THE SPIRITUAL AGE.



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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

NATURE.

Dark clouds o'erspread the sky,
There is no sun;
The parched earth is dry,
There's water none.

Herbage and leaf and flower,
All,—all decay.
Languishing for one shower,
On this lone day.

The clouds bespeak a rain,
And nature smiles;
Does earth or man complain
For changing winds?

The lowering clouds descend,
The torrents fall,
The earth is drenched again,
Both great and small,

Of forest tree and flower,
All are immersed,
In the tremendous shower,
Nature's outburst.

The glorious sun unsheathed,
Its rays dart forth,
And light and heat bequeathed,
To heal the drouth.

So man has suffered long,
Been scorched with drouth
The weakest and the strong,
Panted for truth.

Like the dry earth for rain,
Pants man for truth,
And suffers in the main
As suffers earth.

The clouds at once appear,
A shower descends;
New truths are opening clear,
And man amends.

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 25, 1859. A.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

NOW SHE SLEEPETH.

BY LUZERNE.

Now she sleepeth! life hath parted,
Death's dark biting sting is o'er,
From our happy band she's started
For a far and heavenly shore;
There to meet the loved and holy and to dwell for evermore.

Now she sleepeth! what a blessing
It would be if we could see her;
Still we doubt not the caressing,
Of her spirit always near:
And I sometimes sit and listen her familiar voice to hear.

In our silent moods we wonder
Where her spirit found its rest;
And if angels came to take her
To a home among the blest;
Where the saints in their white mantles are forever purely drest.

Now she sleepeth! and we sorrow
For a child so pure of birth;
Little knew we that the morrow
Would bring sad and sullen Death;—
Little knew we such a being was so soon to pass from earth!

Ere she left us, gathered round her,
Father, mother, brother, friends:
And she said, "meet me up yonder."
Now where Heaven with beauty blends,
She abides; there may we be, when our earthly mission ends.

Troy, N Y., Sept 19, 1859.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

A Spirit Communication to Mrs. L. A. Robbins.

THE EARTHLY AND THE HEAVENLY.

No Autumn comes with chilling winds,
No sere and yellow leaf here finds
Itself bereft of Spring;
No flower puts on a sadd'ning hue,—
But bloom and leaflets ever new,
Life's welcome tribute bring.

No birds here seek a milder clime,
Nor cease in silvery notes to chime
Our holiday of love;
No streamlets here in frost-forg'd chains,
Cease wantoning in music strains
Through all the meads above.

Our golden Spring is ever new,
New joys, new scenes here rise to view,
Touched by our Father's hand;
Mother, what joys will stir my heart
When you with me will share a part,
In this all glorious land.

Charlestown, Mass.

A PRAYER.

BY ADELE.

O, Father, guide my heart aright,
This feeble heart which turns to thee!
Lend me one ray of heavenly light,
That I the path of right may see.

My eyes are dim with unshed tears,
My heart is struggling with the wrong;
Sorrow has made me weak—for years
My heart has suffered—make it strong.

Help me to do thy will, to be
What *she*, in life to us has been;
Help me this stubborn heart to free
From the dark influence of sin.

TO——

"I may come, but look not for me"

"Look not for me"—Go ask the Earth
To look not for the Sun's uprise,
But wait and joyous be, though stars,
And all of light have left the skies.

Go ask the flowers, look not for dew,
Though fading all your petals be;
Hope, heavenly bright is shining yet,
Then ask me not, "Look not for me."

Look not for me! Oh, let me wait,
And let it not be all in vain!
Let me your voice beloved hear,
Before another moon shall wane.

Adele.

Correspondence.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHING.

No science is more extensively resorted to, and misunderstood than Spiritual communicating or telegraphing; yet none demands of us a more complete and perfect understanding, than does this, because through this means, we get glimpses, if not a full view, of what we are to be, in that future bourne "from whence no traveller returns."

But to the subject,—How do spirits communicate? This question can be answered very easily, but may not be fully comprehended by the unphilosophical mind. The simple answer is, that we communicate by the power of the will, and we do in all cases whether we are in the body or out. The *mind*, the *eternal essence* of man, the *breath* of God, the God in man, is the prime motor and cause of all action. So far as man is concerned, whether of the material or spiritual; but could never make manifestations without a medium through which to act. That medium for want of a better name, I call electricity, magnetism, galvanism, which is the most immaterial, subtle, intangible, of all substances in nature, and therefore sensitive as to be affected by the operations of the mind, and when moved or vibrated, affect ponderable and material substances. The mind through the medium of electricity, makes all the manifestations which we behold in man. Thus, a person with strong will, and a physical organization highly charged with electricity, may impart electricity to a person in a passive frame of mind, and in a negative electrical condition, so as to be able to make manifestations of *his* mind through the organization of a passive and negative person. Thus we have the phenomena of mesmerism. These conditions in the magnetizer and magnetized, are almost always necessary to complete control; yet there are cases where a person may resist with all his will power, and still be controlled, because the organization is in a receptive condition, and when the electricity is thrown on and into the system, it produces insensibility the same as the approach of sleep, even against the will of the subject. We take for granted that the mind, or will power can exist and does exist without the material organization, and as the phenomena of mesmerism is the result of the will power, the same will or mind, being active as ever and even more so, because freed from its connection with gross matter, can magnetize a person in the form, and thus produce manifestations of its own, through the organization of another.

Much of the communications, which purport to come from disemboded spirits, is of a very low and inferior grade, though signed by the brightest minds that ever inhabited our earth, and moreover, we find the same spirit communicating at the same time in different places. This, to the superficial observer, is proof positive of humbug, and therefore no further attention is bestowed upon the subject by that class of minds. Every person who knows anything of mesmerism, knows that the subject controlled gives shape and color to the ideas put forth, and if the object is educated the ideas will be correspondingly clothed, and *vice versa* for the subject is the machine through which the communication comes.—Thus the stock before it is put into the machine, may be beautiful, but when turned out from the machine, may be so badly manufactured as to be even offensive. So with Spiritual telegraphing; the spirit does not generally produce anything but idas, at least at first, but as it gets control of one set of faculties after another, it is able to produce words and thereby clothe the ideas in its own language.

So, if you will attentively observe, you will find the medium, if surrounded with honest and enquiring minds, becoming less and less himself, until there is a *facsimile* of the spirit controlling.

But how does a spirit communicate in different places at the same time? How does a mesmerizer magnetize several individuals even at a distance from each other at the same time? Simply by the power of his will, and as there is no such thing as space, so far as the mind is concerned, it matters not whether the subjects are near together or miles apart; but it will be noticed that the theme i the same with all the subjects, and the only difference is in the manner of presenting it;—though I believe it possible for a mind to dictate two sets of ideas or themes at the same time. Thus, Napoleon could dictate three letter at once, making them all complete, but this I think, is not often done in *spiritual telegraphing;* but this, I have no doubt, can and will be done, because the mind is infinite in it development and progression. Let it be borne in mind, that it is not the material which make the manifestations, far back and beyond all that is the prime motor, the mind, which wills and does.

Ellsworth, Me. M.

Hopkington, N. Y, Sept 28, 1859.

Editors of Spiritua Age:—You suggest political action among Spiritualists. I am utterly *opposed* to it. But I am *not* opposed to any man's expressing his views on any subject, however wid from mine. I am first and last for the fredom of the Press. I would gladly send yo a subscriber in the place of L. G. Bigelow, and hope that your readers will see that such cases are made up. (See Age 24th.) Instead of giving my objections to your poposed political action, since reading yours in the 24th, I propose to ask you definitely—What do you expect from a Spiritualist President? What reforms? It is true tht our nation is very corrupt—very rotten. They steal and rob by law—steal *men*, and steal money. They kill and enslave, and starve the poor and helpless. You say you do not wish to introduce any issues which will tend to divide and distract Spiritualiss. Do you think it possible to bring harmony in the immediate suppression of these evils. Many Spiritualists are engaged at this moment in sustaining the worst of those tyrannies, and are corrupt and rotten. Enlighten us. Tell us, how we can 'discuss' and yet keep harmony? Suppose Edwards or Talmadge were up for President, may the Spiritualists of the North and South put questions to them, through your paper, as to what they will do, if elected? A few would not ask this privilege—more would ask it. Spiritualists are not of necessity better than other men, and if we were sure that Mr. E. or Mr. T. was pressed full of love and good feelings and good wishes, some of us should like to know what he would endeavor to *do* if President, touching certain sins of this nation. I hope you will publish this, and tell us whether if we have up a Presidential candidate, you expect we shall have the liberty to discuss the *political evils* of the nation. We have been allowed, in Spiritual papers, to discuss the errors connected with religion and the churches.—Now when you invite us to pass on and take up politics, we ask, shall we have *freedom* to discuss the main questions connected with politics? Respectfully Yours,

Austin Kent.

Editors Spiritual Age:—I see by some of the last issues of your paper that a proposition had been made and advocated to have the approaching National Convention nominate a man for President for the next term. I understand the object to be to allow Spiritualists to come out and show their strength. Now let the experiment be tried and I will venture the prediction that we shall show more weakness than strength. The idea is wild. Out of the one million of Spiritualists now in the country, or 250,000 votes, not 20,000 would leave party associations for such a purpose. If it should ultimately be found desirable for Spiritualists to secure reforms by their votes, that time has not yet arrived. Let us not be too fast. Many minds there are now just beginning to look into the thing. Their convictions as to whether it be a fact, whether it be good or evil, are not yet matured. Spring such a trap on them and they will be as jealous of you as the so called infidels are of the priests getting the government into their hands. Wait a little.

M. D. McGrath.

Appleton, Wis., Sept. 25th, 1859.

Connersville, Ind. Sept., 29, 1859.

I regard the effort to carry modern Spiritualism into the Political arena, a great mistake, if not a misfortune; the sooner such an idea can be abandoned the better. As yet the teachings of Spiritualism are few, plain and simple. Mans identity, individuality, immortality, progression, and subjugation to law, constitutes all the teachings we have yet had from the spirit spheres. Living in obedience to the higher law, constitutes mans duty and ensures him happiness here and in the spirit spheres. These principles are yet in their infantile developement, and the light emanating from them, has comparatively enlightened but a few, and that few are far from that practical harmony that begets enduring peace and love. It seems to me that we have studied history to little purpose, if we think of improving mans moral condition by political organization. It is a field (thus far at least,) where the wildest passions predominate, strife engendered, to gain the highest stations, command adoration and homage of the less elevated. The stream can never raise above the fountain. Let the humble and unpretending doctrines of modern spiritualism so shine through its advocates that its beauty and excellence be admired; thus, gain an influence as enduring, as its principles are exalting!

Yours in bonds of love.

P. Mason.

Elm Tree Farm, Avon, Me.
Oct 1st, '59.

Eds. Spiritual Age:—Any paper that is worth reading is worth possessing, especially if devoted to reform. Then a comely form is always desirable for this purpose, as well as convenience in reading.—You come to my rural home in such a pleasing form, on clear white paper, with columns well-filled, that your day of reception is looked for with increasing anxiety, as successively it comes around with a goodly number standing ready to hear what of Progression, new or old, you may have to offer to the doubting, and of comfort to the believing. Hence then, your visits which have been made to our fire-side since you donned the style of quarto are right welcome. May our acquaintance be an agreeable and profitable one, not to be severed or marred till time is no more with us here. Until then let us strive to enlighten each other in the duties of life—making them more pleasant. Go forth then, laden with truths—immortal truths—for the harvest is calling for laborers. That the harvest is plenty may be seen from the following reminiscence.

In 1852—3 I received the first and all the visits of a spiritual organ in this community. Enough would read to scoff, while none hardly, seemingly, were willing or wished to investigate the new phenomena; but the seed was planted and in due time is springing forth, and none believed there was any thing of truth in it, and hence the teachings, the undeniable facts, the truths, and all were cast aside as a worthless humbug of the Misses Fox and Co.

But dear *Age* it is not so now. There are scores whose sympathies are with spiritual teachings, and their hearts beat in almost unknown unison, while anxiously waiting for its developments; and more, there is a goodly number who are not ashamed to believe in and openly promulgate spirit al teachings as coming from their Lord and Master, nor of their associates as such, only their short-comings. A teacher of your doctrines can now call together upon a few hours notice, a full house of respectable and eager listeners. Come then and dispense to us all, "*Light! More Light!*"

Very respectfully yours in reforms,

O. W, True.

A very remarkable physiological fact has been developed in the existence of numbers of perfectly white rats in the Bible House in New York. They are quite numerous, and are constantly caught by the tenants on the lower floors. Some of the older specimens in the Bible House are quite fat, and look as venerable and quiet as Dr. Bib

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

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

MATTER.

Philosophers employ the general term of "matter" to designate everything in the universe. The distinguishing classifications are *solid*, *liquid*, and *aeriform*, matter. Man is composed of matter. The bones, muscles and integuments, are solid matter; the liquids (about ninety per cent of which compose the human system,) are liquid matter; the spirit is aeriform. Coal, coal oil, and coal gas, are respectively solid, liquid and aeriform matter. As I understand the laws of God, matter is capable of undergoing an infinite variety of changes, both in form and character, but cannot by any means be annihilated. Yet I deny the doctrine that matter is not increased. It is an old theory, and consequently difficult to be overthrown. I do not expect that more than one reader in a thousand will believe as I do upon this point, for the doctrine that "not one particle of matter has been added since the creation," (six thousand years ago,) has been taught so many centuries, that almost every person accepts it as an axiom, without pausing to enquire if it is founded in reason. But the time will come when men will go to nature for their lessons in wisdom, instead of studying the dogmas of a less enlightened generation, long since passed away.

The ancients fell into many errors in regard to our solar system, which might have remained uncorrected to this day, had no person ventured to doubt their theories and investigate for himself. The present idea, that not a particle of matter has been added to the general stock, since "God rested from his labors on the seventh day," is no more firmly established than was once the belief that this earth was flat, fixed, and immovable, and that the planets performed a daily revolution around it. This latter doctrine was sustained by the Bible, as then understood, [Joshua x. 13] and so tenacious was the church in maintaining it, that it assumed to imprison all who dared to teach or believe to the contrary. Yet the bigotry of the church has been humbled, its ignorance rebuked and the old earth-stand-still doctrine exploded.

Then my theory—that matter is being constantly increased—is no more startling than was that of Nicolas Copernicus. And as he could afford to be ridiculed by such philosophers as Lord Bacon, I can certainly bear the contradiction of my readers.

I cannot pause to enter into a lengthy argument in support of my position, nor should I allude to the subject, but from a desire which I have to combat the ignorance and prejudice which I must expect to encounter at every step. Besides, some explanations in this connection are necessary, in order to a more perfect understanding of what will follow.

Whence the origin of matter? Neither men nor angels can answer this question—God alone knows, and we might as well seek to discover *His* origin. To finite beings, this knowledge is a sealed book, and all imaginings and speculations in reference thereto, I look upon as worse than useless. It is enough that God exists—that matter exists. The character of the former we may study in His works—the latter in its changes.—The creations of the former demonstrate to a mathematical certainty that He works by fixed and never changing laws. The same cause or causes, other conditions being equal, will produce precisely the same effects. The same laws, the operations of which have been creating our earth, under similar, or different conditions, have been creating thousands of worlds. Wisdom is no more an attribute of Deity, than are those laws.—Since God existed, there never was a time when those laws did not exist; while God exists, there never can be a time when those laws will cease to operate. God is infinite, and so are His attributes. God always was perfect—He is perfect now—He always will be perfect. If always perfect, the least shadow of variation or change would diminish His perfection. Hence, God cannot change—He cannot create a new attribute—He cannot annihilate one already created. The law which created matter—which created the universe out of nothing—being an attribute of God, can no more cease its operations than God can cease to be Omnipotent.

