THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY W. H. CHANEY & CO.,
OFFICE, 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS: $2,00 PER YEAR.
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1859. VOL. I.---NO. 8.

[From the Boston Investigator.]

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

To H. WADSWORTH, *New Haven, (Ct.)*:—

You ask why spirits do not appear (*communicate*, you probably mean,) to unbelievers in Spiritualism, as well as to believers? What a question to ask, when of the odd hundred thousand who are now believers, nearly all were unbelievers once! You think the relatives of unbelievers would be just as ready to manifest, as to tip tables, &c. Very well; many other people have equally wonderful thoughts about facts that they doubt. You ask "why spirits don't take some other way of imparting information than by the vague way of rapping and table-tipping?" This is all equally profound. Why don't Nature make a heron's neck and legs as short as a duck's? eh? Why don't you make a watch with a shingle and jack-knife? Seriously, you would say, "because I can't." If asked why use so many tools to make pinions, escapements, arbors, and springs, you would reply, because they are necessary, and I am compelled to use such as are necessary. What a dolt you would be to refuse to use a watch because you could not understand its mechanism! You say it "*seems* to you" thus and so. No doubt. It seems to me an earthquake is a very clumsy contrivance to knock down two-story houses, and *will* seem so until I understand the law as well as the fact of earthquakes. Go and study if table-tipping is an intelligent fact, independent of any tangible, physical contact; thousands of Infidels have investigated it to ridicule and expose it, and have finally gone home not believers, but *knowers*.

You say "physical power cannot exist without matter." Well, who said it could? Who believes it can? Whether mind and will-power exist in connection with a material organization intangible to your five senses, is the problem you have to deal with. And as a help to you in your spiritual a, b, *abs*, suppose you accept the following formula:—"It is only matter that can move matter, and the motion of matter is a demonstration of mind and volition." If, therefore, you should see a table move, when completely isolated from all contact with machinery or tangible human organisms, be sure that there is an invisible will-power also to move it. I have seen this: so have many others.

You "think you have shown that spirits must be material." What need was there of that? Philosophers long ago made the same astonishing discovery with regard to electricity; yet who knows aught of spirit or electricity except through their manifestations?

"How do spirits get out of a coffin?" Really, I don't know how, any better than you know of what oxygen is composed, or how heat hatches a chicken from an impregnated egg, and why it can't do it from one unimpregnated, or how grass grows.

"You also claim that the spirit is the intellect. If that is so, how will you dispose of the idiots?" Really, Brother Wadsworth, why not carry these questions to Harvard? When a fact occurs under our own eyes daily for a lifetime, we generally conclude that it occurs within the domain of natural law; and though we may not comprehend the *cause*, we can appreciate the *fact*.

Now I will tell you *my* conclusions in the matter, leaving others the liberty of accepting or rejecting them:—

1st. Idiots are born, with all grades of intellect from a short distance below par, to zero.

2d. The way *I* dispose of them is, to—be—made—known—just—as—soon—as—I—can—find—out!

J. M. BECKETT.

---

man who says nothing to nobody has
d the lady who never speaks ill of no

REASONS

For one undivided heart, understanding, language, and property, throughout the earth.

ROXBURY, Oct. 10th, 1859.

(1.) Because God has made us capable of it. (2.) Because God has purposed it. (3.) Because it is for the interest of all, both collectively and individually. The very statement of these three reasons is sufficient to satisfy a wisely ordered and discerning mind. But further and subordinate reasons will serve to satisfy every mind, however ordinary.

All the essential elements of good affection, embracing all the desires and loves of the human soul, are common to the human race.—In kind, they are most essentially one and the same. If there be any difference, it is in the degree of development and manifestation.—But this is no good reason why all cannot be of one heart. Let them but flow together toward the accomplishment of one great object, which may be called "the desire of all nations," and the instantaneous effect will look miraculous. There will be found to be but one great pulse of an undivided heart. The heart of Jesus felt all this when he gave his life a ransom for all. He felt to the very depths of his heart that the whole heart of the human family was the same in kind with his own, and when thus brought into one was but the glorified embodiment of his own. Just for a moment contemplate what must be the consummate blessedness if all hearts, without a single exception on earth, were turned towards each other in love. No matter what difference of degree in love, but just the flowing together of all degrees into a perfect oneness of feeling; the feeling of the presence of the great and good heart of a common Father, diffusing the majesty of his own love throughout all the heart's avenues of his one-begotten family, embodying all that is embraced in His one beloved Son. Jesus felt the division of all hearts in his agony in the garden, but he also felt the oneness of all hearts, as woven together without seam, when he said, *it is finished*.—The restitution of all things into a universal oneness, is made to the heart of Jesus as an ever present and everlasting reality. He was in himself, in his glorified and Divine Humanity, what the human family is, when wholly turned, with every heart of love, toward Himself and toward one another. This we see is possible. There is a positive demonstration of this capability of the human heart as made into one by the universal flowing together of all the good affections of the now divided nations of the human race. What seems impossible, at first thought, by due consideration, afterwards becomes so easy and beautiful, that the only wonder is, that men should pursue the *hard way* of transgression so ambitiously and greedily, and so long. But just as soon as the moment of bringing forth is arrived, all nations are born into our oneness of heart, even at once. Does any one of us know that the time is not now at hand? If this great movement has been for a certain time in just conception, may not the time for bringing forth be near at hand? Why is it thought of, entertained and cherished so deeply, if there is no good reason for it? Truly already the whole heart of nations is now throbbing for deliverance from the heart-sickening tragedy of war. There is a struggling for the promised redemption. It seems to *feel the necessity* without knowing the exact time and manner of the great birth. But the *understanding* also shall be one. How is a single family made one in understanding? It is by keeping no secret and divided pupose in the heart nor in the head of the leading member of the family. It is by divulging not only from a common love, but with a perfect and common understanding of what is to be done each day and each moment. This produces harmony of thought, and the desire and object of the whole family is easily and happily effected. They have found in times past, that division of heart and understanding is the delusive way to ruin, yet no sooner do they resolve to become one, than the child of heavenly union is brought forth, and the desired redemption is at hand. Just so is it with the whole family of man. The nations are sick at heart for the second great coming of the Lord of all, who shall cause every flow of soul to touch and make one great union of all hearts and of all understandings, as that very embodiment of wisdom which the whole conflict of ages has *longed for*.

Now though there may be many *tongues*, yet in our state of universal oneness, there can be really but *one language, and one undivided property*. For divisions of property, and Babel diversity of languages, are all as drops of water which cannot be gathered up nor effect any great and good use till they all run together into one great reservoir from which an overflowing abundance of supply is given to all people. Is not this the true order of Divine and of human progress? Then let no one say, *it is impracticable*. It is as easy as the gathering rays of light into one focus, when the conditions are right. These conditions, as applied to the confidence of all hearts, understandings, languages, and divisions of property, are positively in our hands as the appointed instrumentalities. Resolve to do it, one and all, and it is done. May not the English language unite all others in it? May not Phonographic characters write, print, and record it forever? Why doubt we? Does the flowing together of our divisions of property see a great mountain barrier in the way? Our faith now overlooks and conquers it. The mountain seems to have changed into a gulf, but it is on the other side. It is a gulf into which the nations must fall, if they do not but just step forward a little and behold and possess the world—wide level of oneness of all productive property. Yes, the way is all easy to the resolve of this simple oneness of interest. All discovered machinery for earth-culture and earth-fabric, is then *ours together*, not separately *mine and thine* to fight for and against each other, which men have seemed to think was *God-service*. As nations we have spent time enough building ramparts, arsenals, and all-manner of murderous armory, just wholly to establish selfish claims to private property, as everywhere signified by that corresponding device which we call *money*. Millions of lives have been foolishly spent in trying to sustain fortifications, banks, police governments, taxations, and litigations just to protect the infernal principle of private property; just as if the idle and criminal were not made so by oppression of money-right, and as if the idle and criminal, so called, are not to be fed and clothed.

WM. H. PORTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct., 10, 1859.

EDITORS AGE:—I am again in the Quaker City, and if I am to judge from the friendly manner in which I am received, I must conclude I am a welcome visitor—my rooms are 109 North Seventh, above Arch—and since my arrival here my rooms have been well filled with anxious ones—not only from the city, but from parties in the adjoining cities and towns, who in masses send in and engage the time *ahead*. Many of them are not only distinguished men, but of the best minds our country affords—and I must say that during the five years of my mediumship, (or those years I have been before the Public as a writing test medium)—*never* has there been so much inquiry or willingness to investigate, as at the present time—and I scarcely hear of any family now in my travels but are giving the subject attention—that shyness which has been so manifest by many investigating Spiritualism (and more particularly when they visit public mediums—not desiring to be seen by those who choose not to investigate—) has passed away—for now they come openly and boldly, and not unfrequently does the parson meet one of his flock going out of my room, as he is coming in, and I am happy to say "the day has passed also" when teachers of any religious sect say much derogatory to this blessed truth of spirit communion.

Yesterday Mrs. F. O. Hyzer lectured at Sanson Street Hall to a large (and may I not say with all propriety, intelligent) audience? Among the company I saw many of the most distinguished citizens of the city. Truly this spoke well for Spiritualism. People will eat where food relishes best.

Now one word about this God gifted lady, Mrs. Hyzer: though she has several times spoken before to Boston audiences, and from some prejudice against her or those who were instrumental in bringing her before that people. The impression she made or left in Boston, was not as favorable as has been the case in this city. But in Philadelphia, no lecturer has ever made that sensation, or more completely captivated the audience, from the philosophical and the masterly manner in which she has acquitted herself. Truly she is a lady of inestimable worth. And I do hope the good spiritualists of Boston will not pass this lady by without giving her a fair hearing.

Fraternaly Yours.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 1st, 1859.

In regard to the "Political movement" by the Spiritualists as a body, allow me to say that I have read the remarks by yourself and your associate, with a considerable degree of interest, and though I agree with both in the main, cannot do so in all your views and positions; and differ *very materially*, from some of your correspondents, at least, from those who think the time has not yet arrived for such a movement. When, in their opinion *will* such time arrive? How long in *your* opinion, are we to lie prone and supine, virtually doing nothing, and yet, forsooth, waiting for the ripened fruit to drop into our bosoms? This, surely, is not the course adopted by the husbandman or farmer; it is not the course you have adopted in regard to other matters, why then, in this? We all know that it is a time for action. Life has its duties which cannot be evaded or avoided—there is no time to be lost in idleness or inactivity. Neither "reform or progress" is accomplished without effort, and the question—the important question to be decided is, has the time yet come for such a step to be taken—such a movement to be made, as that referred to. I, for one, confidently believe that it has—the fields "are already white to the harvest," only needing that the laborers should enter in to reap it. If the work *is to be* done, why not enter upon it now, as well as at a future time? If we are so much dissatisfied "with the powers that be," that we cannot act with them any longer, as you say *you* cannot, and have not for a long time past; (and you are not alone by any means, in this regard) if their conduct is so reprehensible as to meet with reproof from one at least, of your correspondents, and who fears, as I think, without sufficient grounds or cause for doing so, that we, too, may, perchance, fall into the same errors that they have done, is it not time that we organize ourselves for the work—that we arm ourselves for the conflict? If we see the rock upon which others have been dashed, we may avoid it; if we know the Scylla and the Charybdis to which others have been exposed, it is our *duty* to shun them both. "Brethren we think better things of you" than of those who have gone before you. We therefore commend this matter to the consideration of the Convention that will be held next year—and hope, by the way—that the meeting will not take place sooner than the 20th of March, next.

ALGERNON SYDNEY.

A Biblical Reputation.

Mr. Lord, who is now residing in Illinois, was, a short time since, riding from Jacksonville to Peoria, in that State, and as he was passing a hut by the road side, he noticed a shaggy-headed boy of about eight years of age, with large eyes and no hat, dressed in a worn out pair of his father's trousers, trying to balance himself on the splintered top of a hickory stump.

More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking, than to gain information, Mr. Lord reined his horse up to the fence and exclaimed:

"My little boy, can you tell me how far it is to Sangamon Bottom?"

The boy poised himself on one leg, opened his large eyes to their largest extent, and replied:

"'Bout six miles I reckon."

"Do you live in that house?" inquired Mr. Lord.

"I reckon," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?"

"A heap."

"What ails your pants?"

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

Finding that he had hold of a genius that could not be pumped, Mr. Lord turned his head to depart, but in his return was now hailed by the boy, who, in a comical, half reluctant tone, exclaimed:

"What mout your name be?"

"*Lord*," was the reply.

The boy here grinned all over, even to the wrinkles in his father's trousers, and seemed hardly able to suppress a broad snicker.

"You seem pleased," said Lord, "perhaps you never heard *the name* before?"

"Yes, I have," replied the youngster, "I've heard pop read about you!"

Lord put spurs to his horse, and says that even thoughts to which the incident gave rise, were not sufficient to keep him from snickering throughout the rest of the journey.

Henry Black, of Newport, Pa., who undertook to sever the head of a hen, was attacked by a rooster, which spurred him on the hand into an artery. About two weeks after the accident, he was attacked with intense pain, a sickening sensation of the heart, and his sufferings became insupportable. At this date a remarkable occurrence took place. He drew his entire frame together, as though to gain strength for an act, and his voice broke forth like the crowing of a rooster! This was repeated from time to time, and such was the similarity of voices that outside listeners asserted their belief that it was a rooster. After four days of indescribable suffering he died.

TWO SHARPS.—An old man picked up half a dollar in the street.

'Old man, that's mine,' said a keen looking rascal.

'Did yours have a hole in it?' asked the old gentleman.

'Yes,' replied the other smartly.

'Then it is not thine,' rejoined the old gentleman. 'Thee must learn to be a little sharper next time.'

The New Hampshire Gazette has commenced the one hundredth and fourth year of its existence.

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 II.

SUPERSTITION.

But few words employed in the English language have a more general signification, as understood by those who use them, than "superstition." I understand its literal meaning, freely rendered, to be something like this: "To do what God has not required, and to forbear doing what he has not forbidden." But as each person assumes to judge of God's requirements for himself, it follows that each will have his own peculiar standard, differing from all others; and consequently, whenever Mr. A. discovers that the conduct of Mr. B. will not square by his, (Mr. A.'s) standard, he proclaims that Mr. B. is superstitious.

The heathen calls the Mohammedan superstitious for believing in an unseen God; the Christian calls the Mohammedan superstitious for believing in the Divine origin of the Koran; the Jew calls the Christian superstitious for believing that Jesus Christ was the promised Messiah; the Methodist calls his brother Calvinist superstitious because he believes in fore-ordination and its necessary subsequent, infant damnation; the follower of Calvin thinks his Methodist brother superstitious because he believes and practices infant sprinkling, while the Universalist calls all sects and denominations superstitious, who believe in a never-ending hell. Thus we find the word "superstition" bandied back and forth, not only between different denominations, each arrayed against all, and all against one, but it is not very uncommon to find members of the same church raising the cry against each other.

The charge of superstition is easily made—hard to prove, and equally hard to disprove. This great difficulty in arriving at the truth, arises from the fact that religious creeds do not belong to the exact sciences.—Now Arithmetic is an exact science. Those who are learned in it cannot possibly disagree as to certain mathematical results.—Four times four are sixteen. This a fixed fact. Should it be disputed, it is easy of demonstration and proof. Neither logic, nor eloquence, nor sophistry can disprove it.—Music is is an exact science. Certain tones are an exact accord. This is susceptible of demonstration, and cannot be disproved by argument. As well argue that the sun does not give light.

But a false statement in an exact science is easily disproved. If I assert that four times four are nineteen, the veriest tyro in the multiplication table could demonstrate my error. So, too, if I assert that a musical interval less than a second is a perfect accord, how easy to disprove my assertion. From these instances the intelligent reader will readily suggest many others.

Superstition is a term applied to creeds not half so nearly exact as the terms of fair and foul weather, applied by believers in creeds equally remote from exactness.—Hence, if two persons arrive at the same conclusion, it is the result either of accident, or desire, or influence, or selfishness, or hypocrisy.

I mean by this that no two persons are likely to arrive at the same conclusions, who investigate a theory, the results of which are not susceptible of demonstration. I lay this down as a rule which can have but one exception, namely, two persons of precisely the same organization, the same hopes, the same desires and the same occupation, *would* be likely to arrive at the same conclusions. Whereas, in the investigation of an exact science, no matter how widely different their tastes, their temperaments, their ruling passions, *all* would be likely to arrive at the same conclusions.

I have said that religious creeds do not belong to the exact sciences. I mean the creeds which have been taught by the clergy from time immemorial, whether professing to be Jews or Christians, Mohammedans or Pagans. Their facts are assumed, and not capable of demonstration. Hence, their followers must either accept their doctrine upon faith, without proof, or reject it. If the poor, mistyfied penitent accepts it, the unbeliever calls him superstitious; if he rejects it, the believer proclaims him an infidel.

Thus situated, surrounded by theories not susceptible of proof—encompassed by doubt and uncertainty, it is not strange that mankind have become discouraged in their search after truth; and being discouraged, that they have yielded a blind adherence to the teachings of their parents, their elders, and their priests, as the easiest method of avoiding thought and anxiety.

