THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

BITTER DROPS FROM A WRUNG HEART.

BY TULLY VERNON.

My path is dark, and I tread it alone!
The friends are gone from the old hearth-stone;
The hopes of my boyhood like vapors are fled,
And my young dream of life is vanished and dead.
Those clustering joys that gladden'd my life,
Are scatter'd and gone 'mid the soul-killing strife;
No comfort remains for the wanderer's soul,
But dark shadows o'er him unceasingly roll.

Alone on the wave—on the ocean of life,
Alone in the battle, earth's sickening strife;
Alone am I fated to cleave my dark way,
Uncheer'd by Hope's transient, enlivening ray;
While storms, dark and lowering, hang over my path,
No refuge appears from their fury and wrath;
Like a leaf on the billow, my frail bark is driven
'Till it ride out the storm, or by tempests is riven.

My path is dark, and I tread it alone,
No day-star of hope kindly beckons me on,
No mem'ries of past hours invite me to stay,
No hopes of the future impel me away.
Still onward I fly on the wings of the wind,
And life and its battles are falling behind;
But what recks the mad world the wanderer's fate,
Or what recks the wand'rer its love or its hate!

[For the Spiritual Age.]

LINES

Suggested by a loving and much loved spirit's plaintive utterance thro' a partially developed medium—"Oh that they *could* believe I was *so near* them, and was so grieved that I could not communicate more convincingly."

O thou, so truly loving,
Still o'er thy dear ones hovering,
Reading their thoughts so full of sad sweet memories
Of thee, knowing how fondly their remembrance stories
Thy every act and word, 'till set with le'e's pure glories
Seems thy past being—

And as in summer hours
Of fruits and fragrant flowers,
Thou seest them standing in the old familiar place,
Wondering if thou still canst see a beauty and a grace
In the opening buds and roses that so loving enlace
Earth's fading bowers?

And 'midst the winter's snow,
As they gather in the glow
Of the warm hearth, and the vacant chair there noting,
The touched soul silent crieth, "Oh, is there no returning
Will she never more to the call of our heart's yearning
Come to us, here below?"

How doth thy soul respond,
And *long* to break the bond
That so encircles them, and the thick veil withdraw;
That they, with *holy joy*, not with a shivering awe,
Might feel and know 'twas *their own smile* they saw,
And never more despond.

But *know* that thou art there,
In the same sweet summer air,
Or gliding near thy seat by the hearth-stone fire:
That thy home is raised to a sphere above, higher
In life and love, unto which their own souls may aspire,
And reach, e'en while here.

And love's messages may go
With the soul's thought, to and fro,
Or by moved lip or finger its constant care express,
That thine *own* spirits' form may be mediums of address
At the will of that dear one, whose *wisdom* will, no less
Than its *love*, guide the flow.

But no—it may not be,
And thy grieved soul doth see
Their fearful hearts cannot receive thy tokens given.
Holding such messages are for faith's trust too vague and broken,
So will they never answering greet thee, 'till in Heaven
Their spirits too are *free*.

E. C.

There is on the route of the Overland Mail, about two hundred and eighty miles east of El Paso, a spring said to be a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of eight thousand feet without finding bottom. The surface is smooth as that of a mountain lake. It is slightly impregnated with alkali, and contains five varieties of fish. It is called Leon Hole.

Among the side shows at Concord muster was "a grand panorama of the Holy Land, Mrs. Sickles, and numerous other domestic scenes."

[From the N. Y. Daily Times.]

A NEW ÆRIAL SHIP.

An experiment in scientific ballooning, greater than has yet been undertaken, is about to be tried in this city. The project of crossing the Atlantic Ocean with an Air-ship, long talked of but never accomplished, has taken a shape so definite that the apparatus is already prepared and the æronaut ready to undertake his task. Whether successful or not, the enterprise merits mention from its magnitude, and the energy and fertility of resource displayed in its prosecution.

The work has been conducted quietly, in the immediate vicinity of New York, since the opening of Spring. The new Air-ship, which has been christened the *City of New York*, is so nearly completed, that but few essentials of detail are wanting to enable the projectors to bring it visibly before the public.

The æronaut in charge is Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, a New Hampshire man, who has made thirty-six balloon ascensions. His last public appearance was at Portland, during this year's celebration of the Fourth of July.—Since that time, he has given his undivided attention to the perfection of the air-ship designed for his trans-Atlantic voyage, and has devised various improvements in its construction, by which he claims to have overcome the more serious impediments to aerial navigation.

The dimensions of the *City of New York* so far exceed those of any balloon previously constructed, that its huge envelope is now undergoing the final process of oiling, in an open piece of grass-land, four or five miles distant from the city. The profane have not yet been admitted to the knowledge of the mystery which surrounds the mighty heap of cloth and cord, and the jealous eye of a faithful watchman has kept at bay the inquisitive stranger. As remarkable events are prepared most carefully in the dark, so Mr. Lowe has reserved the surprise of this biggest of balloons until the last moment, when the immensity of its measurements can be palpably distinguished. Briefly, for so large a subject, the following are the dimensions:

Greatest diameter—feet	130
Transverse diameter—feet	104
Height from valve to boat—feet	350
Weight, with outfit—tons	3 1-2
Lifting power (aggregate)—tons	22 1-2
Capacity of gas envelope—cubic ft.	725,000

The *City of New York*, therefore, is nearly five times larger than the largest balloon ever before built. Its form is that of the usual perpendicular gas-receiver, with basket and life-boat attached. The introduction of valuable improvements, however, leads to the conviction that its general arrangement is greatly superior. Mechanical power is to be applied; the æronautic party will keep the cold away from their marrow by the use of a lime-stove; a new arrangement of revolving fans has been devised; and the material of which the envelope is composed is covered with a peculiar varnish the invention of Mr. Lowe.

Six thousand yards of twilled cloth have been used in the construction of the envelope. Reduced to feet, the actual measurement of this material is 54,000 feet—or nearly eleven miles. Seventeen of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines have been employed to connect the pieces, and the upper extremity of the envelope, intended to receive the gas-valve, is of triple thickness, strengthened with heavy brown linen, and sewed in triple seams. The pressure being greatest at this point, extraordinary power of resistance is requisite. It is asserted that one hundred women, sewing constantly for two years, could not have accomplished this work, which measures by miles.—The material is stout, and the stitching stouter.

The varnish applied to this envelope is a composition, the secret of which rests with Mr. Lowe. Three or four coatings are applied, in order to prevent leakage of gas. Mr. Lowe is daily engaged in the personal superintendence of the process of manufacture. We found him yesterday hard at work in an open field, assiduously testing the progress of certain gallons of a villanously-smelling compound, which boiled furiously at a temperature of 600 degrees.

The netting which surrounds the envelope is a stout cord, manufactured from flax, expressly for the purpose. Its aggregate strength is equal to a resistance of 160 tons; each cord being capable of sustaining a weight of four or five hundred pounds.

The basket which is to be suspended immediately below the balloon is made of rattan, is 20 feet in circumference, and 4 feet deep. Its form is circular, and it is surrounded by canvass. This car will carry the æronauts. It is warmed by a lime-stove, an invention of Mr. O. A. Gager, by whom it was presented to Mr. Lowe. A lime-stove is a new feature in air-voyages. It is claimed that it will furnish heat without fire, and it is intended for a warming apparatus only. The stove is 1 1-2 feet high and 2 feet square. Mr. Lowe states that he is so well convinced of the utility of this contrivance that he conceives it to be possible to ascend to a region where water will freeze, and yet keep himself from freezing.—This is to be tested.

Dropping below the basket is a metallic life-boat, in which is placed an Ericsson engine. Capt. ERICSSON'S invention is therefore to be tried in mid-air. Its particular purpose is the control of a propeller, rigged upon the principle of the screw, by which it is proposed to obtain a regulating power. The application of the mechanical power is ingeniously devised. The propeller is fixed in the bow of the life-boat, projecting at an angle of about 45 degrees. From a wheel at the extremity, twenty fans radiate. Each of these fans is 5 feet in length, widening gradually from the point of contact with the screw to the extremity, where the width of each is 1 1-2 feet. Mr. LOWE claims that by the application of these mechanical contrivances, his air-ship can be readily raised or lowered, to seek different currents of air; that they will give him ample steerage-way, and that they will prevent the rotary motion of the machine. In applying the principle of the fan, he does not claim any new discovery, but simply a practical development of the theory advanced by other aeronauts, partially reduced to practice by CHARLES GREENE, the celebrated English aeronaut. Mr. LOWE contends that the application of machinery to aerial navigation has been long enough a mere theory. He proposes to reduce the theory to practice, and see what will come of it. It is estimated that the raising and lowering power of the machinery will be equal to a weight of 300 pounds; the fans being so adjusted as to admit of very rapid motion upward or downward. As the loss of three or four pounds only, is sufficient to enable a balloon to rise rapidly, and as the escape of a very small portion of the gas suffices to reduce its altitude Mr. LOWE regards this systematic regulator quite sufficient to enable him to control his movements, and to keep at any altitude he desires. It is his intention to ascend to a hight of three or four miles at the start; but this altitude will not be permanently sustained. He prefers, he says, to keep within a respectable distance of mundane things, where "he can see folks." It is to be hoped his machinery will perform all that he anticipates from it. It is a novel affair throughout, and a variety of new applications remain to be tested. Mr. LOWE, expressing the utmost confidence in all the appointments of his apparatus, assured us that he would certainly go; and, as certainly, would go into the ocean or deliver a copy of TIMES in London on the following Wednesday. He proposes to effect a landing in England or France, and will take a course north of east. A due easterly course would land him in Spain; but to that course he objects. Hhe hopes to make the trip from this City to London in 48 hours; certainly in 64 hours. He scouts the idea of danger, goes about his preparations deliberately, and promises himself a good time as the upper currents, setting due east, will not permit his return by the same route, he proposes to pack up the *City of New York* and take the first steamer for home.

The air-ship will carry weight. Its cubical contents of 726,000 feet of gas suffices to lift a weight of 22 1-2 tons. With outfit complete its own weight will be 3 1-2 tons. With this weight 19 tons of lifting power remain, and there is accordingly room for as many passengers as will care to take the venture. We understand, however, the company is limited to eight or ten. Mr. LOWE provides sand for ballast, regards his chances of salvation as exceedingly favorable, places implicit faith in the strength of his netting, the power of his machinery, and the bouyancy of his life-boat, and altogether considers himself secure from the hazard of disaster. If he accomplish his voyage in safety, he will have done more than any air navigator has yet ventured to undertake. If he fail, the enterprise sinks the snug sum of $20,000. Wealthy men, who are his backers, sharing his own enthusiasm, declare failure impossible, and invite a patient public to wait and see.

The precise time for the ascension has not been fixed. The ship is so near completion that the event will not probably be delayed beyond three or four weeks. Proper notice of the time and place will be given.

THE TWO MISERS.—A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser, more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither; and presented himself to the master as a humble commencer in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora: we will straight go into the market to make some purchases."

They went to the Baker.

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters; and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper; and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this, also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared with the very best butter, and, therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter.

They next went to the oil-vender.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is very best. Now, at home I have a pail- and most hospitably there- - - - tertain you."

And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest; because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."

WHERE WE LIVE.—Every man ought to have a place in which to live. This proposition implies that many do not have such a place. And how true it is that thousands of men and women instead of *living* any where, only stay. Instead of making for themselves a home, adapt themselves to a stopping place. It is a great mistake. People should never board because they feel too poor to keep house.—We would rather put our feet under a deal table and eat hog and hominy from a cracked earthen dish, and feel that it was all our own, than to stay at the best boarding-house in the State. No man can be independent enough to do what he says, say what he thinks, and think what he pleases, who has no home. Mark that down.

There is good logic in the Frenchman's reply to his tenant, who complained that he was too poor to pay his rent. Said Johnny Crapeau: "By gar, ven a man too poor to pay his rent he ought to own him a house!"

Many a man may, little by little, get to himself a homestead, of which no misfortune in business can deprive him; which our homestead law protects to him and his family from all hungry creditors, and where he can feel that his family may always have a shelter, no matter what befalls him.

When once a homestead is secured, the next thing is to beautify it. We have read of a famous artist who declared that "he could always determine a man's taste and morals by the pictures hanging upon his walls." When a bystander asked him: "What of a man who has no pictures?" The ready answer was: "He has neither taste nor morals."

Cover the walls; no matter how cheaply—but cover them tastefully, even if it be with cheap but well selected wall paper, and cheap engravings. By all means, let the eyes rest upon something that pleases your individual taste every time they are opened within your dwelling.

GEOLOGICAL AGE OF THE DIAMOND.—The discovery of diamonds in Russia, far from the tropical region, has excited much interest among geologists. In the detritus, on the banks of the Adolfskoi, no less than forty diamonds have been found in the gold alluvium, only twenty feet above the stratum in which the remains of mammoths and rhinoceroses are found. Hence Humboldt has concluded that the formation of gold veins, and consequently of diamonds, is comparatively of recent date, and scarcely anterior to the destruction of the mammoths. Sir Roderick Murchison and Mr. Verneuil have been led to the same conclusion by different arguments.

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 MEMNONS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART I.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EXPLANATION.

Almost four weeks had passed since the spirit of Conrad had left us. All this time I had been an invalid at the cottage, with madame von Wieser and her daughter for my sole companions. I had written to my uncle Ferdinand, earnestly entreating him to come to me, but my letter still remained unanswered.

As before stated, I had been unsocial in my intercourse with the students, making no intimate friends, except with Conrad. This circumstance, coupled with the close seclusion of madame von Wieser, had effectually kept away visitors to the cottage, from the University. Save the kind-hearted old doctor, (whom I had discovered to be none other than CHRISTOPHER MARTIN HERDER, a younger brother of the distinguished poet, John Godfrey von Herder, and christened in honor of the celebrated WIELAND,) not a person had called during the time which had elapsed after the burial of Conrad.

I had so far recovered that for several days I had been able to leave my room, and sit at the table with madame von Wieser and her daughter. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Herder, aided by a robust constitution, my wounds had rapidly healed, and with the exception of my wrist, I was now fully recovered. Madame von Wieser and her daughter treated me with uniform kindness, carefully and thoughtfully providing for every comfort; yet there had never been any interchange of thought between us, beyond common courtesy, and what was necessary in supplying my wants.

It was the evening of the day before the examination at the University. We were seated in the snug little parlor, Minnie at the piano, practising upon one of the late compositions of Beethoven, which had been received during the day. Her mother sat near the window, gazing out upon the gathering shades of night, and watching the stars as one by one they came twinkling forth. I was at the table mechanically turning the leaves of a book, vainly searching for something, I knew not what.