Matter is not co-equal with God, else God is not the first cause—the first principle.—Some suppose that matter, like God, always existed. This is supposing that God could not create matter, and it was therefore necessary that matter should exist, from which he might fashion the universe. But this pre-supposes that there was a greater principle than God, which called Him and matter into existence at the same time. This fallacy carries with it its own refutation.

God is the "Great First Cause." As there can be but one "first," it follows that nothing else can be equal, or co-equal, with God. Hence, if He is the *first* cause, no other cause can approach nearer than secondary which is itself an effect. Matter is not a first cause, else there would be *two* causes, which is mathematically impossible. God is the first principle, and the universe is of His creation.

The universe may be compared to a boundless expanse of forest, through which the pioneers have explored, leaving their foot-prints and a "spotted line" as a future guide. Their path has many turnings, many windings and many zigzag courses. Those who follow in their foot-steps see the same hills, the same valleys, the same plains, and the same objects. Generation after generation may pass away, yet while each explorer pursues the same beaten track, the history of the last pilgrimage will be but the repeated story of the first. That forest may contain thousands of objects on which no eye but that of God has ever rested—thousands of stand-points from which it might be seen that the very objects, so long familiar to the pilgrim, are entirely different from what they have appeared from time immemorial.

In studying the character of God's works, the universe, like the forest, is free to all. In this country, at least, no bigoted churchmen can set the boundaries for man's investigation, or prescribe to him what he shall believe in science, or what he shall reject. God alone draws the line and fixes the bounds beyond which man cannot investigate; yet at such an awful distance is this limit fixed, that though our natural lives were prolonged thrice ten thousand years, even then we should pass away unlearned and unlettered in the wisdom of Eternal science and philosophy.

One limit we can never attain, neither in this life nor in that which is to come. The creation of matter out of nothing forms no part of the knowledge which finite beings can acquire, else man might become equal with God. Man may study matter in all its changes—from the mineral to the vegetable—from the vegetable to the animal—but the secret of its origin belongs alone to God.

God existed and was perfect when nothing else existed. He has never acquired new power—He has never ceased in any of his works. As it was in the beginning, so it is now—so it must ever be. God never works by special law, to accomplish some special purpose, and then pauses until some new object calls forth renewed labor. His laws are all general, fixed in their character, unchanging in their operations. The law which created worlds billions upon billions of generations ago, must be still in operation, else a part of His power has ceased, or is at rest. If one of His laws can cease in its operations, others may; and if His laws are liable to interruption, then He is a changeable God and His works are but the works of chance—the completion of which depends entirely upon the interruptions. To suppose this, takes away His infinite character and reduces Him to the level of finites.

I will now ask the reader to pause long enough to form in his mind a list of such laws of God as he best understands, and after carefully running over their *known* operation, I will ask him to point out one that has ever rested even for a moment? Look at the planets—they traverse their far-sweeping rounds with a speed which almost defies the power of thought! Yet they move with far more precision than the wheels of a watch. Even the comet—the express-planet from one system of worlds to another—as he steams by torch-light across the abyss of space profound, sweeping around the turns of his celestial railway in a gracefully elongated sphere—even he may be calculated in his changes and his returns precisely foretold.

Come down to our own planet and study God in the constant operation of His laws. Should gravitation cease, the rapid motion of the earth upon its axis would throw off its surface in huge fragments, until the great central urn of fire would burst forth and illumine the heavens with its own light;—should its centrifugal force cease, it would fall to the sun; should its centripetal force cease, it would bound away through space like a run-away locomotive. And suppose by chance (when God's laws cease all depends upon chance) it should escape a collision with the other heavenly bodies in our system—all of which would be liberated from their orbits at the same moment—no powers of imagination can depict the wild confusion of *a tangent race of worlds!*

God's laws are always the same—always equally active. True, the results may not be the same, but this arises from the different conditions. For instance—it is a law of gravitation that all ponderable bodies, unsupported, are drawn to the earth's surface; yet if I place a magnet in contact with a piece of steel, the attraction of the former will diminish or overcome gravitation. But gravitation is not destroyed, nor does it cease one iota of its influence.

Having examined such of the laws of God as we are able to comprehend, we do not find one which has ever ceased in its operation even for a millionth part of a second. Keeping this fact in mind, let us turn to some *beyond* our comprehension, namely, those laws by the operation of which matter is made out of nothing. Since no *known* law ever changes, by what authority do men presume to assert that an *unknown* law was once in operation, but has now ceased? I have the right, at this stage of the argument, to demand of *them* their authority for asserting that matter is not now being formed. As God is always consistent—always in harmony with Himself—so are His laws always in harmony with each other. When the savans of the world are able to point me to the *known* laws of God which have ceased, then they have the right to demand my authority for asserting that an *unknown* one is still in operation, but most assuredly not until then.

The reason which I have given for my belief that matter is constantly in course of formation, have not been drawn from studying the thoughts of others, but from a study of nature herself. To me, these reasons are conclusive. They will not be so to others, because others will not view them from my stand-point. This arises from the difficulty which all encounter by reason of long inherited prejudices. Certain assumed facts have been transmitted through so many generations, that he is thought a bold man—perhaps a blasphemer—who dares deny them. When Galileo, the discoverer of the pendulum, the thermometer, specific gravity and the telescope, dared to deny the Ptolemaic theory of the solar system, and embrace that taught by Copernicus, the church denounced him as a blasphemer—imprisoned him—dragged him before its hellish Inquisition, and *tortured* him into a recantation! Long years of confinement, and the death of a lovely daughter, broke the old man down, and at the age of seventy-eight, despised and detested by those who claimed to be God's chosen rulers on earth, he died, one of the noblest martyrs of science!

I will close this chapter by referring to a most glaring error which has been perpetuated by philosophers for generations, and which I have never seen denied in print. All agree in their works that when a person looks in a mirror, or common looking glass, he will see the reflection of his image there. On the contrary, I hold that he sees *himself—actually looks himself full in the face*! This may appear a monstrous absurdity to the reader, but I hope he will not turn away in contempt until he has read my reasons. If he does, then he is like the church which has condemned, unheard, thousands who chanced to embrace a doctrine different from its miserable traditions.

It is an admitted fact that the angles of *incidence* and *reflection* are equal. For the benefit of the young reader I will be more explicit. If you throw a ball against a building, the imaginary line described by the passage of the ball from the place where it leaves your hand, and the side of the building, forms an angle, the apex of which is the point which the ball strikes—this is termed the angle of *incidence*. The imaginary line described by the ball as it rebounds, and the side of the building, also form an angle, which is called the angle of *reflection*. If you throw the ball perpendicularly to the building, it will rebound in the same direction; that is, return to you again; but if obliquely, it will rebound in a different direction, and not return to you.

It is also an admitted fact that light, passing obliquely from a rarer to a denser medium, is diverged from a perpendicular. Look obliquely into a vessel containing clear water in a state of rest—the bottom of the vessel appears elevated a short distance. Now pass one end of a straight stick obliquely below the surface of the water, and you will observe that the stick appears bent, forming an obtuse angle, the apex of which is at the surface of the water. This proves two important facts.—First, that light is the medium of vision; secondly, the rays of light being the conductors of vision, we are enabled to see through them when they are bent or diverged, even when bent from a straight line, a distance greater than their diameters. Having established the fact that we can see through a crooked ray of light, that is, that the eye will follow the line of the ray, no *theory* must be admitted as establishing the limit of the ray's curvature. Actual demonstration only can establish this boundary. No limit of curvature has ever been fixed—hence, I am authorized in saying there is none.

Keeping these facts in view, let us return to the looking-glass. For the sake of a clear distinction, I will adopt the term "image," when I speak of seeing yourself in the glass. Now stand in front of the glass, three feet distant—you see your image, apparently three feet beyond the glass. Now advance eighteen inches—the image advances the same distance. Let us examine this phenomena for a moment. Light cannot pass through an opaque body. The mercury upon the back of the glass is opaque. Hence, the light does not pass beyond it. How then does your image happen to appear beyond it? If it is your image which you see reflected in the glass, why does it not appear at *all times* upon the mercury, where the rays of light are abruptly obstructed? These questions may be explained away, or buried beneath a shower of mysticism and technical philosophy, but cannot be answered upon the hypothesis that what you see is your image.

Now take your place at an angle of forty-five degrees to the left of the glass—you do not see your image, but may see the image of a person who is at an angle of forty-five degrees on the right of the glass—in the very place where a ball would rebound, thrown from you, provided it could be done without breaking the glass. Now take the glass in your hand, in such a position that the rays of the sun will fall upon it at angle of forty-five degrees—you see a bright light upon the wall, in an opposite direction, at the same angle, and it changes its position as you move the glass.

The last experiment proves that the sun's rays are reflected by the glass. That is, they fall upon it obliquely, and, to use a common expression, glance off. Now make this memoranda in your mind—"Light does not penetrate the mercury, but is reflected by it, subject to the law that the angles of incidence and reflection are equal."

Now be kind enough to hang up the glass and take your position to the left, as far as will admit of seeing the image of your friend in the same position on the right of the glass. The glass is now almost in a direct line between you. From previous experiments you can have no doubt that the ray of light from your eye is reflected from the glass to where your friend stands, and that you are actually looking at him through a crooked ray of of light. You will experience no difficulty in arriving at this conclusion, because the ray of light is not bent more than in the case of the stick thrust obliquely into the water. This point being settled, you and your friend may slowly approach each other, keeping the angles of incidence and reflection equal. You continue to see your friend until you come in contact, and then being in front of the glass, that is, at an angle of ninety degrees, you may also see—what? your image? No; but yourself through the ray of light that passes from your eye to the looking-glass, and is then reflected back to you.

This accounts for your right hand appearing to be your left. It is just like imagining that your eyes could leave your body and look at it from the glass.

I deem this place appropriate for making a few suggestions to the young reader. I would not have you believe my statements and conclusions without investigating for yourself. Great mischief has been done to the young by imposing upon them sophistry for reason. Perhaps this work may be of that same character.—Therefore I warn you to be upon your guard. I intend to be honest with you—I would not willingly mislead you. But finite beings are weak and erring, even in their proudest states, and therefore I may have fallen into grievous errors, even where I feel the most assurance of being right.

And as I caution you to weigh carefully every principle of science and philosophy which I advance, so I also caution you against that taught by others. Believe nothing which a learned man may say, simply because he is learned and has said it. The doctors tell us there is such a thing as "learned quackery," and if so, it is by no means confined to the medical faculty.—Among the Professors of colleges, both in Germany and in this country, I have met with the most arrant, scientific quacks. They know nothing save what they have learned from their books. Where their books are right, they are right; where their books are wrong, they are wrong. Either prejudice or inability blinds them to new truths. With such men for teachers, generation after generation might pass away, leaving only the foot-prints of antiquity behind.

No matter where, nor in what book you hear a fact stated, accept only so much as will bear the test of reason. If you are told that this earth was created in six days—go to the earth and ask her if these things be so. Ask the deltas of your noble Mississippi how long they have been in course of formation? Count the strata—estimate the annual and centennial deposits, and there learn that it has been millions upon millions of years For three hundred years, by excommunicating, cursing, anathematizing, imprisoning, torturing and putting to death the disciples of science, the church was enabled to maintain her theory of a "six days creation." But Geology still struggles on—suffering and growing stronger amid its persecutions, until it has at last broken down the superstitions of thousands of years. Now, the most bigoted and ignorant would both churchman and priest be pronounced, who should teach that within a period of six days, and only five thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine years ago this earth was created.

If you are told that the sun once revolved about this earth, but was stopped in its glorious and majestic pathway at the command of a finite being, that blood-

shed, and slaughter, and butchery of men, women and children might be carried on for a whole day—go study the laws of God which regulate the motions of worlds, and there learn the truth.

If you are told that in one day—the fourth—God created the sun, and moon, and stars, yet that it required five days in which to create this earth—see if this is consistent with the character of a perfect God. This earth, which would be missed no more from the universe than a sand from the seashore, could not have occupied five times as long in creation as all the rest of the universe, else God is not the same unchangeable Being.

If you are told that the earth brought forth grass, and herbs, and trees, *before* the sun was made—ask by what law of God vegetation could be propagated without the light and heat of the sun? Ask what would be the effect of depriving the earth of the heat of the sun for one year? Ask if its surface would not be covered with frost many feet thick?

If told that God is all- powerful, and that he could accomplish these marvelous things by the potent energy of a single word—then ask if it would be cosistent with His inflexible and never-changing character? If answered in the affirmative then depend upon it you have met with one who believes in a God of chance—a God whose laws *have* changed, and consequently are *liable* to change every moment!

(To be Continued.)

Interesting Miscellany.

THE DREAM FULFILLED.—Sir William Staines, acceded to the mayoralty in 1800, in fulfilment of a prophecy made by a dame who had told him his fortune many years before. He was originally a laboring bricklayer, and at an early age in life he was employed in repairing the parsonage-house at Uxbridge, and as he ascended the ladder with a hod of mortar, the parson's wife hailed him in order to relate a dream. She dreamed that he would one day become Lord Mayor of London, on which he scratched his head, thanked her for the flattering dream, and went on with his work. This same idea haunted the parson's wife on another occasion, and again she told Staines she had a similar dream. Staines pursued his calling with diligence, prospered in the world, and forgot the prophetic dream. In the course of time he was elected Sheriff of London; then the dream recurred to his memory. He made the aged parson his chaplain, and began to dream on his own account that the prophecy would be fulfilled, as it was, to his honor, for his Mayoralty occurred during a time of turbulence and scarcity, and he did his duty in alleviating, in every way in his power, the effects of those ills upon the inhabitants of the city. —[City Press.

A CURIOUS FACT.—At the time of the explosion on board the Great Eastern, a curious fact was noticed. Those who were most hurt, and who first died, seemed the least injured when they first appeared above deck, and even were able to walk aft without assistance. On this point a writer in The London *Times* says:

"A man blown up by gunpowder is a mere figure of raw flesh, which seldom moves after the explosion. Not so with men blown up by steam, who for a few minutes are able to walk about apparently unhurt, though in fact mortally injured, beyond all hope of recovery.—This was so with one or two, who, as they emerged from below, walked aft with that indescribable expression in their faces only resembling intense astonishment, and a certain faltering of the gait and movements like one that walks in his sleep. Where not grimed by the smoke or ashes, the peculiar bright, soft whiteness of the face, hands, or breast, told at once that the skin, though unbroken, had, in fact, been boiled by the steam.—One man walked along with the movement and look I have endeavored to describe, and seemed quite unconscious that the flesh of his thighs (most probably by the ashes from the furnace) was burnt in deep holes. To come one who came to his assistance he said, quietly, "I am all right; there are others worse than me; go and look after them." This poor man was the first to die."