Under this state of things, the descendants of rigid believers in any particular creed, continue for generation after generation to believe as did their fathers, accepting the doctrine as perfect, because coming direct from God, and therefore not susceptible of either change or progression. The Mohammedan of to-day, believes as did his ancestors a thousand years ago, that "God is great and Mohammed is His prophet."—The Roman Catholic of to-day believes, as did his ancestors in the ninth century, that the head of the church is God's vicegerent upon earth. The Jew of to-day believes himself under the Mosaic dispensation, and the Christian still observes the first day of the week as Sabbath instead of the seventh, which he will tell you that God hallowed and commanded to be kept as a day of rest; yet he never thinks that he lives in weekly violation of that Commandment.

Thus it is—thus it has ever been. There is no one point of doctrine believed and practised, which is not denounced as a superstition by the believers of some other creed. The standard is claimed to be the Bible among Christians; the Koran, among Mohammedans; the Shaster, among the Hindoos; the Book of Mormon, among the Mormons, and so forth, each insisting that their own is the true revelation from God, and denouncing all others as base impositions—the creation of a corrupt priesthood.

From this brief review of the subject, I think the reader will agree with me that each person uses the word "superstition" to denote "something which he does not believe himself, but which somebody else does." This is probably the best definition that can be given to the word at present. But as all living languages are liable to change, the definition of to-day may not answer for half a century hence.

The Atheist—poor creature! if there is one class of human beings upon the earth more deserving of compassion than another, on account of a grievous error, it is those who deny the existence of a Supreme Intelligence—the Atheist makes but little distinction between religion and superstition. Since coming to the United States I have met with one who gave me the following definition:—

"Superstition is a religion out of fashion; Religion is a superstition in fashion."

It is deeply to be regretted that mankind should have been so inconsistent as ever to give rise to this severe sarcasm; but as my object is to search after truth—to accept truth whenever and wherever I may find it—I long ago adopted the rule of taking the world as I find it—and not attempt to prove that it is what it should be.

But lest I may be misunderstood and a construction put upon my language which I never intended, I deem the present a fitting time to explain more particularly my own views in reference to the great book—the book of books—THE BIBLE.

Passing over the historical, so fraught with deeds of blood and violence, perpetrated in the name of God, and as the perpetrators assure us, *by His express commands*, just as the Roman Catholics assure us that they were serving and obeying God, when, on the night of the 24th of August, 1572, they murdered over 25,000 Huguenots—passing over all seeming errors and contradictions—I come to the moral teachings of the Bible.

The morality taught by JESUS CHRIST I hold to be purer, sounder, safer and nearer perfection than had ever fallen from the lips of man. He spread the mantle of charity broader—more clearly pointed out the way to life and salvation, and lived closer to what he taught, than any human being who ever inhabited the earth. His purity of motives—his honesty of purpose—his perfection of love and forgiveness, never were equalled, and perhaps never will be.

In whatever light we view him—whether fleeing from his enemies, or riding triumphant into Jerusalem; washing the feet of his disciples, or being transfigured upon the mount; healing the sick, or weeping over Jerusalem; praying in Gethsemane, or forgiving his murderers in the last agony of expiring nature, we find him the same model of perfection—the Divine attribute *always* predominant.

Prove to me that no such living character as Jesus of Nazereth ever existed—prove to me that there was such a being, and yet that he was vicious and depraved in his nature—I would still adore the precepts which the apostles impute to him—still strive to obey his teachings, with the fullest assurance that they are eternal truths, such as no man ever taught. Heaven help the poor wretch who can profane or blaspheme the character of JESUS CHRIST. I can conceive of no being so nearly lost to all sense of good—so hopelessly beyond the reach of the resurrecting arm of progression. If we are ever saved, either in this life, or that which is to come, it will be only by imitating, even at a remote distance, the character of JESUS CHRIST.

CHAPTER III.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SPIRIT.

Reader, are you an Atheist? Do you believe in the wretched theory of annihilation? Do you deny the immortality of the spirit? Were I sure that this page would never be glanced at by such a one, perhaps this chapter might have been omitted. But lest there might be even *one* of the many thousands who may peruse this work, who denies the immortality of the spirit, I should feel that I had neglected a duty were I to pass over the subject in silence. Presuming that I have one such for a reader, I shall address myself to him individually, and although my reasoning may not convince him, I do not despair of arousing him to investigate for himself, and in the name of God and everything good, I sincerely trust that the investigations may result in his renouncing a belief so antagonistic to the harmonious laws of Nature.

You deny the immortality of the spirit. It then follows that you deny the Bible—deny the existence of God. Therefore I cannot appeal to either for proof, since a fact cannot be established by what you consider a false witness. The task seems almost a hopeless one, but I will not be discouraged. The blind have been taught to read—the dumb to speak—then why not the infidel be taught that his spirit is immortal?

You believe in the *mortality* of organic life. This is a self-evident proposition.—You must also believe in the *immortality* of matter, because this is equally self-evident. Now see if you can deny this proposition:—

1st. Without sustenance whatever is *mortal*, ceases to exist; but whatever is *immortal*, without sustenance, has a perpetual existence.

Before passing upon the truth or falsity of this proposition, be kind enough to give it your careful consideration. Both vegetable and animal life are mortal—Without sustenance they speedily die—But the particles which compose the bodies in which dwells organic life, are what we term *matter*, which is immortal and can never die. Matter may undergo an infinite variety of changes, yet cannot be annihilated. As you deny the existence of a God, I will not offend you by saying this is one of His laws, but must be satisfied to call it one of the unchanging laws of Nature. You must admit that the universe is governed by fixed laws, for to deny this, is to assert that the motions of the planets—day and night, and the changes of the seasons are merely the result of chance; and I cannot conceive that a person who is capable of reading, should be such an idiot.

I do not think of any sound reason for denying the truth of the foregoing proposition, and I do not believe that you can. So we will proceed to examine the spirit under that rule. The spirit has self-existence, requiring no sustenance whatever. True, there are certain attributes of the spirit which require some object on which to be exercised, otherwise they are weakened, remain dormant, and under certain conditions or restraints may cease altogether. As examples I might mention love, hatred, envy, jealousy, and so forth. But when one of these attributes is weakened, or ceases, no part of the spirit is annihilated, for all its force is employed in strengthening some other attribute or attributes. This is a law of our being which I presume you will not deny. Yet there can be no change of this character so great that the spirit will lose either its individuality or identity.

The body harmonizes with the spirit, not the spirit with the body. The skull expands or contracts to accommodate itself to the brain, and is not formed after a particular shape or size, requiring the brain to just fill it and no more. Hence, the spirit is greater than the body, and inasmuch as it has self-existence, that is, exists without sustenance, its distinguishing characteristic resembles that of matter, and not of the body. As matter is immortal, it necessarily follows, reasoning by comparison, that the spirit is immortal.

2d. It is a law of our being that Nature never creates a desire which she has not the power to satisfy.

Let us examine the spirit under this rule. But before proceeding, I will admit that man may so pervert Nature by habit, that he will create for himself many desires which Nature cannot supply. But his desires are then artificial, and he must seek an artificial Nature to satisfy them. This perversion may even be so great as to be transmitted to his posterity, and run through many generations; but since it was not Nature at its origin, it is none the less a perversion. (I am using the term "Nature," not from choice, but in order to accommodate myself to my unbelieving reader.)

Nature has everywhere created in man a desire for immortality. However degraded the social and intellectual condition—however secluded from intercourse with the rest of the human family—I have never heard of a nation or tribe which did not hope for a future state of existence. True, the future life expected by each may be as different as the different tribes, still it is an existence beyond the grave. If I ask you from whence arises this hope, this desire—you can only answer, "Nature gave it." But since Nature is always true to herself—always consistent—never giving a desire which she cannot satisfy—how came she to give this desire, which is to end in annihilation?

You have now no escape but to deny my second proposition. Permit me to defend that for a few minutes. I will do it by asking you a few questions.

Did Nature give to all cattle-kind a desire for vegetable food, without creating them with an organism adapted to supplying that desire? Did she create aquatic fowls with a desire to swim, without giving them webbed feet? Did she create the lamb with a desire to be peaceable and then supply it with the claws of a cat, or the fangs of a serpent? Did she create man to walk upright, fashion him in her finest mold, give him a thirst for knowledge, and then withhold from him reason? Can you look over her broad domain and point out a single error she has ever committed? If you cannot, then by what authority do you claim that in this one instance she has created a desire which she cannot satisfy?

3d. It is a law of chemistry that a substance cannot be separated, dissolved, or decomposed, except by some other substance more powerful—more subtle.

And now, my dear reader, let us examine the spirit by this rule. No argument is necessary to prove the power and subtlety of the spirit. You are now driven to a belief in the existence of a God, in order to find a substance possessing the requisite power for destroying the spirit. Very well—you are making some progression—I take new courage and begin to feel myself repaid for writing this chapter.—With a cheerfulness not hitherto experienced, I now grasp the great subject before me. While you denied the existence of a God, my task was laborious—my struggle was wearisome—my spirit was heavy.

If there is a God—a Supreme Intelligence—as there most assuredly is—go study Him in the magnificence of His works; and if, in the vast volume which is open to you, you can nowhere find *annihilation* written, will you dare to assume that it is written upon some page which seems dark and obscure to your vision? Would such a conclusion be sanctioned by logic?

Now go, my dear reader, and reflect upon the few suggestions which I have given you. No truly good person will abhor you for your belief, however erroneous it may appear. The good on earth love you, and would gladly assist in saving you from a belief which affords only unhappiness and misery—good spirits love you, and if spirits *can* weep, some loved one who has passed on, is now weeping over your unbelief—God loves you, and has surrounded you with blessings, and comfort, and peace, which may be yours simply by accepting them.

There are other philosophical questions which I wish to discuss, and probably shall hereafter, but in the next chapter I shall resume my narrative where it leaves off at the conclusion of Part I. While I am anxious to interest by the narration of some of the thrilling scenes of my life, I am equally anxious to instruct, and hope that no one will omit what some might consider dry and uninteresting.

TURKISH RECRUITING IN DAMASCUS.—A writer in *Blackwood* describes the method pursued by the Turkish authorities of Damascus for recruiting the army. When soldiers are wanted, and recruits are scarce, a review is given. A number of ingenious maneuvers are executed by the troops, which result, first, in the spectators finding themselves enclosed in a square, and next, in the able-bodied ones being marched off as conscripts to the Padisha's army. When this device gets stale, another measure is adopted, not calculated, one would think, to promote the better observance of the sabbath Damascas; soldiers are sent to the doors of the mosques to catch all that may be inside. When this in turn begins to fail, and the Damascenes will neither attend reviews nor go to church, the authorities fall back on a plan of simple efficacy, and send soldiers to kidnap people in their houses at night.

NEW ANÆSTHETIC AGENT.—Mons. A. Claisse announces, in the GAZETTE DES HOPITAUX, that he has employed the following method of producing local anæsthesia, for some years, principally in the extraction of teeth, the lancing of paronychias, and other minor operations. A solution is made of camphor in ether. The part is rubbed with a sponge saturated with this solution for a minute, in the case of the gums; and then the operation is performed. When any sensation of pain is felt, experience has shown the propriety of renewing the frictions, when the sensation of pain will either be greatly lessened or destroyed.—L. H. S.—[American Medical Monthly.

A Porter county (Pa.) paper says that a Mr. Beal, of that county, tied a log chain around an oak tree some years ago for some temporary purpose, and, forgetting it, let it stay until the bark and wood grew over it, and now it is imbedded in the trunk of the tree. It will prove a crowder to the lucky individual who cuts the tree down a hundred years hence.

MAGNETISM.—By magnetizing the driving wheels of locomotive engines, an additional power of 75 per cent has been obtained. It is said that this improvement will enable an engine of 17 tons to do the work of one of 30 tons. This power is obtained by the increased adhesion of the magnetized wheels to the rail.

Thanksgiving in New York has been appointed for November 24.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

TOM ELLIOT'S PRIZE.

I.

MRS. AGATHA NEEDHAM had lived in her house in the good old city of Nearford, all her leif, which was by no means a definite number of years, her own register saying forty-nine, and that of her own baptism sixty-three. A niece of Mrs. Agatha's (she was a maiden lady, and only "Mrs." by courtesy) was the wife of a country clergyman, and one of that lady's sons, a medical student, came to Nearford to be inmate of Mrs. Agatha's whilst he "improved" himself under Dr. Dicks, an eminent surgeon, attached to Nearford Infirmary. Mrs. Agatha, in correspondence with his parents, had stipulated, before she would admit him, for his observing certain conditions—that he would never smoke, would never speak to her two maid-servants, except in her presence, would always be in by ten o'clock at night, and in bed by half-past. To all of which Mr. Thomas Elliot vowed obedience, and said they were the exact rules he had laid down for himself. So Mrs. Agatha consented to receive him, and he arrived. A dashing young man of twenty-one, showy in dress, free in manner, but the pink of quiet propriety in the presence of Mrs. Agatha.—He speedily became popular in Nearford, and Mrs. Agatha grew intensely proud of him.

"My dear Thomas," she exclaimed to him, one morning at breakfast, "what an extraordinary smell of tobacco smoke pervades the house when you are in it."

"It does, ma'am; it's highly disagreeable. Nearly makes me sick sometimes."

"But what can it proceed from, Thomas?" pursued Mrs. Agatha, snuffing very much over her muffin. "You assure me you do not smoke."

"I smoke!" echoed Mr. Tom—"I touch a filthy cigar! It comes from my clothes."

"How does it get into them?" wondered Mrs. Agatha.

"They are such a set, aunt, at that infirmary—have cigars in their mouths from morning till night. Sometimes I can't see across our dissecting room for the smoke. Of course my clothes get impregnated with it."

"Dear me, Thomas, how sorry I am for you! But don't talk about dissecting rooms, if you please. The smell must also get into your eyes, and hair, and whiskers!"

"So it does, uncommon strong. But I douse my head into the big basin in the morning, and that takes it off."

"The governors of the infirmary ought to be reported to the lord-lieutenant," cried Mrs. Agatha, warmly. "I never heard of anything so shameful. How can they think of permitting the patients to smoke?"

"It's not the patients ma'am," returned Mr. Tom, smothering a grin. "What should bring them into the dissecting-room; unless—ahem!—they are carried there?"

"Then is it the doctors?"

"No; it's the pupils."

"Misguided youths!" ejaculated Mrs. Agatha. "And you have to associate with them! Never you learn smoking, my dear Thomas. But about this smell; I really don't know what is to be done. The maids commence coughing whenever they enter your bedroom, for the fumes of smoke there, they tell me, are overpoweringly strong."

"Ah, I know they are. It's where all my clothes hang."

"Suppose you were to get some lamps of camphor, and sew them in your pockets," suggested Mrs. Needham. "If it keeps fevers from the frame, it may keep tobacco smoke from clothes. Get sixpen'orth, Thomas."

"I'll get a shilling's worth," said Tom.—"Though I fear it's properties don't reach smoke."

"O, Thomas, I forgot. Did you hear the noise in the house last night?"

"Noise?" responded Mr. Tom.

"A noise on the stairs, like somebody bumping up them. It was just two o'clock, for I heard the clock strike. When Rachel came up to dress me this morning, she said it must have been Minny racing after the mice. But I never heard her make such a noise before. I hope it did not disturb you?"

"Not at all, aunt," answered Tom, burying his face in his handkerchief; "I never woke till half an hour ago. Cats do make an awful noise sometimes. I'm off to the infirmary."

"And you have eaten no breakfast. I can't think what the lad lives upon."

In the hall, as Mr. Thomas was dashing across it, he encountered the housemaid, a pretty girl with cherry cheeks.

"Look here, sir," she said—"look what we [illegible]ked up this morning. If mistress had [illegible]d it, instead of me and cook, whatever [illegible]d you have done?"

"My latch key! I must have dropped it when I came in, in the night, and never missed it. But after a punch jollification, following on a tripe supper, one's perceptive faculties are apt to be obscured. That's a fact undisputed in physics, Rachel my dear." And as Tom dropped the latch-key into his pocket, he acknowledged his obligation to the finder in a way of his own.

"Now, Mr. Thomas," remonstrated Rachel, "I have threatened fifty times that I'd tell misses of you, and now I will. You want to get me out of my place, sir, going on in this way.'

"Do," cried Tom, "go and tell her at once. And harkee, my dear, if you and cook get talking to the old lady about the smoke in my bedroom, I'll shoot the first of you I come near. You should put the windows and door open."

Just as the incorrigible Tom walked off, Mrs. Agatha Needham opened the breakfast-room door, and down dropped the maid upon her hands and knees, and began rubbing away at the oilcloth.

"Rachel! was that my nephew? Talking to you?"

"Mr. Thomas has gone out, ma'am."

"Yes. Who was he talking to before he went?"

"Talking to, ma'am? O, I remember; he asked about his umbrella. I think he must have left it an the infirmary, or at Mr. Dicks'."

"Asking a necessary question I will look over," said Mrs. Agatha, "but should he ever show a disposition to speak with you upon indifferent subjects, you will come off straight to me and report him, Rachel; for it is not allowed."

"Very well, ma'am."

From the above specimen of Mr. Tom Elliot, it may be wondered how he contrived to remain an inmate of Mrs. Agatha Needham's and continue in that lady's good graces. It was a marvel to Tom himself, and he was wont to say, in that favorite resort, the dissecting-room, that though he had got on the ancient maiden's blind side, he had more trouble than enough to keep himself there.

