recognized, is unrecognized, is Roman, Greek, English, American, but always the Church, the organic, external vehicle of God's Word and the Holy Spirit to aggregate or congregate humanity. The individual can join the Church only in his capacity of a member of the human race. It is his humanity or oneness with and dependence upon his race, that makes him eligible to Church membership, as it is his relationship to his kind that alone makes the bond of the family, of society, or of the State, and existence in them, possible to him.

The common consciousness of God, which is the Gospel, none partake who wilfully cut themselves off from the body of Christ. It is therefore a fact (and anybody may see it who reads the recent letter to his congregation of the gifted heresiarch of this neighborhood, the ultimator of Protestant negations) that hostility to the Church is fatal to the memory of the spirit of Christ once possessed, much more to the attainment of it; that the unction of the Holy one is lost even by those unconscious of their misfortune, in this only possible form of *concision*.

In his individual capacity as an inorganic, unrelated, independent being, a man has not, and cannot have, the affections, internal experiences and dispositions, or the powers and blessings, which he can and may, and will receive in his corporate capacity—in either or any of the great departments of his Humanity, the family, the state, the Church. Nor is there any complete and satisfactory, perhaps no real way, to come into this corporate capacity, except through a publicly recognized and legitimate organization, whether domestic, political or religious. "The powers that be are ordained of God;" the laws governing the family order, are, in each country for the time, divinely empowered, to shield what society did not make and cannot unmake; and the historical Church for the time being, and the place in which it organizes the Word of God, and institutes the channel of divine grace is a divine institution, connection with which, is the normal, not the only, condition of salvation. I am not to be driven from this ground by argumens drawn from the number and variety of churches, or the profitless character of many of them, or their often imperfect and miserable administration; any more than the unhappy marriages, or the wretched laws applicable to them, should drive me from my reverence for the family, as a divine institution and order. I recognize the fact that in all Christian countries the main channel of the religious life of the people is an external organization. I know that the whole Gospel cannot be taught to individuals as individuals. I believe that the Holy Spirit communicates with Humanity, and not with private persons. God speaks to men, individual men, through their consciences; but the Holy Spirit is God coming into the world through His Word, a living word, but still a word, a spoken, taught, published word, which is neither communicated to individuals, nor from individuals, but from the Church to Humanity. This doctrine does not deny open relations between individual men and their Maker; does not deny spiritual influences to private souls; but it denies that the Holy Ghost is to be confounded with these private whispers, or that the religious life of the world is mainly due to these independent and inorganic suggestions.

"No prophecy is of any private interpretation." The view of Christianity which makes it the magnificent outbirth of a great private individual, the Galilean peasant, saint, philosopher, and seer; or of the Gospel which makes it a business between one private man, namely, one's self and another private man, Jesus Christ; or of religion which, leaving out the bond which is the Church, makes it a matter between a man and his God; or of the Church which establishes it fundamentally in the personal experience and worth of every good man, is a view false to the constitution of humanity, the conditions of man's historic existence and development, a profound psychological, or a wide practical analysis—false to the wants, experiences, instincts, and imaginations of men. It is the cause and consequence, the consequence and cause, of the disintegrating ideas and usages which are now creating the injurious and unsatisfactory aspects of our Christian civilization—and as such, I have now, in conscious infirmity, and with an appalling sense of crudity and blindness excusable only because the age is crude and grouping, attempted to set forth the principal grounds of it.