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

I dreamed that I found myself suddenly in a place which impressed me with an instantaneous sense of strangeness; it was like nothing I had ever seen. I then became aware that my own state of feeling was like nothing I had ever felt. It was a sensation of inexpressible physical relief; all ailment to which I had been familiarized, was gone—gone all weariness, heaviness, inertness of muscle, of nerve, of spirit. Time and its effects palpably—abruptly—lifted from me as a load lifted from the shoulders of a tired and sinking man. I was conscious of an elasticity and lightness of frame, to which that of a vigorous schoolboy bounding into the play ground can be but inadequately compared. My first idea was that I was made young again; my second idea, which flashed upon me as conviction, made me aware that I was dead. I said to myself "I am dead, and amongst the dead." With that consciousness came no awe, no fear, only the sensation of unutterable strangeness, and a sentiment of intense curiosity. The place in which I stood was the far end of an immense hall or chamber,—so immense that it baffles all attempt to convey a notion of the space. Its walls were proportionably lofty, it was without a roof; above it a dull blue sky, without cloud, without sun, moon, or stars. Along this hall human beings, dressed as we dress in life, were hurrying in various groups or detachments. But so vast was the place, that though I was aware there were millions of such beings within the walls, they appeared like tiny rivulets running on through a mighty plain. I hastened towards one of these detachments, accosted a man, and said, "Tell me, is it true that I am dead?"

"You are dead of course," said the man impatiently, without stopping. "And you, too?" I asked.

"All here are dead! We *are* The Dead."

I caught the man by the arm, which I felt inquisitively. I wondered to find it so material, contrary to all my preconceived notions.

"But you are no spirit?" I said; "This arm is flesh and blood. Can you explain?"

"Nothing is ever explained here," interrupted the man, shaking me off. He hurried on after the rest, and disappeared within what may be called a doorway; but there was no door. There were many openings as for doors in the hall—none of them had doors. This also excited my curiosity. Why no doors? I walked lightly across the floor, pleased at the briskness of my own step, and again I accosted a fellow-inmate of this strange place.

"I beg pardon," said I courteously, "but why is this hall left unfinished; why no doors where these lofty openings are left?"

"Find out for yourself; no explanations are given here."

"Stop one moment, I am a stranger just arrived. Many dear friends have come here before me. Tell me, I pray, how I am to find them?"

"Find them! This is infinity. Those who move on never return to the same place; those who come after never catch up with those who have gone before."

"What! shall I never see even my own mother?"

"Never. This is Eternity; once lost, forever lost."

"But my own mother! What has become of her? whither has she gone?"

"How do I know!"

"But I *shall* overtake her," I exclaimed angrily.

"And if you do?" said the man drily, "you would not know each other—you do not wear the same bodies as you did in life. Perhaps you and I were intimate friends once. You do not know me now, nor I you. No knowledge of each other amongst The Dead."

The man hurried on through the opening. I was so amazed at what he said that I awoke.

"This is the most extraordinary dream," I said to myself, when awake.

"How I wish that I could continue it!" In a few minutes I was asleep again, and there I was—exactly in the same place in that hall where the man had left me, near the opening. I followed a string of passengers through that opening into a narrow corridor—the same height of wall, the same dull blue sky overhead.

"How light it is," I said to a man in the throng, "and yet there is no sun, and no moon, and no stars. Is it always as light here, and is this day or is it night?"

"Neither day nor night. No day, no night to the dead. Time here is dead, too!"

I tried in vain to keep this man in conversation. I tried in vain to make friends with others; all answered curtly and impatiently, shaking me off and hurrying on. What now began most to perplex me, was the utter absence of all social intercourse. No one seemed to talk to another, no two persons walked arm-in-arm. I said to myself—"In any city on earth one stranger may accost another, and get some information what he is to do—where he is to find a lodging. Society seems dissolved here—every one for himself. It is well at least that I feel so strong and so young."

I passed my hands over my limbs. Yes, I *was* flesh and blood. Suddenly I began to feel hungry. This amazed me. Again I accosted one of the throng. "Can it be true that one feels hunger here? do the Dead know hunger?"

"Hunger! of course; you have a body, have not you?"

"And how can one get food?"

"Find out for yourself."

"Stop, must one pay for it?"

"Pay! of course, of course; you cannot rob The Dead." The man was gone.

I hurried on with the hurrying throng, and began to feel in my pockets. In my right trousers pocket I found a sovereign and twelve shillings in silver, exactly the sum that I had in my pocket when I went to bed the night of that dream. Again I began to wonder, "How did I bring this money with me, why no more? Can I get no more money? Is this all that is to provide for me throughout eternity?" Several of the crowd now stopped before a recess in the corridor; in this recess persons were serving out coffee, but I was seized with a prudent thrift. I thought, "I must not fritter away any part of so small a sum, until I know at least how to get more." I resisted the coffee-shops, and continued to rove on—always in a building, always in a labyrinth of halls, and chambers, and passages. I observed that none of them seemed formed for residence, none of them were furnished, except here and there was a thin comfortless bench against the tall undecorated wall. But always, a building—always, always within a single immeasurable house. I was seized with an intense longing to get out. "If I could but find my way into the fields," said I to myself—"if I could but wander into the country, I have been always so fond of nature."

Again I accosted a man. "How can I get out of this building?"

"You can't get out of it, you are dead."

"Yes I know I am dead; but I still long to see Nature."

"There is no Nature here. Nature is finite—this is infinity."

"But is infinity circumscribed to this building?—no escape from these walls? Explain."

"Explain!" interrupted the man with great anger, as if I had uttered something wicked; "nothing is ever explained here. Wretch leave me." And the man broke away.

I continued to stride on through the building, always trying to escape out of it. Miles and miles, and leagues and leagues, I went on—always between those lofty walls, under that unchangeable sky. And I could never get a peep into what lay beyond; for to those walls there were no windows.

I said to myself, "If I were alive I should have dropped with fatigue—not the least tired. Still, if I am to remain here, I should like to have a quiet lodging to myself. Where can I rest?"

So again I stopped a man—I say a man; for hitherto I had seen only men, no women—men much as one sees every day in Oxford Street or Cheapside. I *stopped* a man, say I? The expression is incorrect: no man ever stopped at my bidding, but walked on while I spoke, and only walked faster when he escaped. And never again did I come up to the same man. Well, then, I *accosted* a man:—"What are the rules of this place? Can one have a home as on earth?—can I have a lodging to myself somewhere?"

"Of course you can."

"Where shall I go for one?—how am I to contrive—?"

"Find out for yourself; no one helps another here."

"But stop. I have only got about one pound twelve. Is there difference of fortune in this place?—are there wealth and poverty?—do some people come with more riches than others?"

"To be sure."

"And is it as good a thing to be rich here as it is on earth?"

"Better. Poverty here is dreadful; for here none lend, and none give."

"I left a great deal of money behind me; can't I get at it now?"

"Certainly not; you should have brought more."

"Alas! I did not know I was coming here. But I am quick and hard-working: I could make money easily enough in the earth I came from. Can money be made here?"

"Yes!"

"How—how?"

"Find out for yourself."

The man escaped me.

I woke a second time, revolving all I had seen in my dream, and much struck by the prosaic and practical character of the whole.

"So very odd," I said, "that money should be of use amongst the dead. I will write down this dream to-morrow morning;" and I began to impress all its details on my memory. While so employed I fell asleep again, and again found myself exactly in the same spot on which I had last stood in this singular dream. I felt my pockets—only one pound twelve still. "What a fool was I not to take advantage of my waking, and bring more money!" I said with a sigh.

I now came into a desolate banquet-hall: in the midst was an immense table, and several thousand persons were sitting down to a feast I observed ornaments of plate on the table, and great profusion of wine. I approached; the table was full; there was no room for me. And indeed, though still hungry, I had no desire to join the banqueters. I felt as if I were not of them; no social sentiment bound me to them. But now, for the first time, I perceived women—women at the table. That sight gave me pleasure. I began to count them. At first I only distinguished one or two; gradually the number grew—so many that I ceased to count. "Well," I said, "now I shall see something like gallantry and gaiety and affection amongst The Dead." I was soon undeceived; people ate and drank as on earth, but without mirth or talk—each helping himself. The men had no care for the women, the women had no care for the men. A dreary consciousness that love existed not amongst The Dead came over me, and I left the banquet-hall. I now came into another corridor, at the end of which, to my great joy, I descried what seemed a more open space. I caught glimpse of green trees. A great throng was hurrying towards this space. I pressed forward in advance of the throng, and entered first; but I was disappointed: the space was still within the building, the wall round it; only it resembled what the French call a *Place d'armes*. The trees, planted in a formal row on either side, as they are in a *Place d'armes*, were small, stunted, and the foliage clipped. Looking more narrowly, I perceived that they were not real trees, but of some painted metal; and I thought of the words, "There is no nature here." While I was thus gazing on the trees, the lower end of this court had become filled with the crowd; and suddenly, from an opening opposite to that by which I and the crowd had entered, I heard a regular tramp as of the quick march of soldiers, and presently a defile of armed men came into the *Place*—so quickly that I had only time to draw on one side to escape being trodden down. They hastened to the upper part of the *Place*, and formed themselves at the word of command. Then, for the first time, I felt fear; for these soldiers did not seem to me so human as all I had hitherto seen. There was something preter-human and ghastly in their aspect and their movements. They were armed with muskets. In another moment, to my inconceivable surprise and horror, they fired upon the crowd at the far end, and then charged with the bayonet. They came so close by me, that I felt one of the soldiers graze me. But I did not recede; on the contrary, I put myself somewhat in the way of the charge. For my predominant sentiment throughout all this dream was curiosity, and I wished to know if I could be capable of bodily wound or bodily pain. But the soldiers spared me, and charged only on the crowd below. In an instant the ground was covered with victims—bruised, wounded, groaning, shrieking. This exploit performed, the soldiers departed down the passage they had entered, as rapidly as they had marched in.

It seemed to me that I felt no pity for the crowd and no resentment against the soldiers. I only felt an exceeding surprise. However, I approached the sufferers and said, "But are you sensible of wounds, being already dead?" A man, mangled and lacerated, answered impatiently, "Yes, yes—of course."

"But still, being dead, you cannot be killed, and that is some comfort."

I got no answer to this remark. The sufferers gathered themselves up, no one helping the other; and, limping and groaning, dispersed. I then addressed a man who was one of the few who were unhurt. He was taller, of better mien, and with a less busy and anxious expression of countenance than those I had hitherto questioned. He gave me the idea of a person of rank.

"Sir," said I, insinuating into my manner all the polite respect I could convey to it, "the appearance of soldiers here has startled me; for where there are soldiers there must be law and government. Hitherto I have seen no trace of either. Is there, then, a Government to this place? Where can one see it? Where does it reside? What are the Laws? How can one avoid displeasing them?"

"Find out," answered the man, in the same form of words which had so often chilled my questions, but in a milder voice.

"At all events, then, there is a law of brute force that prevails here as on the earth," I said in extreme wonder.

"Yes; but on earth it is understood. Here nothing is explained."

"Can I know even why that crowd was punished; whence the soldiers came; whither they have now gone?"

"Search—this is infinity. You have leisure enough before you; you are in eternity."

The man was gone. I passed very timorously and very wistfully along the passage from which the soldiers had emerged.

The object of my curiosity now was, to get at the seat of that Law of Force which was so contrary to all my preconceived opinions. I felt a most awful consciousness of uncertainty. One might then, like that crowd, at any time be punished; one did not know wherefore. How act so as to avoid offence? While thus musing the atmosphere seemed darker, and I found that I was in a very squalid part of the building; it resembled, indeed, the old lanes and courts of St. Giles's (only still within the mansion,) and infinitely more wretched.

"So then," I said, "I do see poverty here at last," and I felt with proud satisfaction my one pound twelve. A miserable-looking lad now was beside me. He was resting on a heap of broken rubbish. Looking at him I observed that he was deformed, but not like any deformity I had seen in the living. I cannot describe how the deformity differed, except that he showed me his hands, and they were not like human hands, but were distorted into shapeless kots and lumps. And I said, "No wonder you are poor, for you cannot work with those hands. Man's physical distinction from the brutes is chiefly in the formation of his hand. Your hand is not the hand of man."

And the lad laughed, and that was the first laugh I had heard amongst the dead.

"But are you not very unhappy?" said I in amaze.

"Unhappy! No! I am dead."

"Did you bring your infirmities with you, or did you contract them here?"

"Here!"

I was appalled.

"How? by what misfortune or what sin?"

The lad laughed again, and jumped off his block of rubbish, sidled away, mocking at me as he went with a vulgar gesture.

"Catch me at explaining," said he and he was lost.

Now a sort of despair, but an intellectual despair, seized me. I say intellectual, for all my amaze and all my sense of solitude in that crowd, I never felt sad nor unhappy; on the contrary, I kept constantly saying to myself, "After all, it is a great thing to have done with life.—And to feel so well and so young!" But my intellect oppressed me; it was in my way; my curiosity was so intense, my perplexities so unsolved, even by conjecture.

I got out of the squalid part of the building; and in a small lobby I encountered a solitary being like myself. I joined him.

I said, "You and I seem both alone in this vast space. Can we not explore it in company?"

"Certainly not; my way is not your way, nor yours mine. No two have the same paths through infinity."

"But," said I, angrily, "I always understood on the earth, that when we left it we should come into a region of spirits. Where are the angels to guide us? I see them not. I have seen poverty and suffering, and brute force. But of blessed spirits above mankind, I have beheld none. And if this is infinity, such spirits must be here."

"Find them out for yourself then, as I must find them out for myself. This is my way, that is yours."

"One word more; since I cannot discover those who have gone before me, whom I loved, I will wait for some one whom I have left on earth, and he will be my companion, for he will be as strange to this place as I am, and will want a friend, as I want some one. Tell me where I can watch and see the dead come here from life."

"Yes, *that* I can tell you. There are plenty of places in which you will see the dead drop down—there is such a place close by. You see that passage; take it, and go straight on."

I did as the man told me. I came to an open space always between blind walls, but the outer wall seemed far loftier, soaring up, and soaring up, till the dull blue sky that rested on it appeared immeasurably remote.

And down at my feet from this wall dropped a man. "You are one of the dead," said I, approaching anxiously, "just left the world of the living?"

He seemed bewildered for a moment; at last he answered, rubbing his eyes, and in a kind of dreamy voice, "Yes, I am dead."

"Let us look at each other," said I; perhaps we were friends in life."

We did look at each other without recogni-

(Concluded on 6th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe

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A. E. NEWTON.

THE TEST OF INSPIRATION.

Concluded.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION—NO. XXV.

Having shown that the truth of inspired teachings cannot be determined either by phenomenal signs, by the claims of the inspiring intelligence, or by accompanying miracles we proceed to indicate whether the true test is to be found.

There remain to us simply *the intrinsic character, qualities, and tendencies* of the inspired communications themselves,—to which we must apply *our intellectual and moral perceptions and our spiritual intuitions.* In other words, the totality of truth determining powers with which God has individually endowed us, and which are in a sense His representatives in us, must be brought to bear honestly and reverently upon all teachings purporting to be God-inspired. We are shut up to this—there is no possible escape from it, except by rushing into the arms of a blind, external authority, where all manhood and individuality are basely surrendered, and our noblest powers denied their proper exercise. This is treason to ourselves, and blasphemy against the indwelling God. We are made with capacities for determining truth for ourselves, and have *no right* to surrender the work implicitly into the hands of others, either in this world or any other.

We are so constituted that all TRUTH is authoritative to us, when perceived as truth. The mere affirmation of any being *outside* of ourselves cannot make this *perception* IN us. It comes of growth, experience, and enlightenment by influx to our own interiors. Whatever commends itself to our individual perceptions and judgment as true, useful and good,—calculated to elevate and ennoble man, making him more godlike in character and action,—we *must* call Divine, and attribute to the great Fount of Truth and Good, through whatever channel it may come to us. Whatever does not bear this stamp to us, lacks the image and superscription of Divinity, and cannot be accepted, whatever *external* claims it may bear.