One day sundry of the infirmary pupils were assembled in the above mentioned choice retreat. A looker-on might have described them as being rather "jolly." There were seven of them; four had short pipes in their mouths, and the three others cigars, and they were smoking away with all their might, Mr. Tom Elliot being amongst them; while some pewter pots of beer stood on the table.

"How did old Moss come out last night?" inquired one, with a shock head of very red hair, as he sat on a deal table and kicked his feet against a neighboring wall. "Old Moss" being a botanist, who was then giving lectures in the city, which the infirmary pupils were expected to attend.

"What's the good of asking me?" responded Tom Elliot. "Pass the pot, Jones."

"I'd got a better engagement, and didn't show," resumed the first speaker. "Were you there either, Elliot?"

"I just was there. And got jammed close to two of the loveliest girls I ever saw in my life. One of 'em is a prize."

"I say," cried Davis, one of the oldest of the pupils, "who are those girls Tom Elliot's raving about?"

"Who's to know? There were fifty girls in the room. Very likely they were the Thompsons."

"Annihilate the Thompsons!" interrupted Elliot; "the one's cross-eyed, and the other's sickly. D'ye think I don't know the Thompson girls? These were strangers. At least, I have never seen their faces at lectures before."

"Whereabouts did your two beauties sit?"

"About half way up the room, on the left-hand side," responded Tom. "Close underneath the astronomical map."

"I know!" shouted a youngster. "They had got a big fat duenna between them, hadn't they?"

"Just so, little Dobbs. In a scarlet hat."

"A scarlet hat!" echoed Davis.

"Or a turban," added Elliott; "might be meant for one or the other. A glaring red cone, three feet high."

'Over a flaxen wig, which she puts in papers and makes believe it's her own hair," rejoined little Dobbs. "It's their aunt."

"You insignificant monkey—*their* aunt!"—broke forth Elliott. "If you don't tell me the name without delay, I'll dissect you. You see I'm expiring with suspense."

"I don't think much of the girls myself, persisted the young gentleman, delighted to exercise Elliot's patience. "The dark-eyed one's the best, and that's Clara."

"Out of the way, Jones. Let me get at him. I'll Clara him."

"Halloo, Elliot! sit down," cried Davis.—"Dobbs, you young limb, if you cause this confusion again I'll turn you out. Keep still, Elliot, and I'll tell you. They were his cousins, the Blake girls, Clara and Georgy."

"That they were not," said Mr. Dobbs.—"They were the two Freers."

"O, the two Freers," echoed Davis; "they don't often show. Old Bagwig keeps them up tight. They are the prettiest girls in Nearford."

"Who's old Bagwig?" demanded Elliot.

"The papa Freer. As cute a lawyer as any judge on the bench. He sports a wig with a bag behind: the only relic of bygone days to be seen in the town."

"I intend to monopolize one of those girls for myself," announced Elliot.

"Phew! wish you joy of your chance. Bagwig's laying by sacks of gold, and desires these two female inheritors of it to marry on the top of the ladder. Nothing under a foreign prince. You'd never get admitted inside their house if you tried a year."

"I tell you that girl's a prize, and shall be mine; and I'll bet two crowns to one that I'm inside of that house within a week. Tell me I can't get in where I choose! *you* can't perhaps," added the audacious Elliot, drawing up his handsome figure, in his vanity."

"Done!" cried Davis.

"And I'll take him, too," echoed Jones.—"Which of the two is the prize?"

"There's one with piercing dark eyes, giving out wicked glances," answered Elliot.

"And splendid black hair."

"Yes. That's Clara."

"And a Roman sort of a nose, and rosy pink color."

"That *is* Clara."

"Tall; fine shape; lovely fall in her shoulders," went on Elliot.

"Yes, yes, no mistaking Clara."

"Well then, it's not she."

"Now Elliot, don't try on any gammon. It must be the young one, then, and that's Loo."

"Hark! hush! listen, will you! There's Dick s voice, as I'm alive!"

The metamorphosis was like magic. Certain overcoats of the pupils which lay in a heap in a corner of the room, were raised, and the pewter pots hidden under them; slops of beer rather prevalent, were rubbed dry with handkerchiefs; cigars and pipes, all alight, were hrust into side pockets; tables, as sitting places, were abandoned; and when Mr. Dicks, M. R. C. S., entered, every student presented the appearance of sober industry; some with the operating knives, some buried deep in surgical books of reference.

If fortune ever favored any venturesome layer of debts, Tom Elliott was certainly the one that day. On his return home that evening, he found Mrs. Agatha Needham cutting most extraordinary capers. She was evidently in a desperate state of excitement and anger. Tom's conscience took alarm; he believed something had come out about himself, and he felt as if a cold bath had been dashed over him.

"Dear aunt, whatever is the matter?" he ventured to ask, finding she did not speak, and thinking silence might look like self-confession. "You surely are not taken with St. Vitus' dance in the legs?"

"Never was such a thing heard of! never was such a wicked act perpetrated! Rachel—my velvet mantle and bonnet. Thomas, nephew, don't stand peering at my legs. It is not in them, it's in my own mind."

Mr. Thomas sat down, completely cowed.—What on earth had come to light? The latch key, or kissing Rachel, or smoking in his bedroom at night, or had the sexton——? "By all that's awful, that must be it!" reasoned Tom. "The bungling fool has mistaken me, and sent the thing home, and she and the girls have turned Bluebeard's wife, and opened the box." Tom's face began to stream down.—Whatever could he do?

"Has a—a case been brought here, ma'am, a heavy one?" he stammered. "I came home on purpose, because there's been a mistake.—It belongs to Mr. Davis, senior student, and ought to have gone to his lodgings. I'll get a man and have it removed directly."

"Mercy, boy," cried Mrs. Agatha, "I don't know anything about cases. If they had sent a dozen here I should never have seen anything of them to-day. There has been a wicked man here, Thomas, that's what there has been. A lawyer I believe he calls himself, and that's right, Rachel—I'll go and consult mine now."

Tom's spirits went up like mercury. "Then I have not offended you, dear aunt. I feared—I don't know what I didn't fear—that somebody might have been traducing my character to you."

"Child and woman have I lived in this house for six—over forty years," went on Mrs. Agatha, unheeding Tom's fears, "my own leasehold property, and my father and mother's before me. And now an impious wretch comes forward and says there's a flaw in the lease, and I must turn out, and am responsible for back rent. I'll go and consult the first lawyer in town. Come along with me, Thomas."

"It's impossible dear aunt. I have got six hours' work before me to-day: reading up for Mr. Dicks." The truth was he made an appointment for billiards.

"That's exceedingly vexatious. I should like to have had you with me for witness.—But you are quite right Thomas; never put your studies aside for anything. I'll wish you good-afternoon. Rachel, if any body comes, you don't know when I shall be at home, for I'm gone to Lawyer Freer's."

"Lawyer Freer's!" screamed Tom, rushing after his aunt, and nearly upsetting Rachel.—"Of course you must have a witness, aunt, if you are going there. Just wait one moment while I slip on another coat and waistcoat."

"What's the matter with the one you have on," demanded Mrs. Agatha.

"Oh—this is my professional suit. And when I walk with you, I like to look as your nephew ought."

"Dutiful lad!" aspirated Mrs. Agatha. "He shall not be a loser by his attachment to me."

Lawyer Freer was at home, and ensconced Mrs. Agatha in his consulting room. Her dutiful nephew slipped aside as they were going in, and shut the door on the old lady and the attorney. Mrs. Agatha was too full of her subject to notice, at first, the absence of her nephew; and afterwards she would not disturb the consideration of her case by calling for him. They both concluded Mr. Tom was exercising his patience in the company of the clerks in the front office.

Not he. He was as daring as he was high, and he went along the passage, peeping here and there, till he came to a room where two young ladies were seated—his beauties of the previous night. Clara, the eldest, a splendid girl, Louisa, the prize, prettier still, with dancing eyes and shining curls.

"I beg pardon," cried Mr. Tom, as the young ladies rose in surprise; "do not let me disturb you. I am sent here to wait, while my aunt holds a private conversation with Mr. Freer. Mrs. Agatha Needham."

The young ladies bowed. They had a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Agatha, and hoped she was well. Tom assured them that she was very well, went on talking upon other subjects, and made himself entirely at home. Mr. Tom Elliott had won his bet.

II.

Mrs. Agatha Needham found her lease and its flaw could not be settled by the lawyers.—The case in due time was entered for trial at the March assizes. "Newcome *versus* Needham." It caused an extraordinary sensation in Nearford. All the holders of lease-hold property arguing that if Mrs. Agatha Needham was disturbed in her long and peaceful occupancy, where was their security? As to Mrs. Agatha, it may be questioned if she enjoyed a full night's rest during the period of suspense. Nothing could exceed the interest evinced by Tom in the affair. His legs were kept on the run, and the numerous messages forwarded by Mrs. Agatha nearly drove the lawyer wild. *She* was fidgetty, and Thomas, pressed her on.

"Do you want my services with Mr. Freer this morning, aunt?"

"No, Thomas, I think not this morning."

"You'd do well to send to him, if only the slightest message. No trouble to me. These lawyers require perpetual looking-up. They are so apt to forget the interests of one client in those of another. It's 'out of sight, out of mind,' with them.

"Very true, Thomas. Thank you. Go down then to Mr. Freer: my compliments, and I have sent to know if there's anything fresh. But I am ashamed to give you this trouble."

"Trouble's a pleasure, aunt, when you are concerned," responded Thomas.

"The comfort of possessing such a nephew!" ejaculated Mrs. Agatha.

Tom flew off, but the stars were against him that day. Lawyer Freer was out! so much the better: for Tom could more safely find his way to the young ladies, as he had now done many and many a time. They had also taken to look for him, and they saw him coming down the street.

"Here's Mr. Elliot, Loo," observed Clara; and a blush of satisfaction rose to her face, as she turned from the window to a mirror and smoothed her hair, here and there, with her finger. Louisa did not answer, but a much brighter blush rose to *her* face, and she bent lower over the piece of drawing she was preparing for her master. For Louisa, scarcely eighteen, still had masters attending her, and Clara, who was two years older, looked upon her as a child. Child as she might be, though, she had grown to love Tom Elliot.

Why did they both blush? somebody may ask; surely they are not both in love with him? Not exactly. Tom Elliot was a general admirer, and whilst he had become really attached to Louisa Freer, and had striven privately to gain her affections, he had evinced a very fair share of admiration for Clara, partly in homage of her beauty, partly to divert suspicion from her sister. And Clara Freer, who had no objection in the world to receive admiration from so handsome and popular a man as Tom Elliot, certainly did not repel him.

"He's over head and ears in love," Clara was proceeding to add; but her sister interrupted her in a startling voice.

"In lvoe! With whom?"

"With me," complacently replied Miss Freer, "who else is there? His next move will be to make me an offer—in his random way."

Louisa's heart beat fast against her side and her blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

"Make *you* an offer!" she gasped forth.—"Would you marry him?"

"Bless the child! I marry a medical student an embryo surgeon! I look a little higher than that, Loo. But if Tom Elliot were as rich in wealth as he is in attractions—why, then you stand a speedy chance of being a bridesmaid. I know he adores me."

No more was said, for Tom entered, and began rattling away, after his own fashion. An attractive companion he undoubtedly was.—Presently Miss Freer was called from the room by a servant, upon some domestic affair.

"My dearest Loo," he whispered, as soon as they were alone, "you look sad this morning. What is it?"

"O, nothing," she answered, bursting into tears. And Tom, all alive with surprise and concern, clasped her in his arms, and was in the very agreeable act of kissing off the tears, when Clara returned. It was sooner then they had expected her, and they were fairly caught.

Clara, her features naturally of a haughty cast, could put on *a look* when she liked. Mr. Elliot had never yet been favored with it; but it shone out, in full force, as she imperiously demanded an explanation from both of them.

"The truth is, Mis Freer," said Tom, speaking up like a man, "that I love your sister.—Until I saw her, all young ladies were alike to me—that is, I was fond of them all. But now she is the only one I care for, or ever shall care for in the world. I did not intend this to come out yet: and I hope you will keep our secret."

"And pray," returned Clara, boiling over with rage and mortification, "when *did* you intend it to come out, sir?"

"When? Not till I was well established in my profession, and could ask for her as I ought to do, of Mr. Freer."

"Clara," uttered the young sister, her tears falling fast in agitation, for she had read the expression in the elder's eye, "for the love of Heaven do not betray me to papa, dear Clara?"

"I shall acquaint your father instantly, as is my duty," was the cold reply. "We shall have a baby in leading-strings entangling itself in a matrimonial engagement next?"

"Clara, my dear sister—let me call you so for the first, though I hope not for the last time, be reasonable, be kind," said Mr. Elliot, trying *his* powers of persuasion. But, effectual as they had hitherto proved with the young lady, they failed now.

"What I can do to oppose your views on my sister, I will do," she vehemently answered.—"You have played a traitor's part, Mr. Elliot, in seeking her affections. I beg you to leave the house at once, and you will never be admitted to it again."

"But, Clara," he remonstrated, "you—"

"I have told you to leave the house," she reiterated, pale with anger. "If you do not quit it this instant I shall ring for the servants to show you out."

"Very well, Miss Freer," he said, all his customary equanimity returning to him. "Louisa, my darling," he impressively added, turning to her for a last farewell, "we may be obliged to bend to circumstances and temporarily separate, but remember, come what may I will be true to you. Be you so to me. Will you promise?"

"I will," she whispered; and Mr. Tom Elliot bent down, and sealed it on her lips, regardless of Miss Clara's energetic appeal to the bell.

Clara Freer made her own tale good to her father, and Thomas made his good to Mrs. Agatha. For in the violent indignation of the attorney, he had informed that lady of her nephew's having presumed to make love to his daughter, and Mrs. Agatha, overwhelmed with the first shock of the news, wrote off an imperative summons to Tom's father, telling him to post to Nearford, upon a matter of life and death. Which summons brought the alarmed parent flying at express speed.

Everybody who heard of the affair pronounced them both a couple of simpletons. A medical pupil of twenty-one, without any definite hopes or money whatever, to have talked of marriage, was ridiculously absurd; and for a young lady, *with* money and prospects, to listen to him, was more absurd still. The clergyman, when he arrived, and found what the

(Continued on page 4.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Principal Office—No. 14 Bromfield Street, (up stairs,) Boston, Mass.
W. H. CHANEY, Business Manager.

New York Office—At Ross & Tousey's, No. 121 Nassau Street.

Chicago Office—No. 81 Dearborn Street, opposite the Post Office.
McNALLY & CO., Agents.

SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1859.

A FALLACY EXPOSED.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION—NO. XXVI.

It was the writer's design to have finished what he had to say on the subject of Inspiration in the last number of this series; but it has seemed desirable that the popular fallacy of "plenary verbal inspiration," in view of its important bearings on all religious inquiry, should be still more fully exposed.

The following passage from the pen of Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton Theological Seminary, a leading theologian in the Presbyterian Church of this country, may be taken as a brief but comprehensive statement of the popular theory, with the final argument on which it is rested. The fact that it has been widely copied by the religious presses of various denominations, shows that is generally regarded as conclusive. Says the theologian of Princeton:—

"We can understand how a man can regard the Bible as a mere human composition: we can understand how he can regard inspiration as a mere elevation of the religious consciousness; but how any one can hold that the sacred writers were inspired as to their thoughts, but not as to their language, is to us perfectly incomprehensible. The denial of *verbal* inspiration is, in our view, the denial of *all* inspiration, in the scriptural sense of the doctrine. No man can have a wordless thought, any more than there can be a formless flower.—By a law of our present constitution, we think in words, and as far as our consciouness goes, it is as impossible to infuse thoughts into the mind without words, as it is to bring men into the world without bodies."

This argument, it will be seen is addressed to *individual consciousness*, which is, of course, the last court of appeal on such questions. But is the appeal sustained? Let us each look into our own conscious mental operations, and see.

Is it a law of our present constitution that we think only in words? This may be the fact with persons who never have an *original* thought—that is, a thought not derived from the words, written or spoken, of some other person. (Strictly speaking, however, it is doubtful if any of our ideas can be said to *originate* with us—though it is common to term them *original* when not derived from external sources.) It may be the case with those whose powers of *expression* exceed or fully equal their powers of *conception*—or, as phrenologists would say, whose organs of language outmeasure their casuality, ideality, etc. It may be that mere book-worms and routine-thinkers, think altogether in words, and have no ideas but such as they can put at once into fitting and infallibly exact language.

But, we are confident, there is another class of thinkers whose conscious experience is different from this. There are those who find language at best but a very imperfect and inadequate means for the expression of thought. There are those whose vocabularies furnish no ready terms for many of their best conceptions—who are obliged to deliberate and alter, and amend, and after all often fail to give in words any satisfactory representation of thoughts which burn within, or ideas which are present to the inner vision. Yea, we think it no very uncommon experience for minds to be conscious of grand conceptions stirring within, which, for days and months, they are unable to set forth in anything like adequate and fitting language. Such, at least, is the testimony of the writer's own consciousness; and he does not hesitate to regard it as the experience of most persons who ever venture out of the beaten track of thought, or whose minds are at all open to inspirational influxes. Else the words "unutterable," "unspeakable," "indescribable," etc., so often used by poetic and religious writers, would have no meaning as applied to thoughts and ideas.