I was sufficiently recovered to leave the cottage, and as I was to attend the examination the next day, there was no reason why I should return to continue my residence.

By tacit consent no allusion had been made to the mournful past or hopeless future. The explanation which Conrad had charged his mother to make to me, had never been made, and I now felt that in order for me to fulfill the trust of my dying friend, a better understanding should be had between us. But how to introduce the subject without wounding afresh the torn and lacerated feelings of my hostess, was a problem which I had striven in vain to solve.

At last I resolved to call the attention of madame von Wieser to the subject by writing her a brief note. There was no paper upon the table, but remembering to have seen what appeared to be the back of a letter in the book I had held for the last hour, I opened the leaves until I found it. What I had supposed to be the back of a letter, proved to be a letter itself, bearing date a few days previous. I had no intention of reading it, yet one glance so riveted my eyes to the paper that I could not withdraw them until I knew the whole contents.

It was from an Attorney, notifying madame von Wieser that unless she removed from the cottage prior to the first of December, proximo, she would be ejected by force!

What could it mean? Conrad had never been communicative to me in reference to his mother and sister, yet I had a distinct recollection of his having informed me that the former was owner of the cottage. In my efforts to solve this mystery, of why the poor widow should be forcibly ejected from her own house, I remembered that she had been more gloomy and reserved for a few days past, than usual. Had not this letter something to do with it? I resolved that I would ascertain.

Closing the book and returning it to the table, I placed my chair beside madame von Wieser, and commenced a conversation about the "beautiful evening," "the weather," and other topics most foreign to the one I was anxious to introduce.

She replied to my observations in monosyllables. Her mind was absorbed in something else, and I soon perceived that she scarcely heeded my remarks.

At length I despaired of introduring the subject indirectly, and resolved to come at once to the point.

"Madame," I said, "do you intend making this place your permanent residence?"

She turned her mild, melancholy eyes full upon me, and I was pained as I discovered the traces of tears.

"I think not," she answered sadly.

"You will remain through the winter?" I said interrogatively.

"No, I must remove from here within two weeks."

"So soon! But to what place?"

"Alas, I know not!"

"Within two weeks, and no place provided!"

"The Lord will provide for his children."

"But why do you leave this beautiful cottage? Are you not contented here?"

"I should be contented with any place which afforded a shelter for myself and child."

"Then why not remain *here?*"

"Because the owner wants it himself."

"Does it not belong to you?"

"I thought so once, but I was mistaken."

"My dear madame," I said, kindly, but earnestly, "this is no time for reserve. I would not ask for your confidence if I could serve you without it. Everything which I have, even to my life, I have promised heaven shall be devoted to secure as far as possible the happiness of yourself and daughter; and even these I consider but a poor atonement for the suffering I have caused you. Now I entreat—I implore you to cast aside this reserve, which has been a partition wall between us. I have but one aim—one ambition in life, and this is to make the lives of the mother and sister of my poor friend as peaceful and happy as it is the lot of earth to enjey."

This was the first time an allusion had been made to Conrad, even indirectly, since his burial. And although we had not wept in the presence of each other, yet our *hearts* had ever been full of tears. But as I concluded, there was a simultaneous burst of grief.

Thus it ever is in life. We bury some dear one, who has grown into our affections, and twined around the tendrils of the heart, until the separation seems like tearing away a part of our existence. But time soon heals the wound—we mingle in the busy scenes which surround us, and to all outward appearance the heavy sorrow is forgotten.—But let an allusion be made to the loved and lost, and quick as an electric shock, the eyes overflow with tears. We may laugh, and appear the happiest of the happy, but hid away from mortal eye, within the inmost recesses of the heart, there lies that secret sorrow which time can never annihilate. It lives there, making us better and purer in life, and finally, at the dissolution of body and spirit, it is converted into joy, upon rejoining the spirit of our beloved.

Silently flowed our tears for a few moments, each endeavoring to swallow down the great sobs that came welling up from a bereaved and stricken heart. Then turning towards me, the dew of grief still sparkling in her eyes, madame von Wieser replied,

"Baron von Wydorf, I fully appreciate the worthy motive which actuates you, and if I have seemed cold and reserved in my demeanor, you must not impute it to a lack of confidence. Save the kind doctor, whom misfortunes have recently reduced to poverty, you are the only person on earth to whom I can appeal in my present need. I have hitherto remained silent in your presence, respecting our embarrassments, because I feared to disturb the quiet of your mind, so necessary for your recovery. But the time has come when I need both your advice and assistance, and with the counsel of the physician, I had resolved to communicate all to you, as soon as the examination at the University had passed. He is extremely anxious that you should attend the examination and contend for the prize, and we thought it best that your mind should not be distracted by any new source of anxiety, until after commencement day! For these reasons, and these only, have I forborne making allusions to many circumstances which it is necessary you should know."

"But my dear madame," I rejoined, "the impatience of my nature is such, that a communication in part made, or the substance thereof hinted at, creates an anxiety in my mind, worse to be borne than a full detail of the facts. Such is my present condition, after what you have unwillingly admitted, and I now implore you, out of regard for my own peace of mind, to explain the nature of your present embarrassments."

Thus entreated, madame von Wieser briefly stated that upon the conviction of her husband, and the confiscation of his property, before the abdication of Francis II. of the title of "emperor of Germany," she had inherited a small estate in her own right, which had not been disturbed. This she had converted into money, and having removed from the scenes of her great afflictions, she purchased the cottage where the reader has already been introduced, and having invested the remainder of her money with her banker, by the most rigid economy had been enabled to support her family and continue Conrad at the University upon the interest.

"But recently," she continued, "I have learned that our title to the cottage was worthless, and to crown our misfortunes, the banker to whom I had intrusted our money, has fled from Germany leaving us penniless. Anxious that my son should complete his college course before burdening his mind with fresh troubles, I carefully concealed from him our helpless condition, until the day—the day—"

Her voice failed her, and turning aside she wept in silence. After a brief pause, she resumed,

"The rightful owner of the cottage, so it now appears, had leased it for a term of years to the man of whom I purchased, and the time having expired on the first of October, he demanded possession. I immediately instituted enquiries—what I *should* have done before purchasing—and to my bitter disappointment, learned that his title to the cottage was valid. I then wrote, imploring a few weeks time in which to secure another home. This was coldly and grudgingly granted. Since then several letters have passed between us, until at length I received one from his Attorney, notifying me that unless I gave up my possession of the cottage by the first of December, I should be ejected by force. You now understand it all, and why I must leave this dear place."

I could scarcely restrain my impatienc while she was speaking, and at the conclusion I replied in an excited tone,

"Yes, and I now understand why you shall *not* leave the cottage, if money can purchase it! How much does the cold-blooded scoundrel demand for this little paradise which he is unworthy to possess?"

"Gently, gently," replied my hostess, "there is no occasion for unkind feelings or hard words. The cottage is his property, and therefore he had a right to demand its posession. The price at which I purchased it was three thousand thalers, but he now demands just twice that sum."

Without waiting to hear more, I immediately drew a check upon my banker for ten thousand thalers, in favor of madame von Wieser, and handing it to her, requested that she should at once employ an Attorney to see that the writings were properly executed, and obtain a deed of the cottage in her own name without delay.

At first she declined accepting a check for so large an amount, but finding that her refusal was causing me great pain, she received it without more ado.

This little incident, trifling as it was, lifted a great burden of oppression from my mind. I rejoiced in my heart that the mother and sister of my lost friend were needy and destitute, because it afforded me an opportunity for relieving them.

Minnie ceased playing when I opened the conversation with her mother, and had been a silent but interested listener to all that had passed. When she became assured that they were not to be driven from the cottage, her liquid blue eyes looked the thanks which her lips did not utter.

I had observed Minnie very closely during my stay at the cottage, and found her even more than Conrad had recommended. She was a pure, angelic being, with scarce enough of earth in her nature to detain her in this wicked world.

She was now in her twentieth year, yet as simple and unaffected as when a child in her mother's arms. She had never mingled in society, and was ignorant of the snares which beset the feet of youth. Every feeling—every emotion of her heart was purity and goodness. She never could become depraved, however hopeless her condition—however great the temptation.

With her other attractions, Minnie was beautiful. But hers was a beauty of the rarest mould. Not the beauty of a belle—nor a languishing beauty—nor an imbecile beauty—nor a cold, intellectual beauty. Hers was a warm, spiritual beauty, strengthened by an intellect of the highest order. There was nothing in her nature that needed refinement—not an expression of her countenance that needed polishing.—She was the most perfect specimen of living, breathing mortality—assuming virtue and goodness as a standard—that I have ever seen upon earth. Many such may be annually sent for a brief sojourn here, but the strong spirit soon breaks away from the weak mortality.—And if Minnie still lingered beyond her apparently allotted time, it must have been out of love for her sorrowing mother. I solemnly believe that mortal life has been prolonged for months, and even years, sustained only by a pure and unselfish love.

Such was Minnie. Upon the night in question, after bestowing upon me such a look of gratitude as recompensed more than a thousand fold, for what had been to me but a trifling service, she approached her mother, and twining her arms about her neck, wept tears of joy and thanksgiving.

After the various emotions, excited by this scene, had subsided, there was less reserve between us than had heretofore marked our intercourse, and at a later hour than usual, I retired, in the enjoyment of a tranquility of mind not experienced since the fatal meeting in the grove. I had discovered and relieved a source of great anxiety to my hostess. The pleasure derived from the recollection of this circumstance, I would not have exchanged for twice ten thousand thalers. Thus it is ever; a noble and generous act ensures its own reward, while misery and loss of respect follow close upon the footsteps of the mean and vile. The laws of God, governing our mental organization, are as fixed and unchanging as those which govern our physical natures.

If we violate a law governing the temperature of life, by thrusting a hand into the fire, the penalty is sudden and sure. A sin against physical nature has been committed, and with pain and suffering must we atone to the offended law. So, too, if we sin against conscience, by uttering falsehood, the penalty is equally sure. True, if the conscience is depraved, whether rendered so by bigotry or iniquity, the penalty for falsehood is in a measure voided; but as this depravity of conscience is the result of a prior violation, it is also a penalty. The same may be said of my hand, if I have previously violated a law of my being, rendering it insensible to heat or cold; like the conscience in the case supposed, the hand is already suffering for one violation. Hence, we should never question the wisdom of God's laws, nor deny the certainty of their operation, because we discover a failure at the *immediate* cause, but should always search for the more *remote*. But these points can be more appropriately discussed hereafter.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE EXPLANATIONS.

Three days had elapsed since a better understanding had been effected between us at the cottage. The examinations at the University were concluded, and I enjoyed the distinction of having passed with the highest honors. The shadow which I had been pursuing so long, was now within my grasp; but when I remembered the dreadful cost with which it had been secured, instead of being a source of comfort, I derived from it only unavailing regret.

We were again seated in the little parlor at the cottage, now the property of my hostess. Dr. Herder, the only addition to our circle, was there by express invitation from madame von Wieser. There had always appeared to be a mystery about this kind old man, which I had found it difficult to solve. Madame von Wieser did not inform me of his true name, until she had first exacted a promise of secresy.—This had by no means lessened my curiosity to know more of him, and having learned during the past three days that he was identical with one of whom I had heard as "the good hermit," I was doubly anxious to know the secret influences which induced a brother of the great poet to lead a life so secluded, and at the same time be so surrounded by mystery.

I sat in silence for some time, revolving the subject in my mind, and wondering whether I might with propriety venture to question him upon these points.

In the mean time, in an under tone, he was holding a somewhat lively, and as I thought, very familiar conversation with madame von Wieser and Minnie. Except myself, all appeared more cheerful than I had ever seen them, and catching the influence, I soon found myself drawn away from the melancholy musings which almost constantly engrossed my mind.

"Charles," said madame von Weiser at length—it was the first time she had addressed me by my Christian name—"We are all anxious to see you looking more cheerful. My brother—" she hesitated, and before she could proceed I interrupted her.

"Your brother! Ah! I see it all now—the good hermit—doctor Herder—is your brother! I have *felt* something of this many times, yet so shadowy and indistinctly has it flitted through my mind, that it has always vanished before it could be clearly defined."

My confident manner assured them that it would be no easy task to convince me of an error in my hasty conclusion, and as they had determined to admit me to their full confidence, the doctor smilingly arose, and extending his hand, which I grasped with all the warmth of my ardent nature, he resumed his seat by my side and commenced,

"Charles, my son, hereafter we shall have no secrets from you. Madame von Wieser is in truth my sister, and what may astonish you still more, your mother was her own cousin! Strange as this may appear, it is nevertheless true, as I will now explain.

"For three generations a feud had existed between the Wydorfs and Herders, the origin of which is now well-nigh forgotten. Your father inherited a strong dislike for our family, and while yet a young man, utterly refused to associate with us. I attended the University with him; the same from which you have graduated, and graduated in the same class; yet there was no intercourse whatever between us.

"Let us go back just twenty-four years. The little cottage which you have been kind enough to purchase for my sister, was then new, and occupied by the widow and only daughter of Charles Wieland, a broth-

er of the celebrated poet for whom I had the honor of being christened. Madame Wieland was my father's sister, and consequently her daughter, Minnie Wieland, was my cousin."

"And was she not my mother?" I eagerly enquired.

"She was your mother, Charles," he replied with a sigh, "and one of the gentlest and most perfect of her sex. O, Minnie," he continued, turning his eyes upward, "my pilgrimage is almost ended. Soon our spirits may be united, and together we can join in singing the glad songs of eternity, never fearing that the cold passions of earth will molest us there!"

He put his hands to his face, and yet not in time to conceal the tears which were gathering. There he sat in silence several minutes, leaving me to wonder more than ever over his strange conduct. Unwilling to disturb him in his communions with the past, I awaited his own time for resuming the subject, which he presently did in the following words:

"Charles, you will excuse this weakness, and please not remind me of it hereafter. The past always holds for us many sacred memories; memories which we do not like to have disturbed by others, and which can seldom be recalled by ourselves with calmness. Your mother, Charles, was an angel on earth, too good and pure for a long association with the cold and selfish." Again he stopped, as if he had still more to say, but in doubt whether he should proceed.

"Yes," he finally resumed, "I may as well tell you now, and then let it never be alluded to again.

"I loved your mother, Charles—was betrothed to her. My medical studies had been completed for several years, yet I went to Paris to attend lectures. The since celebrated Marie Francois Xavier Bichat, then in his twenty third year, was already attracting the attention of the surgeons of Paris. I made his acquaintance upon my first arrival, and until the time of his death from an accident, which happened twelve years ago, we were fast friends.

"It had been arranged that upon my return from France, my marriage with your mother was to be solemnized. But circumstances which are painful to recall even at this distant day, conspired against our happiness.