This, to us, is the grand test of all inspired teachings,—the final standard to which they must be brought.

"But" says one, "our perceptions are imperfect, our judgments infallible and liable to be warped by inclination; hence we are liable to mistake error for truth, and truth for error. It is not safe for us to be left to ourselves in matters of such transcendent importance."

Be it so: yet has it not been equally true of men in all past ages—even of those to whom we would look for authority? All inspired truth in the past has been communicated to the world through human instrumentalities, and preserved through human agencies. This has rendered it *liable* to vitiation. Those to whom it has *first* come, having no previously written standard with which to compare it, have been of necessity compelled to judge for themselves. Why should their judgment be considered infallible, more than our own? Miracles, as before shown, could furnish no conclusive proof of *doctrines*, and every religion has had its miracles. Were the semi-barbarous Hebrews whom Moses led out of Egyptian slavery any better qualified to judge of the value and source of *his* inspirations than are we? Were the first receivers of Christianity, educated as they had been in Jewish ritualism and pagan superstition, more competent to estimate the teachings of Jesus and the writings of Paul than any other people can ever be? Yet they were called upon to "judge of themselves what was right,"—to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." They doubtless did the best they could with the light they had; but does that absolve us from the responsibility of doing the same for ourselves, or make their decision any more binding upon us than ours will be on coming generations? Not one whit.

We cannot, then, rid ourselves of the responsibility of distinguishing for ourselves between truth and error, if we would.—Weak, timid and indolent minds may seek to throw it upon the Church or the Fathers, upon Paul or Jesus, Isaiah or Moses, ancient spirits or modern spirits; but they do so at their own peril. Every man must in the end bear his own burden. All faith built on external authority, and not grounded in internal perception and experience, will sooner or later prove worthless to the soul, and be swept away like the house built on the sand. If the Bible, or any part of it, contains Divine and unalterable truth (which the writer most fully believes,) we should *know it* for ourselves, and not *believe it*, either on its own claims or the say-so of anybody.

It behooves us, then—if such tremendous responsibilities rest upon us individually—to keep our own truth-determining powers in the best possible condition. This surely cannot be done without *exercise;* and there can be no exercise unless there is doubt and inquiry. Hence the misery of all systems of religion founded on external and arbitrary *authority*, and of all systems of teaching which undertake to settle questions by what is written, in the books. They tend to cloud the perceptions, to dwarf the judgment, and to produce a race of imbeciles. Such we find in all our authoritarian churches,—men and women who dare not grapple face to face for themselves with the great problems of life and of duty, but are prone to skulk behind the authority of a text, a priest, or a church. If people are incompetent to judge for themselves in these matters, it is because they do not use the faculties with which they are endowed.

And let it not be supposed that the power of determing truth resides alone in the *intellect*. This is but a part of the whole man. The most cultivated intellectualist is as liable to be blind to moral and spiritual truths, as the most ignorant boor. The moral perceptions, the spiritual intuitions, and above all the affections or will, must be clarified and rightly directed, ere we can expect to arrive at right results. Hence, earnest aspirations for the true and the good, with unselfish, single-hearted, unswerving devotion thereto, so far as perceived, are indispensible to the best use of our powers. It is indolence, and indifference to the right, with known wrong doing in seemingly little things, and compromises with error and evil—it is these that blunt our perceptions, and make us walk in darkness and uncertainty.

But be it remembered that we are not "left to ourselves" in this best exercise of our own powers. God, in whom we live, move and have our being, is as near to us as ever He was to mankind. His angelic messengers can visit earth, as easily as in the days of old. His Fatherly heart yearns towards His children as lovingly as ever it yearned. His all-pervading, inspiring Spirit is present in every quarter of the Universe as truly as in any past era. We have but to open our souls reverently and aspiringly to the Divine Influx, and it will stream in, as light streams into our apartments when we throw open the shutters, and into our eyes when we raise the lids. "Therefore," as one wrote of old, "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally to all, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

Nor are we without human helpers in the search for truth. If we but take our true positions as reverent *learners*, instead of either authoratative teachers or servile dependents, we may obtain great aid from others. For we must not forget that if God speaks to us in *our own* inmosts, He speaks also to every *other* soul in proportion to its receptivity. Hence *our* possible mistakes and distortions of the Divine voice (always possible because of our limitations,) may be corrected through *others*. We are all parts of one grand Humanity; none of us is absolutely sufficient for himself. All who have lived, have lived for us; all who now live, live for us, and we for them. It becomes us then to listen respectfully to the revelations of God through other souls, as well as our own—though we must finally decide for ourselves what we will accept as truth. And in proportion as the *lives* of men are noble and true, do their *opinions* challenge our regard.

Is it objected that the best exercise of individual judgment results in great differences, and hence there can be no certainty without some infallible standard? True, there must be differences, so long as minds are in different degrees of mental and spiritual growth. An *infallible standard* will not help the matter without an *infallible understanding* also; because minds in different mental and spiritual conditions will interpret that standard differently. Hence an infallible standard requires an infallible interpreter; and an infallible interpreter necessitates unquestioning submission and infallible supineness. Evidently, it was never designed in the constitution of things that all minds should see alike while in their rudimentary conditions.—Else there would be no friction, no stimulous to inquiry—nothing but a dead level of interminable monotony. Those see alike, and those only, who rise to the same elevations of mental and spiritual attainment.

There may be questions regarding the truth and value of inspired communications which cannot be determined at once—which it may require years and generations of experience to test. "By their fruits shall ye know them;" but ideas and systems often require centuries in which to develope and mature their legitimate fruits in human society. Tares and wheat usually spring up together, and not always can they be distinguished in the blade. Bigots and narrow minds are ever ready to denounce as false and dangerous, whatever is new and conforms not to their authoratative standards; but the broadly philosophic will be hospitable to all fresh gushes of inspiration, and refrain from judging them before their time.

There are certain characteristics, however, which unmistakably mark two distinct kinds of inspiration, indicating higher and lower sources.

The one renders its recipients modest, teachable, charitable, broad-minded, searchers for truth everywhere, self-denying, lovers of purity and seekers for a regenerate life, reverent to the Divine voice in all other souls, especially as declared by the great Teacher of Nazareth. The other makes its subjects haughty, pretentious, self-conceited, envious, jealous, uncharitable, irreverent, sometimes grossly selfish and sensual. The first comes for the most part gently into the *interiors*, without forcible external manifestations, quickening and developing all that is lovely, noble and divine within; while the latter comes generally *upon*, dominating and often obsessing the subject, usually seeking to override his personality and make of him an abject slave.

Examples of both classes are not wanting in modern Spiritualism. The first, inasmuch as it tends to elevate and purify, is clearly *divine*; the second must emanate from spirits in whom *self* has not been subordinated, and hence may be termed *demonic*.
A. E. N.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

Anything which tends to establish the truth of our confession of faith, namely, "that spirits can and do communicate," is of interest to the reader. This consideration induces us to make public a certain test of this truth, as obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield.

A week or two since a gentleman of our acquaintance called at the AGE office and desired us to direct him to some good medium. Knowing his scepticism upon the subject of Spiritualism, we were not a little surprised at his request. However, we gave him the address of two or three and he started upon a tour of investigation. In the afternoon he returned very much out of humor, both with us and mediums in general—declaring that they were humbugs and imposters.

After some persuasion we finally succeeded in inducing him to call on Mr. Mansfield, and make one more trial before condemning all spiritualists and mediums.

The following day he returned to the office again, perfectly satisfied with the result of his sitting. Numerous questions were written by him, the paper folded over and over at least a dozen times, while Mr. Mansfield was in an adjoining room. The paper was then sealed up, and the spirits controlled the hand of Mr. M. to write the answers. The two following we have been permitted to copy:—

"Dear Father:—Is my son present?"

"No, my dear Enoch, but he has been here since you came into the office. He will come to you by and by and talk with you satisfactorily.

Your Spirit Father,
JACOB."

"My Dear Father:—Shall I do well with my Cotton Gin? Sign your whole name."

"Well, my dear son, so far as I can now discern, I think you will—yet not quite up to your expectations; yet you will be satisfied I think. Follow your own impressions as to it, and I think you will do quite as well with the C——— as you could expect.

Your Spirit Father,
JACOB OSGOOD."

Mr. Osgood was personally unknown to Mr. Mansfield, and he feels quite sure that no one in Boston knew his christian name or the christian name of his father. And we will here add that Mr. O. is a gentleman of very keen perceptions, large reasoning faculties, and such a man as it would be hard to deceive or impose upon. We have known him for seven years, and know him to be one of the most ingenious men of our acquaintance. Several of his inventions have been patented, and upon one of them he has realized the snug sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, so highly valuable has it proved.

Here then we have a test which cannot be questioned. It was not a remarkable test, as all Spiritualists will agree; but it was obtained under circumstances which forbid any suspicion of either fraud or collusion. Only two alternatives present themselves whereby a doubt can arise, namely, that Mr. O., a non-believer in Spiritualism, has either lent himself as a false witness, or that he is so deficient in common sense as to have been duped, both of which alternatives are preposterous.

But this article has so far exceeded its intended limits that we will conclude by inserting a card from Mr. O., voluntarily left with us:—

"MR. EDITOR:—The answers to my questions came so unexpectedly correct, that I submit two of them for publication, for the benefit of Mr. Mansfield.

ENOCH OSGOOD.

The western papers tell us that the "ladies" of a town in Minnesota, being displeased at the too liberal hospitality of a gentleman who gave male parties only, fell upon his house and dostroyed every keg and bottle of the liquors he thus dispensed to their husbands. An instance of femalevolence, which, we believe, is without precedent in history.

A SENSATION PARAGRAPH.

We are indebted to that remarkably enterprising journal, the *Springfield Republican*, for the following information, part of which will be quite new to our readers:

"As we have all along predicted, the Spiritualists are organizing into a religious sect. Their Boston organ has passed into the hands of a convert from the Freewill Baptist clergy, and it has a call for a convention at Boston on the 6th of October, for the purpose of forming a regular ecclesiastical organization, which shall be able to ordain its ministers. On the following Sunday candidates for the Spiritual ministry will be ordained, and female lecturers consecrated, from which it appears that the women are not put quite on a level with the men, ever in the Spiritual church. Mr. Newton, the former editor of the Age, and the more spiritual of the Spiritualists, oppose this new movement, and declare that they do not want the meretricious respectability of an organized sect."

The *Republican's* anxiety to prove itself a true prophet in this instance, has led it into as great a blunder as when it promulgated the "naked circle" hoax, and the "public brothel" slander, some time ago. Neither of the present proprietors or editors of the AGE is or ever was either a Freewill Baptist or a clergyman; nor have they anything to do with the Convention alluded to. The call of that Convention was published by us simply as an advertisement, and the movement itself is not likely to be of sufficient consequence to call for opposition.—Will the *Republican* never learn to tell the truth about Spiritualists?

[From the N. Y. Independent.]

A SUBJECT FOR THE TIMES.

The doctrine of future punishment has always been assailed or questioned by a class of professed believers in the Bible. Of course, all who reject the Biblical scheme of redemption, reject the idea of a retribution by positive legal sanctions, to take effect in a future and eternal world. Some, indeed, by their dislike of this doctrine, are led to reject the Bible, because it seems too plainly to teach eternal punishment. But among professed believers in divine revelation, there are not a few who have serious questionings as to the fact, the degree, the nature, or the duration of future punishment. These questioners are not alone found in the ranks of avowed Universalists; nor are they all comprised in the larger body of the Spiritualists, whose theories of the future state appear to recognize no retributive dispensation. Dobney, the ablest advocate of the doctrine of annihilation, we believe is a Baptist minister. Whately, in some recent essays and discourses, has leaned to the idea that future existence is for the righteous only, and that the wicked will be consigned to a state of non-existence. Maurice, as is well known, rejects the doctrine of eternal punishment. Even Tholuck is supposed to be a Restorationist, and there are not a few of that school among the English divines.

There are many indications that the popular mind in this country is agitated upon all questions pertaining to the future state, and that skepticism as to the punishment of the wicked in the hereafter is widely prevalent. There are frequent traces of this form of skepticism in popular literature. It takes especially the form of a sentimental regard for the honor of God as a Father, and argues that the character of paternal love in which he presents himself, is inconsistent with the infliction of legal or judicial punishment, and admits at most of paternal discipline only. This view is urged by Dr. Holmes in *The Atlantic Monthly*, with all the sophistry and pathos of which he is capable. It is subtilely introduced in *Harper's Weekly*, in a serial story from the pen of a distinguished writer of fiction. While it is not fair to charge upon Mrs. Stowe, before the completion of "The Minister's Wooing," any particular sentiment in Theology uttered by her characters, yet it is noticeable that in the chapters published in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, she puts into the mouth of a mother lamenting the death of her son of whose conversion she was not well assured, the whole force of her logic, kindled with all the earnestness of a mother's love, to urge objections to the doctrine of future retribution, while she meets these objections only by the unintelligent faith of the old negro Candace. The strength of Mrs. Marvyn's argument is, that the idea of eternal punishment is irreconcilable with the paternal character of God.

Mr. Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, Esq, and Rev. Mr. Frothingham of this city, have recently published letters or discourses in which they urge the same plea—that because God is a Father he will not inflict upon his children retributive punishment in the future state. Indeed, some of these writers seem to regard the statement that God is as Father, as conclusive against the doctrine of eternal punishment.

This view, proceeding from persons of large intelligence and influence, and urged in the name of a humane and philanthropic sentiment, has an effect upon the popular mind which cannot be disregarded by those who believe that the doctrine of eternal retribution is taught in the Scriptures, and has a vital place in the moral government of

God. The people must be instructed in the character of God as the righteous Governor of the world, as well as the loving Father of his people. It is our firm conviction that the denial of eternal punishment leads to wavering and skepticism as to the exceeding demerit of sin, and the absolute necessity of a sacrificial atonement; in a word, the denial of this doctrine argues the virtual rejection of the moral government of God, and of the whole system of redemption.

No subject can be more important for pulpit instruction than this. We are glad to learn that some pastors in this city and elsewhere, are taking up the doctrine of retributton with earnest and thorough discussion. We need to hear again the voice and argument of an Edwards, a Bellamy, a Taylor, upon the law and government of God.

☞It has been said that nothing new could be said about Temperance—that the subject was utterly exhausted,—that it had been dished up, warmed over, and rehashed so often, that it had begun to pall upon the public appetite. To some extent then is truth in these statements. But we trust no reader of the AGE will, on that account, fail to read the discourse given through the mediumship of Mrs. Waters, which will be found on another page. It is one of the most effective essays of the kind we ever saw in print, and to us treats the matter in an original and novel manner. The opening paragraphs are especially fine.

Correspondence.

TOWNSEND, Sept., 27, 1859.

EDITORS AGE: You published lately, a brief statement from Friend Fairfax, of the manifestations of bigotry and intolerance on the part of a Methodist clergyman of this place, towards spiritualism and its advocates. It appears that at the time alluded to, the Rev. gentleman had just returned from the camp meeting, or annual feast of Tabernacles, and his soul was doubtless fired with unwonted zeal for the "Lord of hosts." For, on learning that a lecture on Spiritualism was announced to come off at the Town Hall, on Sunday evening, he hasted to stay the threatened curse in the true clerical style. He said he had been to camp meeting all the week "fighting the Devil;" and he was not now going to be subjected to the batterings of another battle, right under his own meeting-house: so he took the measures already mentioned, to avoid another encounter.