There *are*, then, "wordless thoughts," in the sense of thoughts which cannot be at once (if ever) clothed in adequate words; and there *are* "formless flowers," in the sense of buds and germs containing all the elementary principles and forces of the flower not yet *expressed* in form. And,—to rightly apply the suggestive illustration of Dr. Hodge,—as flower-seeds are implanted in soil, to be developed by air, sunlight, and moisture into a form which will be *more or less perfect according to the surroundings*, so doubtless germs of thought are implanted in the mind, and there unfolded into verbal expression, *more or less complete according to the conditions of that mind.*

That the production of thoughts in the human mind under inspirational influence (one of its modes at least) is analogous to the production of plants and animal forms in the outer world—i. e., by the unfolding of implanted germs—there can hardly be a question in intelligent minds. In so far as this is the case, the supposition of infallible accuracy in expression is evidently inadmissable. For thoughts so communicated must take in some measure the form of the mental matrix in which they are reproduced, and be clothed in such drapery of words as the mental wardrobe of the inspired person may be able to furnish.

The experience of modern subjects of inspirational influence, of all classes, corroborates this view. Take first those who retain their *consciousness* under the inspiring influence; and most Bible writers were evidently of this class. One portion of these are sensible, in their inspired moments, of a powerful influx or rush of thoughts into the mind, which thoughts they endeavor to represent in words according to their best ability. Sometimes this influx is accompanied by the projection before the mind of a grand panorama of symbolic imagery which is sought to be described or translated into words. And though the faculty of language is usually at such times stimulated to its best exercise, and may furnish words far more fitting than the subject ordinarily employs, yet there is always a painful sense of the inadequacy to the thought; and, on the part of uncultivated persons, a constant liability to the verbal inaccuracies common in their ordinary conversation.

There is another class of conscious mediums, or inspired persons, to whom, simultaneously with the idea to be enunciated, are often suggested the precise words in which it is to be spoken, even to the use of terms the meaning of which they do not know, and in some cases to the employment of foreign languages which they have never learned. But even with this class there is always a liability to interference from their own minds, and whatever is produced through them bears evident marks of modification and limitation from the channel through which it has passed.

There is still another class—those who are utterly unconscious, or who lose all control of their own organs of speech, while under the control of the inspiring intelligence. It is supposed even by some Spiritualists that through such channels as these, we get an exact transcript of the thoughts of the inspiring mind, without any danger of earthly alloy. But a careful observation always reveals, not only the *limitations* of the medium's mind, but certain peculiarities of expression which belong to the individual, together with a liability to such mispronunciations, verbal mistakes, errors of grammar, and infelicities of rhetoric, as the medium may be habituated to in the waking life. Notwithstanding all these *likenesses*, however, there may be and often are such *differences* of style, and such peculiarities of thought as show the action of another and a superior mind *through* the medium.

From this investigation of the modes of inspired communication, the conclusion is unavoidable (and, indeed, it seems almost self-evident to an intelligent mind,) that *any expression of thought in human language and through human instrumentality, must necessarily be restricted and modified more or less by the imperfections of the instrument.* Hence, even could it be shown that inspiration has in all cases emanated immediately from the Divine Mind, yet the idea of infallible and plenary verbal accuracy is a fiction, and all confidence built upon it is fallacious.

Plainly, the human mind could never have been intended to rely implicitly on verbal infallibility or external authority, from any source, for its convictions of moral and spiritual truth. Desirable as such an infallible reliance may seem to the weak and indolent on the one hand, and to lovers of priestly domination on the other, yet its necessary tendency is to dwarf the individual powers, to blunt the perceptions, and to perpetuate the condition of childish imbecility. The power of discrimination—of *knowing* whether these things are so or not, is to be developed *within* each one of us. We can "know of a surety" respecting those things which concern the soul's internal and eternal life only as we *feel* and *experience* for ourselves. The element of *uncertainty* as regards all that is told us from without, is necessary as a stimulus to inquiry—as an incentive to call forth our own dormant powers—as an impelling motive to seek that "Inner Light" which is capable of guiding us into all truth. Absolute certainty and lasting repose of soul are to be found, not in casting ourselves blindly and passively into the arms of external authority, but in the development of our spiritual perceptions to the extent that we may *see* and *feel* and *know* that the arms of everlasting Love and Truth embrace us on every side. That the inspired writings of all times and countries, the New Testament most of all, may greatly aid us to this result, *if rightly used*, there can be no question; but if wrongly used, as in being invested with an infallible authority and verbal accuracy which they never claim, they often prove but a stumbling-block and a hindrance. A. E. N.

A SHARP REBUKE.

In the opening lecture before the Fraternity Association, of Boston, Wendell Phillips, Esq., administered the following pungent rebuke to Dr. Bellows for his sneer at Spiritualism. It is well that the Doctor, while perceiving and boldly confessing the deficiencies of the present Church, and proclaiming the need of a new, declines himself undertaking to give it form and dimensions. Surely, a divine whose ideas are not 'Broad' enough to take in the uses of both Socialism and Spiritualism, and to see their absolute indispensability in a *true* Church, is not the man to inaugurate the "Church of the Future."—These stones of stumbling and rocks of offence, though rejected by such builders, will become corner-stones in the new edifice. But to the rebuke:

"This Broad Church reformer knows his place so little, that he sneers at Spiritualism and Socialism, as "vices entitled to no terms." One, an honest effort, however mistaken, to make all men wholly and really brothers in life, property, and thought; and the other, that reaching into the land of spirit, which has stirred the heart and roused the brain of the best men of all ages, and given to literature its soul. Does he give no heed to that profound maxim of Coleridge—"There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth still below the horizon."

Yes, this "Broad Church!"—humanity would weep if it ever came, for one of its doctrines is that the Statute Book is more binding than the Sermon on the Mount, and that the rights of private judgment are a curse. Save us from a church not broad enough to cover woman and the slave, all the room being taken up by the grog-shop and theatre—provided the one will keep sober enough to make the responses, and the other will lend its embroidered rags for this new baby-house. (Laughter and applause.)

Back Numbers.—We have received an unexpected supply of back numbers of the Age, remaining unsold by news-dealers, and can now furnish them to all subscribers who wish for the whole of "Minnie, the Medium."

A NEW CHAPTER OF LAMENTATIONS.

The *Puritan Recorder*, published in this city, gives way to the following anguished utterance in regard to Henry Ward Beecher:

"What we have, with sad forebodings, long expected, is now realized in Mr. Beecher's open abandonment of the doctrine of the inevitable and eternal perdition of ungodly men. The secret of his fraternizing with Chapin and Parker is now fully explained in his open avowal of the main principle of Universalism—which is that all the Scriptural assertions of the sure and eternal punishment of the wicked fail to make us know that they will be thus punished."

Isn't this horrible! Just think of it!—Here is a man, a regularly ordained Orthordox minister, in good standing—one of the shining lights of the Church, possessing and exercising more influence in the "evangelical" ranks, as well as out of them, than any dozen others in the country, who has just dealt a *direct* and well-aimed blow at the very foundation-stone of the current religion of the day.

How it must lacerate the pious susceptibilities of the *Recorder* man to see this eloquent Apostle lapse into the infidelity of Parker and Chapin! And to deny that "all the Scriptural assertions of the sure and eternal perdition of ungodly men fail to make us KNOW that they will be thus punished!" Monstrous! Incredible depravity! How is it possible that a man of Mr. Beecher's intellectual power and acknowledged inspirational attainments can for a moment fail to see the beautiful harmony which exists between the doctrine of "eternal perdition of ungodly men" and those attributes of the Father of us all which lead us to trust, love and adore Him? If God is Love (and we don't think Mr. Beecher, infidel as he may be, will dare to deny this fact) is it not extremely probable that He would manifest that Love by consigning a goodly share of his unfortunate and erring children to endless perdition, from whence he could listen to their "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth," their cursings and blasphemings, as a connoisseur would listen entrancedly to the finest musical improvisations of Mozart or Beethoven? Oh, it is so pleasing and heavenly to the truly religious mind to dwell upon these sublime truths of religion—they so fill the expanded soul with unutterable longings after God, that it is absolutely astonishing how Mr. Beecher should fail to appreciate the doctrine of "eternal perdition" in all its length and breadth and depth!

And there, too, is Harriet Beecher (Stowe) in the same boat, with Henry Ward, and Chapin and Parker, presenting those same damnable heresies to the world under the guise of fiction. The editors of the *Independent* have borne with her broadsides against this precious doctrine, as delivered month after month, through the "Minister's Wooing," because they trusted she would finally bring forward "Doctor H——," the champion of that peculiar faith, to meet the arguments she puts in the mouth of Mrs. Marvyn. But lo! we are told that the November number of the *Atlantic* will contain the conclusion of the "Wooing," and, unless we are mistaken, it will require more pages than she usually occupies in that periodical to meet the impassioned eloquence and masterly arraignment of that dogma which a mother's heart and intellect have produced.

It does seem as though the Beechers were determined to be mischief-makers and mar plots in the theological world. Scarcely one of the family, the venerable Doctor excepted, is free from the taint of "infidelity." Charles and Catherine were long ago cast out of the synagogue, but hopes have been entertained that Henry and Harriet might eventually be brought to see and teach the beauty of a dogma that proves the existence of an omnipotent, eternal, personal Devil, who gets into his clutches nine-tenths of the beloved children of an omnipotent, eternal, personal God, in spite of that God's sacrifice of his only-begotten Son, in the hope of thus getting the better of the Devil.

Oh, fie, Mr. Beecher, how can you so disappoint the pious expectations of the evangelical world, and so fill the soul of the *Puritan Recorder* with "sad forebodings?" Will the *Independent* hurry up those suggested discourses on the "Subject for the Times?" △

☞ Our column of "Announcements" is among the missing, this week, having shared the fate which so unhappily overtook nearly one half of the type on which the Age was printed last week. We trust that we shall be able to evolve order out of chaos, to some considerable extent, next week. Again we ask the forbearance of our readers in this our hour of need and disaster. We had just begun to make the necessary arrangements to improve the manner and the matter of the Age, and were just congratulating ourself that the severe manual labor and distracting cares and responsibilities which have weighed upon us since the paper passed into our hands, were well-nigh over,—when accident after accident, and disaster after disaster, overturned all our nicely laid plans, and plunged us into a slough of difficulty and embarrasment in which a week's wallowing has only just begun to show us the way out! How true it is that "the best laid schemes of men and mice oft gang astray." We *do* think if we are permitted to have "room according to our strength," and opportunity according to our ability, we can add much to the interest and value of the paper. At any rate, we are far, very far from being satisfied with what has already been done in that direction. △

Mrs. Price.—Through Mrs. Price, now located at the Hancock House, in Court Square, on the 8th inst., we received some of the most remarkable tests of clairvoyant power that ever occurred in our personal experience. Much, very much of our past history and experience was narrated, though we never saw the lady before,—indeed never heard of her till we saw an extract from a letter of Ben. Perley Poore, in relation to her powers. Our motives, desires, weaknesses, &c.,—in short our whole character seemed to lay clearly open before her interior vision. We advise no man, or woman, who has anything to conceal, to visit Mrs. Price, because we are thoroughly convinced that she possesses powers of vision which far transcend the scope of mortal eye.

What is still more singular, she repeated and confirmed some very improbable predictions in regard to the future, made to us by Mrs. Peabody, (15 Davis st.,) and which should they come to pass, will, we believe, furnish the strongest test of the truth of Spiritualism which has yet been given to the world. We must say, however, strong as our faith is in the reliability and capacity of those two clairvoyants (Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Price,) and especially in the former, we have but little faith that those predictions will be realized. If they should, we shall take the earliest opportunity to lay the facts before our readers, because they deeply concern them and the Spiritualists at large.

Mrs. Price has scarcely recovered as yet, from a prostrating illness, and is hardly able to attend to any great number of visitors, but she is in skillful hands and is gradually regaining her physical health. △

An Apology.—A most deplorable accident happened to the Age "forms" after being printed last week. Three of the pages were deposited in the street, in most "admirable confusion," throwing nearly a hundred and fifty pounds of type into what printers call "pi." This has added tenfold to our labors and perplexities, and has delayed for a week or two longer the arrangements we have been gradually making to bestow more time and labor upon the selections and editorial conduct of the Age. We are "cast down, but not dismayed."

For Twenty-Five Cents we will send the Age to any person not at present a subscriber, for the term of *three months*.—Will those of our friends who would like to see the circulation and influence of the Age extended, use a little personal exertion towards that end. To the many friends who *have* done this already, and who have been pleased to compliment the appearance and tone of the Age, we are deeply grateful, and shall labor harder than we have been yet permitted to do, to obviate many of its "sins of omission."

Foreign News.

The foreign news is quite interesting. Lord Cowley and Count Walewski had been commissioned to arrange the terms of co-operation between England and France in carrying on the Chinese war, and great preparations were being made in England.

France is to join Spain in the expedition against the Moors.

The government of Tuscany has notified the plenipotentiaries of the Grand Duke to evacuate the palace within three days, and that in case of non-compliance the property of the Grand Duke would be confiscated.

The Pope, by our last accounts at the point of death, is reported to be perfectly recovered.

A conspiracy against the Sultan of Turkey has been discovered, and a large number of the conspirators have been arrested.

The reported capture of Schamyl, the Circassian hero, by the Russians, is confirmed.

Dates from Venzuela, are to the 16th ult. The French charge d'affaires had been sent out of the country for being implicated in the late revolution The government was everywhere victorious.

The London Morning Herald gives prominence to the following paragraphs:

We have reason to believe that a definitive treaty of peace will soon be concluded at Zurich. It will, however, bear signatures of only two Powers —France and Austria. The preliminaries of Villafranca will be strictly maintained, as to the relations between Austria and Sardinia.

We learn from Vienna that the preliminaries of Villafranca will serve as a guide for the conduct of Austria.

A Berne telegram says a courier from Vienna reached Zurich with instruction to draw up a treaty of peace, and a document for the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia. No allusion is made to the Duchies.

It was hoped that the peace treaty would be signed in a few days.

The screw steamer Fox, Capt. McClintock, sent by Lady Franklin to the Arctic regions in search of traces of the Franklin expedition, returned to England, having been completely successful. At Point Williams, on the north-west coast of King Williams' Island, a record was found dated April 25th, 1848, signed by Captain Crosier and Fitz James. The Record says the Erebus and Terror were abandoned three days previously in the ice, five leagues to the N. N. W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105, were proceeding to Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died June 11th, 1847, and the total deaths to date had been 9 officers and 15 men. Many deeply interesting personal relics of the expedition were found on the western shore of King William's Island, and others obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that after the abandonment, one ship was crushed in the ice and sunk, and the other forced on the shore where she remains

The Fox, unable to penetrate beyond Bellot Straits, wintered in Brentford Bay, and the search, as including the estuary of Great Fish River, and the discovery of 800 miles of the coast line. uniting with former explorations as was performed by the Sledge journeys during last spring, minute and interesting details of the expedition are published.

Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, &c., and a duplicate record up to the abandonment of the ships, were discovered.

The American occupation of the Island of San Juan, attracts considerable attention in the journals.

The Times editorially states the facts of the case, and says fortunately the affair is in good hands, and we trust there can be no reason to doubt the Governments of the two countries will proceed to the decision in the same spirit of moderation and equity by which their views of the question have hitherto been characterized.

The London Post also again refers to the subject, and says if the importance of San Juan to the two countries be considered, there can be no doubt its possession by England may be said to be absolutely necessary to the security of British Columbia. It thinks the Government at Washington can have nothing to gain by adopting the violent and unjustifiable proceeding of Harney.

Thirty of the crew of the Great Eastern have been arrested and tried at Weymouth for mutinous conduct in refusing to wash the decks when ordered. They were imprisoned for a fortnight with hard labor. The two ringleaders being sentenced for three weeks, and a month respectively. The evidence showed the ship's crew far from being complete.

The English journals strongly denounce the incomplete and hurried manner in which the ship was sent to sea.

Vague rumors had been current that her first voyage would be postponed till next year, and that in the interim she would be exhibited at the principal ports in the kingdom. This is authoritatively contradicted, and she is still advertised to leave Holyhead for Portland, U. S., on the 20th of October.

A meeting was held in Manchester to hear from Rourne an exposition of the origin and ob- of the society formed in the United States anting colonies in Central and other portion a, with the view of civilizing that region moting the growth of cotton. Resolu- proving the movement and pledging its as adopted.

Paris rumor was to the effect that there is to be no Chinese expedition; that the head of the Peiho Mandarians had been proffered in atonement, coupled with promises of all satisfaction required, and that Ambassadors would be immediately received at Pekin.

The Times correspondent again draws attention to the great activity in the French dock yards, and states he has been assured there are now building or under orders to be built, twenty ships of the line, ten of the very largest size, and others of inferior calibre, all strictly fighting ships, steel plated, and provided with iron beaks or prows.

The Sardinian government has adressed circulars to the great powers, denying the reported cession of Savoy to France.

The Sardinian government is also said to have protested to the great powers against the secret aid afforded by Austria, in recruiting soldiers for the Pope.

LATEST.—The Pope remained in a very alarming state, and Cardinal Antonnelli declared him unfit to attend to public affairs.

The official journal of Berlin says the health of the King af Prussia has again become worse.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says Cherbourg is about to be armed completely on a war footing, rifled cannon being provided for all its batteries.