"A few months after my departure from Germany, your father having occasion to pass through this part of the country, tarried over night at the public house, near the college grounds. As fate would have it, Baron von Wieser, accompanied by his new-made bride, my poor sister here, arrived at the same inn a few minutes later, and they, too, put up for the night.

"Several strangers were stopping there, and among them my brother-in-law recognized an old acquaintance. During the evening, when the gentlemen had become warm with wine, the friend of Baron von Wieser chanced to enquire of him in reference to his brother-in-law, the poet Herder.

"Instantly your father became excited, and applied to the whole race of Herders an opprobrious epithet. My brother-in-law demanded an apology, which he refused. The result was a challenge."

At this point, madame von Wieser and Minnie quietly withdrew, leaving us alone. The doctor continued:

"The next morning they met in the very grove—"

"The result, doctor—the result!" I hastily cried, as I felt a deathly sickness creeping about my heart.

"They fought with pistols—your father fell at the first fire—my brother-in-law was uninjured. He repaired to the inn, ordered his horses, and was soon many miles away.

"Your father was brought to this very cottage, and was here nursed by madame Wieland and her daughter until he was fully recovered Although aware of the hostile feeling which your father cherished for the Herders, yet the gentle, forgiving spirit of madame Wieland never hesitated about receiving your father, and nursing him with all the tenderness of a mother."

When he was sufficiently recovered to resume his journey, he sought a private interview with his hostess, and demanded the hand of her daughter in marriage.—Then it was she informed him that she was a Herder, and that her daughter was already betrothed to me.

Upon this, he became greatly enraged, and swore vengeance upon every Herder in Germany. After thus venting his passion for half an hour, he became more calm, and after making the most humble apologies for his rudeness, and expressing the deepest gratitude for her kindness, he threw down a heavy purse of gold, and bidding her a tender farewell, left the house.

"A few weeks subsequent to this event, while your mother was wondering why no letters from me had reached her of late, she received a Paris paper, giving an account of my marriage with Mademoiselle Bichat. The paragraph was marked, in order to attract attention, and upon the margin of the paper, written in pencil, were my initials, C. M. H.

"The circumstances were such as to leave no doubt upon your mother's mind, and in all probability not a suspicion was awakened that the whole affair was a base fabrication. In my letters to her I had made frequent mention of young Bichat and his beautiful sister, Louise, speaking of them in the most glowing terms of admiration. Hence the deception was easy.

"The reception of this news by your mother was overpowering. She never complained—always appeared cheerful—yet it was evident to her mother that the bitter disappointment was preying upon her life. All these circumstances I subsequently learned from your grandmother. Your mother I never saw afterwards. She probably died in the full belief that I had proved myself unfaithful.

"Soon after the news of my marraige, your father appeared at the cottage. A month later, and he took your mother away as his bride. A few weeks subsequent I bade adieu to my young friend, Bichat, and started upon my journey home. I need not dwell upon the grief and disappointment which I experienced upon my arrival here. Suffice it to say, by the advice of your grandmother, especial pains were taken that the report of my marriage should not be contradicted to your mother.

"Disappointed in the fondest hope of life, I resolved to devote the remainder of my existence to the study of science. In furtherance of this resolution, I hastened back to Paris, and resumed my studies under the celebrated Desault, at the Hotel Dieu, with whom Bichat was a pupil.

"Here I remained until the death of Desault, and afterwards became an assistant with Bichat, when he opened a school for teaching anatomy, physiology and surgery, continuing with him until his death, July 22d, 1802. I remained in Paris long enough to assist in completing Bichat's new work of *Anatomie Descriptive*, which he commenced, but died before it was finished, and after its publication, returned to Germany.

The Dead Sea, says a traveler, has nothing of the desolation which it has been the pleasure of travelers to describe, and it seems to smile at the secret dread it inspired. I, of course, took a bath here; and for a swimmer who has a fancy to keep his legs as well as his head out of water, I can imagine it must be quite pleasant. My friend, who is not a little inclined to corpulency, complained that he could not get down into the water, and floated about, now one side up, now another, for all the world like an inflated bladder. On emerging from the water, it was evaporated by the sun; and the salt, crystalizing on our bodies, gave us the appearance of animated rock-candy, or a family resemblance to Lot's wife, with a sensation upon our skin as if we had been pickled for family use, and with a taste in our mouths compounded of glauber salts and assafoetida. We concluded that one bath in the Dead Sea was enough for a lifetime.

THE INVISIBLE ASSASSINS.

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, when M. de la Reynie fulfilled the duties of the now exploded lieutenant of police, there ran a fearful rumor throughout Paris, that a band of malefactors had formed themselves into a company, whose purport was to carry off and murder youths and young men from fifteen to five-and-twenty years of age.

The motives ascribed to the perpetrators of these systematic crimes were various enough. According to some, the object was to restore the waning health of an influential princess, whose emaciated frame required the daily stimulus of a bath of human blood, drawn from the veins of strong and healthy youths. According to others, the assassins were only Jews, who delighted in decimating the Christian population, merely out of hatred for the Catholic religion. The most accredited rumor, however, was that the sole motive of these murders was robbery. But in that case, as many obviously objected, wherefore should all the victims be invariably picked out from those in the flower of youth, and why and how did they disappear without leaving the slightest trace that could afford a clue to solve the mystery.

It was in vain that the police had set all its emissaries at work to discover this frightful secret—hitherto the criminals had baffled every attempt at detection, possibly because the victims belonged to the class of humble artizans or small trades-people.—But one day, just as M. de la Reynie was about to sit down to dinner with his family and a party of friends, a footman handed him a paper bearing the impress of the royal messenger in great haste.

The letter, penned by the minister, contained the following peremptory words:—"The king has just learnt that the son of a parlimentary councillor has disappeared suddenly from home. There is every reason to believe that this unfortunate youth, aged eighteen, has fallen a victim to one of those mysterious kidnappers who have been ravaging Paris for several months past. The king insists—mark the word, sir—*insists* on the perpetrators of these abominations being discovered and brought to condign punishment. It is your duty, as the lieutenant-general of police, to act in conformity to the king's orders."

On reading this passage, M. de la Reynie buried his face in his hands, and remained in a brown study for the space of several minutes, at the end of which he rang the bell, and said to the servant who answered the summons, "be quick; send off a man at full gallop to fetch to me Lecoq."

In about an hour's time, the individual in request made his appearance in M. de la Reynie's study. Lecoq was, in point of fact, a personage of great importance, being at once the subtlest, most active, cunning and daring emissary belonging to the police. He was invaluable for all dangerous and arduous undertakings—possessing the natural scent of a thorough-bred blood-hound, besides a keen eye, a rapid decision, a cool head, remarkable muscular strength, and above all, a degree of boldness that nothing could daunt.

"Lecoq," began M. de la Renie, "I know how zealous and how clever you are."

"You are pleased to overrate my poor services, monsigneur," said the new comer, bowing with mock modesty, while he said to himself, "I'm at a premium, it seems, by his speaking so fair."

"By no means," replied the magnate of the police; "I am alive to your real merit, and I am about to give you a proof of my unlimited confidence in your abilities. Of course you have heard of this kidnapping and murdering of young men, to the great alarm and horror of all fathers and mothers?"

"Of course I have, monseigneur! and I fancy that wiser heads than mine are not any nearer the mark in their guesses."

Although these words were said with an air of the most simple-hearted innocence, they seemed fraught with an epigrammatic tendency which did not escape the acute perception of the lieutenant of the police, who forthwith took a lengthened pinch of snuff, to conceal all outward token of annoyance. Presently, he said in a patronizing tone, "now suppose that I were to entrust you with the mission of discovering and handing over to justice these wretches who——"

"However flatterred I might be with such marks of confidence," interrupted Lecoq, "I should entreat your excellency to employ some worthier agent than myself."

The great man knit his brows.

"Come, come, Lecoq," said he, "let's have no squirking the question—for the time runs short; his majesty insists on our finding a clue to this blood-stained mystery, and I depend on your finding it out."

Then seeing that Lecoq was about to urge fresh objections, he added, "I know you are about to object that it will require large sums of money—but never mind that! Money is the sinew of the police as well as war. Here is a hundred Louis!"

Lecoq's eyes were illuminated with a sudden dash. He held out his hand to receive the roll of money, which he put into the pocket of his trunk hose, while bowing respectfully to his employer, who promised him double the amount if he brought the business to a favorable issue.

"In a week at the utmost, monsigneur, I shall have the long and short of it, or my name's not Lecoq," said the clever ferret, whose instinct was greatly sharpened by the promised reward.

On leaving M. de la Reynie, Lecoq went home, pondering by the way on the best means of carrying his undertaking into effect. To say the truth, he was somewhat startled by the numerous difficulties that stared him in the face, and secretly feared that he had given his word somewhat lightly; still, having a reputation to keep up in his particular branch, and entertaining no mean opinion of his own ability, he trusted he should go through the ordeal with flying colors. Besides, last, but not least, there was the attractive prospect of the two hundred Louis, over and above the hundred he had received, and which he would have blushed to keep without earning them honestly.

Yet the reader must not conclude from what we have just stated, that Lecoq was avaricious. His fondness for money might be simply traced to his devoted love for his son, a youth about twenty years of age, whose appearance and mental powers seemed of far more mature growth. He inherited his father's cool courage and acuteness, together with a degree of vivacity that obtained for him the nickname of L'Eveille, or Wide-awake, as we shall call him. Besides which, he was good-looking, and was reckoned one of the most lively young men in the neighborhood.

It was, therefore, for his beloved son's education, as well as to gratify his taste for fine clothes and amusements, that poor Lecoq was so sharp after money. He was proud of his boy, and wished to set him off to the best advantage; but while denying him nothing, so far as his means allowed, that could add to his natural gifts, he had hitherto never dreamed of mixing him up with any of his perilous adventures. Nay, he had even rarely allowed him to go out alone; or if he did, he took care to have him watched by some argus of the police—the streets of Paris in those days, being fraught with danger to the young at all times, and more especially for the past few months.

The gossips of the neighborhood which Lecoq inhabited, were therefore greatly surprised, on the morning of his interview with M. de la Reynie, to see Wide-awake sally forth without any escort, though sumptuously dressed, and ever and anon chinking the louis with which his father had filled his pockets.

During four consecutive days, Wide-awake returned home with a pensive and mortified air. Every evening Lecoq was waiting for his return on the threshold of his door, and no sooner saw him coming than his look seemed to inquire, "any news?"

But the young man only shook his head mournfully, and then entered the house in silence, and evidently much disappointed.

The delay within which Lecoq had pledged himself to solve the problem of these mysterious disappearances was now drawing near, and the poor fellow was not a little troubled and mortified at finding himself not a whit wiser than the first day. Indeed he was almost weighing within his own mind whether he should hide his shame at the bottom of the river—for Lecoq was sensitive to a degree upon matters of honor, according to his code—when, two evenings before the last delay, he saw his son coming home with hasty strides, and a glowing countenance that telegraphed good news from afar.

Like a prudent man, who had passed his life in the service of the police, Lecoq studiously refrained from all outward show of joy that could awaken the curiosity of the bystanders, and received his son as quietly as could be. But no sooner was the door shut upon the gossip, than he dropped his affected indifference, and inquired with feverish eagerness,—"Well, Wide-awake! have you brought any news?"

"Indeed I have," said the young man.

"Then speak—for I am on the tenterhooks of impatience."

"I have got the clue," said the son "and to-morrow I shall be able to unravel the whole mystery."

"A chip of the old block, I do declare!" cried the delighted father.

He then bid him sit down to supper, and first of all poured out a glass of Bordeaux, and pledged him saying, "Here's to your good health, boy!"

"And here's to Lady Guilford!" replied Wide-awake, draining his glass.

"Who may she be?" asked the father.

"A handsome English woman, who has appointed a rendezvous with your son for to-morrow, at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"But who is the Lady Guilford?" persisted Lecoq.

"Really, I know no more than you, father for all my information rests on the message she sent me, and of which I do not believe a syllable. But you shall judge for yourself. You know I have hitherto frequented all the places where young men go to fish for adventures, without being able to start any game. But this morning, on leaving the Cours la Reine, which I had paced in vain, my good luck took me to the terrace on the west side of the Tuileries. I had scarcely been there a quarter of an hour, when a kind of duenna who was loitering about, seemed desirous of picking acquaintance with me. Of course I did not affect any coyness, but sat down, upon which she took her seat beside me. We then fell into talk, and I took occasion to inquire who was the young lady she was accompanying, who was at a short distance, pretending to read a book she held in her hand, but throwing side-glances at me all the while. The duenna then entered into a long story about this Lady Guilford, as she called her, who had run away from her husband, and finished by dropping a hint that her ladyship was not wholly adverse to being admired. Being now convinced that I was on the right scent, I affected to fall headlong into the snare, and solicited the honor of an interview with the lady for to-morrow, which the old beldame promised to obtain for me provided I met her exactly at two o'clock under the porch of St. Germain l'Auxerrois."

"We will be there, my dear boy," cried Lecoq, rising and embracing his son, in an exstacy of joy.

"What are you thinking of, father?" said the young man; "it will never do for us to appear together at the rendezvous."

"Nay," said the father, "I have no wish to deprive you of a particle of the glory of the undertaking; I only wish to share your dangers. You shall meet the old crone by yourself, only I shall be on a watch at a distance, with a few trusty associates armed to the teeth, and at the slightest signal, or a blast from a whistle which I shall give you, and of which I shall carry the duplicate, we shall fly to your assistance."

On the following day, Lecoq mustered his men and gave them their instructions; and when the time came for his son to set off, he armed him with a dagger and a pair of loaded pistols, and recommending him to be extremely cautious, pressed his hand with a slight tremor, saying. "May God protect you as surely as your father shall watch over you."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the young man had reached the peristyle of the ancient church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, accompanied from afar by his invisible escort, and found the old crone waiting for him.

A kind of grim smile lit up her countenance at the sight of Wide-awake, which did not escape our hero's notice, and put him more than ever on his guard. He likewise observed that the duenna did not wear the same clothes as on the day before. She was shabbily dressed, and muffled up in a hood, apparently for the purpose of concealing her features, from the passers by.

"Follow me," whispered she to Wide-awake;

(Continued on 7th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe

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SPIRITUALISM.—WHAT IS IT?

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION—NO. XXIII.

The word Inspiration is from the Latin words *in* and *spiro*, the latter meaning *I breathe.* Its general significance, is simply *in-breathing*, or *breathing within.* It is applied alike to the physical process of inhaling atmospheric air for the support of bodily life, and to the mental process of receiving thoughts—or a subtle quickening influence from which thoughts are generated—for the sustentation of mental and spiritual life.

The two processes seem to be entirely analogous or correspondential—the one external, the other internal—and hence the one is illustrated by the other. If so, it follows that as our bodies live in a *physical* atmosphere, the constant inbreathing of which is indispensable to their life and growth, so do our minds and spirits exist in a *mental* and *spiritual* atmosphere, the continued inhalation of which is equally essential to our inner life and expansion. We inspire constantly from the vast realm of thought in which we live and move, the subtle elements from which our feelings and ideas are generated.

It also follows, that as the health and vigor of our bodies depend upon the purity of the air we breathe, so do the soundness and energy of our spirits depend upon the purity of the spiritual atmosphere we inspire. And as the external air we inhale varies in quality in different *locations*, being purer and more vitalizing in elevated regions, so do mental and spiritual atmospheres differ with the *internal states* in which we are—the loftier realms of aspiration and thought affording us purer and more life-giving inspirations.—And again, as the *quantity* of atmospheric air and accompanying vitality inhaled is increased by bodily exercise and exertion, so does the largeness of one's internal inspiration depend in part upon the degree of mental and spiritual *effort* that is put forth. Hence it is that indolent, unaspiring souls, who are content to grovel on the low plains of accustomed thought and personal ease, enjoy so little of spiritual life and freshness of idea, and are prone to doubt the reality of present inspiration.—These, as well as they who are willing to breathe the stifling airs and foul miasms of ignorance, selfishness and sensuality, can know little of the higher joys to be found in self-denying activity and earnest aspiration towards the mountain-heights of mental and spiritual attainment.

So much of Inspiration as a general or universal fact. It has also some particular or special phases which demand attention. The alleged Divine inspiration of the Bible, as well as all modern analogous phenomena, may be considered of a special rather than a general character.

When a series of connected ideas, methodically arranged, and clothed in fitting language, is *injected* into the mind by *impression*, or presented to it in symbolic vision, by a process which is consciously distinct from its own usual operations, then there is evidence of something beyond the mere inhalation of a general atmosphere of thought. The action of *another mind*, a distinct personal entity, is clearly evinced—an *inspiring* mind, which first conceives and arranges the thoughts to be presented and then communicates them to or through the *inspired* mind. In such case, the latter merely receives and transmits to others, and is properly termed a *medium.* Especially is there evidence of the action of *another* mind, when, during the communication, the inspired person is *controlled*, or his senses locked up, by a power and intelligence beyond himself.

Now it is manifest that if one finite mind has the power to control the action of another, or to project its feelings, thoughts and language into another; and if we are surrounded continually by invisible beings of diverse characters, as well as by our fellows in the body, then there may be much of *inspiration* which does not come direct from the Infinite Mind, or from the Holy Spirit, as the religious world has to a great extent supposed.

The familiar facts of what has been called Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, Psychology, Sympathy, etc., have proved that it is possible for one mind, even in the body, to control another, and to fill it with thoughts and suggestions at will, under certain conditions.

This being true of minds in the body, the same surely, *may be* true of those disembodied; and the demonstrations of modern Spiritualism prove that it *is* true. The Bible itself shows that it was equally so in ancient times as now. There were *false* prophets as well as true; there has always been "pagan" inspiration as well as Jewish and Christian—the subjects of both being equally moved and controlled by invisible intelligences. As Rev. Charles Beecher has declared, "Scripture never denies to false prophets a supernatural inspiration, nor bases the distinction of *true* and *false* on physiological grounds." *

The simple truth, then, in relation to the whole subject appears to be this:—All human minds are susceptible, some to a greater or more conscious extent than others, of influences from other minds that may be in *rapport* or sympathy with them. These influences may come from the direct and purposed action of individual minds, in or out of the body; or from bands or societies of spirits, acting associatively; or from a general sphere of mental activity, perhaps without the conscious participation of any individual mind.

Some persons, possessing a peculiar degree of nervous susceptibility, may be powerfully excited by this inspirational influence, or may be entirely controlled, to the complete overpowering of their natural faculties, by the inspiring mind or minds. When spirits of a low order, possessing little intelligence and little skill to control the physical organism, attempt to exercise this power, for either a bad or a good purpose, it is not strange that they should produce contortions and frantic movements; nor that their inspirations should fail to embody the highest wisdom. Yet contortions and spasmodic action *may* attend the influence of even exalted spirits upon some organisms—resulting from either excess of power, resistance, nervous derangement, or grossness of condition, in the subject.

The latter would seem to have been the case with Saul of old, if we accept the statement that it was the "Spirit of God" which came upon him, causing him to prophesy frantically, and then to strip off his clothing and lie in unconscious nakedness for twenty-four hours. Of a similar character, perhaps, have been the famous "Kentucky jerks," the sudden prostrations of the late "Irish Revival" and other instances where what has proved to be a really salutary and elevating spiritual influence has at first manifested itself in powerful and seemingly ridiculous forms. It would seem more probable, however, that if the Divine Spirit can be said in any sense to participate in such violent and grotesque operations, it is *through the intermediate agency of subordinate spirits* of a grade near the condition of the subjects acted upon. Hence, the frenzy, the forcible control, and seeming folly, are to be attributed to these intermediates; while the substantial good alone is from Him who is "over all, and through all, and in all."

But as the subjects of inspirational influence become more spiritualized—their bodies more refined, their minds more pure and elevated, their spirits more fully in harmony with the Divine Spirit, by the renunciation of self-will, and submission to the Father's will,—so do they come in *rapport* with correspondingly higher grades of individualized minds—so purer, more refined and wiser beings can minister immediately to them,—so do their whole organisms become permeable to the Divine influence,—so do all violent control and spasmodic action cease, and the breath of holy inspiration flows unobstructedly into and through the chambers of the soul, not to overwhelm and obliterate the normal powers, but to quicken, illuminate and exalt them to their highest, noblest action.

This we deem the true philosophy of Inspiration. It gives us a *reason* for the phenomenal differences between Pagan, Jewish, and Christian inspiration so far as such differences existed; also for the differences between the lower and higher phases of Christian inspiration as well as of that of our own day.

It shows also why there have been inconsistencies and contradictions in inspiration—why there were Pagan as well as Jewish and Christian inspired men—why there were false prophets as well as true—why the early Christians were cautioned not to "believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they be of God"—why there were inspired men in Paul's time "who called Jesus accursed"†—why there is Mohammedan inspiration, and Mormon inspiration—why there are Roman Catholic and Protestant, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Rationalistic, Naturalistic, and even Atheistic inspiration, in our own day. It is simply for the reason that in the great world of spirits, there are minds and societies in every conceivable grade of advancement, and hence entertaining every shade of opinion and fantasy that ever found a lodgment in minds similarly advanced on earth and how many more we pretend not to say. Prophets, seers, pythonesses, Dervishes mediums, etc, are but persons peculiarly susceptible to influences from the world of spirits; and as they have come into *rapport* or sympathetic relations with one or another individual, society, or sphere of spirit life, so have they been inspired with the ideas and doctrines of such individual, society, or sphere—in other words, they have *breathed in* the spiritual atmosphere of that grade of life to which they have risen. And so do we all.

The same law applies to poetic, musical and artistic inspiration in general. All genius is but capacity for inspiration; all men of genius confess that they succeed only as a greater than they works through them.—So interlinked is our mental and spiritual life with the life of a universe of intelligences, that none of us can claim absolute originality, or make clear title to a patent right on any high achievement. We do nothing of ourselves alone. Ministering intelligences, rank above rank, form the unbroken chain or channel through which thought and life reach us from the Central Fount of life and thought. As are our desires and capacities, so do we receive.

Inspiration is thus the perpetual answer to *aspiration.* In one or another form, it is the indispensible means of all individual growth, and equally so of all human progress. It is thus the birthright of every soul and the heritage of all ages. That which is adapted to the needs of childhood is unsuited to the requirements of full grown men and women; and that which met the wants of the world's infancy cannot suffice for the dawning age of manhood.

The *value* of inspired teachings, and the *test* to which they are to be submitted, will be considered in another article.

A. E. N.

*Review of Spiritual Manifestations, p. 41
†1 Cor. 12: 3.

N. B.—As the writer is so situated at present that he cannot examine the proof-sheets of the Age, he begs the reader's indulgence for such typographical errors as may escape the printer's eye. Several have occurred in previous articles, sometimes to the obscuration of the sense; but their correction is left to the intelligence of the reader.

A. E. N.

☞ We had intended to let the subject of "Political Action" rest for the present just where we left it last week, trusting that we had made our position so clear that it could not be misapprehended. But the strictures of our New Brighton friend, to which we give place in another column, so misrepresents our real views in some particulars, that a few words more seem to be demanded of us.

Does "A J." really believe that in our allusion to the manner in which the vote of the Irish Catholics is cast, we looked forward to the probability that at some future day, the mass of Spiritualists could be led and controlled in like manner? It may be the very height of amusement for our correspondent to set up such men of straw, and then proceed to pummel and demolish them altogether. If so, we are content; but we protest against such unworthy inferences being drawn from our language. We thought that the following explicit language in that very first article would prevent any wrong construction being put upon our allusion to the universally acknowledged fact, that the Irish Catholics *do* vote at the dictation of their priest,—viz:—"How much more, then, shall the influence of Spiritualists tell upon these elections. * * * The great mass of believers in our faith are recognized to be among the most intelligent, moral, order-loving, law-abiding citizens." Will our correspondent please explain how any person, in the full possession of his senses could expect to construct an organization of such materials and hope to control its action as the Catholics are controlled?

And if a purely voluntary union, the fruit of free discussion and interchange of thought, maneuvered by no scheming politicians, shaped by no petty caucuses, dictated by no Conventions, and hampered by no creed or platform—if the hearty expression of full faith in the future of Spiritualism, taking the form of a hundred thousand or more votes in 1860, would not be a result productive of vast good in many ways to the cause of Spiritualism, then our judgment is sadly at fault. If strength and unity will enforce a respectful hearing and a cordial consideration of the subject from the public at large, is it not our duty to avail ourselves of those instrumentalities? If, while differing in our views of the details of Spiritualism, we have not sufficient faith in the grand fact itself, and that Infinite Wisdom is now manifesting itself anew for the progression and development of the race, to *express* our faith in some such convincing manner, why, then we had better tarry at Jericho until our spiritual beards are grown. For ourselves, we accept this new revelation as one which is utterly to revolutionize and destroy existing institutions of all kinds,—political, social and religious—and that speedily; and we are utterly indifferent to the squabbles of this or that party or sect to obtain the mastery. They are all death-struck, and must soon give place to a divinely-constituted order of things.

We leave this whole matter to the free, uncontrolled action and judgment of Spiritualists. If, as a body, they believe it better to cling to the old parties, and try to purify them, we are content. We wish to exercise no authority over the action of any one. We only desire our suggestions to be calmly and candidly weighed by our friends and given that weight and influence which properly belongs to them.

△

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.

Lewis B. Monroe, late associate editor of the Spiritual Age, will receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism and kindred topics, wherever his services may be desired. Address care of the Spiritual Age.

☞ Mr. E. V. Wilson is our authorized agent for receiving subscriptions for the Age.

☞ H. P. Fairfield will speak in Plymouth Mass., Sunday Oct. 2d.

POLITICAL ACTION.

While this subject is up for discussion, perhaps the undersigned may be pardoned for giving a more full statement of his individual opinion in the premises,—albeit he may be obliged to differ to some extent from his associates and other friends with whom he would be glad to accord.

With respect to the *main end* doubtless had in view by those who propose political action for Spiritualists—namely, the advancement of truth and the more full incorporation of the principles of justice and equality into the political institutions under which we live—I, of course, fully sympathize with them. Our difference is in regard to the *means* proper to be employed.

It is certainly very natural that men who have been accustomed to suppose the existing civil institutions of this country the best that can be formed, and to look to political action under them for the removal of such defects as are perceived—it is natural that such men should think of having recourse to the same instrumentality for remedying evils to which Spiritualism has made them sensible. And so long as they see no intrinsic wrong in this, and honestly regard it as a legitimate and feasible means of promoting reform, they are not to be censured for such action, but their zeal and consistency should rather be commended.

Nevertheless, the writer, under the light of spiritual truth, has come to the conviction that the existing political fabric is so radically defective and thoroughly corrupt that it is not only past usefulness as an instrument of the needed reforms, but that action under it, in any such way as to recognize its validity and rightfulness, is positively wrong—is, in fact, treason to Humanity, to Truth and to God.

This may seem a startling and extravagant position to some, but I think it can be readily justified to discerning minds.—No government has any rightful claim to the obedience or respect of men, any further than it is founded on, and administered in accordance with the grand principles of right, justice, equality and beneficence. But neither National nor State governments pretend to be based upon or guided by these fundamental principles of Christian morality. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" "Love your enemies;" "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good;" "Avenge not yourselves," etc. Neither makes the Christ-life of self-sacrificing devotion to others' good the *sine-qua-non* of good citizenship—the only path to honor and promotion.

On the contrary, the real foundation—the practical, moving principle of nearly all our governmental machinery, is *selfishness.* The assumed "rights of property" are every where carefully guarded, while the *rights of man as man* are disregarded. Competitive labor and trade are constantly fostered. The monopoly of God's free earth is legally protected. The most flagrant of all crimes, "property in man," or chattel slavery, is recognized and upheld by law, North as well as South. The civil equality of woman is wholly ignored.

The infliction of vindictive punishments upon offenders, even to the taking of life, in defiance of the Divine prerogative, and the custom of making war against enemies, even the weak and defenceless, are integral parts of the existing system.—The most important functions of a true state—the *parental* duties of protecting the weaker classes, of reforming the vicious, and of providing productive employment for the imbecile, these are mostly overlooked. Besides all this, the administration of the government, to no inconsiderable extent, has fallen into the hands of corrupt and unscrupulous men, whose patriotism is measured by their pockets. This is inevitable in a system whose basis is selfishness; and it must be expected to grow yet worse and worse.

These characteristics plainly stamp our political system as practically and essentially Anti-Christian and Atheistic to its

very base. Perhaps its founders did the best they could under the circumstances; and undeniably the scheme they framed was an improvement on worse systems which preceded it. But it was only a stepping-stone to a better, and therefore to be *stepped from* as soon as its defects and rottenness become obvious.

Those who do not yet realize the magnitude of these defects and positive wrongs, may conscientiously continue in allegiance to the existing governments, National and State, and honestly work with their instrumentalities for ends which are deemed useful. But the writer has for years refrained from any participation in political affairs, and from any acknowledgment of the rightfulness of the present system; and must continue to do so, until his views change.—Believing the American Republic has mainly accomplished its purposes in Humanity's development—at least so far as *himself* is concerned,—he has *come out* from it as from an effete and decaying institution—still using it, however, for any legitimate uses it may yet subserve. It does not seem worth the while of Reformers to spend their energies in attempting to demolish and put it out of the way. It is poor husbandry to waste precious new wine for the mere purpose of rending asunder old bottles! Let them alone, and they will speedily fall to pieces of their own rottenness. To those, however, who do not yet see the incurable condition of the present "body politic," he has only to say, let them nurse and tend it till the utter loathesomeness of its decaying corse shall convince them. He would "let the dead bury their dead," while he seeks to devote himself to "teaching the Kingdom of God"—that is, the principles of the divine or heavenly social state, which he firmly believes Spiritualism is to aid in inaugurating, sooner or later, on the earth.

Political action, then, after the usual methods, does not seem to be the thing required of Spiritual Reformers. It is inadequate, in the writer's view, to any valuable results. Certainly, an entrance upon the arena of political strife, with a spiritualistic candidate for the Presidency, cannot be expected to procure us immunity from revilings, abuse and misrepresentation, as one good friend suggests. Those who remember the virulence and unscrupulousness of political partizans in such contests,—the slanders, the vilifications, the "Roorbacks," the "last cards," etc., which so foully disgrace every Presidential campaign,—can indulge no serious expectations of that kind.

"Agitation is our creed" as fully as it is that of any one. The writer has done something in this line in the past, and hopes to do much more. The principles of Spiritual truth, when clearly set forth and applied to practical life, must produce agitation and fermentation in the *political* as well as the theological and social worlds. The result I anticipate is the separation of such particles in the present body politic as retain any healthful vitality, from the general putrefying mass, and their gathering together in associative groups here and there over the land, in which the true principles of government and of a higher individual and social life shall be inaugurated. These groups, or associations, growing strong in the true life, will be prepared to offer places of refuge for distracted humanity, when the old order of things shall go to pieces, as go it must. Such a crisis may be far in the future, but it seems inevitable.

In the *constructive* work thus hinted at, as lying before the spiritual reformer, there is no need of *demolishing* the existing system of government, nor of *endorsing* it.—All we have to do is to *come out of*, or, rather *rise above it*, and build better on a higher plane. Those who, by the development of the spiritual man in themselves, and the subordination of the animal and selfish, have become "a law unto themselves," (and none others are ready for a better social state than now exists,) no longer need the external restraint of human law. Leaving those for such as *do* need them, (and this class will instinctively cling to them so long as needed,) let Spiritual men and women associate themselves on the basis of a "higher law" of Christly love and unselfish living. Let them prove, by lives of voluntary righteousness, purity, fraternity and self-sacrificing goodwill, their fitness for real self-government, for angelic society, and their ability to take a practical step upward on the ladder of Human Progress. Until we have shown some such ability, it becomes us to be modest and self-recollective in our denunciations of government and society as they are—they being as good as they can be, with *the materials* of which they are composed.

Such are the writer's private opinions on the subject, publicly and frankly expressed. However, "let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind," and act accordingly.

A. E. N.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

A subscriber writing from West Milbury, Mass. says:

"I like the change in form much * * * * If your articles on Spiritualism in Religion" should be published, set me down as good for 3 copies at 6$, or 4 at 50 cts., should my life and health be spared. Let the friends of purity send their orders, in such numbers at once as to insure the publication of these useful articles in book form at once, or as soon as may be; for if I do not mistake the contents of the same will fill a large vacancy which ever has existed, on these important subjects and ever will exist, unless filled by some progressive religionist, who is not ashamed or afraid to step out of the over beaten path."

Marshall, Sept. 12th, 1859.

"Your very valuable Age has been a welcome visitor to my house for nearly three years, and I rejoice in saying that its worth to me is beyond estimating, so much so, that when it fails reaching me in due time, I feel my entertainment for the Sabbath, anything but a pleasant one.

We have no regular lectures given here at this time, but we anticipate having a course through our very worthy and intelligent Brother J. M. Peebles of Battle Creek, who gave us one very interesting lecture on the first instant. Otherwise from this, I have been wholly dependent upon the Age making up the sum total of my church, minister, deacons, and saints."

Athens, Me., Sept. 18th, 1859.

There are a goodly number in this place who are earnestly contending for the true faith and are crying for "Light! more Light!" We are investigating this beautiful phenomena and are already convinced of its sublime truthfulness. It is a holy a beautiful faith which binds all true believers together as one, united in love to God our Heavenly Father. The holy influence of this new faith is rapidly progressing, and my prayer is, may its sacred and glorious march be onward and upward until the whole world is flooded with spiritual light.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Our offer to furnish the AGE three months for 25 cents, *on trial, does not* apply to our *old subscribers*, who were already on the books, when the AGE passed into its new hands. The sum of 25 cents barely pays for the white paper on which the AGE is printed for thirteen weeks.

We should shortly become bankrupt were we to furnish *all* our subscribers at the same rate. Believing, however, that the paper only needs a trial to induce a permanent acquaintance, we took that method to introduce it to many who would not otherwise have their attention called to the subject.

All those of our old subscribers who have sent in their orders under such a mistake will be credited for the amount at the regular rates.

☞We owe our readers an apology for the somewhat irregular manner in which the papers have been mailed for the last two weeks. Our principal mailing clerk has been sick during that time, and amidst other important and pressing duties, the mails were necessarily neglected. He has now resumed his post, and we shall hereafter endeavor to forward to subscribers in good season.

N. E. UNION UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION.—The subscribers to stock in the New England Union University are requested to meet in Lowell on the first Tuesday in Oct., at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M., to hear and act upon the report of a special committee on revision of the constitution of the Association; also to locate said University. All subscribers are requested to be present without further notice.

A. B. CHILD, Sec'y.

The title of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen's work on Spiritualism, now in the press of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, is "Foot-Falls on the Boundary of Another World."

Correspondence.

[For the Spiritual Age]

MR. PLIMPTON'S REPLY TO MR. BLY.

Having been absent from this city, I had no opportunity to confer with my informant, Mr. Charles Murray Harriman, (I write the name in full for the especial benefit of Mr. Bly) in regard to the visit of Mr. Bly to this city in search after an assistant, who should enable him more successfully to deceive the public by his lectures upon the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, which fact was published in the "Age" of Aug. thirteenth.

I was careful to have the statement from the lips of Mr. Harriman, so as to preclude the possibility of mistake in the source of my information, also to avail myself of all the circumstances and testimony to substantiate what I might present to the public.—After having got the statement, I deemed it due to the cause of truth and to many individuals who have suffered from the wanton and false representations that this man has been so industrious in circulating through the community for the past few months, that these facts should be made public, so that those who know of spiritualists through this man, might also know of his character, and hence could give such weight to his testimony as in their judgment it deserved, and to show what kind of an instrument, some of these petty evangelical retailers of so-called spiritual truth were using, when they exulted with such seeming joy, and proclaimed the speedy overthrow of the facts of spirit intercourse, through the able and efficient labors of this DR. BLY.

Since the publication of his reply to my statement, I have had an interview with Mr. Harriman, and he re-affirms all I stated in my communication, and asserts that he cannot be mistaken in the man. He pronounces the statements of Mr. Bly as unqualified falsehoods and is ready to testify to that under any circumstances. He says he had some respect for the gentleman, but now, such a glaring want of integrity, as he manifested in his reply, has destroyed all confidence that existed in his mind for him.

Mrs. Harriman stated to me that when Mr. Bly called at her house, she went to the place where her husband was employed and informed him that a gentleman (as she supposed) wished to see him.

Mr. Harriman gives the name of another gentleman who has received a similar proposition from Mr. Bly, as he conversed with Professor Hoyt but a few days ago upon the subject in question.

Is Mr. Bly ready to deny this statement and call it a fabrication of mine?

Is he ready to deny that he has made a similar proposition to a third person? Some of us have good reason to suspect that he has, whether denied by him or not. If this third person should see the denial of Mr. Bly, made in regard to the first charge, he will have good reasons for thinking the charge to be true. The position of Mr. Bly's case is this; my informant re-affirms his statements with emphasis, it is corroborated by the testimony of his wife, the additional testimeny of a second person to whom a similar proposition was made, and reasons to suspect that there is a third person who can testify to the same point. I make this last statement for the benefit of Mr. Bly, for this article is for his welfare as well as others.

I might leave the matter here, for I have I think make it clear that what I have stated was no fabrication of mine, as the sneer of this *most exemplary* person seemed to indicate, when he says, "if there is such a man."

But I purpose to notice his reply at more length, for I write for a double purpose, viz., to state the facts as they occurred, and to show how unscrupulous the means used in opposition to the phenomena of spirit intercourse have been, by those who have been the immediate instruments and those who have occupied a position a little higher in the community, but really have borne the same relation to more public operators, as did the monkey to the cat in the fable. I have this also in my favor; Mr. Bly must hear me, for he has not the noisy, unthinking rabble from the streets, who are ready for a small bait, to trample upon all right, and scoff at the holiest and purest aspirations of the human soul, to prevent me from speaking.

Mr. Bly makes the important announcement that he has been a resident of this "sublunary sphere," about twenty-six years; now as near as I can learn, his residence for so long a period has not been the means of enabling him to adhere strictly to the truth, but on the contrary, he has acquired the art of deception in a worse form, for he can unblushingly tell that which he knows to be false and attempt to induce others to make deception appear to be the truth: rather an unenviable reputation to have gained in so few years, proving conclusively that he is quite a precocious youth in that capacity, and his persistence gives evidence that he intends to be a diligent laborer in his master's vineyard. He says "the falsehood lies between your correspondent and his 'tricky friend, Harriman,' *if there is such a man*, for it does not look reasonable that any person would assume my name and make such propositions." Will Mr. Bly deny that he has any knowledge of Charles Murray as Negro Minstrel, and Professor Charles as Ventriloquist & Exhibitor of Legerdemain; or as Charles Murray Harriman, at whose residence he called to engage him as an assistant? I have every reason to believe that he is acquainted somewhat with the gentleman named, and hence has the very best possible reason for not entertaining any such proposition, and his personal knowledge of the transaction, mentioned, was the cause of his making the statement, notwithstanding the flimsy sneer thrown out in the doubt of there being such a man.

He wishes me to give the dates, and he will show that he was "far away" from Lowell or Groton. How does he know that, for I did not give the exact time, especially of the interview at Groton. I merely stated it to be some months ago—some months ago he was in Lowell, and while at this city he is but one half hour's ride from Groton. He might be in Groton, have an interview with Mr. H. and be in Lowell and give his lecture on the evening of the same day. Does Mr. Bly think that we are so short-sighted as not to see that he can be in either Groton or Lowell at eight o'clock in the morning, and be able to give a lecture on the evening of the same day, in either of the States adjoining this State. I have no doubt he thought he managed somewhat shrewdly to be "far away" from this city on the evening of the day alluded to, for fear something might occur to place him in an unpleasant position,—but unless he can destroy all the means by which he made his escape from this city there is a possibility of his detection. This must be the case unless the position assumed by the opponents of spirit intercourse be true, viz:—that it is impossible for the human spirit to return from the spirit realm by the same means which it employed to ascend to it,—that it has taken its flight up the staircase that leads to the higher condition and then drawn it up after it, or forgot how to put it down again or build something in its place—or it has no power to ascertain the means of its escape from the earth form, or does wilfully destroy all the agencies employed in its ascension, lest some adventurous spirit in the earth form might stumble upon the line, ere the denizen of the spirit world was aware of it—become master of the secret and be able to look into the spirit world unbidden.

I have no doubt if our spirit friends pursued the calling of this man Bly, they would be anxious to prevent all possibility of pursuit, as much so as he was desirous of preventing all means of detecting his visit to this city.—Perhaps our opponents have this opinion of *their Spirit World*, but the friends of spirit intercourse have no such degrading comprehension of the "spirit home," but frequently hear the voices of their immortal friends, saying, "earth friends 'come up higher,' unfold and prepare thy spirit, and the portals of the 'spirit home' are wide open to thy vision, and no angel with flaming sword stands ready to pierce you through, for attempting to behold the beauties and glories of that bright land." Mr. Bly thinks from the credulousness of your correspondent that there is need of "material regulators." Your correspondent is credulous enough to believe that if there are any in the community that need the services of Mr. Bly with the weight of character that appears to be attached to him, they had better heed the recommendation contained in the last half of the 6th verse of the 18th chapter of Matthew, as more profitable to them.

Mr. Bly claims to be an expounder of a *true* and rational spiritual philosophy,"—now I give it as my opinion, that according to the position he has assumed in his reply, and all the facts I can gather in regard to him in this exposing matter, he is a most true and faithful representative of that old spirit which the Christian Church honors so highly, for they ascribe to him all the manifestations from the spirit world, in so much as they admit of no other, and give him free access to earth sphere, and deny to his royal antagonist, Jesus Christ, any power to make himself tangible, while the terrible foe of mankind "goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and those who are anxious for a more familiar acquaintance with *his* spiritualism, will do well to call upon his most faithful disciple, whom the church and those who are personally interested in saving mankind from the clutches of his Satanic majesty, delighteth to honor, and pay the high compliment of being famous in saving the race from the pernicious influence of Modern Spiritualism.

But perhaps I am more severe than I ought to be upon the gentleman, for he says he is subjected to much annoyance from those who misrepresent him. I am inclined to think that he has got a spark of sincerity lingering somewhere in his nature, a small patrimony from the mother who bore him, and this gives him power to perceive that the value attached to his labors by those who compliment him *is not deserved*, hence it is not to be wondered at that he will be pleased when he can rid himself from such unpleasant attachments. The many friends he claims among the spiritualists are glad to know that there is this faint glimmer of honesty appearing in his horizon, giving evidence that some good spirit from the spirit home is whispering to his inner nature, attempting to arouse in him a response, thereby effecting a movement towards reformation.

I close this long notice of the gentleman with a proposition, which is this, if Mr. Bly will meet Mr. Harriman and others at my house without any disguise, just as he was when he came to this city and made the proposition to Mr. Harriman, and they shall declare that he is not the man, then I will make that declaration as public as I have the fact already published;—if he does not accept this proposition, he must abide the decision that seems to be so clearly set against him.

I have given more space to this case than perhaps was needed, but I deem it a subject of some importance, as it involves my own veracity,—the kind of instruments that are used by the opponents of the New Dispensation, and more than all others it illustrates in a clear light the principle with which I commenced the article that called out his reply, that evil carries within itself the means of its own destruction, and sooner or later these means will be brought into action and assert their power.

We have all of us been told that one falsehood needs hundreds of others to make that one appear like the truth, and after all it will be a miserable failure, while the truth stands forth the brighter, the more closely it is scanned,—the greater number of circumstances that can be brought to reveal it; also no act can be performed without leaving the traces of its accomplishment, and however minute they may be, they cannot escape the magnifying lens of the spirit, before whose power all distances either in space or condition cease.

A. B. PLIMPTON.

Lowell, Sept, 18th, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Having for a few months past been a frequent visitor to the business men's prayer meetings which are held daily in the old South Chapel from 12 to 1 o'clock, and noticed the workings of these meetings in the promotion of sectarianism, I have felt that something might be done in the same manner for the promotion of the pure Spiritual truth; I would therefore suggest that a meeting be established at the same hour of each day, to be called *the business men's Spiritual social meeting for the interchange of Spiritual thoughts*, and as you have connected with your office a good room for the commencement of such a meeting, I throw out this hint, hoping that you and other friends of Spiritual truth, will give it careful consideration. D.

Mr. Andrew Porter of South Danvers, has a squash in his garden which girts six feet seven inches, being as much as a good sized ox—and it is estimated by eminent squash mongers, to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

SERMON.

BY REV. H. ELKINS, WILLISTON, VT.

"The people, therefore, that stood by, and heard *it*, said that it thundered; others said, an ange spake to him:" John XII: 29.

It is often the case that we behold the exemplifications of similar differenees in opinion concerning events which are obviously the workings of an overruling Providence, but which some ascribe to secondary causes, which causes are unintelligent, inert, passive and, in and of themselves, impotent. Men with different degrees of intelligence and reason, standing on comparatively high and low planes of thought, and seeing things from a different point of view, very honestly differ; for it is impossible for him on the low plane to see so far over the vast panorama of nature, as it is for him who stands on more commanding heights, having wrought his way upward by diligently studying every object which he passed in his ascent, and who yet must climb infinitely higher before he can understand all the mysteries which abound in the Universe that the great and good God has fashioned. Men judge of the aspect and character of every thing from their own stand-point, and they report occurrences and events so differently, even when they were eye and ear witnesses, that it is no wonder that Berkley and other idealists should so calmly conclude that there is no such thing as matter in all God's universe—that all these supposed objective realities are subjective idealities evolved in the mind. Lord Byron said that when Berkley said there is no such thing as *matter*, it is no *matter* what Berkley said. Although truth is eternal and unchangeable, yet viewing things from different points, that which seems true to the man on the low plane, where his vantage ground of view is small, where his eye or intelligence can extend but a little distance over the horizon of nature, the man on higher ground knows to be false, for he can see far enough to descry the true condition of the matter. We can familiarly illustrate this truth. How honestly the ignorant Catholic tells of the great miracle performed by the canonized saints of the Roman Church, and the marvellous power possessed by his priest; and Protestants smile at his credulity, and do not even surmise that the philosopher standing on a still higher plane of thought, smiles also at their credulity and ignorance, and feels pity that a wrong education and false ideas imbibed from their nurses and ministers should have so hindered the free, normal growth of reason. And when I speak of philosophers I do not mean book-men, merely; for false views are often advocated in books, but I mean those who have philosophic, reasoning minds, and we often find men who can reason from the law of cause and effect by their own keenness of observing the phenomena of nature. Ethan Allen, without a book or any aid from under heaven, would philosophize more truly than Jonathan Edwards with access to all the books in the world. He understood more of God's nature and manner of dealing with His creature, man, than the whole evangelical church of America! and he was not to be intimidated by threats or flattered by bribes from the eternal principle of truth. Books will greatly aid men to acquire or avail themselves of the truth that other great minds have discovered, but they never can supply a deficiency of intelligence and reason, nor change sap to brains.

The philosopher, who loves and reveres Jesus and the great truths that he taught, smiles at the credulity of the Protestant who believes in the literal or physical occurrences of the miracles as recorded in the Bible; as the Protestant standing on a little higher ground than the Catholic, smiles at the credulity of the latter, in believing in the healing and holy virtues of the hair and bones of the old monks and nuns, and the miracles they were said to perform when alive on earth, and which are said to have been since performed at their graves; and as the Catholic standing on a little higher ground, laughs at the credulity of the Pagan who believes in the charms, oracles, power and wisdom of idols. Thus one laughs at the other while he who stands on the true ground of positive philosophy sees truly.

In the primitive ages of the world, when the race was ignorant of the order and system of the universe, mythologic gods were supposed to govern the most common phenemena of nature. They had no thought of nature as an existing scheme of order and law. Every thing to them was supernatural. The universe itself, in all its parts, was a vast theatre in which these gods and demigods were performing their dramatic acts. Their mythological deities were racing and charioteering through the sky, enthroned upon the mountain tops, weaving and shimmering in the spray of the sea, exhaling vapors and gases from the caves and chasms of the earth, exhibiting their rage in terrific storms, when Jupiter from Mt. Olympus sent down his fiery thunder bolts to kill whomsoever had offended him. There was something sublime and awful in the idea that a thunder shower was produced by a god whose throne was upon a high mountain, and who shot lightning a thousand miles from his almighty bow, to kill those who had merited his vengeance. All departments of nature had a god and the inhabitants walked fearfully lest they should offend some one of them. Jupiter might at any time shoot them with his fiery bolts; Bacchus might blast or mildew the grape harvest. Neptune might let in the sea upon them and drown them, or Pluto might blow his big bellows under ground and stir up volcanic fires, or he might get to scuffling and wrestling there with some of his apprenprentices, and thereby produce earthquarkes and shake down cities. In the deep underground they received the shades of the departed, in the awful realms of Tartarus, alias called hell, where brimstone abounded—this they knew, for Pluto used to send up a million tons at once, whenever he blew a volcano. You have all read descriptions of volcanoes and know how enormous Plutonian rocks are heaved against the skies. Stout, stalwart gods were once supposed to do this.

But millions and millions of years before men existed upon the earth the laws of nature had been in uninterrupted operation, had proved their uniformity and stability; and in all that vast tract of ages, there are no traces that any miracles transpired, no supernatural occurrence, no deviations from their uniform course, no violation nor suspension of the laws themselves, no irregularity in their course can be designated in the traces that are left. Upon the immutability of this beautiful order of nature depends the calculations of the astronomer and his capability to determine the precise moment of the eclipses, of the occultations of a star, of the transit of the inferior planets across the disc of the sun, of the phases of the moon, of the orbitual motion of comets, of the ebb and flow of tides, of the parallax of stars, and the exact place where a star or a planet may be found at a given hour of time. The planet Neptune was discovered in consequence of the uniformity of these laws, for a slight inclination of Herschel being perceived they justly supposed it must be produced by the attraction of a planet lying beyond, and not by a miracle. Introduce spasmodic action into the machinery of the Universe, let it suspend, abrogate, supercede, or interfere with the immutable order, let the sun and moon rise sometimes in the west and sometimes in the east, remain stationary "upon Gibeon or in the valley of Ajalon," or retrograde ten degrees to convince an old Hebrew king that he would live fifteen years longer, and instead of regularity and order you have chaos and confusion at once. The great laws of Kepler and the celestial mechanism of La Place, and the stella explanations of Le Verrier would all have been futile and null; all science had been abortive; all nature disjointed; and the God of the Universe unreliable. But such is not the case. Profane and astronomical history running back farther than the reign of Hezekiah or Joshua, tells not a a word of the jars in the Universe said to have transpired miraculously to favor the Jews. And from the past systematic order of events we may adopt it as a basis upon which to found a prophecy, as we may judge of the future by the present and the past, that no interruption, no great miraculous cataclysm will occur. Stability, in the order or system of nature, seems, to some weak and superficial minds, to indicate that there is no overruling intelligence, no guide, no governor, as though this stability was an indication of weakness rather than of strength. They want to see, or have testimony to, a spasm to convince them that there is a God! But it is this immutability or stability of a regular order or law in nature, that most impels the philosopher to acknowledge and adore a great Designer. Did he witness constant caprice and no natural and reliable connection of cause and effect, then we should be at once on slippery footing and would land at last we know not whither.—But this reliable chain of sequence on which runs the permanent will of the Creator, is so nice and beautiful, I do not see who, for a moment, could doubt the existence of a God.

The philosopher, when *he* listens to the solemn mutterings of the thunder, hears the voice of one of God's messengers, who executes the electric laws of nature, and the voice of a spirit angel would not have been construed by him to be the noise induced by physical causes. "The people, therefore, that stood by and heard *it*, said that it thundered; others said an angel spake to him." Clairaudient voices and clairvoyant sights at the present time are referred to mental abberrancy, or to the mesmerisms of the living, or to odylic currents passing through an attenuated atmosphere, as in past centuries; the people, therefore, *that stood by, said it thundered*," when a voice from heaven uttered, "I have glorified thy name and will glorify it again." The miracles of an ignorant age are accounted for by a true philosophy on the hypothesis, or on the certainty, rather, of a spirit realm which surrounds us, and whose laws are nice and fixed, and whose unseen powers are often manifested in startling and paradoxical ways, yet in conformity, ever, to the pure, established laws of spirit. The dull materialist said "it thundered;" the fanatical and ignorant thought it a divine miracle; the true philosophy of the Bible represents it simply—an angel spake to him. In this day, the materialists—I mean those who "*stand by*"—say, "It is mesmerism;" the bigoted and foolish say, "It is the devil;" others say "It is God;" the only true definition is—angels speak unto men. The fanatical say, "It is a divine miracle;" the angels themselves say, "It is we who, by pneumatic laws, have opened your spiritual hearing and spiritual sight. God's laws are fixed, fear not," say they.

In the primitive ages of the world, mythologic gods were supposed to be the cause of the spiritual, as they were of every other phenomena of nature. In accordance with this ancient mythology, when the clouds of heaven rested upon the congregation of the children of Israel—that is, when the weather was cloudy and murky—in the place where the cloud abode, there the children of Israel pitched their tents, "and whether it was by day or by night that the cloud was taken up they journeyed," for the sun or the full moon, which was the pillar of fire, which lighted the wilderness and guided them, that they saw—these natural phenomena were ascribed, not to the Universal God of nature, who sendeth His rain and sun upon the just and upon the unjust, but to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the tutelary god of the Jews.

Not knowing the meteorology of the skies and observing it to be different than it was in Egypt where it never rains for six months, they thought the variable weather was expressly produced by divine and intermediate agency for their good. Not knowing the philosophy of tides, because they passed at low tide, when a high tide swept away their pursuers, how easy and natural for those ignorant men and women, who had been kept grinding fordone (?) at the wheel of labor, who had been the servile slaves of the Egyptians for over two hundred years, to believe that Moses was in direct communication with God, for he was a man of science, skilled in the knowledge of the Egyptians, and knew something of the laws of nature. Let a man of science gather our southern slaves together and inform them that the God of their fathers had willed that they should be free, and that he would be known among them by signs and great wonders, such an influence could be brought to bear upon their minds together with the natural excitement consequent upon anticipated freedom, and the idea that they were God's chosen covenant people, that the commonest occurrences of every day life would be thought to take place by direct and supernatural agency of God. I know something of these influences by experience. Of all the people on the earth at the present day, the Shaker most nearly resemble the ancient Jews. They suppose themselves to be under the direct charge of the angels of God, and that the Almighty himself keeps a strict and jealous eye over them. His messengers are attendant upon their every step, are cognizant with all the secret thoughts of their souls, and the least deviations from the religious conceptions once entertained by Ann Lee, are sure to be wafted to the throne and to the ear of the Eternal. If an irresistible affinity, or natural love binds two hearts together in the sacramental marriage of the soul, why the great spiritual serpent that tempted Eve and Adam, has also fascinated them, and the tidings of this awful love are wafted up to God, and He sends fevers and dysenteries and measles upon his peculiar people, for a branch in the heavenly vineyard is cursed, and if one member is diseased all must suffer. A terrible thunder shower among them scares him or her whose hearts are well nigh bursting with love, to unveil the deep and secret snare that Satan has laid for their mutual destruction, and to unravel all the silken ties which bind their fretted souls in one. In its deep mutterings they hear not the beautiful voice of methodic nature, but the awful roar of an angry God calling out from amidst the deep, dark, rolling abysses in forked lightnings for them to repent and confess, confess and repent of a love cherished for the creature instead of the Creator. A heavy drought fetches the whole Society upon their knees invoking Him who presides over their destinies to let fall a shower of rain upon the lands occupied by His chosen, holy people. And how many times have we watched the clouds and saw them follow the line of the high hills which environed their quiet village, passing them by, and giving no rain. And how we felt our souls sink in deep despair, and we would wish that we had never heard the sound of the blessed Gospel, then in our ignorance we would not have so offended God. At one time twenty acres of heavy grass was nearly cured, and we were raking and securing it fast as possible, when a heavy shower began to loom up in the west, and all appearances indicated for us a tremendous and inevitable dripping.—As it advanced the old bishop waved his hand to beat it back, and told it to pass by; and strange to relate, (yet no very uncommon occurrence, for we have all seen the like,) it veered to the south, and while we got but a light pattering, upon the farm adjoining, it poured down in torrents. This we sincerely believed was caused by God's immediate providence and his divine interpositions which were put on foot at the prayers of the holy man. All these supernatural hoaxes and miraculous interferences, my friends, I know all about them, I have been trained and educated right amidst them, as much as is the Catholic, or as much as was the Jew,—they all are based in superstition, and nothing but the knowledge of nature and natural law will save any one from being deluded by the like impostures. The Shakers have sacred places that cannot be entered safely only on certain days, and whoever that is not a priest attempts to steady the spiritual ark, meets inevitable death. Let the ark jostle ever so badly, even if it turns over, touch it not at your peril. Many wonder how the Shakers are able to perpetuate such an institution so long in the nineteenth century, the age of science. Look into all your churches and wonder how they are able to perpetuate a belief in supernaturalism! none but the Limitarians and Spiritualists are all saved from the fallacy. The Shakers, at least, have the merit of consistency in believing that God takes as much notice of the moderns as He did the ancients. They know just how far intellectual cultivation can be carried without danger of intellectual emancipation. They have no more fear of modern science then the Orthodox churches have. But they *all* tremble at the faintest footfalls of science, and while some assume high collegiate advantages for the young, they much rather keep them pondering over old Hebrew, Greek and Latin lore—and this they call learning—than to excite in them a love for science.

But because there is no outward working upon nature whenever we sin against God, yet within nature, within our own natures, there is surely a retribution,—there is surely and more certainly and more inexorably, a certain and direct consequence, a fixed penalty which no art of the physician can turn aside, which no panacea can remedy, no repentance can undo, which is not dependent upon the physical elements about us, but upon the spiritual elements within us. God acts not outside of nature, but in it—the place for the soul of nature to act. Sin is its own avenger. You cant stop its ravages upon the soul no more than you can stay the tides of the sea or the mutations of the winds. To talk of evading the punishment, having sinned, to talk of shunning hell and winning heaven by faith alone, is the culmination of folly. There is no need of signal judgments and outward calamities to fall upon the sinner, for the soul that sinneth it shall die or become inactive in virtue and morally stupid. It needs no earthquake, or drought, or fever, or cholera, to punish sinners, for within is moral lethargy, within is racking and raging the fevers of delirum, and morbid humors clog and vitiate the spiritual flow of life. O, that we could all awaken to a more lively conviction of the soul's highest good and soar away upon the inspirations of a heavenly breeze, mount higher and higher up the great spiritual ladder, which Jacob saw, one end resting upon primeval nature, and the other piercing the clouds and reaching *ad infinitum*, not into the natural, but into the spiritual heavens. Are we not sometimes listeners to the voices of angels and do we not refer the phenomenon to other causes?—Are not we oftentimes prompted to look more carefully to our words, actions and thoughts, which, though the outgushings of honest hearts, yet are often led astray because of carelessness and indifference? Do not holy angels, departed friends, our guardian spirits, oftentimes whisper to us of danger, spiritual or temporal, and do we not incline to consider the rebuke as the workings of a too susceptible conscience?

Our text might be made explicable of many facts exemplified among men. The human mind looking oftentimes upon things from a disadvantageous point of view, because of a wrong education exhibits strange freaks, when no doubt sincerity lies at the bottom. The unhealthy proclivities of mind, which Paul so aptly terms divers kinds of lusts, are strangely exhibited. Even bad men are often very devout, yet are always mistaken in their religious vagaries and faith. The sensual mind for instance, cherishes strange views concerning the heaven of a future state. The Mahomedan expects to repose upon a celestial bed surrounded by Houris of exquisite beauty, while odors redolent with the sweetest perfumes are wafted on the breezes of Paradise. The man in whom the lust of the eye predominates and who is tickled with the yellow, tinsel finery of gold and the bright glare of precious stones, talks of the sweet delights he expects to experience when he enters that golden city whose streets are paved with solid bullion, whose gates are pearls, whose foundation walls are jasper, upon which in successive strata lie the sapphire and chalcedony, the emerald and sardonyx, the chrysolite, topaz, ruby and amethyst. In such a place as that he expects to loiter about, and to be satisfied with the goodness of God, who has gratuitously provided him with such a nice place and nothing to do. Even the jockey, no doubt thinks of heaven as a hard place, if destitute of horses. The glutton and the tippler are often very religious men in their way, and look forward with profoundest joy when they shall partake of the juice of the vine in their Father's kingdom, when the Lord will make unto them "a

feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined;" and thus they talk in their prayers with watery mouths and dream over by night, I presume, of the glorious gormandizing time there is in store for them when they "shuffle off this mortal coil." John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards and their clique, if we may credit their own testimony, anticipated a joy peculiar to themselves—it was to look over the battlements and balustrades of heaven and see the awful writhings and squirmings, and hear the unearthly screechings and wailings of the damned, as they are tossed to and fro on the fiery waves. Thus all anticipate a happiness to suit themselves, in accordance with their own ideal, in what true happiness consists. The philosopher believes that this world is a type of the future one in many respects, and that we may spend the moments there exploring the unsealed mysteries of the Universe, in investigating the great arcana of nature, and we find that not only reason but the revelation of St. Paul furnishes testimony to sustain this opinion. He says, "For the *invisible* things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made," which we suppose means the *visible*. Man's ideas are modified in regard to all objective things, by his subjective condition, or his ability to recognize truth. Even his ideas of a God are only enlarged ideas of himself. The man who vindicates the justice of endless misery and professes to believe it, is surely the incarnation of revenge and meanness, the very foe to the happiness of his enemies (?) and a misanthropist to all who differ from him.—The cannibal who feasts on human flesh believes in a god whom he fancies delights in a feast of souls. The savage who loves to glut the flesh and blood of animals and loves the odor of roasted flesh, slays whole herds, as did the Jews, that the sweet and smoky incense may rise to the nostrils of Jehovah. His highest luxury and highest conception and highest love being roasted flesh, his God he supposes must be fond of the like delicacies, and he wishes to ingratiate his favor and not incur his wrath, which was awful against those who did not pacify him in this manner. If the heathen's enemy offends or injures him, he seeks his blood and nothing but his blood will slake the virulent hatred that he cherishes. Herein the man resembles the most ferocious animals, and he believes that God entertains the same malicious wrath against all that offend him, and hence arise religious persecutions, massacres, wars and all the concomitant evils which follow in their train. God, they feel, requires the offering of their blood, and in the future life will crush them forever without mercy. When he torments his fellow man, he does it for the glory of God—he is the means which God employs to extirpate heretics and infidels. Again, the man whose heart is kind and forgiving and forbearing and charitable and self-sacrificing, he believes that the attributes he loves are possessed by the great and good Father, and that however disobedient and corrupt any one may be, yet at any time when he wishes to return to his Father's house, the table is spread with choicest viands for his reception, and sweet minstrelsy and music shall greet at home his wayward steps; that God breathes forth nothing but love, and that even his chastisements are inflicted in obedience to the promptings of the profoundest love and strongest desires for the restoration of the sinner.

Now, what has been said must not be construed into disrespect for the comparatively bright light possessed by Moses and the Jews. God was truly their deliverer, as he will yet be the deliverer of the African enslaved upon our own soil. But the power of God wrought within the Jewish soul, filling it with love and confidence and a brighter light than that possessed by the barbarous nations around. God wrought upon the Jewish heart and not upon the physical earth and waters of Egypt and Canaan. As an aged Universalist clergymrn once said, if tradition be true, in regard to Jesus' miracle of the wine, "The miracle was wrought upon the people and not upon the wine," so do I say in regard to all miracles which are said to have affected the inorganic world. They are effects or impressions, induced subjectively upon the minds of the bystanders, and not as has been supposed, physical feats produced upon the objective world. For instance, in Hezekiah's case, instead of the sun's going back ten degrees and the whole retinue of astronomic nature being reversed, as ignorant men are apt to infer, the sign was given to Hezekiah by a subjective vision, which convinced *him;* and that was all that was necessary, and was all that he asked of God, spirit or angel. Admit this and then the Bible denies no axiom of philosophy, implies no suspension, no abrogation of nature's laws, which all reliable history admits to be immutable and fixed as their eternal Law-Giver.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, the most able writer of whom Orthodoxy could ever boast, says, "If any Christian, the most devout, believes in a miracle, or a providence that is done outside of all system and law, he is so far on the way to polytheism. The unity of God always perishes, when the unity of order and law is lost. And we may as well believe in one God, acting on or against another, as in the same God acting outside of all fixed laws and terms of immutable order. Indeed, I suppose it was in just this way that polytheism began. The transition is easy and natural, from a superstitious belief in one God who acts without system, to a belief in many who will much more naturally do the same." I do not quote him as authority, but that my hearers may behold how much light shineth in profound darkness.—He further says, "It used to be the practice of theologians to cite the miracles of Christ as proofs of his doctrines and even the gospel history. To the cotemporaries and attendants on the ministry of Jesus, he might be approved of God by miracles and signs; for being themselves eye-witnesses, they could easily be sure of the facts. But to those who saw them not, to us who have heard them only by the report of history, they can never be cited as proofs, because the main thing to be settled with us, is the verity of the facts themselves. The gospel history, instead of being attested to us by the miracles, has them rather as a heavy burden resting on its own credibility." This is consistent. The history of Ecclesiasticism proves it true. The account of the miracles has made more unbelievers than the doctrines of Christianity. The doctrines would even be regarded as reasonable, were they not associated with legends such as abound in all the sacred literature of heath endom. Instead of the miracles of Christ proving his doctrines, the beauty and sublimity of the doctrines themselves have hardly been able to make the greatest thinkers of the world, believers of his miracles. In this house—in every house of christian worship, there are men who can much easier believe the principles or sentiments taught by Christ, than they can believe the miracles. If so how can miracles be made proofs of the truthfulness of Christ's teachings? We challenge the world to refute this argument. For instance: If we have a doubtful or suspicious witness upon the stand, can we substantiate the doubtful testimony of this witness by calling on another, whose testimony is still more doubtful, mysterious and incredible? Whatever is good law is good theology—for goodness and validity whether in law, or divinity, or ethics are entirely compatible. Now then, if there is a cloud of doubt and suspicion brooding over one's mind concerning the great principles of Christianity, can this doubt be removed by citing as proof the miracles which are ten-fold more incredible? If a man tells a big story, hardly creditable, should we be more likely to believe him if he should tell a larger one as a "clincher" or proof of the former? You all see that this would be folly. Yet this is the very thing that professed Christians are trying to do in this day, and which they have for centuries tried to do in their ignorance and religious zeal. But we would turn this argument precisely the other side up and show the world, first, the beauty, sublimity and truthfulness of Christ's doctrines. We would say, if Christ was delegated by God as a teacher of truth, which truth, you will admit, appears reasonable and proper, is it incredible that he should be invested with power to convince men of the great fact of the immortality of the soul; that he should commune with spirits? and that he should exercise such control over his disciples that they also should see, hear, and be convinced of the same. Not that he exercised great physical control over inorganic matter, for that was not necessary, nor at all to the purpose of his mission, but great power over mind to show and convince men of their true destination—a happy and a glorious eternity. Show me a spirit, let me hear a spirit's voice, say men at the present time, and I will believe. Men were some, then, as now, and accordingly while some heard an angel speak, others said it only thundered. When Jesus was crucified we read that many of the saints arose and went into the city and appeared unto many.

Now who believes that the physical bodies of those saints, which were decomposed long before this event, constituted any part of the representation, and resumed their wonted forms of flesh and blood and entered Jerusalem? Is it not more reasonable and apropos to believe that departed saints appeared in their spiritual forms or celestial bodies?

This is my conviction, and it is one which I shall cherish, as giving to such phenomena recorded in the Bible, their true and legitimate interpretation; and if ever that day arrives when I must give up the Bible as the traditions and superstitions of men, it will be when I must believe that immortal spirits cannot hold communion with mortal ones, and when all the light to see, and wisdom to plan, and strength to execute, and beauty to adorn, which the Jews possessed, must be subordinated to a mere textual phraseology, often cumbrous and crude, but when a true spiritual interpretation is applied, the loveliest and sublimest truths are symbolized and made to shine like the stars of Perseus, which the ancients have, in imagination, framed into a constellation, having the figure of a man, with the head of Medusa in one hand and a sword in the other.

THE INVISIBLE ASSASSINS.

(Continued from 3d page.)

"only keep at a distance, so that nobody should suspect we are together. For my mistress is a woman of character, and would not for the world give rise to any gossip in the neigborhood.

"I make no doubt of it," said the young man, in a tone that implied he attached a favorable meaning to his words.

"Do you show the way, and I will walk fifty paces behind you."

This precaution was all the more acceptable to him, as it allowed his escort to follow his track without exciting the suspicions of the beldame.

After threading their way through a number of narrow lanes, they at length halted in the Rue des Orfevres, one of the most hideous of all the streets of that gloomy, damp, and desolate-looking neighborhood.

At one of the turnings of the street, forming an angle, rose the chapel of St. Eloi, nearly opposite to which stood a house of tolerable appearance, but whose door and shutters were rigidly closed.

"Young man," said the duenna, turning round to Wide-awake, "do you stand here for a few minutes, while I go and inform my lady that you are come."

Then, drawing a key from her pocket, she opened the door, and disappeared in a long, dark passage, of which Wide-awake could only just obtain a peep, before the door had closed upon her. Being now aware that the decisive moment was approaching, he was feeling in his pockets to ascertain whether all his weapons of defense were at hand, when he heard his name pronounced in an under-voice, and on looking round, he perceived a group of ragged medicants and cripples, some of them swathed in bandages, others wearing broad-leafed hats to hid their features, kneeling as if in prayer before St. Eloi's image. In one of these pretended beggers he recognized his father, who made him a sign to take no further notice of himself or hissa tellites.

It was some minutes before the old woman returned, and our hero began almost to fear she had an inkling of the snare that was laid for herself and mistress. Presently, however, his fears were dissipated by her returning to him, bandage in hand.

"Gentle sir," said she, in a coaxing tone, "you are, I am sure, far too honorable to refuse submitting to a precaution intended to shield a lady's honor,"—at the same time trying to place the bandage across his eyes.

"Nay, nay, good woman," said Wide-awake, pushing away her hand, "let's have none of this. Your mistress' reputation has nothing to fear from my tongue; but I have no relish for playing at blindman's-buff."

"As you please, Monsieur le Marquis," returned the dueona, with a slight shade of ill-temper.

She then opened the door, and made way for Wide-awake to go in first, after which she closed the door, without perceiving that her companion had adroitly managed to slip a piece of chord between the door and the door-post, so that the lock could not play quite freely.

They were now inside the gloomy passage, where Wide-awake found that he was not much wiser for having made the proviso of leaving his eyes unbandaged. In the apprehension that the catastrophe of the mysterious assignation was perhaps awaiting him at the end of the dark entry, he followed close upon his guide, to be ready, in case of need, to make use of her either as a rampart or a hostage, or at all events to blow her brains out rather than die unrevenged. But he soon recognized the fallacy of these chimerical fears, on the door being suddenly opened, whence proceeded streams of light that penetrated into every dark nook of the gloomy passage. This unexpected transition from darkness to daylight was so violent, that the young man was too much dazzled at first to distinguish the surrounding objects. But no sooner had he grown accustomed to this radiancy, and thrown a glance around him, than he was dazzled in a different acceptation of the world.

He found himself in the midst of a vast green house, filled with the choicest flowers and gay plait-bands, alternating with glass plants, luxuriantly studded with exotics and other valuable shrubs. The walls were completely concealed beneath a thick drapery of climbing plants whose fantastic twigs were trained to serve as a frame to several large looking glasses, cleverly disposed so as to produce an optical deception by which this enchanting spot seemed ten times larger than it really was. Here and there, amidst the clumps of flowers or shrubs, were groups of statues of a voluptuous character, which, together with the fragrant atmosphere, and the gentle plashing of the fountains and miniature cascades, had evidently been artfully designed to captivate the senses and lull the prudence of the unwary.

Half petrified with surprise and admiration, Wide-awake gazed with increasing curiosity at a scene which seemed as marvellous to him as Armida's garden appeared to the statue of Love, Armida herself, or rather the beautiful Lady Guilford, whose alluring looks and smiles seemed to encourage him to advance.

Having no occasion to depend upon dress to enhance her charms, like any mere every day beauty, her ladyship had rejected the elaborate fashions of the day, which she adopted only in public; and whether the better to disguise herself, or from motives of coquetry, wore a tight fitting costume, and flowing veil that assimilated her to the dame and princesses of the mediæval times. In her hand she held a rose, which her taper fingers were picking to pieces in a charmingly listless attitude.

No sooner did our young hero approach the queen of this flowery paradise, and bow before her, without being able to withdraw his admiring gaze from her countenance, than she rose, and let fall the flower, saying, in a voice so melodious as to vibrate in the very depths of poor Wide-awake's heart.

"Ay, chevalier, what will you think of me? And yet I am so little of a coquette that I must confess——" Here she dropped her eyelashes, and added, in scarcely audible voice. "I was expecting you."

On hearing this avowal, which, though fully expected, sounded vastly flattering, young Lecoq forgot the dangers of his situation and the mission entrusted to him, and falling at the syren's feet, raised her hands and covered them with kisses.

"Rise, I entreat you, chevalier!' cried she hastily. "Suppose any one should surprise us? Pray be calm, and give us your arm."

So saying, she placed her white hand on our fascinated hero's arm, and listening with a complacent smile to his tender protestations, she led the way towards a piece of tapestry, which she had raised, and then let fall, after they had passed. The moment they had disappeared, the old beldame left the hiding place from which she had witnessed the whole scene, and disappeared in another direction.

(Concluded Next Week.)

Advertisements.

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Not a meeting of a sect, bound by arbitrary authority, and therefore shrinking from freedom of thought and speech—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, Hetorodox; Spiritualists and Materialists.

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J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 8 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. 15

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.

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

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THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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

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Examinations made of patients, present or absent. When absent, a lock of hair is required. Terms—Examination and prescription, when the patient is present, $1; when absent, $3. An excellent test Medium may be found constantly at this place. 26 3m

Correspondence.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

POLITICAL ACTION.

Messrs. Editors:—We observe in your issue of the 10th inst. an article under the caption, "*Political action for Spiritualists*," from which, with due deference to the opinions of the worthy Doctor to whom the initials C. H. H. point, as well as the *editorial endorsement*, we must beg leave to differ, both as to the immediate effects, and the remote consequences.

And first, The immediate effects. That two or three hundred thousand votes, are under the control of spiritualists, we have no reason to doubt, but that one fourth of that number would be thrown away on such a doubtful experiment, we do not believe. In a sharp contest for political power, such as is witnessed at each quadrennial election, every thinking man will cast his vote in such way as to be most effective in preventing a great evil. To illustrate, nearly every anti-slavery man in the north, thought Gerritt Smith represented their peculiar views better than Col. Fremont, yet the latter received their votes as the most available. And the meagre vote cast for Smith, made the abolition party look more contemptible in the eyes of their opposers than if there had been no political organization. Again you say "The Irish Catholics of the Union—are, as a body, ignorant and degraded, yet clannish in their habits * * * under the direction of their priests they vote almost as one man." Now can any one for a moment suppose, who has the most superficial knowledge of the general intelligence of spiritualists, that they can be led, like the "ignorant and degraded Irish Catholics" to "vote as one man?" Where are our *priests*, that are to lead us to the polls? We have been much mistaken, if such results could possibly follow any political organization of spiritualists.

In the next place let us look at the more remote consequences. Spiritualism is a great moral movement, which to be efficient in shedding light in dark places, and, frowning down intolerance, bigotry, and superstition, must stand aloof from all political organizations.

Again we ask, what do we want that could be granted by Government, were that under our control? Do we desire any chartered privileges? Would we accept tribute from our enemies, had we the power to compel them to pay it? No, every principle of sound policy forbids it, and every good feeling of the heart revolts at such a course.

But we think we hear a voice saying, "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" &c. Now we for one, desire no "position" that two or three hundred thousand votes could place us in—the only position we are envious of, is that which is "*enforced*" by an upright life, kind, and virtuous conduct, rather than the *votes* of any number of men. Is it not the history of past ages, that every new truth in moral, or physical science, has had to fight its way into popular favor, amid the jeers of the unthinking, the scoffs of the bigoted, and the persecution of the interested? And can we expect that spiritualism will be an exception to this general, nay this universal rule? We take the position that it is best for the healthy growth of any great principle, that it should be exercised by this spirit of opposition.

Look for a moment at the early history of Christianity; the most stringent laws, pursuing its adherents even unto death, could not stop its onward progress, but investing the heads of its friends with the glittering mitre, buried its every true principle so deep in the rubbish of materiality, that the period of near two thousand years does not find it fully resurrected.

Where do we find the purest specimens of of Christianity? in such Governments that shackle it, with laws compelling its observance, as in England and most European States? Or in this country when all are permitted to worship, according to the dictates of their own conscience!

That a successful issue to a political organization would give us more nominal friends, I have no doubt, but that such hypocritical parasites, would be of any real benefit to the cause of truth, is, to say the least, problematical. Let us be content with the unparalleled progress that has been, and is now making; and let the future make the experiment if they think best.

Our plan for correcting political abuses would be to infuse as much truth in the minds of politicians, as the soil would bear, and trust the rest to Providence. A. J.

New Brighton, Sept. 14th, 1859.

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!

Announcements.

[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.]

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Bristol, Ct., Oct. 2d & 9th; Chickopee, Mass., Oct. 16th & 23d; Foxboro, Mass., Oct. 30th; Marblehed, Nov. 6th.

A. B. WHITING will come East this Fall, and will lecture in Willimantic, Conn., Sunday Oct. 2d and 9th; in Providence, R. I., 16th, 23d & 30th. He will attend calls to lecture week evenings. Address to either of the above places.

JAMES H. SHEPARD Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to Lecture wherever the Friends may desire.—Post Office Address, South Acworth, N. H.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 2d and 9th; in Geneva, Ohio, 16th; in Cleveland, Ohio 23d & 30th; Milan, Ohio, Nov. 6th. He can be addressed at the above named places at the times designated.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 2d and 9th; in Willimantic, 16th, 23d & 30th; in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st & 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. She will visit St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

N. S. GREENLEAF is ready to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address Lowell, Mass.

H. F. GARDINER of Boston, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week day evenings.

M. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 2nd.

WARREN CHASE will lecture the first Sunday in Oct., in Lawrence, Mass.; second Sunday, in Lebanon, N. H.; third, in Bethel, Vt.; fourth, in Montpelier, Vt.; fifth, in Marlboro', Mass.; Nov. 13th, in Newburyport; Nov. 20th, Marblehead; Nov. 27th, Plymouth; Dec. 4th and 11th, in Providence, R. I., and may be addressed as above.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Marblehead, Mass., Oct. 2nd; Plymouth, Oct 9th & 16th. Calls for week evenings in the vicinity of this place, or near the route between, will be attended to if addressed sufficiently in advance to make the necessary arrangements.

L. JUDD PARDEE is engaged to speak at Dayton, Ohio, for three months from Sept. 1.

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 Oct. in Taunton, Mass. Nov. & Dec., Vicinity of Boston.—Jan., Philadelphia.

Dr. MAYHEW will speak till 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 others desiring a visit, will write to me, care of Doct. R. Post, St. Paul, their several wishes shall be attended.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Lowell, 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.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct.; at Chicago, Ill., the two last. At Fond DuLanc, Wis., the two first Sundays in Nov.; the two last at Milwaukie, Wis.; the month of December at St. Louis, Mo., and the two last Sundays in Jan. at Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture 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.

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.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Worcester, Oct. 2d; Natic, Sunday, Oct. 9th; and on intermediate weekday evenings in neighboring towns or villages. 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.

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.

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.

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When man is taught that his spiritual is, as his physical nature, governed by fixed laws, then superstition will die, and a rational system of mental philosophy prevail instead. Price in paper covers, 35 cents; in cloth 50 cents. 18—tf.

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TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 404 pages 8vo. Price $1.50. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston 6—tf

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ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

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

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

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

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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.

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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.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, committees of the towns of Hanson and Hanover, hereto duly authorized by the votes of said towns, respectfully represent, that by the Special Laws of 1702, passed Feb. 22nd of that year, and amended in 1859, relating to the "taking the fish called Alewives," in their passage up Indian Head River (so called) &c.," that the time named in the 21 Section of said Act, for opening, and keeping open the sluice ways through or passage ways round the several dams across said stream is too early in the season for said fish; We therefore pray that said act may be so modified and amended as shall confer upon the committees of the said towns, or a major part of them, the power to control the time for opening and keeping open the said sluice or passage ways, the time not to exceed 40 days, for the passage of said fish up said stream; And also, that no fish shall be taken for sale, until a sufficient supply, (in the judgement of said committees,) for the propogation of said fish, shall have gone into the ponds above, after which, said ways may be closed; and that such other acts may be passed as may be deemed necessary for the purposes above named.

EBENEZER B. K. GURNEY, ELIJAH CUSHING, WILLIAM BOURNE, } Committee of Hanson.

BENJ. F. BURGESS, WILLIAM WHITING, MARTIN T. BATES, } Committee of Hanover.

I hereby approve of the publication of the above petition in the Spiritual Age and the Abington Standard.

OLIVER WARNER, Sec'y of the Committee.

Secretary's office, Boston, Sept. 20, 1859.

Hanson, Sept 10, 1859. n5 4w

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering sealed letters, will visit the principle cities South and West, during the fall and winter. Letters addressed to him at No. 3 Winter street, Boston, will receive his attention as heretofore.

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*.

☞ Mr. Mansfield will act as Agent for the SPIRITUAL AGE.

Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial; being a Detailed Account of Overwhelming Testimony, given by Sectarians against all leading Reform and Reformers; with the Summary Proceedings on the part of the Prosecution, added by several Respectable Citizens, after an Irregular Rendition of the Verdict.—Conservatives versus Progressives.—Photographically Reported and Prepared for Publication by Philo Hermes. Price 15 cents per copy, and sent to any part of the United States free of postage. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent to order. Address the Publisher, Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

All the Books and Pamphlets of Theodore Parker, the works of A. J. Davis, and all other Reform Publications, for sale as above.

Sept. 24, 1859. ☞ tf

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.

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For the accommodation of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, at moderate charges, is centrally located at 109 Lake St., Cleveland, Ohio. Office of the *Vanguard* and *Gem*. 22

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.

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(For pupils of both sexes) 69 W. 10th st., N. Y., reopened Monday, September 5th. Two boarders can be accommodated in the family of the Principal,

3—2t. A. T. DEANE.

READINGS.

Persons sending me a small portion of their writing may have a description of their looks, character, mental and physical condition, with right business and conjugal adaptation, and all such matters as require intuition or clairvoyant perception. Terms for a full reading, $3; reading on a single point, $1. Business applications will be received, and persons assisted in making changes and getting situations. Office, 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturdays of each week.

H. L. BOWKER.

NEW GRAEFFENBERG WATER CURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I see in the BANNER a notice of the New Graeffenberg Water Cure, and I wish to add a recommendation of this pleasant, convenient, well adapted and well-supplied establishment to our friends who need rest, or physical renovating and recruiting.

The proprietor, Dr. R. Holland, is not only in full sympathy with the great spiritual movements of the time, and most advanced systems of treatment of diseases, but is himself a medium, with very strong healing powers. Although his establishment is one of the oldest, largest, and most convenient in the nation, yet since it has become known that the proprietor is a Spiritualist, the superstitious and prejudiced part of community avoid the place, and endeavor to prevent others from going there, as they would to circles and spiritual meetings, lest they should become believers; and on this account the establishment is not as full as usual this season, which makes it all the more convenient for those who sojourn there. It should be known to our friends that this establishment is, and will be, conducted by the proprietor in accordance with the highest and best principles of the spiritual philosophy; and spirit aid and advice will be sought and used in the treatment of diseases, when the patients wish it.

The large and convenient buildings are pleasantly located in a nook between the hills that surround Utica, N. Y., about five miles from the city, and surrounded with abundance of wild fruit, shade trees, and pure water; and the pleasant company and spiritual sympathy make it an exceedingly attractive place—so much so that we almost wished we were a little sick, to furnish an excuse to stay a few weeks, and feed on berries, and paddle in pure water, &c. WARREN CHASE.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1859.

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.

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B Wilder,	"	,25	1	16
H Sargeant,	"	,25	1	16
S Smith,	"	,25	1	16
Emily J Green,	Age Office	2,00	1	52
William Fox,	Phillipston, Mass	,25	1	16
Samuel E Legate,	Durham Bentwick, CW	2,00	2	2
R T Bailey,	South Weare, N H	,25	1	16
Miss E S Swasey,	Laconia, N H	,25	1	31
John Pray 2d,	Ogdensburg, N Y	,25	1	13
R D Searle,	"	,25	1	13
Mrs M F Wicke,	Trenton, N Y	,25	1	16
Mrs Lois Lovel,	"	,25	1	16
Mrs C F Towers,	"	,25	1	16
A Burntrager,	Delphi, Ind	,25	1	13
J H Dewey,	"	,75	1	32
P Cole,	West Monroe, N Y	,25	1	13
A B Whiting,	Brooklin, Mich	1,00	1	26
H Adams,	Somerville, Mass	2.00	2	52
D G Vose,	Belfast, Me	1,00	2	5
R A Hunton,	Marshall, Mich	2,00	1	52
S Coggswell,	"	2.00	1	52
J Ranshaw,	"	1,00	1	26
Chas Dean,	"	1,00	1	26
Geo O'Keefe,	"	1,00	1	26
David Read,	So Wardsboro, Vt	,25	1	13
Levi Leonard,	Evansville, Wis	,25	1	13
Henry G Spencer,	"	,25	1	13
Lewis Spencer,	"	,25	1	13
Henry Bevier,	"	,25	1	11
Jas H Shepard,	So Acworth, N H	1,00	1	26
C F Howard.	Foxboro, Mass	1,00	1	26
Mrs S B Keith,	So Bridgewater, Mass	,25	1	13
Frank Moore,	Bingham, Me	,25	1	11
C B Bickford,	Searsmont, "	,25	1	17
Wm Bond,	Proctorsville, Vt	,25	1	17
Thos Middleton,	Woodstock "	2,00	2	10
A Russ,	Wolcott, "	,25	1	17
I T Vincent,	Cady's Falls, "	,25	1	13
M G Bundy,	Hyde Park, "	,25	1	13
G G Bundy,	"	,25	1	17
Henry Taylor,	Montague, Mass	,25	1	17
F A Gilbert,	Ware, "	,25	1	17
Hannah Squiers,	"	,25	1	17
Benj R Mitchell,	Kingston, "	,25	1	17
Henry Lawrence,	W Barnstable, "	1,00	1	31
S G Miner,	Laconia, N H	,25	1	17
J P Boodey,	"	,25	1	17
Emma Sample,	"	,25	1	17
Eliza Chapman,	"	,25	1	17
Miller Lewis,	No Stockholm, N Y	,25	1	16
Cyrus Bradbury,	Hopedale, Milf'd, Ms	2,00	1	52
Jos Mulliken,	Lexington, Mass	1,00	1	29
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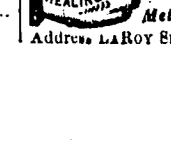
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