Whether the camp meeting fight had not completely routed the able "adversary," or whether he had again collected his scattered forces for another onslaught upon the Lord's annointed; or whether the aforesaid meeting had not exhausted our devout brothers *spirit of fight*, it seems that from some, or all of these causes, he felt called upon to buckle on his armor, and off to the wars again; for he appointed a meeting at Townsend Harbor at 5 o'clock last Sunday evening, when and where this doughty champion of mouldy and worm eaten creeds, even though meeting no foeman worthier of his steel, than one created by his own excited fancy, hoped to achieve a glorious and decisive victory.—Feeling an interest in the issue of so important a struggle, I went down in company with several others to witness the performance.

He commenced by telling his audience that it was claimed by a class in the community, that a "new dispensation" is now dawning upon the Earth. This dispensation he called "*Spiritism*," and said "it was introduced by "Miller," and his prophecies and wonders." The first missiles hurled against this "stupendous delusion," were several "texts of scripture," every one of which were caught on the shield of his adversary, and put into his quiver, as his, the adversaries most effective weapons. For he took the ground that any new dispensations must proclaim and demonstrate itself by signs and wonders; or rather "miracles." Such was the case with both the Mosaic, and Christian dispensations. All of which, we, equally with him, hold to be true. And we hold, that the signs and wonders of this third dispensation, are as precisely adapted to the wants of this age as were those of old, to the times in which they occurred. But the speaker proceeded to denounce all these modern manifestations, as the "devices of the Devil," and added, that this last named gentleman had been trying to imitate God, ever since the Creation. And here the Rev. defender grew warm; so warm indeed, that I can by no means report, either his matter or manner. I would as soon attempt to report the innocent gambols of the lamb.

He walked from end to end of the platform in front of the pulpit—stamped his foot, and banged the projecting side of the stairs with his Bible, so that the holy book might well exclaim "Save me from my friends!" to "such vile uses" did he put it. Having completely demolished the *devil* of his own raising—for he betrayed an utter ignorance of the subject of Spiritualism—he kindly gave the people the blessing of a Christian *soldier*, and then dismissed them.

As soon as the *blessing* was *pronounced*, I requested the people to remain a moment until I could give notice of a lecture on *Spiritualism*, and not "Spiritism," in the same house on Monday evening—for which I had already engaged it. But this stalwart "defender of the ancient faith" was on the alert; and he told the people not to stop, and moved his hand in token for them to depart. I gave the notice however, and on Monday evening lectured to an audience respectable alike for its intelligence and numbers. And as there seemed to be a good degree of interest in the matter, I appointed another for to-night, and have just returned from the meeting, which was larger and the lecture listened to with a deeper interest than the first, as was shown by the fact that the collection was considerably increased to-night. So I have spoken twice in the Unitarian house in this village, and four times in the Universalist house at W. Townsend—the use of both having been generously granted to me freely.

Now we make no war on any man or institution. The old Church must expire by its own limitations. Its creeds and rituals are adapted to a state of spiritual pupilage; and whenever and wherever humanity passes beyond this condition to that of spiritual manhood, the garments of its minority are cast away, and it steps upon the platform of individual consciousness and judgment. This is inevitable.—It is in strict accordance with the law of growth. It is God's order and cannot be evaded.

To show you what success our good Methodist brother has met with in his recent fights with the devil, I send you nine new subscribers for the AGE; and have also obtained quite a number for the BANNER. Yours for "victories without battles," LORING MOODY.

CHURCH AND STATE;

OR RELIGION AND POLITICS.

It seems strange at this enlightened age that any one, much less a reformer, should propose to connect Church and State, or to found a Civil Government on any Religious test, and above all, that based on a Spiritual or impressive foundation. The above remarks being drawn out by seeing a proposition in the *Aye*, Vol. 1, No. 2, from C. H. H. backed up and pressed upon the consideration of Spiritualists by the editor; also in No. 3 he attempts to wave somewhat, still asks an expression at the ballot-box—Now I would ask in all candor, "what could be gained by an expression at the ballot-box? Has Spiritualism (as such) anything to do with our civil government?" I for one, can see no more safety in being governed by one ism than another, unless the one is based more strictly on moral principles than others; if Spiritualism is that ism, then Spiritualists will cast their ballots where they will tell best for the happiness of mankind, and if that consists in universal equality there can be but little doubt where they should cast their votes in 1860.

If there was the least prospect that Judge Edmonds or Tallmadge could be elected to the Presidency, no lover of humanity would object to it; but when it is so clear that every vote that is cast for either of those men would be so many drawn from Freedom's side, it would be suicidal to urge the proposition of C. H. H. Wm. L. Garrison with all his sound moral principles seems to lose sight of the application, and so it seems to me, with the proposition of C. H. H.; and I do hope that every lover of humanity will examine closely, and through their influence, where it will best tell for the advancement of the human family, whether Spiritualism leads or follows.

AUTHORITY, NO. 3.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE: When I began to ascend the air, my first impression was one of security, of perfect reliance on the influence that surrounded me; but which was so gentle withal, that I felt entirely self-possessed and equipoised. The air also became more bracing, and I felt a new vigor imparted to my whole system. But as I receded from the earth, its atmosphere appeared to become misty, so as to obscure the view of its inhabitants; yet as I passed off still farther, the colors began to divide till the whole earth seemed to be involved in all the hues of the rainbow; and these colors were subject to frequent convolutions, which made the scene enchanting and which showed one reason why we have such an innate love for its rugged crust.

Yet there was a degree of sympathy still maintained between the earth's inhabitants and myself, whether in or out of the form, like a magnetic cord passing between us. And flashes of electricity passed over the earth's lower atmosphere which encompassed its inhabitants of both classes. These flashes were similar to those that I had observed on the upper surface of thunder-clouds which floated around the sides of a mountain, whilst I and an aged botanist stood upon its top.

I now found that I was in the third sphere, to which the spirits of a more elevated condition had ascended, after a longer or shorter purgatory, from the sphere below; and who were now engaged in working telegraphs, either by signals or ethereal wires, which extended in every direction down to the earth and to the sphere above. And from this sphere messengers and teachers were sent to the spirits in the second sphere, and sometimes to those on the earth. The denizens of this sphere appeared to have been occupied while on earth, as officers of armies, navies and of the mercantile marine, as merchants, lawyers and doctors, a few clergymen, a multitude of professors, and a vast host of actors of all grades.—All had been endued, while on earth, with large intellectual faculties, and had been partly educated there for the mission which they were now engaged to fulfill. But I looked in vain for those who had been the slaves and serfs on earth and the "mud-sills," of its social fabrics; for those whose lives had been spent in vicarious toil and suffering for those who had been their former commanders. And my heart began to grow sad, and I felt the magnetic cord vibrate between myself and my brethren and companions on the earth's sphere; for some of my own name were the saddest of the lowly among the sons of toil.—And I besought my guide to tell me if this were heaven, and if we must still endure pain and sorrow, even here? And he said unto me, "be calm and quiet, my friend; these feelings are but the human sympathies which you have brought with you from earth; and are incidental of your misfortune in not having been developed to a higher social plane while in your normal state. You will observe that those of this sphere expurgated themselves from such semi animal instincts while in their earth-life, as a preliminary step to their future advancement; and you will also recollect that minds are attracted here only by mutual affinities; and furthermore, you must understand that whole nations in some parts of the earth are without immortality, and hence have no souls; and vast numbers are interspersed throughout society among the lower orders who are in like destitution." I stood appalled—and asked, "where then are the equal laws of God?" And my limbs trembled, and my extremities grew cold; but now a doctor administered a dose of chloroform, and so for a time, I "subdued my prejudices," and was enabled to talk again. And I asked if none of the toiling masses had reached that sphere, and how I could know that any had been born without souls. "This," said my guide, "you cannot understand till you can enter into the *interior state* so deeply as to comprehend the past, the present and the future!" "So be it," said I, "and till then I must accept your *word* as AUTHORITY." My guide then replied in answer to the first part of my query, "that when any of the lower orders of society succeed in breaking their chains, either from body or mind, they are not content with settling on any rational ground, but generally fly off into some impractical fanaticism; so we clear the track and let them go ahead." "In this way," continued my guide, "a shepherd* in ancient times produced a great deal of mischief among earth's toilers who had before been, not only contented, but happy. But he had a sister† who was a medium that assisted him in the production of strange phenomena.

Yours, M. W. HAMMOND.

Moses.* Miriam.†

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.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

It appears to me that it would be a work of supererogation for the friends of Human Progress to make a united effort with respect to the next Presidency. The principal arguments adduced in favor of such a move are those of *effect*, which, when weighed in the scales of Wisdom and Philosophy, are valueless, either to our present prosperity or our future progress. In the first place we well know that we could not elect our candidate, and in the second place we would not ascertain the number of Spiritualists in the United States who are voters; from the fact that there are many interested men among the Spiritualists, and thus we would either deprive one or the other of the present political parties from their just supporters, making it an injury to them, and no general good to ourselves. We would be trying to do something that we could'nt do—"putting on airs just for the sake of showing off!"

Such a measure would create an undue excitement throughout the land. The idea would infatuate the minds of thousands, and in the place of individual progress, we would have the variest babbling of confused minds; and in the place of industrious laborers in the field of reform, we would have a haggard and poverty-stricken class of people, too poor and too simple to call themselves *individual men and women*, but who would say to themselves, "Let us stand by each other in this hour of trial; let us get up a *Community*, so that all shall be equal, and then we can help and encourage each other along through the world!" My God, (which is myself,) knows full well that there is destitution enough among the Spiritualists of the United States already, without entailing upon them the expenses of a Presidential campaign; and the fact is certain that such a campaign would cost an indefinite amount of time and money, which would come directly or indirectly from the friends of Spiritualism—just for the sake of tickling the senses of Professor Felton, and "putting on airs" that we may gain the respect of fools!

If I have not a clear understanding of the object of those gentlemen who are making the proposition to try the ballot in 1860, I would beg lief to ask of them what their object is? Is it for more light? Is it for more truth?—If it is for either, I would like to ask them if they have not quite as much as they can practice already? It appears to me that if Spiritualists in general give a response to this proposition of political effort for the sake of effect, that Spiritualism in the United States has *"become as sounding brass, or a tinkling simbol!"*

I would here advance a thought which has long been revolving in my mind: TRUTH STANDS ALONE: Whenever we give it an association it becomes contaminated; and its beauty has lost its cluster, save to those who see it through associated glasses.

Thus the truths of Christianity are as beautiful to devoted Christians to-day as they were a thousand years ago; but they appear far different to all the rest of mankind. Every man who looks upon truth sees it in a different light—thus truth has as many sides as there are individuals among mankind.

When truth is applied to individual man, we can look at that man and see just so much truth in him as we see ourselves in him; but what we do see is still beautiful, for the rest appears to be hid. But when truth is applied to a mass of men, assembled promiscuously, we can look upon them and discover *all their errors* without even getting a glimpse at a *single truth*; and the first impression is the only impression that mankind ever have time to take of an assembly. Undoubtedly, there is truth in the Berlin Heights community, but it is associational, and the mass of mankind have never been able to see it, but have seen error enough to send millions to hell! There is beautiful truth among our friends in Onedia, but its associational nature has drawn from mankind the most bitter scorn and contempt, because error alone was visible. There is truth enough among the Mormons to carry all mankind to paradise, but its association has made it what it is. There was truth enough in the teachings of Jesus to establish the "kingdom of heaven" in every man's and woman's bosom; but the association of those teachings has given them a mission directly in the reverse. There is truth enough in the Declaration of Independence to give all the slaves in America their liberty, but the associational conditions of that instrument are unfavorable to such an end, and there are places in this country where a person would be mobbed for merely repeating in public the sentence "all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" and though many of the truths of the American government are pure, they still look odious in the eyes of the world, all from their associational relations. Place a diamond in a pig-sty, and though there is a diamond there, in all its purity, still it cannot be seen; it must ever stand alone or it will never shed off its lustre! Thus it is whenever we make a discovery of any kind, its merit is all within itself; if of gold, we should not mix it with brass, for it will loose its attraction;—though hidden, it is none the less gold; but hidden, it cannot serve its mission as gold; thus it is with truth.

Thus I would like to see all mankind stand disorganized in an individual brother-hood; every man an element, though used does not lose his elemental identity.

Though I believe that a disruption of political parties in this country, will take place some day or other, I do not believe the public mind is ready to receive it at present—but it will occur just as soon as *conditions* are favorable; and the more political organization that is set afloat in the country, the farther from us will be those conditions; and, in conclusion, I hope that the Spiritualists will not make any united effort in the coming Presidential campaign. J. W. E.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.

HANSON, MASS., Oct. 3d, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—Thinking that you might like to know the progress of Spiritualism, in this little out-of-the-way place, I write to let you know that it is not quite dead yet, though, as is quite natural, there is not the interest there was when it was a new thing; But its believers are as numerous, and as strong in the faith as they ever were.

We have meetings in the old meeting house occasionally, and have attentive and appreciative audiences, if not large ones. We had good old Father Chuer with us yesterday, and spoke to us twice in his quaint, pleasing way, good wholesome truths, and words of encouragement for the right such as he ever speaks, to audiences larger than we expected in such weather.

We were much disappointed that his daughter Susie was not able to come out on account of her illness, but we have made arrangements, so that we expect them to come on the 14th inst., when she will give one of her readings in the evening, and on Sunday the 16th, they will speak and read in the meeting house, free to all. Let the people of the vicinity turn out when he comes, for he has done more for the practical part of Spiritualism, by speaking, and working against the sins of the day, than a dozen mere Miss Nancy theorizing lecturers, who give us mere words which mean nothing to them at heart. I remain

Ever yours for the truth,

M. F. AMES.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH, as will be seen by consulting the "Announcements" in another column, speaks at the Melonaon, on the evenings of October 11th and 13th, the subject to be chosen by the audience, if desired. Admision 15 cents.

DR. J. L. LOVELL, of Yarmouth, Clarvoyant, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, is an authorized agent for the SPIRITUAL AGE, and is empowered to take subscriptions and recieve money in our behalf.

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!

GENERAL AGENTS.—We have made arrangements with P. Clark of Boston, to act as general agent for procuring subscribers to the AGE. He is authorized to receipt for money paid on subscription.

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

SPARE MOMENTS are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most truthful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds the easiest access to the soul.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

(Concluded from 3d page.)

ton. But, indeed, as I had been told, not amongst the myriads I had met, had I recognised one being I had known on earth.

"Well," said I, "this is the strangest place There is no getting on in it alone; no one will put you into the way of things. Let you and I be friends now, whatever we were before. Take my arm; we cannot fail to be more comfortable if we keep together."

The man, who seemed half asleep, took my arm, and we went on together. I was very much pleased and exceedingly proud to have found at last a companion. I told him of all I had witnessed and experienced, of all my doubts and perplexities. He listened with very little interest or attention, still I was glad that I had got him safe by the arm.

"I don't think it is such a bad place," said I, "if one could once get into the way of it. But the first thing is to find a lodging to ourselves! and are you not hungry? I am. By the by, what money have you brought with you?"

Thereon my man looked at me suspiciously, and extricating himself from my arm, broke off; and though I hastened to follow him, he was lost in the infinity, and I felt that I was once more amidst infinity—dead and alone.

So I awoke, and I wrote down this dream just as it happened; and attempting no explanation, for no explanation was given to me.

HERMIDES.