The steamer Indian arrived off Farther Poin on the 10th inst.. with later dates to the 28th, ult

Repairs on the Great Eastern were going actively forward at Portland, but it was considered doubtful whether the ship could be got ready for sea during the month of October. Fittings and all matters connected with her sea going equipments had been placed in the hands of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and it was supposed this would increase the delay. It was thought probable that in a few days the ship would proceed to Southampton for the convenience of receiving materials from London, and for the gratification of excursionists who continued to visit her in thousands.

It is stated that the Conference at Zurich was again progressing.

Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the task of the plenipotentiaries has been diminished by despatches from Vienna, and it is believed the Conference will be terminated in a few days unless fresh instructions should be received.

Bey of Tunis died on the 22d of September. The presumptive heir, Sidi Sadok, has been installed as his successor. Tranquility was maintained.

The China mail, with dates from Hong Kong to Aug. 10, reached London.

One of the Hong Kong newspapers states, that Ward, the American Plenipotentiary, was still on board his ship, and as little likely to obtain the ratification of his treaty, as the English minister. Another journal speaks of the probability of his having gone on to Pekin; and a Russian despatch, published at St. Petersburg, says he arrived at Pekin, but he was kept in confinement.

Russian authority also states that the loss of the Chinese in the affair at the Peiho forts was 1000 killed; the number wounded not stated.

In Japan affairs assumed a very unsatisfactory position. On the 11th of July the treaty was duly ratified. Since then the Japanese government attempted to evade it by seeking to confine foreigners to a small island about ten miles from Yeddo. They further sought to establish new coin as the only one to be used in commercial dealings with foreigners, although according to treaty, foreign coins were to be received at intrinsic value.

Summary of News.

The California news is interesting to politicians. The State election which came off on the 7th ult. resulted in the choice of the Lecompton Democratic candidate for Governor by a large majority, estimated at 20,000. The Congressional candidates are in doubt, as yet. The entire Lecompton Democratic State ticket is elected by an immense majority. The Legislature is largely Democratic. Latest advices at St. Louis reported a duel between Messrs. Broderick and Terry, resulting fatally to the latter.

The tight-rope performer, De Lave, had a narrow escape from death by falling from his rope, at Rochester, by attempting to carry a person across on his back. Both were saved, but the authorities have forbidden any more such exhibitions.

The Coroner's Jury, as we have already stated, failed to fix the responsibility for the accident on board the *Great Eastern* upon any one. It was caused, unquestionably, by negligence, on the part of the person in charge of the paddle engines —but who *that* was no one seems to know. Mr. DICKSON, the managing Engineer, testified at the inquest that, as to the paddle engines, he "never gave any order, or received any, in connection with their working;" and Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL swore that, "during the trial trip, the paddle engines were not in any way under my control or superintendence." A Mr. DILLON writes to the *Times* giving both of these statements a flat contradiction. He states that he was on board the steamer, and repeatedly *saw* Mr. DICKSON "actively engaged in giving orders and directions in the paddle-engine room;" and that Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL was on the paddle-box bridge during the greater part of the trip, actually in charge of the signal indicators by which orders are transmitted to the engineers below; he also from time to time sent his son, who stood beneath him, to the engine-room with orders." These are explicit contradictions,—and of course leave the whole matter in doubt.

At the St. Louis fair, about twenty-five horses and sulkies were flying round the ring, when one of the horses took fright, and bounding against several other horses, a general panic seized upon the equine collection. Gigs were smashed to splinters; drivers were hurled headlong from their seats to the ground and run over; some of them held on to their reins, and were dragged along; one or two got caught with their feet in the wheels, and were hurled about in a frightful manner.—Some of the horses attempted to jump over the railing among the frightened spectators; others plunged madly for the entrance and exit places, and dashed their vehicles to pieces against the sides of the passage way, while a general kicking and squealing among the horses, and the shouts of the crowd of spectators, added to the excitement of the scene. In five minutes it was all over, and horses, men and gigs had cleared the ring. Strange to tell, no one was killed, though several received contusions, and few escaped without bloody faces or soiled and torn garments.

The workmen at Colt's pistol factory, Hartford, Ct., are on a "strike" because their wages have been reduced 30 per cent. Don't blame 'em much!

The Governor of New York has followed the example of the Governor of New Hampshire, and appointed his Thanksgiving for November 24th.—Why should not all the States, that are sufficiently civilized for the institution, have it on the same day?

The National American State Central Committee of Massachusetts, met on Friday and voted that it was inexpedient to make any nominations for State officers for the next election. There was a larger attendance of the Committee than at any previous meeting for the last year.

Schamyl has really been grabbed by the Russians, who are actually making much headway in the East. We thought the story was a hoax.—They will have to find a St. Helena for him.

A tremendously large bed of oysters, said to be three or four miles square, was discovered, a few days since, off Huntington, Long Island, by a party of fishermen from Norwalk, Ct. The value of the *placer* is said to be more than a million of dollars. A hundred boats or more were on Saturday busily at work diminishing the value of this discovery as rapidly as hands could work. All kinds of implements for the capture of these strangers, which are said to vary in size from large to gigantic, have been sent for from Fair Haven and the other centres of the oyster trade.

The Portlanders, not satisfied with the (distant) prospect of having the Great Eastern in their harbor, are exulting over the idea that the Winans' or cigar shaped steamer will also be present to add to the high-pressure of attractions. The Portland *Advertiser* says, "we learn from a gentleman who recently saw Mr. Winans, that he mentioned it as his intention to make a trip to Portland on the arrival of the Great Eastern, in which case, as the *Sun* says, our harbor would be the receptacle of two of the greatest wonders of the marine world."

According to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, it is said by Col. Forney's personal friends that he has consented to be supported by his Anti-Lecompton Democratic friends for the Clerkship, with the understanding that they will go with the Republicans for Speaker, the latter, of course, to vote for Col. F. He does not expect approval by Judge Douglas.

Horace Greeley reached home during the night of the 16th. It is stated that in the spring he promised to deliver an agricultural address in Wyoming county on the 28th, "if he was alive." To keep his promise, he took the cars immediately on his landing—not even taking time to visit his family. He delivered his promised address at the appointed hour.

By the overland mail at St. Louis, we have advices from California of the 16th ult. Senator Broderick was killed in a duel with Chief Justice Terry on the morning of the 13th. He was shot through the lungs, and lingered in intense agony until he died. The event created great sensation.

The editor of the Bath Times says that at the time Judge Terry was in the hands of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, when he anticipated a speedy settlement of his accounts here on earth by the summary sentence of Judge Lynch, Broderick personally interposed to save him from death.

Steamer "Vanderbilt" of the New York and Stonington line, while racing with the "Connecticut," ran into a schooner in Hurl Gate, and was forced on to Flood Rock, sustaining a damage of $10,000.

From the town of Milton, Ulster County, N. Y., there were 305,032 baskets of raspberries sent to New York the present season, at an average of five cents per basket, realizing $10,801.60.

Anthony Reybold, of Delaware, owns in Sassafras Neck, Ind., a peach orchard of 650 acres. His sales this season will amount to about $40,000.

The oil spring, lately discovered at Titusville, Pa., is described by the correspondent of the New York Tribune as yielding 500 gallons of crude oil a day. The supply does not seem to be affected by the quantity that is taken ou'.

This and That.

A Connecticut editor, having got into a controversy with a contemporary, congratulated himself that his head was safe from 'a donkey's heels.' His contemporary astutely inferred from this that he was unable to make both ends meet.'

The Newburyport Herald says it is reported that the Boston and Maine Railroad have leased the Georgetown for a hundred years. They have probably done it in connection with the Eastern.

A *Revue Spirite*, containing reports of table-turning, spirit-rapping, and other like manifestations, has been recently established at Paris.

Our Southern friends are under the impression that, if a genuine Yankee were to meet Death on the pale horse, he would banter with him for a trade.

Dr. Jewett has left with the *Boston Traveller* an ounce or two of fine starch, extracted from only eight horse-chestnuts, picked up in the street. The experiment shows this nut to be so abundant in starch that it may readily be turned to valuable account.

The New York Common Council have adopted a resolution looking to the extinguishment of the notorious "Five Points" and the substitution of a public park.

"What wise compensation Providence does afford," exclaimed a pretty belle during the gale Wednesday: "The same wind that musses our crinoline, blows dust in the eyes of wicked young men who would take advantage of our admirable confusion."

The Cataract engine company of Clinton, which won a prize of $150 at the Manchester muster, have deposited $100 for the benefit of unfortunate members, and devoted $50 to the improvement of their house.

A statement was made at a late Convention of the Congregational clergymen of New Hampshire, that *not one pastor in the whole Convention used tobacco.*

Wife and I were looking at some pictures in which little naked angels were quite conspicuous. She called the attention of our wee daughter to them and remarked:

"Lizzy, dear, if you are a good girl, and go to heaven, you will be like those little angels."

Lizzy looked up with a lip that told at once that she did not appreciate the promise, and said—

"I want to be better dressed than that when I go to heaven."

We see it stated that the first locomotive run in Egypt used mummies for fuel, making a very hot fire. The supply of mummies is said to be almost inexaustible, and are used by the cord.

The English having politely offered to take French troops to China, the French as politely declined the favor. They wish, they say, to train their own shipping. That's a hint and a broad one, too.

Senator Douglas has received a valuable present lately. The Washington States says: Miss Ellen Douglas received to-day a most hearty welcome from those who had the extreme pleasure of making her acquaintance. We congratulate the House of Douglas on the introduction of this new heir.

An irascible gentleman was taken with sneezing in the cars lately. After sneezing in the most spasmodic manner eight times, he arrested the paroxysm for a moment, and extricating his handkerchief, he thus addressed his nasal organ, indignantly saying: "Oh! go on—go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

A Methodist minister, belonging at Lynn, has been detected in taking books from a bookstore in Boston without paying for them. During his last visit, he was caught in the act, charged with the crime, confessed, and has sent to the firm a package of books valued at $5, previously stolen.

At a meeting of the Boston Natural History Society, Dr. Brewer presented to the Society a humming bird killed by the severe frosts of last month.

The Texas Printer has a challenge for a spelling match, for $500, in behalf of a little boy 7 years old. The challenge is made by the teacher. It is open to all competitors in the United States, of the same age and time at school.

A servant girl fell from an attic window, in Wheeling, on Monday last, and though the hight was forty feet, she suffered little or no injury. She came down like a parachute—hoops saved her.

In Weaverville, California, a tax-collector called upon a Chinaman for his taxes. Not having the "spelter" about him, the celestia was shot dead by the collector, who said he "couldn't be bothered running after them John's so all the time."

The young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears that she will have to walk back again.

At Hickman, Kentucky, two desperate men named Hedgefoot and Smith, who had frequent quarrels, met near a wood, both being armed. Hedgefoot told Smith to prepare to be shot, discharged his gun in his stomach, and dodged behind a tree. Smith unable to stand, wilted and waited. In about five minutes, Hedgefoot looked out to see if he was dead, and Smith put a load through his head, killing him instantly. Smith died next day. That finished up the affair very effectually.

A Mr. Fisher, of Patterson, N. J., has constructed a steam carriage, which promises excellently. A few days since, he steamed to Acquaokunouk, on the common road. Twelve passengers were on board, and the carriage went, on the level, fifteen miles an hour. One mile was run in three minutes. The builder does not doubt that, when completed, the carriage will run anywhere.

Five years since, a farmer in Illinois, notwithstanding all his neighbors insisted he was playing the fool, set out on his farm one thousand peach trees, and this season he was offered ten thousand dollars for the crop, which he afterwards sold in the lot for fourteen thousand dollars.

A pathetic ballad describes the sad fate of two lovers, Reuben Wright and Phoebe Brown, whose mutual affection was not approved by the parents of the young lady. The lovers determined to elope. The old gentleman seizing his gun, attempted to shoot the young man, but the charge took effect on the daughter. The catastrophe is thus pathetically described:

"Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
And vengeance crazed his brain;
He drew an awful jackknife out
and plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty times,
So it is very doubtful about his ever coming to again."

At St. Joseph, Michigan, there is a peach orchard covering only five acres of ground, from which the owner has already sold, this year, over nine thousand dollars' worth of peaches.

The editor of the Amherst, N. H., Cabinet, has a mare of the Messenger stock, which is thirty-seven years of age, and yet lively and smooth as a colt.

The photographic process has been lately employed to take copies of the inaccessible inscriptions on the rocks near Mount Sinai, which extend for miles. As these photographs admit of indefinite expansion under the microscope these inscriptions will now be read.

THE LECTURES OF MRS. HATCH.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch delivered two addresses on Sunday, at Norombega Hall, upon topics of a religious nature. The house was crowded upon each occasion—numerous hearers being drawn by the fame of the lady's eloquence, of which she seems to be eminently worthy. She claims, however, to speak by inspiration of spirits who are out of the flesh. In regard to this we pretend not to judge—but in the use of language she is certainly equalled by few mortals in the form. The beauty and force of her expressions, the astonishing flow of her ideas, and of words fitting thereto, and the readiness and propriety with which any and all questions are answered, are certainly most remarkable for a person in the normal condition, particularly for a lady who is said to have had no special advantages of education. There have been some instances, but not many, of a similar development. The lectures were reported, we understand, by a competent phonographer, and will be published.

Mrs Hatch left for Boston yesterday morning, and is to lecture at Worcester, to-morrow evening, we believe.—[Bangor Whig.

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.

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.

The expense of running the Caloric Engine used in printing the Cincinnati Penny Press has been for six months but $15, while that of steam, with the necessary help for the same time, would have cost upwards of $400.

☞Our poetical department is a "minus quantity" this week, as we have not the type to put it in.

(Concluded from page 3.)

matter was, wished to treat it as a joke, the lawyer was too outrageous to treat it any way but in earnest, while Tom strove to deny it to Mrs. Agatha.

"There's nothing in it, dear aunt," he pleaded; don't you believe any of them."

"But Miss Freer affirms that she caught you kissing her sister," persisted Mrs. Agatha.—"How do you account for that?"

"I'm sure I don't know how it is to be accounted for,' answered Tom, demurely. 'I believe I must have dropped asleep with my eyes open, and done it in a dream. I was sitting there, waiting for the lawyer to come in, and had got tired to death.

Mrs. Agatha was staggered. She had not much faith in these sort of dreams, but she had great faith in Tom's word.

"Kissing is very bad, Thomas," she observed, doubtingly.

"It's shocking," promptly answered Thomas. "You cannot believe, ma'am, I should be guilty of it—awake. Never tried to kiss any young lady in all my life—except my sisters."

Not, however, to his father and Mr. Freer did Thomas Elliot make a similar defence.—To them he told the truth boldly—that he was in love with the young lady, and meant to marry her if she would wait for him.

His impudence struck Lawyer Freer speechless. "Sir," he stuttered to the parson, when his tongue came to him, "I insist upon it that you find means to stop this presumption of your son's. You are a clergyman, sir, and must feel that it is a disgrace to him, to my family, and to the age we live in."

"I'll talk to him," responded the parson, meekly. "I am sure he will hear reason."

So he took his graceless heir all alone into the bedroom of the hotel where he had put up, and did "talk" to him. But Tom remained as hard as flint, protesting that no father had a right to control his son in the choice of a wife.

"You will find they have," angrily replied Mr. Elliot, provoked to warmth. "I forbid you—do you hear me?—I *forbid* you to think any more of this."

"I shall be sure to marry her in the end, if it's twenty years to come," persisted Tom. "I have told her so."

"At your peril," uttered Mr. Elliot—"at the peril of disobedience. And deliberate disobedience to a father never goes unpunished, remember."

"I'll risk the punishment if ever I get the luck," dutifully concluded Mr. Tom, to himself.

The Reverend Mr. Elliot returned to his home, and matters went on quietly for a week or two—Tom finding no opportunity of seeing Louisa, except on Sundays, when he went to St. Luke's, which was Mr. Freer's parish church, and enshrined himself in a pew within view of the lawyer's, always telling Mrs. Agatha, who expected him to go to church with her, that there was an unusual press of in-door patients at the infirmary. Meanwhile the affair was talked of abroad, and a country squire, who was intimate with the attorney's family, and very much admired Louisa, came forward when he heard of it, and made her an offer, fearing he might lose her. All the blame, be it observed, was laid by everybody upon Tom Elliot; Louisa got none. The proposal was complacently received by Lawyer Freer, for it was a first-rate match for his daughter. He, like others, had not cast much reproach at Louisa, his indignation being concentrated on the audacious infirmary pupil: and now that the intimacy between the two was broken off, the lawyer concluded that the affair was at an end, and so dismissed it from his mind.

"If I could have chosen from all the county for you, Louisa, I should have fixed on Turnbull," observed the lawyer to his daughters.—"What do you say, Clara?"

Clara said nothing; she was sulky and cross. She considered herself much handsomer than that chit Louisa, yet all the offers were going to her.

"His rent-roll is two thousand a year, all clear and unencumbered. I had the settlement of affairs last year, at his father's death. You are a lucky child."

"I should not like to live in the country," timidly remarked Lousia, not daring to make any more formidable obstacle.

"Not like—what, raise an objection to Turnbull Park! There's not a prettier spot—for its size—in all the country!" cried the attorney. "I wish *I* had the chance of living there."

"If Mr. Thomas Elliot were its owner, we might hear less of objection to 'living in the country,'" *very* spitefully exclaimed Miss Freer.

"Thomas Elliot!" repeated the lawyer, "hang Thomas Elliot." He looked inquiringly from one to the other: Clara's face was pale and severe, Lousia's burning. "Harkee, young ladies," he said, "we will dispense with the naming of that person in future. Had not Lousia given him up, I would have discarded her in disgrace. I would on my solemn word.—Squire Turnbull dines here to-morrow, Clara. Let the dinner be handsome."

Once more were the pupils assembled in a private sanctum of the infirmary. Their pots of porter were absent, but their careless jokes were not,

"He is late this morning," observed Jones.—"Won't we have a shy at him when he comes?"

"I wonder if he knows it?"

"Not yet," answered little Dobbs; I'll bet two bobs to one he doesn't. It was only through my aunt Blake drinking tea there last night, that it came out."

At this moment Tom Elliot entered, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Well, Elliot," little Dobbs cried, "have you heard the news?"

"I've heard no news."

"About a friend of yours," Davis interposed, going to be married?"

Mr. Elliot puffed on apathetically, and made no reply.

"I say, Elliot," began Jones, again, "do you know Turnbull?"

"I don't know any Turnbull," responded Tom, who, as little Dobbs phrased it, seemed "cranky" that morning.

"Turnbull of Turnbull Park. Drives iron-gray horses in his drag?"

"O, that lot! A short, stout cove, looks a candidate for appolexy. Splendid cattle they are."

"He's going into the matrimonial noose, Elliot."

"He may go into another noose if he likes. Who called him a friend of mine?"

"No, the lady's your friend. A clipper she is, too."

"Only Elliot does not think so. O, no, not at all," cried Mr. Dobbs.

"Come Elliot," Davis said, "guess who Turnbull's going to splice with?"

"You, perhaps," was the sulky answer.

"I'll bet he *has* heard it," grinned Davis, "he is so savage. It's your prize, little Loo Freer."

"What," shrieked Elliot.

"Squire Turnbull marries Louisa Freer.—Settlements are being drawn up, and wedding-dresses made."

"A lie!" shouted Elliot.

"It's not," interrupted Jones; it's true.—Dobbs' family have had the official announcement, and——"

They were interrupted by a low whistle from Davis. "Silence, boys. I hear Dicks coming down stairs."

Now I am not going to defend either Mr. Tom Elliot or Miss Louisa Freer. On the contrary, they deserve all the reproach that can be cast at them. They took alarm at the advances of Squire Turnbull, and planned a runaway marriage; though how they contrived to meet and consult, was a matter of wonder, afterwards, to Nearford. It probably appeared to both as the only certain way of extricating Louisa, but a more lamentably imprudent step was never taken.

Prudence, however, was no concern of Tom Elliot's; all he cared for was to get it accomplished, and he went to work in a daring and unusual way. He determined to marry her in her own parish church, and he ran up to London by the night mail, procured a license, and brought a confidential friend down with him, who entered with gusto into the secret, and enjoyed the fun. The incumbent of St. Luke's, a bachelor, and still a young man, was as much fitted for a parson as I am. He was given to following the hounds more than following his parishoners, was fond of gentleman's after-dinner society, but painfully awkward and nervous in the presence of ladies; good natured, unsuspicious, the very man to be imposed upon by Tom Elliot.

III.

Nearford assizes came on. And late on the evening of the first day, Monday, a confidential note from Laywer Freer was delivered to the Reverend Simon Whistler, calling upon him to perform the marriage ceremony between his youngest daughter, and Mr. Thomas Elliot, the following morning at ten.

Mr. Freer added a request that the matter might be kept strictly secret, for reasons of which he would himself inform him when they met the following day. Now, if the Reverend Simon had an objection to perform one part of his clerical duties, it was that of tying the nuptial knot. Baptisms he did not mind, burials he was quite at home in, but a gay wedding was his aversion, for the ladies and their fine clothes scared all his nerves, and set them shaking. So he groaned aloud when he read the lawyer's letter, but was forced to resign himself to what there was no help for.

On Tuesday morning, at twenty-five minutes past nine precisely, Lawyer Freer burst into the town-hall in the wake of two counsellors, specially retained for Mrs. Agatha Needham. That lady herself, escorted by her nephew, and accompanied by several maiden friends, also arrived, just as the learned baron who presided at *Nisi Prius*, took his seat. With difficulty places were found for Mrs. Needham's party, for the court was crammed, all the town being anxious to hear the great cause tried.

"And now, dear aunt, as you are comfortably fixed, I'll be off to the infirmary for an hour. It's my day to go round the wards with the surgeons."

"Why, Thomas!" uttered Mrs. Agatha, "you'll never think of leaving us unprotected. Mr. Dicks will excuse you on so important an occasion as this. Those gentlemen in wigs are staring here very unpleasantly already.—How extremely ugly they are!"

"Staring, are they!" cried Tom, in his off-hand manner. 'I'll go and stop that. Just one moment, aunt, you'll take no harm. Back in a brace of shakes."

At ten o'clock the Reverend Mr. Whistler was in St. Luke's vestry, putting on his surplice. He had not to wait long for the wedding party. It consisted only of Mr. Elliot, Louisa Freer, (in her every-day clothes, and a thick black veil,) and a strange gentleman as groomsman.

'This is sadly unfortunate, Mr. Whistler,' began Tom. 'My aunt's case is on, and everybody's at it. Mrs. Agatha is in court, Miss Freer, and other witnesses. Mr. Freer of course is obliged to be there. He's excessively annoyed, charged me with his compliments to you, and trusts that his absence would make no essential difference.'

The parson bowed, inwardly blessing the great cause, 'Newcome versus Needham.' He had anticipated a string of ladies as long as the aisle, with a proportionate show of veils and feathers. He never performed the marriage service so glibly in his life—and he thought he had never seen a bride tremble so violently.

The fees were paid, the register signed, and the parties left the church. At the entrance, which was situated, like the church, in an obscure neighborhood, stood a post-chaise and four. Mr. Tom Elliot, clearing a way through the collection of young nurses and infants there assembled, placed his bride in it, followed her in, banged-to the door, and off dashed the post-boy at a gallop.

'Never accomplished a feat more cleverly in my life,' chuckled Tom. 'Loo, my darling, all the fathers in Christendom shan't separate us now.'

The stranger, meanwhile, after watching the chaise fairly away, returned to the vestry, and addressed the clergyman.

'Mr Freer's compliments, sir, and he begs you will be at the house at seven to-night to celebrate the wedding.'

Mr. Whistler replied in the affirmative, though not without hesitation. He had a horror of evening parties, and concluded this was nothing less than a dance. But he did not like to refuse on such an occasion.

It was seven that evening when Mr. Freer returned home, having snatched a hasty dinner off a pocket sandwich in the guildhall.—Clara had got tea ready on the table, with a nice ham, for she knew what her father's dinners on assize days were.

'Well, papa,' she said, 'is it over?' How's the verdict?'

'For Miss Needham, of course,' replied Lawyer Freer, throwing aside his wig and bag, for he was addicted, when fatigued, to sitting in private life in his bald head. 'I knew we should have it. There was a clapping of hands in court when it was delivered. Just get me my slippers, Clara. Where's your sister?'

'She went out after breakfast. Telling Nancy she was going to court with Mrs. Stevens, and might not be at home till late.'

'Told Nancy she was going into court!' repeated the amazed lawyer, pausing in the act of pulling off his boots. 'My daughter to appear in a public assize court!' If Squire Turnbull should hear——Good Heavens, Louise must be out of her mind. And where were my eyes that I did not see her? Ring the bell, Clara.'

'I thought it very extraordinary, papa,' rejoined Clara, not sorry to get her sister into a row.

'Nancy,' cried the lawyer in a fume, when the housemaid appeared, 'go instantly to Mrs. Stevens! Ask to speak with Miss Louisa, and tell her it is my desire that she return home with you immediately. Stay—call at Ford's and take a fly; go in it and return in it. A pretty night, assize-night is, for women to be in the streets,' muttered the discomfited lawyer.

No sooner had Nancy departed than there came a rat-tat-tat on the street-door, and in walked the Rev. Mr. Whistler, ushered in by the cook, who, to her own mortification, happened that day, of all days in the year, not to have 'cleaned' herself. The lawyer started, and Clara stared, for the parson had arrayed himself in evening attire, white kid gloves, silk stockings, tights and pumps. He went all over as red as his hunting-coat, and sat down dreadfully embarrassed, feeling convinced that he had mistaken the night, and ready to swear—if he had not been a parson—at his own stupidity. Clara asked if he would take a cup of tea, and he stammered that he would, though he hated tea like poison.

'You must allow me to congratulate you, sir,' he began, believing that he was expected to say something about the wedding, and clearing his throat to help overcome his diffidence. 'I am sorry not to have had that pleasure this morning.'

Lawyer Freer knew of no cause for congratulation save the verdict in favor of Mrs. Agatha Needham. 'Thank you,' he said, 'it is not a pleasant thing to lose a cause.'

The parson expected his host to say daughter, and if the word sounded to his ear like cause, he attributed it to his own bewilderment.

"Indeed it is not," answered the parson. "I remember when my sister was married, my mother and the bridesmaids cried all day."

The attorney looked up with undisguised astonishment, and Miss Freer was certainly laughing. He felt sure it was at those wretched tights, and pushed his legs under his chair, as far as he could, without over-balancing himself.

"Were you amused in court to-day?" was his next question, addressing Miss Freer.

"In court! I!" cried Clara.

"It was her sister who went," broke in the lawyer—"my youngest daughter. Clara would not have acted so indiscreetly. Louisa's not come home yet."

"Your youngest daughter went to the hall to-day!" echoed the clergyman, staring in his turn. "That is rather—rather uncommon—is it not?"

"Uncommon? It's unpardonable."

"And Mr. Elliot. Was he there too?"

"Mr. Elliot!" roared the attorney, firing at the name, "I don't know anything about Mr. Elliot. What's Mr. Elliot to me?"

"A—a—a—no quarrel, or misunderstanding, I hope, since the morning?" cried the parson, hopelessly mystified.

"Not that *I* am aware of, sir," coldly answered the offended attorney.

"I supposed they were leaving the town to-day," returned Mr. Whistler. "Indeed, I believed they had left it."

Mr. Freer considered, and concluding that "they" must have reference to the learned judges, he made no remark.

At that moment the cook put her head into the room. "Mrs. Agatha Needham's compliments—she was sorry to trouble Mr. Freer on the subject, but did he know anything of her nephew? He had left her in a mysterious way in the morning, as soon as she got into court, and nothing had been heard or seen of him since."

"I know nothing of him," growled the lawyer—"*nothing*. My respects to Mrs. Needham herself."

Before the cook could turn away with the message, a fly was heard rattling up to the door, and in came Nancy. "Mrs. Stevens kind regards to Mr. and Miss Freer: she had been at home all day, but Miss Louisa had not called. The lawyer was seriously disturbed now.

"You may rely upon it, sir," interposed the clergyman, "that there is some misunderstanding, and they are gone."

"Gone! who gone? gone where?" said the host, in agitation. "Were your mind in a sane state, you should be brought to account for your vile insinuations."

"You appear to take me for a madman, sir, but I think, if anybody's mad, it's yourself," retorted the clergyman, growing more perplexed with every sentence. "I have not insinuated a breath against your daughter. But what more natural than that she should leave town with her husband?"

"And pray, sir," Mr. Freer cried, with forced calmness, "as you say my daughter has got a husband, perhaps you will inform me when she was married, and who married her?"

"Why *I* married her, sir: married her this morning to Mr. Tom Elliot. Married them at your own request, sir."

Lawyer Freer sat down in a chair, and broke out into a white heat.

"What do you suppose, sir, brought me here to-night, in these kick-shaw things," cried the unhappy parson, "but your own invitation to celebrate their marriage?"

"O, papa," screamed Clara, "I see it all!—Tom Elliot and Louisa are married."

"Married, Miss Freer, what should hinder them? Here's your papa's note—'Mr. Freer presents his compliments,' and so on—requesting me to perform the ceremony at ten this morning, which I did," said Mr. Whistler, thrusting his hands into his pockets for the note. Alas! he was in momentary oblivion of having sported the uncomfortable tights: the note was in the pantaloons he had left at home.

Clara Freer went off into strong hysterics, and the lawyer into an explosion of stronger expletives. The clergyman came in for his share of the latter. Mr. Freer insisting that he ought to have ascertained whether the note really came from him, before marrying a child like Louisa to a graceless medical student.

"How could I suspect anything wrong?" humbly deprecated the Reverend Simon.—"The handwriting was like a lawyer's, and of course I thought it was yours. I heard sometime ago that Mr. Elliot was paying his addresses to one of your daughters, so that when the note came, it seemed a natural sequence.—I am very sorry now, and would join in undoing the wedding if I could. Is it any use following them? I'll go in pursuit for one, if you like, sir. My hunter's as fresh as a daisy to-night."

"Pursuit," reiterated the irritated lawyer Freer. "Eight o'clock at night, and ten hours' start! what use do you think pursuit would be, now? And I would advise you, sir, as a lawyer: not to countenance these clandestine matches in future, or your bishop may stop your power to perform them, in a way you won't like."

"I wish he would," answered the brow-beat parson—"I wish he'd unlicense St. Luke's for marriages. I'd rather do fifty funerals, all in day, than one wedding. I would indeed."

So Mr. Elliot got clear off with his prize.

The Congressional Candidate.—Several years ago, while the Hon. T. L. J——represented this District in Congress, the Democracy nominated Joe Hennen as their candidate against him. The rivals were not more unlike politically than in appearance, habits, and manners. The one was tall, sedate, dressy; while Joe was short, indifferent to "store clothes," unstudied in manner, and full of fun.

During the canvass, Joe happening to be in Cincinnati, discovered from the morning papers that his rival had also paid the city a visit, and was at the old Broadway House. Desiring to do the polite, Hennen called to see him, without paying much attention to his toilet—looking rather seedy for a congressional candidate. Stepping up to the bar he looked over the register, and remarked to Captain Cromwell, the proprietor, who happened to be behind it,

"I see, sir, that my friend Hon. T. L. J——, is stopping with you. Is he in, sir?"

"Y-a-a-s, sir, I believe so," answered the landlord, slowly, eyeing Joe from head to foot.

"I should like to see him, sir. Will you be good enough to direct me to his room?"

"Yes, sir," said the Captain, still looking hard at him. "I will send one of the servants to show you up;" and he took hold of a bell-pull.

"No, no, sir! don't put yourself to the trouble. Give me the number of his room and direction, and I can find it myself."

"Number 71, sir, third floor; turn to the left at the landing."

And so furnished with the direction, he leisurely strolled off to find his friend in No. 71.

At the landing on the third floor, not used to speaking tubes, he was startled by a mysterious voice, unintelligible to him, which seemed to well up from the floor of the hall. A strapping big Irishman, who was sweeping near by, sprang to a tin tube protruding from the wall, and placing his mouth to it, bawled out,

"Ay, ay, sir! what is it?"

Joe listened in wonder, and this time picked out the words from the thickened and deadened answer which rolled up from the bar-room:

"*L-o-a-f-er on third floor! w-a-t-c-h h-i-m!*"

Joe immediately prosecuted his search for No. 71, the big Irishman's broom touching his heels at every step, and the big Irishman's eyes fastened on him like a cat's upon a devoted mouse. No. 71 was found, but the gentleman was not in; and Joe and the Irishman, maintaining their relative positions, returned down stairs, through the sitting-room, bar-room, and into the street—our friend being literally swept out of the Broadway.—[Harper's Monthly.

St. Paul.—How do you like the character of St. Paul? asked a *parson* of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know: for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE.

MR. HADDOCK'S ACCOUNT.

Mr. John A. Haddock, the companion of Mr. La Mountain in his late perilous aerial voyage, publishes a lengthy account of the trip, its pleasures, vicissitudes, hardships and their final deliverance from an awful fate, in the Watertown (N. Y.) *Reformer*, from which we select the following paragraphs:

At 37 minutes before 6 P. M, the glad words "all aboard" were heard from Mr. La Mountain, and myself and that distinguished aeronaut stepped into the car. Many were the friendly hands he shook—many a fervent "God-bless you" and "happy voyage" were uttered—and many handkerchiefs waved their mute adieu. * * * * *

In an instant all minor sounds of earth had ceased, and we were lifted into a silent sphere, whose shores were without an echo, their silence equaled only by that of the grave. Not the least feeling of trepidation was experienced—an extraordinary elation took possession of my soul, and fear was as far removed as though I had been sitting in my own room at home.

As we rose into the light fleecy clouds, they looked between us and the earth like patches of snow we see lying upon the landscape in Spring time; but when we rose a little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold white masses below us had precisely the same look that a mountainous snow covered country does as you look down upon it from a higher mountain. In six minutes we were far above all the clouds, and the sun and we were face to face. We saw the time after that when his face looked very fair to us. In eight minutes after leaving the earth, the thermometer showed a fall of 24 degrees. It stood 84 when we left. The balloon rotated a good deal, showing that she was ascending with great rapidity.

At 5:48 the thermometer stood at 42, and falling very fast. At 5:50 we were at least two miles high—thermometer 34. The unpleasant ringing sensation had now become painful, and I filled both ears with cotton. This made my head feel a good deal as a very large hollow pumpkin my be supposed to, with a humming bird buzzing upon its surface—a comparison with which, doubtless, many who read this account will hardly quarrel. At 5:25 we put on our gloves and shawls—thermometer 32. The wet sand bags now became stiff and cold—they were frozen.—Ascending very rapidly. At 6.51 thermometer 23, and falling. Here we caught our last sight of earth by daylight. I recognized the St. Lawrence to the south-west of us, which showed we were drifting nearly north. At 6 o'clock we thought we were descending a little, and Mr. La Mountain directing me to throw out about twenty pounds of ballast. This shot us up again—thermometer 26°, and falling very slowly. At 6:05—thermometer 22°—my feet were very cold. The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most splendid sight.

At 6:50 it was dark, and I could make no more memoranda. I put up my note-book, pencil and watch, and settled down into the basket, as much at home as though at my post in *The Reformer* office. From this point until the morning I can only give my experience from memory.

We heard soon after dark a locomotive whistle, and occasionally could hear wagons rumbling along the ground or over a bridge, while the dogs kept up an almost ceaseless serenade, as if conscious there was something in the sky monstrous and unusual. We sailed along, contented and chatty, until about half-past 7, when we distinctly saw lights, and heard the roaring of a mighty waterfall. We descended into a valley near a very high mountain, but as the place appeared rather forbidding, we concluded to go up again. Over with 30 pounds of ballast, and skyward we sailed. In about 20 minutes we were again descending, but this time no friendly light or "deep-mouthed watch-dogs' heavy bay" greeted us. We were over a dense wilderness and settled down over a small lake. We had our life-preservers ready for use, but got up again by throwing over all our ballast except about 18 pounds. Mr. La Mountain now said it was folly and madness to stay up any longer, that we were over a great wilderness, and the sooner we descended the better. We concluded to settle down by the side of a tree, tie up and wait until morning. In a moment we were near the earth, and as we fell I grasped the extreme top of a tall spruce, which stopped her descent, and we were soon fastened to it by a large drag rope. The touch of that spruce sent a thrill of discomfort to my heart, for I knew that its kind did not grow in any well settled, nor any warm country.

Mr. La Mountain said, after he looked around and made as much of an examination of the scenery as we could do for the darkness and rain (for it had rained the past hour,) that the "Atlantic was played out—we were far into the woods and if we got out alive we ought to be thankful."

We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and patiently awaited until morning. The rain dripped down upon us in rivulets from the great balloon, and it was not long before we were as wet as men could be. After a night passed in great discomfort we were glad to see the first faint ray of daylight. Cold, and wet, and rainy, the morning [illegible], the typical precursor, we were to learn, of [illegible] other mornings to be spent in those unin- [illegible] wilds. We waited until 6 o'clock, in hopes [illegible] would cease, and that the rays of the sun, [illegible]ing the gas in the balloon, would give us ascending power sufficient to get up again for the purpose, if no other, of obtaining a view of the country into which we had descended. The rain did not cease and we concluded to throw over all we had in the balloon except a coat apiece, the life-preservers, the anchor, and the compass.—Overboard, then, they went—good shawls and blankets, Mr. Fyle's overcoat, bottles of ale and a flask of cordial, ropes and traps of all kinds—The Atlantic, relieved of her wet load, rose majestically with us, and we were able to behold the country below. It was an unbroken wilderness of lakes and spruce—and we felt, then, that we had gone too far, through a miscalculation of the velocity of the balloon. As the current was driving us still to the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting farther and still farther to that "frozen tide" from which we knew there was no escape. Mr. L. M. seized the valve cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety by the side of a tall spruce. We made the Atlantic fast by her anchor, and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat.—No protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from habitation, were hungry to start with, no earthly hope of raising a fire, and no distinct idea as to where we were. We concluded to trust to the compass, and take a course which would bring us out of any wilderness we might be in. We settled in our own minds that we were either in John Brown's Tract, or in the great Canada wilderness—to the south, we thought, of the Ottawa—and we knew a course south by east would take us out, if we had strength enough to travel the distance.

TRAMPING IN THE WOODS.—To the south east, then, we started. After traveling about a mile and a half, we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing down from the westward. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find some human being had been there before us, for we found several small trees cut down, the coals from an old fire, and a half barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read:

"Mess Pork,
P. M.,
Montreal."

This settled the question that we were in Canada, for I very well knew that no Montreal inspection of Pork ever found its way into the interior of New York state. We traveled all day Friday up the unknown creek, which kept its general course to the south of west, crossing it about noon on a floating log, and striking on its southern bank, a "blazed" track, which led us up to a deserted timber road, lying on the opposite side from a large lumbering shanty. We hoped one of the lumber roads might take us out to a settlement, but after traveling up them all until they terminated in the wilderness, we concluded to cross the creek to the shanty, and to stay in it all night. The weary hours of night at last wore away, and we held a new council. It was evident, we reasoned, that the creek we were upon was used for "driving" logs in the spring season. If, then, we followed it to its confluence with the Ottawa, or some stream which emptied into the Ottawa, we would in time get out the same way the timber went out. The roof of the shanty was covered with the halves of logs, scooped out in a manner familiar to all woodmen. These were light and dry, and would form an excellent raft. We poled down stream about ten miles and came abruptly upon an immense pine tree which had fallen across the stream, completely blocking the passage of the raft. No other alternative was left but to untie the pieces, and attempt to push them through under the log. This was at last done; tied the raft together again and poled her down the stream. To-day we ate each a raw frog, all we could find, and began to feel that we were hungry. But there was no complaining—our talk was of the hopeful future, and the civilization we hoped yet still to reach. Down the creek we went into a lake some two miles long, and into which of course supposed the stream passed, having its outlet at the lower end. We followed down the northern bank, keeping always in shallow spots, so that our poles could touch the bottom, until we arrived at the bottom of the lake, where we found no outlet, and turned back upon the southern bank in quest of it. On reaching the head of the lake we found that the current of the creek turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it.

We felt happy to have found it again, and plied our poles like heroes. We passed during the day, the spot where we had first struck the creek, and where we had made a slight landmark, which might afterwards aid us in finding the Atlantic, should we ever wish to do so in order to get her out. At night we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the shades of awful forests, whose solemn stillness seemed to hold the unrevealed mystery of our darkening future. We pressed on until about three o'clock, when pure exhaustion induced us to stop. This time we found a spot where the clayey bank lacked a little of coming down into the water. On the mud we threw our little bundle of straw, and sat down with our feet drawn under us, so that our bodies presented as little surface as possible for the rain to beat upon. But we could not stand such an uncomfortable position long, and as the daylight of the Sabbath broke upon us, we were poling down the stream in a drizzling rain. At 8 o'clock we came to a place where the stream *canoned*—rushing over a stony bed, down a steep descent, between high rocks on either bank. To get our raft down this place we regarded as hopeless. We tied up and examined the shore. Here again we found unmistakable evidence of lumbermen, as they had evidently camped at this point, to be handy by the attempts they were doubtless obliged to make to get the timber down the *canon*. The rapids were about a third of a mile long, and in all the rapids of Black river there is nothing so wild and romantic as these. We descended the bank and thought it best to try our luck on foot. After traveling about a mile, we found the bank so tangled and rugged, and ourselves so much exhausted, that locomotion was impossible. So we concluded to go back, and if we could get the raft down a piece at a time, we would go on with her; if not we would build as good a place as possible to crawl into, and prepare for death.

We went back, and after examining the stream attentively, concluded to try to get the raft down. We at once commenced, and I freely confess this the most trying and laborious life of labor. The pieces would not float over a rod at a time before they would stick on some stone which the low water left above the surface, and then you must pry it over in some way, and pass it along to the next obstruction. We were obliged to get into the stream, often up to the middle, and there I several times fell down—completely using up our compass which now frantically pointed in any direction its addled head thought desirable. The water had unglued the case, and it was ruined.—After long hours of such labor, we got the raft down, and La Mountain again tied it together.—Passing on, in about an hour we came to a large lake, ten miles long, and six miles broad.—Around it, we must of course pass, until we had found an outlet. So we turned up to the right, and passed on with as much resolution as could be expected. To-day we found one clam, which I insisted La Mountain should eat, as he was weaker than myself, and had eaten little or nothing on the day we went up. Around we went, into all the indentations of the shore, keeping always in shallow water. At last we stopped at a place we thought least exposed to the wind. We laid down upon the cold ground, having lifted up the end of our raft so that the wind might not drift it away in the night. We were cold when we laid down, and both of us trembled by the hour, like men suffering from a severe attack of the ague.—The wind had risen just at night, and the dismal surging of the waves upon the shores formed, I thought, a fitting lullaby to slumbers so disturbed and dismal as ours. By this time our clothes were nearly torn off. My pantaloons were slit up both legs, and the waistbands nearly torn off.—My boots both leaked, and our mighty wrestlings in the canons had torn away the skin from ankles and hands. La Mountain's hat was gone; the first day out he threw away his woolen drawers and stockings, as they dragged him down by the weight of water they absorbed. We slept but little. It really seemed as though, during the night, we passed through the horrors of a dozen deaths. At day-light we got up by degrees—first one knee and then the other—so stiff and weak that we could hardly stand.

Again upon the almost endless lake we went—following around its shore for an outlet. About ten o'clock we found a broad, northern stream, which we thought was the outlet we were seeking, and we entered it with great joy, believing it would take us to our long sought Ottawa. Shortly after entering the stream it widened out, and assumed the form of a lake. We poled up the westerly shore for about seven miles, but found we were again deceived.

When we found that all the weary miles of our morning's travel had been in vain, and had to be retraced, my resolution certainly failed me for a moment, and I sat down upon my end of the raft, and felt like shedding a tear of genuine regret. Yet we felt that our duty as Christian men was to press onward as long as we could stand, and leave the issue with God.

It had now been four days since we ate a meal. All we had eaten in the mean time was a frog apiece, four clams and a few wild berries, whose acid properties had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail fast, and our systems were evidently about to undergo an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well covered table would have been too much. I thought over all the sufferings of poor Strain on the Isthmus of Darien, where he, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream—but never believed he could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had means to make a fire—we had none. * * o o

o o Well, we turned the raft around, and poled her back toward the place where we had entered this lake. We had gone about a mile when we heard the sound of a gun, quickly followed by a second report. No sound was ever so sweet to me as that. We hallooed as loud as we could a great many times, but could get no response. We kept our poles going, and had gone about half a mile, when I called La Mountain's attention to what I thought was a smoke curling up among the trees on the side of a hill. My own eyesight began to fail me to an extent that I could not depend upon it when a long, steady gaze was necessary. He said it was smoke, and that he thought just below it, on the bank, was a bark canoe. In a few moments the blue smoke rolled [illegible]ently, but unmistakably, above the tree top and we felt that we were saved. Such a revulsion of feeling was almost too much for us. We could hardly believe our own senses, and credited anything favorable to our condition with the utmost caution. Our bitter disappointments had taught us that lesson.

We paddled the raft with the ends of our poles directly across the lake, near perhaps, three-fourths of a mile wide, and made for the canoe. It proved to be a large one, evidently an Indian's. Up the bank I pressed, leaving La Mountain at the canoe to cut off a retreat by the Indian, in case he was timid and wished to avoid us. I came at once upon the shanties of a lumbering-wood, and from the chimney of the furthest building a broad volume of smoke was rising.—I hallooed—a noise was heard inside, and a noble-looking Indian came to the door. "*Vous Parlez Francais?*" was my eager inquiry, as I grasped his outstretched hand. "Yes, sir, and English, too." He drew me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble hearted Scotchman, named Angus Cameron. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost, and had been four days without food, asking where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said we were one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottawa—in the dense, uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Artic circle. In a word, we were nearly three hundred miles in a due north course from Watertown, in latitude 47.

Dinner was all ready. The party consisted of four persons—Mr. Cameron, and his assistant, who was also named Cameron; LeMab MacDougal—a half-breed—and his son Beauceil. I dispatched the young Indian for LaMountain, who came in after a moment, the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was freely tendered us, *and we began to eat.* Language is inadequate to express our sensations while doing so. The clouds had all lifted from our sombre future, and the "silver lining" shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had passed.

Here let me state that the stream we came down so far with our raft, is called Filliman's Creek; the large lake we sailed around is called Bosketong Lake, and drains into Bosketong River, which flows into the Gratineau. The Gratineau joins the Ottawa opposite Ottawa City. Mr. Cameron assured us that these streams are so tortuous, and in many places so rapid, that no set of men could get a raft down, no matter how well they knew the country, nor how much provisions they might have. He regarded our deliverance as purely Providential, and many times remarked that we would certainly have perished but for seeing his smoke.

Mr. Cameron was hunting timber for his employers, (Gilmour & Co. of Ottawa,) and was to start in two days for down the Gratineau, to his head-quarters at Desert. If we would stay until he started, we were welcome, he said, to food and accommodations, and he would take us down to Desert in his canoe, and at that point we could get Indians to take us further on. He also said that he had intended to look for timber on Filliman's Creek, near where the balloon would be found, as we could describe the locality, to get it to Ottawa. This would be a long and tedious operation, as the portages are very numerous between the creek and Desert—something over twenty—one of them three miles long. Over these portages of course the silk must be carried on the backs of Indians.

After finishing up his business in the vicinity where we found him, on Friday morning, Mr. Cameron started on his return. We stopped, on our way up the creek, at the place where we had erected our signal by which to find the balloon. We struck back for the place, and in about twenty minutes found her impaled on the top of four spruce trees, torn very much. La Mountain concluded to abandon her. He took the valve as a memento, and I cut out the letters "TIC" which had formed part of her name, and brought it home with me. We reached what is known as the "New Farm," on Friday night, and there ended our sleeping on the ground—an operation always unpleasant, but particularly so at the fall of the year. On Saturday we reached Desert through a drenching rain, from which there was no protection.

At Desert we were a good deal troubled to obtain Indians to take us out. At last we appealed to Mr. John Backus, a kind hearted American trader, who agreed to procure us a complement of red skins sufficient to take us to Beau's place—60 miles—where it was thought we might obtain horses.

Sunday morning we started from Desert, and reached Alexis L' Beau's about 6 P. M. The scenery upon this part of our route was sublime and imposing. The primeval forest stood as grand and silent as when created. The Indians we had in our employ to-day surpassed anything I ever beheld in physical vigor and endurance. There were fifteen portages to be made during the day's run of 60 miles. They would seize the canoe, jerk it upon their shoulders with a swing, and start upon a dog trot as unconcernedly as though bearing no burden. Arriving at the bottom of the fall, they would toss the canoe into the stream, cry out, "Arretes, la!" and away we would go again gliding down the stream like an arrow. We traveled 15 miles and made 7 portages in 1 hour and 40 minutes.

At Alexis L' Beau's we first beheld a horse and vehicle, which they called a "buckboard"—simply a couple of boards reaching from one bolste[illegible] to the other, upon which the seats were placed. Starting at 7 in the evening, we traveled nearly all night through the forests over one of the worst roads that ever was left unfinished, and reached Brook's farm, a sort of frontier tavern, in the early morning, where we slept a couple of hours, and after breakfast passed on by the stage to Ottawa, which we reached at 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Our first rush was to the telegraph office, whence the trembling wires sped the glad news of our safety to the "loved ones at home." At Ottawa we were most hospitably entertained. To Robert Bell, Esq., editor of "The Citizen," and President of the Ottawa and Prescott Railway, as well as to Joseph Aumond, Esq., we are under especial obligations by acts of kindness which will not soon be forgotten. Indeed from the time we left the Basketong until we reached home, we met with nothing but one continual stream of congratulation and proffered kindnesses.

At Ogdensburgh, and all along the line of the Potsdam and Watertown Railroad, we found large crowds awaiting our arrival, which gave unmistakable evidence of the deep sympathy felt in our fate.

Medical Cards.

A Book of Thrilling Interest for the Young!

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH!

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

The above work is one of the most thrilling interest to the Young of both Sexes; detailing some of the most thrilling cases and incidents, in the practice of the Author, pointing out the great causes for such decline and decay of American Youth.

The Book is written in chaste language 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 any 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, Mingerals 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.

YOUNG MEN suffering from these direful ills, will receive for $5 a series of Health Rules and perfect Charts of cure, which will be to them a true Polar Star through life.

TO FEMALES.—The Monthly Pills, prepared by the Institution, are a never-failing remedy for Suppresions of every nature, will be sent by mail to any part of the country on the receipt of $1, with ample instructions for the use, under all circumstances.

Address DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for the diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 90, Fifth st., Troy, New York. n5 1y

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,

WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., 7 doors from Kilby st., Boston, where may be found a large stock of BOTANIC MEDICINES, embracing every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid and Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Preparations; together with a full assortment of

ALL OTHER KINDS OF MEDICINES,

Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Syringes, Medical Books; Liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes; and a great variety of Miscellaneous Articles, including *almost everything wanted by the Apothecary or Physician.*

Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly filled and forwarded to any part of the country. 18—y.

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

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

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

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.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC [illegible]SICIA,

NO. 36 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

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

☞The *World's Crisis*, says of Spiritualism: "We often hear it said, 'Spiritualism is dying out.' Whenever we hear such a remark, it reminds us of an inexperienced blind man exploring a stream from its source to its termination, and judging of the extent of the river by the *noise* of its waters. After tracing the noisy brook down the hillside, plunging in angry roar among the rocks, he arrives where the large streams unite, and in their deep, silent flow, pass on with scarcely a murmur to the almost boundless ocean.—When at this point of his journey, he says: 'This river must be dying out, for it makes less *noise* than it did when I was nearer its source.' If he were not *blind*, he would not make such a remark. Thus it was with Spiritualism. In its early history, it might be compared to a little cur that runs and barks at every passing traveler, but is feared by no one; now, to the savage bull dog that gives no warning till he has his victim by the throat, in his death-grapple. It is true that Spiritualism is less *noisy* than in its earlier history, but there is more *policy* and greater progress. The *doctrines* of Spiritualism are entering into the very heart of the evangelical churches; while a large proportion of those outside have already adopted them and entirely rejected the Bible."

☞Hon. B. F. Butler has accepted, in a long letter, the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

Mr. Rand's Pamphlet, giving an account of the Davenport boys and his liberation from jail by the spirits, is for sale at the Spiritual Book Store of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

BOSTON SPIRIEUAL CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 o'clock, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with it ation and reform. n8tf

"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 impressions as may be had from their handwriting, relating to heir looks, parentage, mental and physical condition, mediumship, conjugal influences, business, or whatever may come up. Office No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays. Address

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass.

S. T. MUNSON,

Having removed from No 5 Great Jones street, is now located at 143 Fulton street, where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphlets, &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. METTLER'S invaluable medicines. Restorative Syrup--Qts. $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 Representative 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 1732, passed Feb. 22nd of that year, and amended in 1859, relating to the "taking the fish called Alewives," in their "passage up Indian Head River (so called) &c," that the time mentioned in the 2nd 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 judgment of said Committees,) for the propagation 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 s5 4w

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED.

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

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platina, with Athelode Gums, from $15 to $65. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8—tf

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

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

Bela Marsh's Advertisemets.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM DISSECTED AND SPIRIUALISM VINDICATED, BY DIXON L. DAVIS, M. D.

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

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages 8vo. Price $1.50. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston 6—tf

JUST PUBLISHED.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

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

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

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

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

THE GREAT HARMONIA, (BY A. J. DAVIS,) IN 4 VOLS.

Vol. I.—THE PHYSICIAN, price $1. Vol. II.—THE TEACHER, price $1. Vol. III.—THE SEER, price $1. Vol. IV.—THE REFORMER, price $1.

The publisher has recently issued the Fifth Edition of the above popular works of Mr. Davis, and is ready to supply all orders promptly, either at wholesale or retail.

Address BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

B. M. has also published new editions of the following excellent works of Mr. Davis, viz:—

The Philosophy of Special Providences—A Vision, Price 15 cts.

The Harmonial Man; or, Thoughts for the Age, 30 cts.

Free Thoughts concerning Religion, 15 cts.

The Penetralia; being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions, $1,00

The History and Philosphy of Evil, 30 cts. and 50 cts.

A liberal discount will be made when taken in quantities. 18tf

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.

A Discourse delivered under spirit-influence, by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the Melodeon Boston, Sunday evening, March 20, 1859. Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton. Price 8 cents each, or $5 per hundred. This discourse contains much good advice, and was listened to with very general satisfaction. BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 15—tf

MYSTIC HOURS,

Or, Spiritual Experiences of Dr G. A. REDMAN. Containing the more remarkable manifestations and communications that have been given through him, with names of witnesses, &c. Price $1.25. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., who will mail it to order, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles, free of postage. Orders solicited. 25tf

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT.

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

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

PUBLIC ORAL DISCUSSION.

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

RICE'S SPIRIT MEDICINES.

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

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

HENRY C. WRIGHT'S BOOKS.

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

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

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

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

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

ESOTERIC ANTHROPOLOGY

By T. L. Nichols, M. D. Price $1,00. A new supply of this valuable work is just received and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14. Bromfield St. June 4.—tf

THEODORE PARKER'S RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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

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

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

For sale by Bela Marsh, publisher14 Bromfield Street.

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. n323m

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, 14 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
1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

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.

SUFFOLK DYE HOUSE,

CORNER OF COURT AND HOWARD STS. BOSTON,

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

(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.

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

LIGHT BREAD,

WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

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

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

JUST PUBLISHED,

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

B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

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

THE SICK ARE HEALED

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

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



BY NUTRITION

(the *Vital Forces*) without Medicine! "Book of Information" respecting the New *Method of Cure*, sent to you for 1 dime. Address LAROY SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass. 312t.

B. Marsh's Catalogue.

BELA MARSH,

No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston,

Keeps constantly on hand, for sale at the Publishers' prices, the Books named in the following list of Spiritual works, together with many others suitable for the times. All new publications received as soon as issued, and the trade supplied at a liberal discount. Orders are respectfully solicited. 10 per cent. will be added to the annexed prices when books are ordered to be sent by mail.

Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages, 8vo. Price $1.50.

Philosophy of the Spirit World. By Rev. Charles Hammond. 63c.

Messages from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray through John M. Spear. Price 50c.

The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine. C. Hammond, Medium. 75c.

Voices from the Spirit World. Isaac Post, Medium. Price 50c.

The Lily Wreath of Spiritual Communications; Through Mrs. J. S. Adams, and others. 85 cents, $1.50 and $1.

The Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers; Received through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams, and others. Prices as above.

The Progressive Life of Spirits After Death.—Price 15 cents.

A Letter to the Chestnut Street, Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass. By John S. Adams. Price 15c.

A Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth. An interesting narrative of the advancement of a spirit from darkness into light, By J. S. Adams. 25c.

Book for Skeptics. Price 25 cents.

Familiar Spirits and Spiritual Manifestations. By Dr. Enoch Pond, with a Reply by A. Bingham.—Price 50c.

The Philosophy of Creation. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace G. Wood, Medium. Price 38c.

Astounding Facts from the Spirit World. By J. A. Bradley, Southampton, Mass. Price 75 cents.

Discourses from the Spirit World. Dictated by Stephen Olin, through Rev. R. P. Wilson, writing medium. Price 63c.

Reichenbach's Dynamics of Magnetism. Price $1.00.

Pneumatology. By Stilling. Edited by Rev. George Bush. Price 75c.

Celestial Telegraph. By L. A. Cahagnet. Price $1.00.

Night Side of Nature. By Catharine Crowe. Price $1.25.

The Healing of the Nations. Through Charles Linton, Medium, with an Introduction and Appendix, by Gov. Tallmadge. Price $1.50.

Tiffany's Spiritualism Explained; In Twelve Lectures. $1.00.

Natty; a Spirit; by Allen Putnam. 62 1-2c.

The Ministry of Angels Realized; A Letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton. 15 cts., single; $1.25 a dozen; $10 a hundred.

Answer to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, &c; given before the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By A. E. Newton. 10 cents.

Prof. Hare's Large Work: Experimental Investigations of the Spirit Manifestations, &c. Price $1.75.

Scenes in the Spirit World; by Hudson Tuttle. Price 25 cents.

Tiffany's Monthly. $2.00 per annum.

The Religion of Manhood: By J. H. Robinson; with introduction by A. E. Newton. Price in cloth, 75c; in paper 50c.

Spirit Intercourse. By Herman Snow. Price 60 cts

Spirit Works Real but not Miraculous. By A. Putnam. Price 20c

The Birth of the Universe. By and through R. P. Ambler. Price 60c.

Brittan and Richmond's Discussion. Price $1.00.

The Great Harmonia. By Andrew J. Davis. Vol. I., the Physician. Price $1.00. Vol. II., The Teacher. Price $1.00. Vol. III., The Seer. Price $1.00. Vol. IV. The Reformer. Price $1.00.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. Price 50c., or 75 cts. in cloth.

Free Thoughts Concerning Religion. By A. J. Davis. Price 15c.

The Philosophy of Special Providences. By A. J. Davis. Price 15 cents

The Approaching Crisis. By Andrew J. Davis.—Price 50c.

An Epic of the Starry Heaven. Thomas L. Harris. Price 75c.

Lyric of the Morning Land. Thomas L. Harris.—Price 75c.

A Lyric of the Golden Age. Thomas L. Harris.—Price $1.50.

The Wisdom of Angels. By T. L. Harris. Price 75 cents.

The Herald of Light. Monthly. By T. L. Harris. Price 15 cents.

Epitome of Spiritual Intercourse. By Alfred Cridge. Price 38c.

New Testament "Miracles" and "Modern Miracles." Price 30c.

Proceedings of the Hartford Bible Convention. Price 75c.

Spiritualism. By Edmonds and Dexter, in two vols. Price $1.25 each.

An Exposition of Views respecting the principal Facts, Causes and Peculiarities involved in Spirit Manifestations. By Adin Ballou. Price in cloth, 75c; paper 50c.

Warren Chase's New Book: "The Life Line of the Lone One, or, Autobiography of the World's Child." Price $1.00.

The Psalms of Life. A compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory sentiments of the present age. By John S. Adams. Price 75 cents.

The Harmoniad and Sacred Melodist, 160 pages. Price in boards 38 cents single; $3.50 per dozen.

Modern Spiritualism. Its facts and fanaticisms, its consistencies and contradictions; with an Appendix. By E. W. Capron. Price $1.00

The Spirit Minstrel. By J. B. Packard and J. S. Loveland. Price in paper covers, 25c; in cloth backs, 38c.

The Magic Staff; An Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. A new work. Price $1.25.

The Penetralia; Being harmonial answers to important questions by Andrew Jackson Davis. Price $1.00.

The Present Age and Inner Life. By A. J. Davis. Price $1.

The Harmonial Man. By Andrew J. Davis. Price 30 cents.

Nature's Divine Revelations, &c. By Andrew J. Davis. Price $2.00.

The History and Philosophy of Evil with Suggestions for More Ennobling Institutions and Philosophical Systems of Education. By A. J. Davis. 30 cents in paper; 50 cents in cloth.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Discourse on Free Love and Affinity, delivered under spirit influence at the Melodeon, Sunday Evening March 20, 1859. Price 8 cts or $5 per hundred.

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

The Educator; a valuable late work, through John Murray Spear. Edited by A. E. Newton. Price $2.00.

Woodman's Three Lectures in reply to Dr. Dwight's sermon on Spiritualism. A New Edition—stereotyped. Price 20 cents.

Mrs. Hatch's Discourses, Vol. 1—$1.00.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle; By Allen Putnam. Price 25 cents.

Beautiful Gift Book. The Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers, Received chiefly through the Mediumship of Mrs J. S. Adams. By A. B. Child, M. D.—"Cold, cold must be the heart that does not soften at the repeated coming and sound of angel footsteps." Flora. In various bindings. Price 85 cents, $1, and $1.50.

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 persons 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 to the place to which he desires it to be changed.

Subscribers.	*P. O. Address.*	*Amt. Pd.*	*Pd to.* Vol.	No.
John Reynolds,	New Castle, Pa	1,00	1	26
Mrs Asa Hall,	Dennis, Mass	,25	1	13
James O Howes,	" "	1,00	1	37
Henry Gilmore,	Newbury, Ohio	,25	1	13
Henry Readfield,	" "	,25	1	13
D M Allen,	" "	,25	1	13
Lyman Allen,	Manannah, Minn	,25	1	13
Mrs E C Bird,	Warwick, Mass		1	24
Mrs James Helme,	Woonsocket, R I	1,00	1	29
Ira Roberts,	Lynfield Center, Mass	1,00	1	37
Margaret Miller,	Wausau, Wis	1,00	1	26
Geo Helton,	Argyle, Wis	,25	1	13
A C Stiles, M D,	Bridgeport, Conn	2,00	2	5
P P Leilous,	Belmont, N Y	,25	1	13
Seth P Kelsey,	Preble, N Y	1,00	1	25
C A Greenleaf,	Brunswick, Me	1,00	1	29
Joseph B Gray,	Denmark, Me.	,25	1	13
Mrs Sophia Ramsey,	Chalfaut, Ohio	,25	1	13
David Romige	" "	,25	1	13
Milton Beck,	" "	,25	1	13
M G Smith,	Newburyport, Mass	,25	1	13
D B Morey,	Malden, Mass	1,00	1	31
Harry Leeds,	South Acworth, N H	,25	1	13
Benj. Gould,	Acworth, N H	,25	1	13
Lorenzo Seamans,	Clarendon Springs, Vt	,25	1	13
P Breeke,	Madrid N Y	,25	1	13
Lucius P Wolcott,	Madrid, N Y	,25	1	13
James Bradley,	Madrid, N Y	,25	1	13
Peter Myre,	Kingsbury, Ills	,25	1	13
Geo F Green,	Danville, Vt	,50	1	18
T Glancy,	Keithsburg, Ills	1,00	1	26
Dwight McFarland,	Leicester, Mass	1,00	1	31
Wm White, Box 662,	Auburn, N Y		1	13
D C Clough,	" "	,25	1	13
V Potter,	" "	,25	1	13
Geo W Bacon,	" "	,25	1	13
J B Gayland,	" "	,25	1	13
J Bulkley,	" "	,25	1	13
P Swift,	" "	,25	1	13
J A Adams, Box 590,	" "	,25	1	13
Miss H Parish,	" "	,25	1	13
Daniel Wait,	Stowe, Vt	,25	1	13
Mrs B A Leach,	Plato, Ohio	2,00	2	4
Dennis Hulett,	South Wallingford, Vt	,25	1	13
Sanford Eddy,	" "	,25	1	13
Lewis Stafford,	" "	,25	1	13
Lydia Kelley,	" "	,25	1	18
J Cook,	Neponset, Mass	1,00	1	31
J Bowman and Gilman,	Mobile, Ala	2,00	2	6
Lucien Carpenter,	Putnam, Conn	1,00	1	23
Chester Cowles,	Middleville, Mich	,25	1	13
Nelson Wilbur,	Westmoreland Depot, N H	1,00	1	26
Charles Buck,	South Reading, Vt	1,50	1	45
John Bennett,	Tyson Furnace, Vt	,50	1	19
Joseph W Ames,	South Thomaston, Me	2,00	2	6
Sally Goodwin	Glover, Vt	,25	1	13
Manning Ayers,	Glover, Vt	,25	1	20
Marcia Perry,	West Cambridge, Mass	1,00	1	30
Mrs J A Balch,	Newburyport, Mass	,25	1	13
J W Ott,	Birmingham, Ohio	2,00	2	9
H Arnold,	Birmingham Ohio	,25	1	13
B Rice,	Lacota, Wis (4 copies)	,25	1	13
John O Harris,	East Auburn, Me	1,00	1	31
Daniel Smith,	Norway, Me	1,00	1	31
Mrs P Jackson,	Mamaroneck, N Y	1,00	1	31
John Dodge,	South Danvers, Mass	1,00	1	31
Reuben Bliss,	Madison, Ohio	,25	1	13
Abner Allen,	" "	,25	1	13
Royal Sheldon,	" "	,25	1	13
Polly Adams,	" "	,25	1	13
E C Hyde,	New Orleans, La	2,00	2	6
J M Hubbard,	West Waterville, Me	,25	1	13
D E Williams,	Adams Center, N Y	2 00	2	7
Francis Wilder	Adams Center, N Y,	2,00	2	7
Charles Mildram,	Kennebunk, Me	1,50	1	45
N K S,	Kennebunk, Me	,50	1	19
Jas W Farnsworth,	Lonsdale, R I	2,00	2	13
James Wittle,	" "	,25	1	13
H Tobridge,	" "	,25	1	13
G Sherman,	" "	,25	1	13
Mrs Elijah Dunbar,	Canton, Mass	1,00	1	33

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.

Now opening from the recent New York Auction Sales,

100 pieces Brussels Tapestry for	87½ cts.
60 rolls Kidderminster,	55 cts.
75 rolls Velvet Tapestry,	112½ cts.
80 rolls Extra Heavy Superfine,	75 cts.
40 rolls Union,	37½ cts.
5 bales Hemp Carpets,	25 cts.
300 rolls Oil Cloths,	25 to 50 cts.
20 rolls Stair Carpets,	12½ to 50 cts.

Also late productions of elegant Willon, Brussels, Tapestry, Kidderminster and 3-Ply Carpets of English manufacture, suited to city retail sales.

As the name of our establishment has been closely imitated by others in our neighborhood, it will be well for purchasers to mark the location of our Warehouse.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

75 Hanover Street, (opposite American House.)

Boston, Oct. 1859. n8 3t.

Mr. S. J. FINNEY, of Ohio, will lecture in Ordway Hall, Boston, the four Sundays of November, and will also speak three evenings each week in this vicinity, should the friends desire it.—Those wishing his services will address him to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, 46 Essex street Boston. Mr. Finney is an earnest, eloquent and logical speaker, occupying much the same position in the point of eloquence and power as an advocate of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism, as is occupied by John B. Gough, as an advocate of Temperance.

CHRISTIAN LINDA, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture in any part of this western country. Address Christian Linda, care of Benj. Teasdale, box 221, Alton, Ill.

JOHN C. CLUER, and his daughter SUSIE, will answer calls to lecture and give Readings. Address No. 5 Bay street, or at this Office. Mr. C. will act as agent for the AGE

M. P. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture in Putnam, Conn, the 23d and 30th of October.

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

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

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