What, then, have we to do, waiting on God's help, to reanimate the Church, but heartily to recognize the existing religious institutions of Christendom as the chosen channel through which the divine Word is seeking to descend into Humanity and the world? Do you ask whether, upon the theory that the Church contains the power of God, and is a channel of influences independent of human will, we have any ability to increase or diminish its contribution? of whether our recognition of its presence and working can touch its efficacy? I reply, that whatever else we know not, we may safely assume to know this, that no view of God's agency, or Christ's, or the Holy Ghost's, which sets aside human responsibility, or ignores human will, or makes the action of any of them independent of the mental, moral and spiritual organization of humanity, which they are aiming to bless and save, can be a sound or true view. You might as well attempt to disconnect the freedom of the arm that moves the organ barrel from the previously arranged teeth, and springs, and pipes of the organ itself, or the freedom of the stream from the configuration of the banks that make the river, as disconnect man's freedom and responsibility from God's freedom and help. A revelation comes only to a being made to receive and capable of receiving the Holy Ghost; the Church exists, and is designed for a being fitted to receive spiritual life and salvation thro' a Church, and his fitness lies in his faculties and powers corresponding to, not in any degree identical with, the faculties and powers of the Being who makes revelations, sends the Holy Spirit, and animates the Church. The seed has relation to the sun, and it must germinate in the dark, and press upon the surface before it can receive the direct beams of its God. There are faculties in man that must lay hold on God, and there are powers in God that will lay hold on man; the initiation is to be taken now by one, now by the other—but any theory of the Church, or of the Holy Spirit, which violates, paralyzes, or in any way disparages the activity and responsibility of man's own will in seeking God, is false to human nature and to God.

Meanwhile, the Church, as a divine and specific institution, having the stewardship of the Holy Ghost, is to be maintained and upheld in its external form as a separate and distinct, a precious and indispensable interest of humanity. All the tendencies to merge it in other interests and organizations, to break down the barriers that define its sphere, to extinguish the lineaments of its super human functions, to secularize (I do not say to liberalize) its sacred day, to empty its rites and forms of mystic significance, to rationalize its teachings, are to be resisted. The Church is to be content with its *religious* function and office. It is not the source and vehicle of the general culture of society; it is not the guide and critic of science, and art, and social progress. These precious interests have other protectors and inspirers. Let science and philosophy, the schools and the journals, the critics and the social reformers, fulfill their own high and important tasks. The Church would be blind to her own interests, not to rejoice in, and to bless their exertions, and to pray for their success. But she has her own peculiar and precious work to do, her own sacred department to fill, which cannot be administered with the highest success in commixture or in partnership with other important offices. States of society may arise in which all institutions, organizations, and offices are temporarily confounded, compelled to interchange functions and functionaries; as, in a fire, or a shipwreck, or a wilderness, age, sex, grade, decorum, order and usage, are necessarily and usefully forgotten and superseded. But as nobody can desire to return to that semi-barbaric condition in which our American pioneers lived, when one and the same room served as hall, kitchen, parlor, and bed-chamber for the whole household and its guests—although, no doubt that compact and versatile style of house-keeping had its charm and its disciplinary influences—so we are not wise nor considerate of the laws and wants of our nature, when we seek to level its great partitions, and to confound the professions and instutions auxiliary to them. It was a great convenience in our early New-England life to have what was called a meeting-house, to serve as church, town-hall, concert-room, and exchange, in which, perhaps, a fire-engine shed stood at one corner, a gun-room at another, and a hearse-house at a third; and it may have been economical, at a later era, to occupy the cellars of the city churches for storage of spirits and molasses; but nobody who has considered the law of association can regard such a state of things as one to be cherished, however it might be tolerated.

The alleged superiority to prejudices which would dance in a church, or worship in a theater, play cards on a Sunday, or end the ball with a benediction, preach and pray in the striped costume of a harlequin, or invite a promiscous company in the midst of jollity to unite in prayer—is a coarse trampling upon the delicate perceptions of fitness, a rude obliteration of the nicer distinctions of human feeling—which, if carried out, would end in barbarizing humanity. The author of "The Roman Question," wittily complains of the Pontifical rule, that under it "one sole, identical caste possesses the right of administering both sacraments and provinces, of confirming little boys and the judgments of the lower courts, of dispatching parting souls and captain's commissions." The transcendental philosophy which generalizes away all divers concretes into monotonous abstractions, and delights in making the secular and the sacred, the right and the wrong, the grave and the gay, the male and the female, the world and the church, the human and the divine, the natural and the supernatural, one and the same, pursues the exact reverse of the order of creation, which is a steady multiplication of distinctions, a growth of diversity, an ascent from roots into branches, twigs, flowers, and fruits. The alleged simplification of our modern medico-philosophic theology, is a simplicity like that which might unite and condense family life, by dismissing the servants and burying the children.

Let the church feel that it has a sphere quite as important as it can fill, in maintaining the worshipful and God-fearing affections—in supplying the purely religious wants of the people. I would have it undertake less, in order to do more; it would exert a larger influence in the end by confining its work to the illumination of spiritual interior, the communication of the Holy Ghost.

If we imagine this to be a short, a vague, a monotonous work, it is only because we have not considered that the communication of the contents of revelation, the supply of the Holy Spirit, and the publishing of the Word, the conversion, regeneration, and sanctifying of the souls of men, involves the perpetual reproduction of Christ's life, precepts, history and spirit. I know how degenerate a sense of Christianity, the so-called advanced feeling about the Gospel is. The words of the Bible pass for the Word of God, which the Bible is; the Words of Jesus, for Jesus himself, the Word that came down from heaven. But God's Word is God's power, God's wisdom, God's love made known in the great language of natural and super-natural events. God talks in creation, in history, in revelation. Nations are his alphabet, epochs his syllables, humanity his discourse. The Bible is God's Word, because it is the record of his dealings with nations and ages. More especially, and in the most pregnant and peculiar sense, Christ is the Word of God; not what he said, but what he was and did and suffered, and thus showed and taught; and his words and promises and prospects are only part and parcel of his life and death, his resurrection, and perpetual epiphany in the Church. Christ must be formed within us, the hope of glory. God speaks peculiarly and savingly to every soul in whom he makes Christ live. And the work of the Church is so to speak to the world in the orotund of great historic incidents; so to preach by emphasizing the commemorative days, and illuminating the holy symbols—and pausing on the successive events which made the doctrines of Christianity—as gradually to thunder into the deaf ear of humanity the saving lesson of the Gospel.

No lecture-room can do this; no preaching-man can do this; no thin, ghostly individualism or meager congregationalism can do this. It calls for the organic, instituted, ritualized, impersonal, steady, patient work of the Church—which, taking infancy into its arms, shall baptize it, not as a family custom, but a Church sacrament; which shall speak to the growing children by imaginative symbols and holy festivals—and not merely by Sunday-school lessons and strawberry feasts; which shall confirm them and take them into the more immediate bosom of the Church as they attain adult years, and are about to step over the threshold of human life; which shall make both marriage and burial, rites of the immediate altar—and give back to the communion-service the mystic sanctity which two centuries has been successfully trying to dispel, without gaining by this rationality anything except the prospect of its extinction. A new Catholic Church—a Church in which the needed, but painful experience of Protestantism, shall have taught us how to maintain a dignified, symbolic, and mystic church organization without the aid of the State, or the authority of the Pope—their support being now supplied by the clamorous wants of our starved imaginations and suppressed devotional instincts—this is the demand of the weary, unchurched humanity of our era. How to remove the various obstacles, how to inaugurate the various steps to it—is probably more than any man's wisdom is adequate to direct just now. But to articulate, or even to try to articulate the dumb wants of the religious times, is at least one step to it. It is a cry for help, which God will hear, and will answer by some new word from the Holy Ghost, when humanity is able and willing to bear it.

☞The library of a clergyman lately deceased in England, was valued at £3, while his wine is estimated to be worth £8000.—[Ex.

BLONDIN KEEPS A HOTEL.—Blondin's latest tight rope feat over the Niagara is the "hotel" performance, which he went through last Wednesday. He started from the shore with a cook stove swung upon his back, the culinary appurtenances thereto consisting of saucepan ladle sundry dishes and a pair of bellows, securly fastened upon the stove. The stove was a goodly sized, properly fashioned cooking stove, made of Russia sheet iron, and boasting of a smoke pipe about two feet in height. Arrived at the centre of the rope Blondin secured his pole and proceeded with nonchalance to make preparations for "camping." Unslinging his stove he placed it upon the rope before him, sat down, and with some pitchy, combustible material built his fire, exciting it with the bellows, and soon raising a smoke which proved the genuineness of the preparations for cooking. When a proder degree of heat had been attained he produced his eggs, broke them into his dish and threw the shells into the river. The omelet was prepared with all the skill of a *chef de cuisine*, and when it was complete he lowered it to the deck of the Maid of the Mist, where, we doubt not, it was divided into the smallest possible shares and eagerly treasured by the passengers. Gathering up his "hotel" Blondin re-adjusted it upon his back, and quickly landed himself and it upon the American shore, amid the loud cheers of the throng.

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Miss Lizzie Doten's Discourse on Free Love and Affinity, delivered under spirit influence at the Meodeon, Sunday Evening March 26, 1859. Price 8 cts or $5 per hundred.

How and Why I Became a Spiritualist. By W. A. Danskin, Baltimore. Price 38 cents.

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Announcements.

WORCESTER.

The Spiritualists of Worcester resumed their regular Sunday Meetings in Washburn Hall, last Sunday, Sept. 6. R. P. Ambler, of New York, will occupy the desk every Sunday during September.

E. R. Eaton will answer calls to lecture. Speaks in the normal state. Address, South Hanson, Mass. 2 6w*.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Windsor, Vt., Sept. 11th. Bridgewater and Plymouth, Sept. 18th and 25th.—Oct., Taunton, Mass. Nov. & Dec., Vicinity of Boston.—Jan., Philadelphia.

Dr. Mayhew will speak at Prescott, Wis., Sept. 11th.—River Falls, Wis., Sept. 12th, 13th & 14th. Thence to the end of October in Northern Minnesota. The friends in St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Osceo, Anoka, Monticello, St. Cloud, Northfield, Lakeville, Faribault, and Owatonna, with any any others desiring a visit, will write to me, care of Doct. B. Fost, St Paul, where I shall arrive by Sept. 15th; their several wishes shall be attended.

Mrs. Ellen E. Richards, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, assisted by a trance Writing Medium, has taken rooms at 117 Hanover street, Boston.

Terms—For examination of patient, $1,00
1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

Dexter Dana will speak in Cambridgeport on Sunday, September 11th.

Mrs. M. H. Coles, Trance Speaking Medium, may be addressed to the care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Mrs Pecallis Clark, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant Examiner. Under spirit direction, she has prepared a great variety of Medicines for the cure of disease, which have proved eminently successful. Office at 14 Bromfield street, up stairs. 1—2 tf.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Portland, Me., the four Sundays of September; in Lowell, Mass., the five Sundays of October; and the four Sundays of November in Providence, R. I She will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Sundays. Address until October 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Portland, Maine.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the Age.]

Dr. Gardner will speak at Taunton, on the first Sunday of Sept., and E. V. Wilson the Sunday following.

Dexter Dana will speak at "The Spiritual Age Hall," 14 Bromfield street, in the afternoon of the first Sunday in Sept, in reply to the question, "Why am I a Spiritualist?"

A. B. Whiting may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich. till Sept. 15th.

A. W. Sprague will speak at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., the first Sunday in Sept., and at Oswego, N. Y., the two last: also at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct., after which he will go West.

J. S. Loveland will lecture at Willimantic, Ct, Sept. 18 and 25. Address at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

N. Frank White will lecture through the months of September, October and November in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. Those places desiring his services can address him through the month of August at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage.

A. E. Newton, in consequence of a new arrangement respecting the Age, expects to be able hereafter to devote the larger portion of his time to the lecturing field. Calls addressed to him at Boston will be duly attended to. He will speak at Taunton, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on Sundays, Sept. 4th and 11th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in Lyons, Mich., Sept. 23d; in St. Louis during October; and New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Oswego, Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named place, at the times designated.

Benjamin Danforth will answer calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. Address at Boston.

H. P. Fairfield will speak in Milford, N. H., Sunday, Sept 4th; Sutton, N. H., Sunday, September 11th; Lempster, Sunday Sept., 18th. Friends in the vicinity of the above named places, wishing to engage his services for week evenings, will address him at those places and dates.

Miss R. T. Amedey, 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.

Miss A. W. Sprague, through the month of December, will be in St. Louis.

Loring Moody will lecture at W. Gloucester, Thursday, Sept. 1; Manchester, Friday, 2; Salem, Sunday, 4th; East Stoughton, 11th. He will act as agent for the Age and Banner; and also answer calls to lecture. Address, Malden, Mass.

H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

G. B. Stebbins speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

Mrs. M. Macomber, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Olneyville, R. I. 17—3m*

A. C. Robinson, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

Rev. John Pierpont will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Meetings at No 14 Bromfield St.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3. Conference in the evening at 8.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 3-4 o'clock.

The Brotherhood hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Persons sympathising with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

W. H. NUTTER,

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

"MICHIGAN YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS,"

At Ann Arbor, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Not a meeting of a sect, bound by arbitrary authority, and therefore shrinking from freedom of thought and peech—but an assembling of men and women,

Who seek the truth wherever found,
On Heathen or on Christian ground,"

and to gain it, welcome the frank and earnest utterance of the matured thoughts and convictions of any who may be present, on the great questions of Reform, Religion, Freedom, Spiritual existence, and Social order, that are moving the world more than ever before

Let many meet from far and near, for three days of candid thought and well-ordered free speech, that we may know better how to aid the rule of Wisdom, Justice, and Love;—how to gain that health of soul and body so needed for the advent of "Peace on Earth and good will among men." Come! Orthodox, Heterodox; Spiritualists and Materialists.

Able speakers will be present, and it is confidently hoped the occasion will be of interest and importance.

Those from abroad wishing homes during the meeting will call on the Committee named below who will see them provided for:

Washington Weeks, Robert Glazier, Dr. Kellogg, A. Widenmann, L. Pulsipher, G. Sprague.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Hopedale Home School.

This Institution is designed to combine thorough instruction in Science, Art and General Literature with judicious training of the physical and moral nature. To secure to the children and youth resorting to it for educational purposes such home and neighborhood influences together with such specific culture as may be promotive of their growth in virtue and true excellence, is a sacred aim. Thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in its spirit and character, it must rely mainly upon the patronage of those sympathizing with the better tendencies and movements of the age for support.

The First Term of the Scholastic Year 1859-60 commences on *Wednesday, Sept. 7*, and continues *Fifteen weeks*.

For Circulars containing full information, please address either of the Principals, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

Wm. S. Haywood, Abbie B. Haywood, } *Principals.*

Aug. 18, 1859.3t.

First Anniversary of the Philanthropic Convention.

The platform of the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, will be free to any mind capable of throwing light upon the Cause and Cure of Evil.

The Convention will open in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday the 16th of September, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue three days. The following persons, residents of Buffalo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements:

John N. Gardner, Thomas Rathbun, Giles Husted, Cyrus O. Poole, Sarah Rathbun, Lester Brooks, George Whitcomb, E A Maynard, W G Oliver, Louise Whitcomb, Mary F Davis, E G Scott, Alanson Webster, J H Lusk, Benoni S Brown.

Any member of this Committee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommodation in advance, at Hotels and private boarding houses.

☞ The Committee have made favorable terms with Ward's Line of Steamers, as follows: From Toledo to Buffalo and return, $4,00; from Sandusky and return, $3,50; from Cleveland and return, $2.00, (Meals and Berths included.) A corresponding reduction of fare, for persons attending the Convention, will probably be effected on the New York & Erie Rail Road.

N. B.—A Quartette Club of Singers is engaged to be present, and will enliven each session with appropriate music.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

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

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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

THE SICK ARE HEALED

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

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

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 654 Washington street, under Pine St. Church, Boston.

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

DR. J. ESTES,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, No. 7 Eliot Street, Boston.

THEODORE PARKER'S RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Sermon for the New Year; What Religion may do for a Man; to which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 6 cents.

Parker's Two Sermons on Revivals; and one on false and True Theology Price 8 cents each.

Parker's Four Sermons preached in the yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 30th and 31st, 1858. Price 17 cents; also his speech delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, May 26, 1858; on the Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government; and also, his Fourth of July Sermon, on the effect of Slavery on the American People. Price 8 cents each Sermon of Immortal Life, Fifth Edition, 10 cents.

For sale by Bela Marsh, publisher 14 Bromfield Street.

Notice.—Persons visiting Boston for a few days or longer and preferring a private house to a public hotel, can find good accommodations at No. 5 Hayward Place, the most central and desirable part of the city.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER,

With some account of his Early Life, and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. Price in paper covers, 30 cts., in cloth, 50 cents. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st.

Married.

In Boston, 30th inst., by Rev. Sebastian Streeter, Dr. A. C. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Conn., to Mrs. Georgie Norman, of New York.

Died.

One more among the Angels! Chas. B. C. Ordway, aged 6 years 6 months, son of S. and A. Ordway, of Tunbridge, Vt., went up among the Angels, on the 17th of August. The beautiful little form he left to earth, was robed in garments such as he *had* worn, and decked with flowers. Reclining upon the side, with one little white hand under the cheek, and a sweet smile upon the countenance, as though listening to seraph music, they laid it down to mingle with its kindred dust. The parents, sisters, and little brothers were calm, and in their becoming deportment seemed to say 'Thy will, oh God! be done!"

They shuddered, when that shadow fell
And wrapped their darling in its gloom;
Yet, in their hearts they knew full well
He passed the confines of the tomb!

M. S. Townsend.

TO LECTURERS.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentlemen who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by

B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Examiner and Prescriber for the sick Also healing and developing and trance medium. Address No. 19 Green st., Boston. n32 3m

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). Terms—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 18

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

Miss WATERMAN, Trance, Test and Writing Medium, has removed to No. 8 Oliver Place. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedord 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.

Mrs. G. L. BEAN will give her attention to clairvoyant medical examinations. Rooms 30 Eliot street. 21—tf.

Cash Received on Subscription.

All moneys received on subscription, will be acknowledged under this head. For any failure in this particular, the person having sent the money should write us, that it may be ascertained whether the fault is ours, or that of the P. O. Department. This is our only method of receipting for money on subscription, unless specially requested to the contrary. It is much more convenient for us, and will be safer for subscribers.

Money enclosed in the presence of a Post Master, may be sent at our risk; but the writer should specify the *denomination of the money enclosed*, and if paper, *on what bank.*

☞ Correspondents should be particular to write their Names, Post Office Address, County and State, in a plain legible hand, upon *every* letter sent us.

☞ Any person wishing the direction of his paper changed, should be particular to specify, as above, *the place where the paper has been sent*, as well as the place to which he desires it to be changed.

Subscribers.	*P. O. Address.*	*Amt. Pd.*	*Pd. to.*
		—	Vol. No.
G. B. Dutton,	Faribault, N. Y.	$2.00	1—26
Sam'l Norwood,	Pigeon Cove, Mass.	2,00	1—52
Frederick Lord,	Pawpaw, Mich.	2,00	1—52
Hudson Corwin,	Greenport, N. Y.	2,00	2—51
A. D. Atkinson,	Liverpool, O.	1,50	1—26
Mrs. J. Sprague,	Duxbury, Mass.	2,00	2— 3
J. J. Blanchard,	Weym'th Landing, Ms.	,25	1—13
A. W. Smith,	Cohassett, Mass.	,24	1—13

The several firms of De Rothschild have a capital or sum at their instantaneous command amounting to $200,000,000; the similar capital of the two Pereires is at least 100,000,000 francs of the Hottinguers 75,000,000 francs; of the Mires and the Foulds still higher. The Duke of Galiera, at the head of the Credit Mobilier, is held to be prodigiously opulent. The Pereires have created for themselves a new fortune by the purchase of very extensive grounds within and without the walls of the capital, which they turn into streets and boulevards, with the certainty of the earliest and amplest proceeds.

A Beautiful Faith.—Beautiful, exceedingly, is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs, and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but 'going home.' The Mexican mother who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santa* (God's sacred field,) breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the *poet's* utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: 'Five; two here, and three yonder.' So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever *lives* in the thought.

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

UNSATISFIED.

BY LEAH LEE.

How many a link in conversation broken,
Has left the chain of thought all incomplete:
What blissful words to mortal ear unspoken,
Yet come in dreams the listening heart to greet.

How many brilliant thoughts lie mist-enshrouded,
In what we term an idiotic brain:
How many a generous impulse sin-beclouded,
Is struggling now the mastery to gain.

How many a gem of truth is passed unheeded,
By those in earnest search of that same truth,
And found at last the solace that they needed,
Their eye to cheer,—the scorn and scoff of youth.

But who shall say the hopes that we have cherished,
The prayers and pleadings of our faith and trust,
Shall know no resurrection, but are perished,
Where now they lie all mouldering in the dust.

No: the good seed will *never* rot and moulder,
Though it lie buried long beneath the sod:
The smoking flax may for a season smoulder,
But it *must* kindle at the word of God.

There is a sphere somewhere in his dominions,
Where hope will be with glad fruition blest,
Where, born of thought, bright angels with broad pinions,
Shall seek in upward flight their only rest.

Cease, then, O heart, suspend thy restless yearning,
The morn approaches—night is well nigh spent:
The present is thy school of useful learning,
And seeming trials, boons in mercy sent.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

"AND WILL PREVAIL."

BY TULLY VERNON.

When looking abroad on the wide, wide world,
By selfishness govern'd, by passion whirl'd;
We see Hypocrisy winning its way
By lies and falsehoods, day after day.
But tho' it shall triumph a little while,
By dint of deception and low-liv'd guile,—
We all, to remember should never fail,
That "Truth is mighty, and *will prevail.*"

When false friends figure to ruin our name,
And enemies slander our hard-earned fame;
When Fortune has fled us beyond recall,
And this world's comfort grows scanty and small;
'Twill do us no harm to stop and think,
E'en tho' we are standing on ruin's brink,
Tho' falsehood should cause our efforts to fail,
The "Truth is mighty, and WILL PREVAIL."

When we see our broad and beautiful land
Controll'd by falsehood on every hand,—
When we look in vain for an honest man
To lead our nation's political van;—
Tho' lies are without and deceit within,
And all our lives are clouded by sin,
Tho' religion itself grow sickly and pale,
Still "Truth is mighty, and WILL PREVAIL."

GODMINSTER CHIMES.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Godminster! is it Fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, nor can I say
I dreamed the name, or heard;
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossoms after rain,
And builds of half-remembered things
This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's east is there,
The ages one great minster seem
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And, all the way from Calvary down,
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown
And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring creed,
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have spurned.

And as the mystic aisles I pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are sweet,
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr-fire,
One, hoarse with sinner's tears;
In heaven both plain with one desire,
And God one music hears.

While thus I dream, the bells clash out
Upon the Sabbath air,
Each seems a selfish faith to shout,
A hostile form of prayer;
My dream is shattered, yet who knows
But in that heaven so near,
This discord into music flows
In God's atoning ear?

O, chime of blessed Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be
And in all hearts new-born?
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all can say *My brother* here,
And hear *My son* in heaven!

Spiritual Picnic. Arrangements are being made by the Spiritualists of Boston for holding a Picnic at Abington, on the 14th or 15th of this month. For particulars see next issue of the Age.