[From the Montrose, Pa., Republican.]

A LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE,

DELIVERED BY MRS. S. C. WATERS,

Before the Friendsville Temperance Society.

ALCOHOL, subtle poisoner of human hopes! man, thy victim, calls thee to account before the tribunal of enlightened and quickened perceptions! Suffice to say, thou art condemned.

Temperance is called a stale and worn-out subject; but not by those who have felt its full significance, and investigated its length, and breadth, and depth of import. Here, we may hope to have it held up to view in different lights, while we at the same time are bidding one another be strong in battle against this hydra-headed monster.

The antagonism existing between intemperance and the designs of Creative Wisdom, is the point of view from which I would ask you to consider the subject with me. I say—the *antagonism* existing between intemperance and the designs of Creative Wisdom, is the point from which I would ask you to consider the subject at the present time.

First we may ask, what did God design man to be, and in what did he design him to ultimate?

These, though questions of vital importance, could be answered differently according to our conceptions of God and man: yet these differences of view are but the result of conditions, therefore we must not make them the testimony on which to base our conclusions. If we look to St. Augustine, he will regale us with a dissertation on the blighted majesty of human nature; Calvin will paint man as unprogressive, unexpansive, and fallen while Channing will set forth his boundless capabilities and endless growth.

Not an individual, then, not a nation, even, must we interrogate, but that sea of living souls whose waves break upon every shore. Looking to them, we ask, what *did* God design man to be? in what did He design him to ultimate?

The answer is imprinted in their structure—in their capabilities. As the crowning achievement of creative wisdom; as the highest unfoldment of mentality; as the truest representative of deific attributes; it is evident that God intended man as the tower of the edifice of material existence—as the very spire of all the living creations with which he is surrounded. Man's soul is capable of pure emotions, lofty purposes, symmetrical growth, and unceasing unfoldment. This he is designed to achieve—to become a spotless emblem of purity of life, majesty of purpose, and symmetry of proportions: man is a combination of ascending essences whose future should be higher and higher forever.

Man is designed to be a social companion; to be the author of individual existence; to be the the teacher of rising generations; to be a happy and harmonious being, moving squarely in his orbit; not a cog-worn machine whose hobbling gyrations a drunken man so strongly resembles. Man is not designed to ultimate in a warrior, a statesman, a mechanic, or a farmer; these are simply channels in which he may flow—currents with which he may float out into the sea of spiritual life. Man, as designed, is the apex of earth-life and the basis of spiritual existence. Man is designed to ultimate in an indestructible organism; to become one of the fraternity above—a citizen of lands beyond the view of mortals; to enter upon an interminable existence, leaving behind that cumbersome garment the material body.

Can we look upon intemperance and make it harmonize with such designs as these? Nay: it is absolutely antagonistic. Man, the superior of all other living forms; man, the concentrated embodiment of beauty and intelligence; man, the social companion, the author of individual existence, the teacher of rising generations, the student in the schools of Time, preparing to enter the life-field of eternity—shall he be an inebriate! Shall he drown his superior intelligence in the destructive cup, and make his body the picture of disease, inharmony and woe? Man is a bud of promise, in what shall he unfold and bloom? Is he but a poisonous upas to infect the atmosphere of social life? Is he but a swine-like animal, that he should wallow in the sloughs of filth, where drunkenness would send him prostrate? Man is a bud of angel life; not thus should you blight his fair proportions. The strong aroma of divine elements should be exhaled from the blooming flower of his unfolding nature. Attributes of Divinity—glances of the all-loving Father, impulses of the all-merciful nature, and utterances of all-pervading purity, are odorous exhalations that may bless all humanity in their social commerce.

Drink but the poisoned draught—where then is the God in man? Is it active, conscious, speaking? Man, O man, art thou drunken? Will not the spirit of the Father above, calling to the spirit within thee say—"Soul where art thou?" And can the soul unblushingly answer, "Here Lord, in the gardens of intemperance."

Sunlight of truth is hateful to the deceived, yet—though it has discovered the lie thou hast believed—let it shine, hinder not its rays, for they are divine, and will regenerate the soul.

Intemperance is a deceiver, whose foul breath contaminates its victim. Intemperance is an enemy whose subtle arrows fly with deadly aim. Intemperance is a tempter, that wins man from his high estates to spurn and hurl him down the precipice of crime, disease and death. Intelligence finds the influence deadly as an opiate; it cheers but to dismay, it enlivens but to kill.

Man—the germ of spirit—the offspring of the Deity—whose winged thoughts are permitted to ascend and descend upon the ladder of intelligence in the commerce of heaven's choicest blessings, will, if intemperate, eventually find that he is but casting these angels of his own soul—his thoughts, the companions of his life—down into the deepest mire of a sensuous existence. Noble as is the giant oak, a whirlwind seizes its wide-spread arms, and crushes its defiant trunk, bows its lofty head, and hurls it prostrate on the ground. Low lies its proud beauty, to perish unnoticed amid those trees that remain unscathed by the tempest's fury; but oh, how many tender saplings did it crush in its fall! And, too, the brotherhood of trees is broken—the line of defiance interrupted—so fall another, and another, ever weakening the ranks of resistance, and strengthening the despoiler's power. Such is intemperance, such its results. It is antagonistic—aggressive upon the development of man. It impedes his upward progress; ay, more; it lays his lofty thoughts and desires low in the dust, breaks off companionship with brother man, breaks off communion with purity, love, intelligence, and God, through the higher capabilities of his nature. But is this all? Ah no! it is but one stroke of the storm-king's vengeance. On others falls the blow, with the same crushing destructiveness.

The laws of intercommunion between present and future generations entail the woe on them.—Of old it has been said that "God visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generations:" not the cruel visitation of personal vengeance—the torturer's satisfaction—but the ever calm and dispassionate law of cause and effect. Man might as well attempt to deny that sunshine warms the earth, as to attempt to deny that each generation *inherits* spiritual, mental, and physical states, corresponding to those conditions in its ancestry. National characteristics, and family characteristics, are like results of like causes.

Instrumental in bestowing the gift of life upon other individualities, man *cannot escape* contaminating him with his diseases, and contributing to them his inherent defects, by implanting in them the germ of like development. God has designed the scope of man's powers to be, growth towards the beautiful—the good, and pure, and true, and noble—*each soul has a right to be born with these desires*; they are its *due*, and it is defrauded if otherwise constituted. You may read the Declaration of Independence, you may assert that all men *are* born free and equal, but does this express it? No: for they are *not* in one sense, though *it should be so*.

Now, as intemperance is one of many causes that blight the development of man, so are its results inherited as a blighting influence upon others. If moral and mental energies are diseased and dwarfed by growing beneath the flood of alcohol, then are their ailments contagious around the fireside, and perpetuated in the cradled infant. Husbands, think of your wives! Parents, think of your children! Remember, if *you* abstain from every debasing habit, if *you* lift your souls up in their true dignity, and seek that culture which unfolds the beautiful and good of every soul; I say—when you do thus, you strengthen them in the same bold defiance to temptation's blasts, and with interlaced sympathies you can withstand its fiercest tempests; but fall a victim to the despoiler, let in a current of devastating power, and in your fall you will crush to the earth your loved ones also.

Man drinks, and judgment is dethroned. Man drinks, and love is hate. Man drinks, and brutal looks disfigure the lovely, sunlit landscape of his soul, clouds gather on his brow, and gloomy shadows stalk about in the dreary darkness of his soul. Man drinks, and all the slimy disgorgements of his brain are thrown abroad in foul and sickening language—in pestilential fumes—contaminating or repelling wife, children, friends, and neighbors—all. There is action and reaction too. He drinks, they frown on him; he hates, they hate—brothers and sisters tho' they are.

Oh, Intemperance is the destroyer of the ties of brotherhood that bind the human family in bonds of kindred, sympathy, and love. No, not the destroyer of those ties; not the destroyer of those obligations, for those it cannot destroy; but, the destroyer of sympathetic feeling—of harmony in the great family of man—and the antagonist of peace and progressive happiness in the race.

Such are the effects of intemperance, in defacing souls that God has intended as temples of purity and peace. It is destructive to health, paralyzing to intellect, and debasing to morals. It is gradual confiscation of soul endowments; it is piracy upon unborn generations; it is entombing the living, not the dead, and in horrors unspeakable. All this is in antagonism to the creative intent of the Author of man's existence. It is not only subversive of what man was intended to be, but it is also preventive to his reaching the ultimate destiny that awaits him.

Can a man in the illusive light of a disordered mind, drink in those heavenly truths, and enjoy those sublime conceptions, which the world of knowledge affords to the far-reaching perceptions of the ever aspiring soul? Nay. Is the soul fed on husks or steeped in degradation while on earth, at all fitted thereby for the future life which is entered upon through the gates of death? Nay. Intemperance often hurls man through this gate, but oh, how unprepared! O, my friends, think of a *spirit* educated in the schools of intemperance. May we dare picture its dismay in entering the society of spirits? May we dare picture its unfitness to enjoy the inheritance of peace? Schooled in the art of self-destruction—suicidal skill slowly administering the fatal poison—admission is gained beyond the gate which closes on immortality; shall we view him as he stands here an intruder on the broad field of eternal life? Shall we look deep down into his soul to see its desolation?

Ah! is this an opening bud of angel life? Is this a flower of the Divine nature, whose unfolding petals display the attributes of Deity? Look! Can ye see one ray of Divine Love, one ray of God-like compassion, one sparkling conception of the blessedness of existence, one comprehensive thought, embracing the wisdom he so much needs in spirit life? Poor desolate wanderer! He is, in one sense, destitute and harmless; for the doors of a glorious inheritance are closed against so unnatural a child—one so profligate—one so destructive—one so meager in his aspirations. Is this a soul matured for spirit life? Look into its deep chambers. What see you there? Seared sensibility, blunted perceptions, shrunken proportions, meager desires, paralyzed energies, and blasted prospects. Oh! little of angel coloring or proportions adorns this being, yet, this is the germ of eternal life—the cankered bud of promise. An enemy hath done this; it is the work of the incendiary, man's deadly foe. Undeveloped resources and devastated treasure attend the footsteps of Intemperance. Cup-bearer, filling the chalice of regret;—pall-bearer, slowly bearing away man's precious opportunities; soul's secret antagonist, slowly yet surely enticing it into the snare—such is Intemperance, its influence ever in antagonism with the ultimate destiny of man's immortal spirit. It is a sad picture—a mournful lay of truth. The melancholy owl hoots sweeter music—has less discord in its notes—than the harp of a thousand strings which Intemperance strikes with its huge iron hammer, thus breaking asunder the most tensely attuned strings, silencing the sweetest strains of soul-music that man might pour forth upon the world around him.

Such truths fall with leaden weight upon him who in the weaker moments of his life surrenders the sweet-stringed instrument to the ruthless despoiler of his peace. It may be he expects to hear sweet music, to drink in joy, and bask in sunshine: but O, the horrid shrieks of madness and fury, the bitter draught of pain, and the lowering clouds of degradation, as surely lie in the poison-filled chalice. Antagonism, ever bitter antagonism to his nature and destiny—arrays itself in the onflowing results of Intemperance. The soul of man is not a mere chimera of the imagination, but a glorious reality, embodying all the characteristics of his individuality. Bearing this in mind, the written life is of the utmost importance, in accomplishing that Hades of development, ruling its tendencies, and deciding its future state. There is a Parnassus and Hades of development, accessible to man, but whether elevated on the mountain or sunk in the depths, he is still man the immortal spirit. If Intemperance hurls him down, crushing his energies, temperance lifts him up, wipes out the stains of error, expands the wings of aspirations, and bears him upward and onward, the true man, strong and self-possessed in the exercise of his capabilities. Alcohol, like a battle, sweeps over the field, and human victims lie prostrate before him. But his barbed arrows shall be removed, the poison extracted, and the wound healed. The "mighty fallen" shall rise up strong and powerful, in love to God, in love to man, in love to to truth and purity.

Through the slough of Despond, is a by-path that you should not travel to reach the castle of Delight, for soiled and weary the traveller comes up from these dark waters. He hesitates, he loiters, he turns back, he sees not the castle in the distance, therefore his weary soul cries out in anguish, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."—Not through this path! not through this path, my brother, I beseech you! is the counsel with which you must meet the lost traveler, if you will win him back into the paths of peaceful ascent, if you will win him to live in harmony with the design of his existence. God's gifts are not hedged in; the paths of upward progress are open to his children, and good angels hover over them in greeting to the approaching throng of mortals.

"Turn from your sins and live;" "repent and be saved;" "seek and ye shall find;" "knock and it shall be opened unto you"—all include to man a promise of release from the captivity of wrong doing, when that release is demanded by his own soul; that is, *when demanded by his aspirations and his efforts*. Until then he remains in bondage to sin. Until then he sows the seeds of bitter anguish, and reaps their fruits in agony of spirit. What is it to turn from our sins, but to lay aside the inclination to transgress the laws of our physical and spiritual nature?

This is repentance, that we mark out and follow a new line of conduct in accord with higher convictions of duty. Thus, a thousand times may ye repent, a thousand times may ye knock at the gates of a higher wisdom, seeking the pearl of great price.

New life and vitality ye will feel circulating in your souls, as ye turn from your transgressions against that soul's peace. Repentance brings salvation from the deforming influence of vice. New truths look up in sparkling splendor, when ye are seeking them in the cloudless day of a harmonious and well-ordered life.

Floods of Heaven's sunshine—which is truth—fall upon the soul that is upturned to receive its warm rays.

Can intemperance be reconciled with the serenity and glory of aspiration; with the dignity of a true manhood—a manhood that lives to unfold its capabilities? Can it be reconciled with the duties that man owes to himself and to his race?—Can it be reconciled with the fulfilling of the duties of the rudimental life, so as to unfold therefrom a capacity for the supernal state? If not, then, O man, make thy selection! Which will you serve, God or mammon, the God of your spirit, or the mammon of appetite! Which will ye shall be crucified, principle or inclination—the savior or enemy of your souls? Christ or Barrabbas?—is the question—which shall it be?—The Christ in this connection is the divine impulse implanted in man's spiritual nature—the design of Creative Wisdom destining man to become an angel of light. Barrabbas, or Intemperance, is the desperado who hath made insurrection in man's inner life, destroyed his peace, and murdered innocent victims in bloodthirsty rage. Innocence, Love and Aspiration, the three angels of man's inner life, lie bleeding under his reeking sword. Now you have him bound captive; no more his arm shall be raised in conquest over you unless ye so will. Some have brought accusations also against the Savior, and ask you to slay him in blind haste though no man can prove aught against him. Will ye do it? Shall Barrabbas be released and Christ crucified any more? We all say no! Loud is the shout crying, Away with intemperance! Reason hath counselled. She hath deemed that much trouble will come upon her household if the "just man" is sacrificed—if the saving influence of temperance is wrenched from humanity. Reason, I say, hath counselled, and she hath prevailed.

Louder, and louder still, shall be the shout that cheers us on to victory—the victory of right over wrong; the victory of truth over error; the victory of principle over inclination; the victory of soul over body—of spirit over matter.

No more antagonism to God; no more antipathy to duty; no more injury to ourselves; and no more animosity to the interests of humanity, shall come to us of intemperance, if we but keep our plighted faith as given to this cause; if we but live the life of temperance, and harmony, and love; if we but look upward to God as our Father, and outward to brother man as his children; if we but live as beneath his eye, and work as for the interests of all who call him Father—soul answering to soul in Love, spirit responding to spirit in movement, goodness the aim of all.

Where think you the vibrations of such music would cease to be felt? Only where God is not!—Only where utter nothingness prevails—a place unknown, *impossible!*

O, thus let it be! Lift up your desire to this glorious consummation, and doubt not the blessing of the Father of Spirits will fall as dew upon your labors.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her rosy little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?"—"Hem, no my love, but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

A little child four years old, who for the first time saw a yoke of oxen in use, was amused in hearing her father cry, 'whoa! whoa!' to them when making them work. Turning to her mother, she asked:—

'Which did God make first, oxen or men?"

'Oxen,' was the reply.

'Well, then, she asked, 'who *whoad*' 'em till he got men made?'—[S. S. Adv.

This and That.

There are now 412 miles of railroad finished in Iowa. The longest line is the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska—86 miles.

The editor of the Bethel *Courier* has been presented with a box of mammoth trout, the largest of which weighed eight and one half pounds.

The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have appointed Thursday, Nov. 24th, as Thanksgiving Day in that State.

Letters from Trebizond state that the town of Chirvan, in the Government of Tiflis, had been buried under a mountain thrown on it by a recent earthquake.

The new steam fire Engine Machigonne, built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. of Manchester, N. H., for the City of Portland arrived there on Friday afternoon last in good order, and will soon be run to fires.

R. S. Torrey received the Silver Medal of the Maine State Agricultural Society for the best bee-hive.

A Cornet Band has just been organized in Oldtown, with Dennis Springer Esq, Leader. Fifteen elegant brass instruments have been purchased, and the band is making rapid progress.

One of the polar bears in the Zoological Garden, at Brussels, was lately found dead in the basin of their enclosure two days since, having been hugged to death by his more powerful companion, in revenge for his having ventured to swallow a cake which the other considered his property.

It is officially announced that the Great Eastern will leave Portland, Weymouth, on her trial trip, on the 8th of October, instead of the 17th of September, and finally sail from Holyhead for Portland, Me., on the 20th of October. This delay of three weeks is the time in which Mr. Scott Russell contracts to repair the damage occasioned by the explosion, and to put the vessel in the same condition she was in when she sailed from the Thames. This contract, however, does not include any repair which the boilers may be found to require, and although they apparently sustained no damage an investigation is said to have shown that the internal stays of the boiler most directly exposed to the shock have either been displaced, or greatly weakened, so that the boiler cannot be safely used in the present state.

We learn from the Augusta *Banner* that Mr. Weston, the popular principal of the Westbrook Seminary, has been elected President of the Lombard University, Galesburg, Illinois, and will immediately remove to the scene of his new labors.

Portland went into mourning on Thursday on occasion of the death of Engineer Brunel, who suggested the Great Eastern. The only expense of the demonstration was hoisting the flags at half mast.

The Ellsworth *American* reports that a gang of saws at Geo. N. Black's mill in that place, sawed 5548 feet of lumber in one hour, on Tuesday last.

A call for a political meeting at a drinking shop in New York, winds up thus:—

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."
Price of gin sixpence per glass.

An editor of a paper lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. He proves it by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off, there is another left on; pulling off this it is taking the left stocking off last."

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself as he stood musing and waiting for a job on State street corner.—"If I save me four thousand dollars I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years. Now which way will I do?'

So exuberant was the wit of Sydney Smith that it broke out even on the most solemn occasions. 'When bidding farewell to a clergyman, who was just starting on a Christian mission to one of the Cannibal Islands, the Reverend punster, squeezing his hand, said: "My friend, I hope you will agree with the man who eats you."

CLATSOP COUNTY, OREGON.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In looking over the "Spiriual Age," to which we deem it the greatest privilege to be a subscriber, we observe that you are receiving letters full of pleasing information and encouragement from almost every quarter of the United States, except the newly inaugurated State of Oregon, and although we do not expect to add anything to the interest of your already invaluable journal by penning these hasty lines, we cannot easily repress the desire we feel to congratulate you on the success of your untiring labors in so great and good a cause, and also to inform your numerous readers, that while we here in this new and remote corner of the republic, have not been favored with talented lecturers, well developed mediums, able and efficient editors, devoting their whole time, and employing their entire energies in the cause of truth and human improvement, yet Spiritualism, with steady and noiseless tread, has been all the while making foot prints here which time will not obliterate ,nor the floods of sectarian bigotry ever be able to efface. Such is the power of heaven born truth. Such the weakness and decrepitude of antiquated error; that where the former advances, the latter recedes, as naturally as darkness recedes before the rising sun. The Sects in Oregon as elsewhere, are more united than at any other period in their whole history; ceasing for the time being to display their pugnacity toward each other, at the cry of *heresy* from their leaders, have huddled themselves together with elevated backs and glaring eyes, as if uncertain whether to fight or run. All this without organization, without leaders, without even the slightest effort on the part of Spiritualists, shows unmistakably the puissance of the one, and the indefensibility of the other. But we need teachers and mediums in Oregon; those who are qualified to go fearlessly forward in the good work. Such we are sure would do much good in turning the minds of the people from darkness to light, and such we think would be well sustained, for we do not know of a single Spiritual lecturer in Oregon, nor do we know of a single well developed and reliable medium We know many partially developed, but none we believe, who could be of any service to the cause. If there should be mediums in the country who are willing to stand the test of public scrutiny, and think that they could be of service to the people in a "mediumistic" capacity, we hope they will no longer remain behind the scenes, but give us their mediation, for there are thousands in Oregon, who have never had an opportunity to say a single word to their departed friends since they clasped their cold hand while sinking in the icy embrace of death, and bid them a long and last farewell. How ardently we long for their presence again. What a comfort to believe that we shall be reunited, and that no arbitrary and angry God shall consign the one to heaven, and the other to hell.—O! no; breathe no such profanity. It is not in man's nature to consent to an eternal separation from all he loves on earth—no, heaven would be hell to us without our dear friends. We have lived with them in time, let us live with them in eternity; let us share their happiness and their woe.

Your friend and brother,

G. W. C——y.

DOCILE CATTLE.—Our Augusta, Me., correspondent, says the Boston *Traveller*, states that a boy of fifteen years, from Woodstock, Oxford county, Me., has a pair of 3 year old steers on the Grounds of the Maine State Fair, which obey him as an obedient boy will his parents. By a motion of his hand they will go forward, halt and return, will go to the right or left, kneel down, and perform other things much to the surprise of some older farmers who are in the habit of putting the brad through the hide. They will also draw 5600 pounds on a drag, with no apparent effort, and are not so large as many of the two year old cattle on exhibition.

A Cincinnatian at the Tremont House, Chicago, expatiating on the "vine clad hills," etc., claimed that the Ohio was "the Rhine of the New World." "Yes," ejaculated old Y——, "the *Pork* Rhine." There was a pause, then several exploded

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[From the Spirit Guardian.]

M. V. BLY IN BANGOR.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week, the citizens of Bangor were favored with lectures from Mr. Bly, the famous "Detective Medium of Spiritual Jugglery." We say *favored* because we think Mr. B. is doing no injury to Spiritualism, but on the contrary a *decided* benefit. We were much surprised at the candor and firmness with which Mr. B treated the subject, after what has been said from time to time, through the public prints, and various other sources, respecting him. We are no less surprised, however, at the vituperation and abuse that has been so freely used against Mr. B., providing his lectures here are a specimen of his candor and public demeanor elsewhere; and that he should meet with such violent opposition from Spiritualists. We are fain to think that his position is not fully understood.

Spiritualism has nothing to fear from Mr. Bly, or from any one else; if Spiritualism is what it purports to be—truth—"the gates of hell cannot prevail against it." But if it is not, no honest individual can desire to have it remain what it is—falsehood—and it will most assuredly come to naught with the weight of its own rottenness.

☞The Rev. Mr. Wright, Methodist clergyman of Cleveland, is under a heavy cloud, being charged with licentious conduct in connection with nine young ladies of his congregation. What a hue and cry would be raised were the offender one of the despised class, called Spiritual mediums. But when a reverend minster of the gospel commits even the most flagrant act of debauchery, the affair is immediately hushed up, and he is exonerated from all blame. It would save a deal of trouble in the evangelical camp, could its priests have the power to exercise and grant indulgencies, like the Roman Catholics.

DOGS PERSONAL PROPERTY.—The canine race is rising in the scale of animate nature. Blackstone held that dogs were *ferœ naturæ*, wild by nature, and could not therefore be property, and hence no penalty attached to the taking of them, except in civil suits, and this dictum has prevailed in law, with few exceptions, to this day. But Judge Russell, of the New York court of sessions, has decided that the dog is a domestic animal and may therefore be common property, and that Dennis Campbell who thought to be excused for the theft of a dog, on the Blackstone and common law doctrine, is to be held and tried for grand larceny. So the progress of society takes the dog up with it. But the great fact cannot be rubbed out by any judical decision that the majority of dogs are amazing poor property, and not worth stealing.—*Springfield Republican.*

IRISH WIT.—Irish wit is ready wit. Various phases of it are recorded as follows by a traveller:

"When I heard a grave, gentleman-like man, at the Ballyrouge Station of Great Punster Railway, say to a friend, who asked him how he should spend the half hour he would have to wait, that he should spend it thinking of all the good things he (the friend) had been saying to him, I said, 'The Irish are a polite people.'

When I saw at a Dublin theatre, the whole house to a man get on their legs, and howl at the manager because he wouldn't introduce a national jig in the middle of La Somnambula,' I said, 'The Irish are an excitable people.

When a Killarney guide swore to me on the tomb of his grandmother that there was a small lake up in Mullacap, County Kerry, which contained a giant eel, that swam twice round the inclosure every day at 2 o'clock, with a pan of old gould tied to his tail, I said, 'The Irish are a superstitious people.

When a Tipperary landlord, in a Galway railway carriage, told me he was surnamed 'The Woodcock,' because he had been shot at so often by the 'noblest tinantry' and missed, I said, The Irish are a revengeful people.

When I saw my friend Mike Rooney's best blue breeches stuffed into his window to keep out the rain, I said, 'The Irish are a thoughtless people.

And lastly, when I refused the beggar-woman at Castlebar a half-penny and she ironically hoped 'the Lord would make my bed that night in heaven,' I said, 'The Irish are a witty people.

☞The citizens of Mount Clemens, near Detroit, Mich., are shocked by a late occurrence, for which a precedent can hardly be found. A Mrs. Barry, living in a house with a Mrs Mosher, with whom she was not on the best of terms, was within a few days of her confinement, when the latter sent to her a package, which, on being opened, proved to contain a *live snake*! The horrified woman was immediately seized with convulsions, and delivered her child, which died at once, exhibiting peculiar symptoms. The woman has been arrested.

A Western paper says that a horse and wagon were recently drowned in the Ohio. Now, isn't that awful? What a tale the tongue of that wagon could have told had it been rescued. And what "spokes" the wheels would have uttered. Poor felloes they are gone!

Every nation has but the government it deserves.—[De Maistre.

Advertisements.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

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.

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

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.

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

TERMS—For examination of patient, $1,00
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Mrs. M. H. COLES, Trance Speaking Medium, may be addressed to the care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

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

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

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CORNER OF COURT AND HOWARD STS. BOSTON.

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(For pupils of both sexes) 69 W. 19th st., N. Y., reopened Monday, September 5th. Two boarders can be accommodated in the family of the Principal,

3—2t. A. T. DEANE.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER,

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

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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A graphic and truthful Narration, "Digging for Capt. Kydd's Treasure!" By one of the diggers. Two MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are said to be buried within two miles of New York city. The Revelation of the spirit of Kydd thus far proved true. Sent by mail. Price 15 cts. Address J. B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 54 Great Jones st., N. Y.

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.

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

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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, aided 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

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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

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WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

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Just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of self abuse, and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Spinal Debility, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

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The Book is written in chastel anguage and should be read by every Parent and Guardian that has the least solicitude for the well-being of offspring and youth. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to ony part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two (3 cent) stamps for postage.

☞In view of the awful destruction of human life and health, by marasmus or premature exhaustion and decay of the nervous system, caused by sexual diseases, such as the vice of Self-abuse, Seminal weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Syphilis and virulent affections, Gleet, Impotence, Leucorrhœa and Sterility, and organic diseases of the Kidneys, and in view of the deceptions which are practiced upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by quacks and base pretenders, the Directors of the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute have instructed their attending physician to treat this all-pervading class of modern maladies so productive of Pulmonary Consumption. The Institution is provided with the aids of the most improved practice of France, England, and the Oriental countries in order to insure the utmost and speedy success. The most scrupulous regard to confidence and fidelity will be guaranteed every patient and applicant The medicines used by the Institution are guaranteed free from Mercury, Minerals and Poisons of every nature. The most approved medicines, of recent discovery, imported from India and Japan—and concentrated in the form of Extracts and Alkaloids, are alone used—our remedies will not expose, nor sicken nor debilitate under any circumstance. The Institution has the honor of treating as patients some of the most distinguished men in the United States. Patients can at all times be treated by letter and cured at home, on receiving a full statement of their symptoms, and medicines can be sent by mail or express to any part of the United States and the Canadas.

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AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

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

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

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

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DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal.

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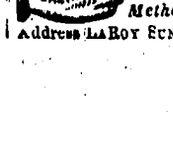
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BY NUTRITION

(the *Vital Forces*) without Medicine! "Book of Information" respecting the New *Method of Cure*, sent to you for 1 dime. Address LEROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass. 3 12t.

[From the Christian Intelligencer.]

CHINESE SPIRITUALISM.

No spiritualist of America is a firmer believer in the agency of disembodied spirits, or in our power of communicating with them, than are the Chinese. They have mediums, circles, table-turnings, and spirit-writings, and go through all these processes with as much gravity, sincerity, and pecuniary profit, as do any modern American necromancers. The common mode of practising the art, we learn from the Rev. Mr. Culbertson, of the Presbyterian mission at Shanghai, in his book entitled, "Darkness in the Flowery Land," is that in which the spirit takes possession of the body of the necromancer, and utters through his or her organs the desired response. In this case the performer is wrought upon by incantations until thrown into a kind of frenzy, or into something like a mesmeric sleep, and while thus in a state of insensibility, his utterances are regarded as infallibile. The inquiry may relate to the issue of a disease, or the means by which it may be healed. Perhaps the inquirer wishes to know where certain lost or stolen property is to be found; or it may be, seeks some general information as to his future prospects, or as to the best means of speedily making his fortune. In other cases it is desired to obtain some information as to the condition, or wishes, of a deceased relative.

One instance is mentioned in which the performer or "medium" called herself the adopted daughter of the seven genii sisters. After going through certain forms she lay upon a couch, muttered something in a low tone for ten minutes, and then sank away into a trance. Her limbs were rigid, but trembling violently; her body cold and pale. While in this state her spirit was considered to have gone up to the mansion of the seven sisters, and was heard in conversation with them. They it appears were all abroad in the earth, except the fifth, who was delighted to see her adopted daughter, and called a servant to boil some tea.

The spectators now considered this fifth sister to be present in the body of the performer or medium, and treated her accordingly.—They took her over the various parts of the house, and received information and direction from her as to the location of the doors, lintels, well, ancestral tablets, etc. Finally she went into a chamber where was the ghost of an old aunt who had been dead ninety years. This ghost said, through the medium, that she staid under the bed of her living neice, and that as the niece had never treated her with proper regard, she took this place in order to do her injury unawares.

When the sorceress awoke from her trance, she declared that she knew nothing of what she had been saying, and the spectators (all Chinese) were quite satisfied that the whole was a reality. Henceforth the ghost of the old aunt became a source of terror and alarm, and the necessary consultations with the medium, as to the best means of remedying the evils thus made known, became means of no small profit to her. Like her successors in our own age and land, she managed to "make a good thing of it."

But these Chinese spiritualists exceed their Western brethren, in that they get information not only from the spirits of men, but also from the ghosts of animals. In 1852, a Tanist priest at Shanghai professed to be in communication with the ghost of an old fox, which had lived several thousand years ago. The fox had become a young lady, and would converse through the priest with persons who wished to know the best means of promoting their worldly interests. The imposter was probably a ventriloquist; but after gulling his dupes out of large sums of money, his imposition was discovered, and he received what he and all like him richly deserve, a severe personal castigation.

The operation of spiritual writing is performed in this way. A table is sprinkled with some kind of powder, or flour, or bran, or dust; then a small basket without a handle, is armed with a pencil or chopstick, which is tied to its edge, or thrust through its interstices. The basket is then turned upside down, its edges resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of two persons standing on opposite sides of the table, and in such a manner that the pencil touches the powdered surface. In a short time the pencil moves, leading after it the basket, and the fingers on which it rests, and tracing upon the dusty table lines and figures in which a good linguist easily recognizes the characters of the Chinese language. In this way information is communicated on subjects of which the operators have no knowledge. Sometimes, indeed a ghost thus invoked, may be unable to write Chinese, or be unwilling to exercise its power; and nothing can be discovered but unmeaning lines and angles. But in general the composition is good, and the information valuable.

[From the Philadelphia Press]

WATER GAS AT WILMINGTON.

On Saturday evening, the neighboring city of Wilmington was splendidly lighted with gas made from water, under the patent of Professor Sanders, of Cincinnati. The charges were drawn from the retorts, the supply of coal gas was turned off; the water gas was run through the pipes, and Wilmington had a light thrice as brilliant, thrice as pure, as any it had ever known before.

The operation was observable to the citizens of Wilmington in its results, while its practical working was witnessed by severa journalists, many inhabitants, and some parties who are actually interested in the production of coal gas.—Among these last were the Superintendent of the Philadelphia Northern Liberties Gas Works, and the President of the Financial Board of that company. All agreed it was a decided success.

We are not going into long scientific details of the principle thus developed—our cotemporaries, who are less pressed with advertisements, may have space for such a purpose. But we may state, very briefly, that the theory of Sander's process is this: Water, as steam, is decomposed by being passed over red-hot charcoal, and the resulting gases (hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and light carburetted hydrogen) are chemically combined with heavy carburetted hydrogen, or light giving gas, by the decomposition of rosin or coal vapor, simultaneously with, and in the presence of, the decomposition of the vapor of water. At Wilmington gas works, are now three water gas retorts, aggregating only one twenty-seventh of the cubical area of the gas retorts, yet more productive than the whole of their present coal-gas apparatus, making 1,200 to 1,800 feet per hour. The gas manufactured is superior in color and strength of flame to that produced from coal.—Rosin is used as the carbonizing element, requiring only from 25 to 40 pounds for every 1,000 ft. of gas, which is free from sulphur or nitrogen, and has an odor rather agreeable than otherwise.

Will it pay? The price of coal gas in New York is $2,50 per 1,000 cubic feet. In Philadelphia it is $2,25 for the same quantity. The cost of making 1,000 cubic feet of such water gas as illumined—we might say as illuminated—Wilmington on Saturday, ranges from 30 cts to 50 cts per 1,000 cubic feet. Rosin alone need not be the basis, for Sander's process covers the use of bituminous coal, lignite, or any of the multitudinous forms of hydro carbonaceous material. There need be no expensive erecting of gas works, and the gas produced makes neither a bad smell nor "blacks." The gas itself, by simple adaptation, actually can make red hot the charcoal, which assists in decomposing the water which supplies it! The Great Eastern, in point of fact might be lighted with water gas made on board, and have the heat thus generated used in lieu of coal for her engines.

The quantity of coal gas annually used in the City of Philadelphia is estimated at 6,000,000 cubic feet, for which the public pay $13,500,000 per annum. Say that the water gas be supplied at $1 per 1000 cubic feet, and our public save $7,506,000 for light alone every year New York, it is estimated, consumes twice as much coal-gas as Philadelphia; therefore, 12,000,000 cubic feet now costs $30,000,000 a year. Should the water gas be substituted, the saving would be $18,000,000 a year.

THE KENTUCKY MILLIONAIRE.—The late Robert Wickliffe was a native of Virginia, and emigrated to Kentucy a poor, unlettered boy. He commenced his career as a day laborer at fifty cents a day, became an eminent laywer, and was the largest capitalist in Kentucky at the time of his death, his property being estimated at four millions. The Paducah *Herald* remarks of Mr. Wickliffe that, as a laborer, he was noted for his faithfulness, and industry, and the amount of work which he could perform. At the whipsaw he was unequaled, and on many occasions he cut down the timber and split out five hundred rails a day. In the palmiest days of his popularity and wealth he never ceased to boast of his achievments as a laborer. He studied law while a laborer, at night, by the light of the fire, and when first admitted to the bar he gave but small promise of attaining the position which he afterwards won.

There is a new discovery in France, by which daylight can be corked and bottled. It consists in the invention of an artificial light, so wonderfully luminous and so steady, as to completely supply the effect of the most brilliant noontide sun in all photographic operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus, portraits can be taken in private residence, even in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere; and those parts of cathedrals or other picturesque architectural monuments where the light of the sun never penetrates, and which, in consequence, have been until now wholly shut out from the photographer, will be as accessible to the artists as any part of the exterior.

A USEFUL FACT.—In pealing onions put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

Self-Evident Principles.

1. If it be the desire of God that all persons shall learn how to unite themselves in one great brotherhood of love to one another, and bring heaven on earth, then that which tends to disunite mankind is wrong; therefore, our present form of government and religion are wrong, because they disunite mankind by producing parties and sects.

2. All Truths tend to unite the minds of men, as in the science of Mathematics or Astronomy, and produces no parties or sects; but all errors tend to disunite the minds of men, and hence the present disorganizing influences in the world's affairs.

3. As proof that all Truths tend to unite the minds of men, we see no parties or sects in Mathematics, Astronomy, Botony, or any other demonstrable science.

4. Truth endeavors to propagate its cause by reason, but a sectarian, his by force and wishing all other denominations burnt; hence he may know he is not a Christian, or he would love them; and hence has been all the terrible persecutions of the world.

5. Truth loves her enemies and reasons with them, but error hates them and persecutes them—in modern times by slander, but in ancient times by the stake and sword.

6. The true religion is the full observance of the principles contained in the Golden Rule, because they tend to unite all human minds, and to bring them into the great Christian brotherhood.

7. The old Orthodox religion is false, because it has divided the minds of men for ages and centuries, and caused rivers of blood to flow over God's green earth.

The *Peninsular News* (Del.) says that the feeling that Delaware will be a free state soon is producing a large immigration.

MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium.

Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium.

Mr. A. B. Pierce, Belfast, Trance-Speaking Medium.

Gibson Smith, Camden, Trance-Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium.

Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.

John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium.

Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

G. B. Hopkins, Oldtown, Trance Speaking Medium.

Rosan M. Smith, Hampden, Trance-Speaking Medium

Susan W. Jackson, Hampden, Rapping, Tipping and Healing Medium.

Russell Severance, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium.

Miss Emeline Cunningham, Bradford, Trance-Speaking and Prescribing Medium.

Mrs. Keen, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium.

J. L. Lovell, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Mrs. Haskell, Buckfield, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Miss A. C. Cram, Stevens' Plains, Writing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Benj. Colson, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium.

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.

GEORGE ATKINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, No. 3, Winter Street, Boston, at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, Writing Medium. Examination when the patient is present, $1; by a lock of hair when absent, $3. Also, healing by laying on of hands. n6 3m.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

The Regular Spiritualists Meetings, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, are held every Sunday in Ordway Hall, Washington street, entrance nearly opposite Milk street. Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, trance-speaking medium, will occupy the desk next Sunday.

THE REFORMER'S HOME,

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

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. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Willimantic, Oct. 16th, 23d & 30th; in Oswego, Nov. 6th, 13th, 20th & 27th; in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st & 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. She will visit Memphis, Tenn, in Feb., and 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.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Hingham, Sunday, Oct. 17; Cohassett, 18th & 19th; Scituate Harbor, 20th & 21st; So. Scituate, 22d; Marshfield, 24th; and on intermediate week-day 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.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., Oct 16th; Boston, 30th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th & 27th. Will spend Dec. in Maine.

DEXTER DANA, of E. Boston, will speak in Plymouth Sunday, Oct. 23d. And DR. ATKINS, Oct. 30.

L. B. MONROE will lecture in Foxboro' Sunday, Oct. 16.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

MEIONAON—TREMONT TEMPLE.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch of N. Y., will lecture at the Meionaon Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, Oct. 11th & 13th, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Subject to be chosen by the audience if desired. Admission 15 cts.

E. V. WILSON, Medium and Lecturer, will lecture in Worcester Oct. 16th & 23d; at South Milford 17th; at Upton 18th; at Pawtucket 19th, 20th & 21st. Friends in these places will please secure halls for me on those evenings, and much oblige. Address, Bridgewater, Mass.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Chickopee, Mass., Oct. 16th & 23d; Foxboro, Mass., Oct. 30th; Marblehead, Nov. 6th.

A. B. WHITING will come East this Fall, and will lecture 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 Geneva, Ohio, October 16th; in Cleveland, Ohio, 23d & 30th; Milan, Ohio, Nov. 6th. He can be addressed at theabove named places at the times designated.

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.

WARREN CHASE will lecture the third Sunday in Oct., in 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.

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 November 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Lowell, Mass.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct.; at Chicago, Ill., the two last. At Fond DuLane, 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.

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.

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.

SINCE THE REMARKABLE TEST

at the sitting of a circle a short time since, where Dr. Charles Main was present and inquired of the spirit intelligence what medicine should be used in a certain case, and a reply was given to use Dr. Cheever's "Life Root Mucilage!" Five cases have occurred where individuals have called and reported the prescription as being given by mediums.

This invaluable medicine has long been used as an Infallible remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Cough, Disease of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Canker, Mercurial Disease, Piles and all gross acrid humors.

A letter enclosing one dollar will procure a bottle; or five dollars for six bottles. Will be sent to any part of the Union. All orders directed to Dr. J. Cheever, No. Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. 18.

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

NO. 15 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

DR. J. ESTES,

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

Cash Received on Subscription.

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

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

☞ Correspondents should be particular to write their NAMES, POST OFFICE ADDRESS, COUNTY AND STATE, in a plain legible hand, upon *every* letter sent us.

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

Subscribers.	*P. O. Address.*	*Amt. Pd.*	*Pd to.* Vol.	No.
John U Hubbard,	West Waterville, Me	,25	1	17
Mrs Mary Judkins,	Augusta, Me	,25	1	17
Mrs E Morey,	Grand Rapids, Mich	1,00	1	44
Henry Osborn,	Bridgeport, Conn	,25	1	17
Rowland Sutton,	E Avon, N Y	,25	1	13
Geo D Hale,	Rockport, Mass	1,00	1	33
Wilkes Angel,	Angelica, N Y	2,00	2	12
Henry Graley,	Wampsville, "	,25	1	17
P D Bryant,	Harbor Creek, Pa	1 50	1	52
Harvey De Wolf,	Greenfield, "	1,50	1	52
M Wood,	Salina, N Y	,25	1	17
John Hutchinson,	" "	,25	1	17
Christian Harroun,	" "	,25	1	17
Truman Van Tassel,	" "	,25	1	17
Timothy Howard,	Cavendish Vt	1,00	1	31
Mrs Timothy Rice,	N Leverett, Mass	,25	1	17
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Alfred Allen,	Pultneyville, N Y	1,00	1	29
Milton Shepard,	Whitefield, N H	1 00	1	26
A R Fenner,	Cold Brook, N Y	,25	1	17
Waterman Fenner,	" "	,25	1	17
T L Andrews,	" "	,25	1	17
Mrs Temperance Fenner,	" "	,25	1	17
Calvin Brown,	Portsmouth, Va	1,00	1	31
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Sariel Howard,	Northfield, Mass	1,00	1	26
P Walden,	Gowanda, N Y	1,00	1	26
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Mrs Gilbert Sanders,	" "	1,50	1	52
J S Seibird,	Bloomington, Ill	1,50	1	52
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Wm Carleton,	Shalersville, Ohio	1,50	1	52
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Elijah Robinson,	" "	,25	1	13
T N Wilbur,	" "	,25	1	13
Levi Whelden,	" "	,25	1	13
S V Loud,	E Abington, Mass	2,00	1	52
H Allen,	Mayville, Wis	,25	1	17
J C Barber,	" "	,25	1	17
N T Henry,	" "	,25	1	17
J B Brown,	" "	,25	1	17
E D Taylor,	" "	,25	1	17
T Brasch,	" "	,25	1	17
E Raymond,	" "	,25	1	17
S D Forbes,	" "	,25	1	17
Dr J Pierpont Davis,	Providence, R I	1,00	1	18
Mrs Sarah F Woods,	Hadley, N Y	1,00	1	30
I L Maser,	Marion, "	1,00	1	32
Wm Hoyt,	Wayland, Mich	,25	1	17
J C Clark,	" "	,25	1	17
Henry Hooker,	" "	,25	1	17
D W Hooker,	" "	,25	1	17
J Bradford,	Sawyer's Mills, Dover, N H	1,00	1	31
Chas Lufkin,	Falmouth, Me	1,00	1	26
Elder W Soul,	Phillips, "	,25	1	17
T B Parker,	" "	,25	1	17
James Hobart,	E Pepperill, Mass	,50	1	17
Mrs J S Stephens,	Independence, Texas	,25	1	13
Martin Lincoln,	Champion, N Y	1 50	1	52
John Wade,	E Marshfield, Mass	,25	1	13
Nathl Jennings,	" "	,25	1	13
Rufus Fish,	Cohassett, "	,25	1	13

S. T. MUNSON,

Having removed from No. 5 Great Jones st., is now located at 143 Fulton st., where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphelets, &c. He is also prepared to do a general Agency business and solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. S. T. M. is the sole agent in New York City for Mrs. METTER'S invaluable medicines. Restorative Syrup—Quarts $2.—Pints $1,00.—Pulmonance $1,00 per Bottle.—Neutralizing Mixture 50 cts.—Dysentery Cordial 50 cts.—Elixir 50 cts.—Liniment $1,50.—Healing Ointment per Box, 25 cts. These medicines will be carefully packed and shipped to any part of the country.

GENERAL AGENT—S. T MUNSON, 143 Fulton street, N. Y. n7tf

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 1792, passed Feb. 22nd of that year, and amended in 1859, relating to the "taking the fish called Alewives," in their pas- "sage up Indian Head River (so called) &c.," that the time named in the 2d 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

"Freely give and freely receive."

As the above has been strongly advocated by Spiritualists, as the only basis for mediumistic compensation, I have resolved to test its practicability. The readers of the AGE may send me such compensation as they choose, and shall receive in return a corresponding amount of my time and effort in writing such psychometric and intuitive impression as may be had from their handwriting, relating to their looks, parentage, mental and physical condition, medium ship, conjugal influences, business, or whatever may come up. Office No 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays.

Address H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass