THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY W. H. CHANEY & CO.
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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

CHARLEY.

BY ADELE.

Beautiful with marble cheek and brow,
He lies within his little coffin bed:
But can ye wish him back, that angel spirit now,
To animate the fair clay form, now dead?

Ah no! How dearly have ye loved your child!
Though you may grieve for him, your darling boy,
You would not, even now, to earth's drear wild,
Recall him from those realms of endless joy.

Folded, his small hands lie upon his breast;
The seal of heaven upon his brow is set;
His baby form no more can know unrest,
No more his face the drops of pain can wet.

O, mother, let this soothe you; he is dead:
But only dead to grief, and pain, and woe;
"Let little children," the Redeemer said,
"Come unto me"—Would you not have him go?

Of such, Heaven's kingdom is—supremely blest
Are ye who have a lamb in Jesus' fold—
Do ye not love him more than all the rest,
Since he has entered through the gates of gold?

Have you ne'er thought when those you loved, have died,
And Death has led them from your darkened door,
That there were angels by your own fireside,
Though still earth's lineaments of clay they wore?

Ah, slight them not, these angels by your hearth,
For by and by they too will flee to Heaven—
Then, not your tears can call them back to earth,
When God recalls them who were lent, not given.

THE PAUSE.

BY MRS. MOODIE, AUTHOR OF "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," ETC., ETC.

There is a pause in Nature, ere the storm
Rushes resistless in its awful might;
There is a softening twilight, ere the moon
Expands her wings of glory into light.

There is a sudden stillness in the heart,
Ere yet the tears of wounded feeling flow;
A speechless expectation, ere the dart
Of sorrow lays our fondest wishes low.

There is a dreamy silence in the mind,
Ere yet it wakes to energy of thought;
A breathless pause of feeling, undefined,
Ere the bright image is from fancy caught.

There is a pause more holy still,
When faith a brighter hope has given,
And, soaring over earthly ill,
The soul looks up to heaven..

SINGULAR FACTS.—Dr. Franklin died in 1790. Paine wrote his Age of Reason in 1793. And yet, many priests in the United States tell the following story, or *pious lie*, for the purpose of keeping their flocks in ignorance, to wit:

Just before Tom Paine published his "Age of Reason," he submitted the *manuscript* to the consideration of Dr. Franklin, who wrote back to him this—"Do not publish this work; do not let the tiger loose among the people!"

Priests fear Reason and tell lies to crush it! Franklin was not on earth when the 'Age of Reason" was written.

The Sugar House in Gooch street, Boston, six stories in height, owned and occupied by Seth Adams, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday evening last. Loss on stock $80,000; on building and machinery, $50,000. Insurance on stock, $59,-500.

[From the New York Tribune.]

BARGAIN-MAKERS.

The large hall of the Cooper Institute was crowded last evening by an intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled to listen to a new lecture announced to be delivered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Every seat was occupied, and hundreds were obliged to remain standing.—Mr. Beecher was introduced to the audience, and was received with manifestations of favor. He said it was easier to make stinging remarks against commerce than to speak of its good results. But bolts did not produce wealth, but dews did.—In the spirit of love, then, he desired to speak of the bargain-makers of the world. Bargain was a word of but humble origin, but had grown to a high position, like some families. Equity and justice—equivalents—entered into all good bargains. Wherever there was bargain-making, there was life. In every village there was a center where the pulse of the community beat—the store. It had been the habit of charging bargain-makers with selfishness, as if they were different from others. It was in the pulpit alone where men told no lies. [Laughter.] But there were a million truths for every lie. Business was made up essentially of truth, otherwise it could not carry so many lies. Whatever the vices of bargains, it could not be denied that active charity began with commercial men. The man of wealth and the husbandman were not the first to step forward in this matter. It was time that they should come forward and tell their young that a man could be a bargain-maker the world over, and yet be honest, except—in politics. [Laughter.] If we looked at commerce from underneath its branches it might savor of contempt; but if we looked at it in a broader view we saw it to admire it. It was commerce that trained useful qualities of man from the beginning. What mattered it if the motive was selfishness? though it were better that the motive be good, yet good was good, whatever the motive. It was next to schools in its educational influence.—It soon waked up dreamers, and compelled men to exhibit their ideas in practical life. If it carried with it the danger of materialism, it stopped the tendencies of unprofitable thought. Huckster stands even must not be estimated of themselves, but as a collective whole with commerce. Commerce sat now, as Adam did, calling all things to itself, and giving unto them names. It had inspired architecture, engineering, agriculture, manufactures, science, art, into active existence. He never saw a farmer on a mowing machine, but he did not think that there was a democratic king—It had made the world a whispering gallery, which enabled men to talk by the wires. It was the electricity of human society. The same ship which carries rum to the South Sea Islands carries missionaries and the temperance pledge. [Laughter.] The same one which carries knives, and swords, and muskets, carries the Bible, which says they must not use them. [Laughter.] Commerce alone was a monarch whose influence was not restricted to territory—for in no country did we find one who could not understand the language of the dollar. Alexander ruled supreme within the Russian territory, but Baring & Bros. ruled as well in Canton as in London. The motive of commerce may have been selfishness. The result under God was often freedom. It had often times gone forth as a blind impulse to seek gold, but it had often been compelled to use that gold to advance the interests of the world. Taught by experience, commerce had learned that with greater culture men were better customers, and hence they loved commerce. Religion liked civilization, because it made better men. Thus both were advancing the world. Religion went forth to unfetter the enslaved.—Commerce was working for the same thing, though it was not with that purpose. The primitive man had but the commonest wants; but the artificial man had increased wants, and thus little by little the world over. Commerce was taking the side of liberty [Applause], for they saw that the more freemen in the world, there was more demand for production and for stores. Just as commerce knows the value of freedom, so pulpits discover the fact—for whatever the Seminary taught the theology, Commerce taught the ethics to Divines. Alluding to the honesty of men, the speaker said that the difference between the honest and the dishonest man was the point where they would break, and he feared that but few, except those whom God held in his hand, could stand the pressure. The motives to bargain-making were then alluded to. They were first inherent activity.—Men did not ask for money alone, but for the excitement of battle on the field of commerce. Filial devotion, too, was alluded to as another motive, and this, whatever might be said of it, as stinginess, was a noble trait. With so holy a purpose, nothing could be low. Home, too, was another motive. Men there were, who, like the cocoa nut, had a hard rind outside, yet had a sweetness within. Their wives and children were their angels, and the speaker did not know they would find any better anywhere else. The power of higher virtue was another considertion. When financial revulsions occur, tens of thousands of men there were who did not regret their losses—but that their credit was impaired—and that by their ruin others had suffered. The bargain-makers should have more education, not only because it refined and exalted their nature, but made them better bargain-makers. A collier with an education was a better collier. He claimed education not as an instrument of success, but as a means of developing manhood. The poor and lowly need education more than anybody else. A man should be educated, if he was to be poor; the rich might get along with but few ideas. [Laughter.] It was not a sin for a man to sell any goods, however small, unless he were the smallest thing in his shop.—[Laughter.] If his thoughts ran through his cloth to the loom, his shop became an academy. Commerce was founded in equity, and he denied that it conducted to lax morals. It was half men—quarter men—an infinitesimal homalculus which gave out the idea that men to be bargain makers must be wrong-doers. In the long career, a dishonest career always ended in circumventing itself. The fruit which craft bore ripened more quickly, but it was rotten before ripe. Commerce was dependent upon political and social integrity for its perpetuity. It was a shame, therefore, that merchants should weigh truth against profits, and those who betrayed truth for money, would, like Judas, be compelled to cast down his silver, and resort to suicide. What should be done to the weaker races, by England with India, by France with the Arab, by the strong with the weak?—Commerce might wink at the slave trade, the Coolie trade and tyrany; but God knew that the end of these things was commercial disaster. In all quarters between right and wrong, virtue and sin, if commerce, even though selfish, should be on the side of rectitude, commerce should mean justice, emancipation. [Applause.]

PAPERS OF NO USE.—The following letter is said to have been written to the Rural New Yorker:—

"Mr. Editur, i hav somethin to say about yure paper. No dout but it is A good won but papers aint no use, and if anybody spens much time in reeden them tha cant urn thare livin and so i dont reed em, and so save time and expens. you sea it would cum to too dollars A year, an that would be enuf tobacker to last me 6 munts at leest. i think fokes doant ort to spend thare munne on papers, my father never did and evry boddy sed he was the smartest man in the counte, and had got the intelligentest family of buoys that ever dugg taturs. i think fokes ort to kno enuf too ho corn and pik stun without reeding the Rurel and other farmin papers, and if evry boddy wus ov mi mind, thare wood be no such A thing as a paper in our united states."

There is some "nub" to that idea of wasting money on newspapers which might be expended on tobacco. It is kindred to that of wasting corn on "dodgers" when it might be made into whiskey.

The right to publish the works of Prescott, for which Philips, Sampson & Co. had a contract, has been sold by the assignees of that firm to J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia. The amount which was paid for the right has not transpired.

TRIAL OF BROWN.—At half-past 10 o'clock, Tuesday 25th, the Harper Ferry prisoners were brought into court at Charlestown, Va., for examination. Eight magistrates were on the bench, and Brown and his associates were guarded by 80 armed men. Charles B. Harding and Andrew Hunter act for the prosecution. Brown and Coppie were brought into court, manacled together. Brown appeared weak, haggard, and eyes swollen from the effects of his wound in the head. Coppie is uninjured. Stevens also looked haggard and depressed.

The prisoners were severally charged with treason and murder. The court asked if the prisoners had counsel, when Brown spoke as follows:

"I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken; I did not ask to have my life spared. The governer of the state of Virginia tendered me assurances that I should have a fair trial, but under no circumstances whatever will I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners, and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory don't serve me—my health is insufficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in our favor, if a fair trial is to be had; but if we are to be forced with a mere form, to trial for execution, you might spare yourself that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult; nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice drives you to practice.

I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is; I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the commonwealth. I have now little further to ask other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power."

At the conclusion of Brown's remarks, the court assigned Charles J. Faulkner, and Lawson Botts, as counsel for the prisoner. The first named gentleman, after a brief consultation with Brown and others, addressed the court, stating that he could not, under any circumstances, enter upon the defence of the prisoners on so short a notice. It would be but a mockery of justice.

Mr. Botts said he did not feel it to be his duty to decline the appointment of the court. He was prepared to do his best to defend the prisoners, and he hoped the court would assign some experienced assistant, in case Mr. Faulkner persisted in his declination.

A preliminary examination was then had. Some half dozen witnesses were called and testified only to facts already well known.

At 2 o'clock the circuit court assembled, and the magistrate's court reported the result of the examination to the grand jury, who retired with the state witnesses. At 5 P. M., the grand jury had not finished the examination.

On Monday, Oct., 31, the jury rendered their verdict in the case of Old Brown. Brown sat up in bed whilst the verdict was rendered.

The verdict of the jury convicted Brown of treason, in advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel; and murder in the first degree.

Brown then lay down quietly, and said nothing. There was no demonstration of any kind.

Mr. Chilton moved an arrest of judgment, on account of error in indictment and errors in verdict.

The Court met at 10 o'clock next morning. Coppe was brought in. Previous to proceeding to his trial, Mr. Griswold stated the points on which an arrest of judgment was asked for in Brown's case. In addition to the reasons mentioned yesterday, he said it had not been proved beyond a doubt that he, Brown, was ever a citizen of the United States, and argued that treason could not be committed against a State, but only against a general Government, quoting the authority of Judge Story; also stating that the Judge had not found the prisoner guilty of the crimes as charged in the indictment. They had not responded to the offences charged, but had found him guilty of offences not charged.—They find him guilty of murder in the first degree when the indictment don't charge him with offences constituting that crime.

Mr. Hunter replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect that technicalities should not arrest the administration of justice. As to the jurisdiction over treason it was sufficient to say that Virginia had passed a law assuming that jurisdiction, and defining what constitutes that crime. The Court reserved its decision.

"ONE IDEA."—"Professor C. often laughs at me," said an eminent man of science, "because I have but one idea. He reads every thing, and talks about everything, but I have learned that, if I ever make a breach, I must aim my gun continually at one point." And he gained his reward. He gave his days and nights to physical science. When he was an obscure country teacher, he pored over "Silliman's Journal" by the light of a pine knot fire in a log cabin. A few years later, he was dining with English dukes and earls, and received as one of the "lions" at the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He is now at the head of a great scientific institution, and his name is a part of our national jewelry.

His history is substantially the history of nearly every person who has "made his mark" on the time in which he lived. Those who have filled the largest space in the eyes of the world, and have achieved the most signal results, have been actuated by some master feeling, and this passion of the soul has subordinated everything else to itself. Their capacious souls conceived many ideas, but a single aim directed, and employed, and animated them all. Kossuth is a man of one idea. He lives, and dreams, and thinks, and speaks, for Hungary and her rights. This is the secret of his eloquence. He converts others to his views, because he has so fully converted himself. He kindles others by the intense blaze of his own enthusiasm. So did Peter the Hermit. So did Luther. Wilberforce aroused the English Parliament and nation to deeds of philanthrophy, by standing up for thirty long years a sublime and undaunted witness against the bloody wrongs of Africa. These men played their artillery upon one given point until they made the breach."—[Investigator.

The last mail from England brought advices from distinguished sources, respecting the present unsettled condition of affairs in Europe by which it appears that none can foresee how the difficulties attendant on the Italian question can be settled, or what will be the result of the Zurich Conference. It is evident various sovereigns are alarmed, being apprehensive of a general war. England, it is said, has no power to depend on, excepting Germany, and being favorable to the reform movement in Italy, she knows not how to act between the two, as she is fearful of losing the friendship of the one in the advocacy of the other. Russia, who, since the Crimean war has had no continental alliances, awaits events before coming to a decision, as to what part she will take; and with a view of acting intelligently, the Emperor has ordered his Ministers from the principal Courts to join him at Warsaw, in order to give him ample information on the state of the respective countries to which they are diplomatically assigned.

According to the latest intelligence from Iowa, the Republicans will have five majority in the Senate and a larger majority in the House than has heretofore been supposed.—This insures a Republican successor to Mr. Harlan in the United States Senate.

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 VI.

THAT VOICE AGAIN.

On the following evening our little family were all seated in the parlor. Minnie was at the piano, singing a favorite song, written by her uncle, "the poet Herder," which had just been set to new music by Beethoven, when, at the conclusion of a stanza, the same mysterious voice which had so startled Minnie the evening previous, suddenly exclaimed,

"Wrong! I wrote it:—

"'Tis like the flick'ring of the star,
That *ushers* in the morn.'"

It was printed in the copy before Minnie, and she had so sung it:—

"'Tis like the flick'ring of the star,
That *fadeth* in the morn."

Involuntarily I sprang to the side of Minnie, but to my surprise, found her comparatively calm. Turning towards madame von Wieser, I discovered that she was near swooning with fright, while the doctor sat in his chair, pale as death and immovable as a statue.

The fear manifested by the doctor actually frightened me. I had supposed it impossible for him to be afraid of *anything*, and now I found him with his senses nearly paralyzed, at what scarcely made Minnie tremble.

Hurrying up to him, I chafed his temples, and without knowing why I did so, made several passes from his head towards his feet. Then seizing both his hands in mine, I shook them violently, saying sharply,

"Come doctor! Come! Don't be afraid of your own Pellucids!"

"That was no Pellucid, Charles," he replied slowly and solemnly, "for I distinctly saw the image of my brother Godfrey!"

Minnie had rushed to the side of her mother, and throwing her arms about her neck, succeeded in recalling her scattered senses; and when madame von Wieser heard her brother's reply, she rejoined,

"I saw no image nor apparition, Martin, but I am *sure* it was the *voice* of Godfrey!"

Without a word being spoken, the doctor drew his chair directly in front and facing his sister—I placed a chair beside him, which I motioned Minnie to take, and finally seated myself beside madame von Wieser, so that we formed precisely the same circle as upon a previous occasion. Still no word was spoken, but in a few moments we had joined hands and made the circle complete.

After one or two ineffectual attempts to speak, the doctor finally succeeded in saying,

"Godfrey, in the name of the Lord God, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, if your spirit is here with us, I implore you to make it known!"

"*Extinguish the light!*" responded the voice.

Quick as thought, and before I could restrain her, Minnie sprang up and extinguished both the lights. Then resuming her seat, she said cheerfully,

"Now we are ready to hear from you."

We sat in silence, and almost darkness, for several minutes, but nothing remarkable occurred. I felt like uttering a jest on the occasion, but one glance at the solemn expression upon the doctor's countenance restrained me.

"Can it be possible," said madame von Wieser, at length, "that this is all the effect of imagination?"

"No it is *not* possible," replied the doctor, "nor have I ever thought so. This cottage had the reputation of being haunted many years ago, but it was afterwards discovered to have been the result of several ingenious tricks, practised by the college boys. Therefore what we have witnessed up to this evening I have imputed to a similar source, and have been secretly endeavoring to discover the authors."

"*They are all here!*" responded the soft voice of a woman.

"Minnie! my own Minnie!" exclaimed the doctor in a tone of the deepest anxiety.

"Who—what Minnie?" I enquired, fairly shivering with excitement.

"Your mother, Charles!" replied the same voice.

Then all was silent as the house of death for several minutes. Suddenly I discovered that Minnie's hand trembled in mine, and as the fire blazed up, making it sufficiently light to distinguish objects in any part of the room, I noticed that her eyes were closed, and she was fast becoming unconscious. I attempted to arouse her, but found that I could not move. A heavy, invisible weight seemed pressing upon all my limbs. Glancing towards the doctor, I said,

"Minnie is fainting—help her!"

But he only shook his head in silence. Turning towards Madame von Wieser, I found her equally incapable of moving.—The thought that Minnie was dying, and not one of us able to raise a hand to her assistance, now took possession of and almost maddened me. I made desperate efforts—I felt the will-power of a giant—still it was of no avail. I was held as firmly as if I had been in a vise. My excitement became so intense that I was near losing my reason. Next, I became so bewildered as to believe myself asleep, tormented with a horrible dream.

"Doctor," I at length exclaimed beseechingly, "why don't you wake me? I am dying of night-mare!"

"Charles," he replied solemnly, "try and calm yourself. We are probably very near to the last of life. Minnie is going first—we shall all soon follow. I have often heard that when the spirit is about to quit the body, all its faculties are suddenly quickened, and it is enabled to catch glimpses of its future home. Therefore I implore you to conquer that wild look which gleams from your glaring eyeballs. Let us meet the coming dissolution calmly and decently. If this is death—and I believe it is—I hail is as the most welcome of messengers."

"The room is full of spirits," he continued, raising his eyes; "I see your mother—she smiles upon us—now she is hovering over Minnie—now she has vanished and I see my brother Godfrey in her place."

At that moment, I noticed that Minnie was violently agitated, which continued for half a minute, and then she became calm again, apparently in a disturbed slumber. The doctor continued.

"Baron von Wieser is here—so is Conrad—and madame Wieland—and my old friend Bichat. They are all here to greet our entrance upon the threshold of eternity, and welcome us to that Heaven of heavens, which has no beginning nor an end."

While speaking the doctor's eyes were reverentially raised, and the deep solemnity of both the occasion and his demeanor filled me with awe. Although I saw no spirits, yet I firmly believed that he did.—In a few moments Minnie turned towards me, took both my hands, her eyes being still closed, and her countenance beaming with the sweetest smile, she said,

"It affords me the greatest pleasure, my son, in being allowed to address you through the form of my namesake. You must not doubt me, Charles, for it is the spirit of your mother that speaks. I am rejoiced at the progression in goodness you have already made, and most earnestly hope you will continue. For a long time you were so beset with bad influences that I could but seldom approach you. But now I am with you almost always. I see all your acts—know all your thoughts. You still have many sorrows—many disappointments to encounter. But if you will be patient and long suffering, your trials shall be to you as the refiner's fire, burning up the dross of mortality, and leaving the spirit like unto pure gold. But I must be brief, for I cannot remain long, and there are others here to whom I must say a few words."

"If this is indeed my mother," I said "you will not refuse to answer me a few questions. In the first place, why have you not manifested yourself to me before?"

"I have, and did as soon as I had the power to do so."

"Have you not power to do everything—can you not appear to us whenever you choose?"

"No, for if I had I should be a God, and not a finite being."

"Has not your spirit more power now, than when in the form?"

"To do many things—yes; but to hold intercourse with nother spirit, still in the form, its power is diminished many fold.—But these are questions which my cousin Godfrey will better explain."

"Are you happy in your present state of existence?"

"In proportion to the progression which I have made, and my capacity for being so, I am. Yet some are happier, and others less so. I am, however, far from being miserable?"

"I hardly know how to answer you.—There are many here whose conditions would be to me the greatest misery; but they do not appear to be miserable. They have a peculiar kind of enjoyment, adapted to the state or condition in which they are. It may be enjoyment to them, yet would be suffering to others. Just so you will see people upon the earth; the vicious and depraved have what they consider enjoyment; yet to the virtuous and good, the same sensations would be a source of torture."

"Why have you not interfered to prevent my rashness in times past, and which has occasioned me so much suffering?"

"I did all that I could. But even if I had been in the form, I might not have been able to control you in the midst of your violent passions; then how much less capable I am with all my powers for communicating with you so greatly diminished."

"One question more—why were you so frightened last night, when the voice was heard, but scarcely startled at the same voice to-night?"

"You mistake, Charles. I was not here last night. But I comprehend your meaning. Because the voice which you hear issues from the mouth of Minnie, you have asked the question as though addressing her instead of me. It is my spirit which now holds entire control of her organism. Her spirit is completely passive and at rest—so much so that it is totally unconscious. Minnie was frightened last night because I was not here. I came to her afterwards, quieted her fears, and made her understand that whatever might occur to-night, no one would be injured. I also requested her to warn her mother, but it seems that she has neglected to do so, partly from want of confidence in what I impressed upon her mind. Yet she complied with my wishes by singing and playing, and was in expectation of the interruption at the very moment it occurred. But I must bid you good-bye now, and will come again soon."

Releasing my hands, Minnie turned towards her mother and uncle, and taking a hand of each, she continued in the same tone of voice,

"I am very happy my dear friends, for this opportunity of once more communicating with you. I have often been near you, and although unable to make any manifestations, still I could make an impression upon your minds sufficient to direct your thoughts. But my control was so slight that your will-power was not affected and consequently I had no special control of your acts. Such thoughts as I gave by impression, you set down as involuntary, or a sort of wake-dreaming, never for a moment supposing they were derived from a disembodied spirit. I am glad to find my son with you, and hope that you will continue to remain together in the same family, until you are separated by joining your friends in a higher life. Charles needs your kind and restraining influences, by which he will be greatly assisted in upward progression. But, good-bye—I will come again soon—your brother is anxious to speak to you."

A few quick starts, and then in tone more like a man, a voice from Minnie—formed by her organs of speech, as before—proceeded,

"Brother and sister, years ago, when my mortal life ceased you said I had left you, never to return. In this you were mistaken. I did not even *leave* you. Yet from inability to manifest my presence until recently, it was impossible that you should be aware of it. The change which you have long called *death*, is only the passage of the spirit to higher life. This change does not necessarily involve any change of thought, affection, or desire. The characteristics—the perfect identity—are preserved, notwithstanding the higher and more noble desires are greatly quickened. In spirit life we are enabled to comprehend many things which it was impossible to understand while in the earthly form. The peculiar faculties of the spirit, clearly indicate that it was designed for endless progression. You need not come to the spirit world to learn this, for it is a truth stamped upon every mind—engraven upon every rational intellect. The great error of my mortal existence, was a belief that the spirit, upon its separation from the body immediately ascended, or descended, until reaching the place God had assigned it, and there became an eternal fixture, never changing afterwards. That is; in proportion to the good or bad deeds, done in the body, which ever preponderated, would the spirit be assigned to a place of happiness or misery—and this assignment to be final. I now wonder that I did not perceive how irrational—how much at variance with God's harmonious laws, such a conclusion was. But this was one of the facts which I accepted without proof—a fact that I never questioned. Look for a minute at the absurdity. In earth-life the spirit—or the mind, through which its manifestations are made—never ceases to acquire knowledge, and to profit by past mistakes. Its capability in this particular, is as unlimited as boundless space. While in the form, such I believed the spirit to be, and such I believe it to be now. Moreover, I believed that no part of the spirit—that is, none of its powers or faculties, would be annihilated at dissolution; yet when I said I believed there was no change after the spirit had once entered upon eternal life, I virtually said that its independence of action, of thought, and of motion, were annihilated. But I never thought of this palpable contradiction in my belief, because I never heard the point questioned. All that the spirit loses by what you term death, appertains to the body, and not to the spirit, physical strength is essential to the preservation of the former, and the continuance of the union. Physical strength is therefore given. But after the union is dissolved, there is no longer occasion for physical strength; therefore it ceases."

"Brother Godfrey," said the doctor, "although I have serious doubts of your presence, believing this singular manifestation to originate solely with Minnie, who is now in a somnambulic condition, still I will address the voice as though yourself, talking through her. And since you have introduced a subject of great importance, will you be kind enough to describe to me what you call the spirit?"

"As far as in my power, and within your comprehensions, I will. Were I to define it as you might a flower, employing only botanical and technical terms, it would no more come within your comprehension, than would *your* definition to a person totally ignorant of the science of Botany. I must therefore describe the spirit by approximation—by comparing it with other substances of which you have some knowledge. Besides, I am myself still ignorant of many things which pertain to the spirit, as you are, after a lifetime of study, ignorant of much which pertains to the human system. And even after millions of ages shall have rolled away, I shall continue to find new sources of knowledge—vast fields of information unexplored—storehouses of wisdom not thought of at this time. Were it otherwise—then the spirit would arrive at a state in which nothing more could be learned—a state as impossible of conception, as the attempt to conceive that boundless space has an ending, and what the appearance would be, where space ends.

"You do not understand electricity—you annot explain to a student its components. Neither can I the spirit. When at rest—the equilibrium satisfied—an uneducated person might be pardoned for denying the presence of electricity. You can disturb its equilibrium and procure manifestations, only by observing certain conditions. So, too, the disembodied spirit can manifest its presence to you only under certain conditions, although like electricity, it may always be present. Electricity, is, to the disembodied spirit, what physical strength is to the spirit embodied. Electricity is force, without intelligence—so is physical strength—yet both may be governed and directed by intelligence. Electricity acts involuntarily, being acted upon—physical strength acts both voluntarily and involuntarily, according to its conditions. Some persons have more—others less, of physical strength. Some spirits can control more electricity—others less, according to their conditions. The spirit is more subtle than electricity—there is no substance, however dense or opaque, through which it cannot pass with the utmost ease. Thus it is enabled to pass in silence. But not so with electricity. The spirit has intelligence and will-power, which constitute the great distinction between it and electricity. Under certain conditions, the spirit can clothe itself with electricity—then its movements are accompanied with disturbance and noise.

"But I am admonished not to continue longer the control of Minnie's organism, lest she suffer from fatigue. Her father and brother will speak to you through her soon, but not to-night. So farewell."

With a convulsive start, after shuddering a few times, Minnie opened her eyes, and in a calm natural tone, smilingly remarked that she must have unconsciously fallen asleep.

(*To be Continued.*)

ADVENTURE OF AN OLD STAGER.

We were collected around the great stove in the bar room—some twenty of us—engaged in a social after supper chat. It was snowing and blowing out of doors, and those who were forced to be out with teams were having a cold, dark, hard time of it. There were five stage routes centering at the inn where we were stopping, and it being Sunday evening, the coaches were all in and laid by for the Sabbath; while the drivers, a jolly hearted crew, were taking all the ease imaginable.

The conversation in the presence of these old stagers, turned upon the hardships of winter travel in Northern New England, and many were the anecdotes related of overturns and wrecks in snow storms and snow drifts.

"Did I ever tell you about that bit of adventure I had on the Danbury and Littleton route one winter?"

"No," answered a chorus of voices, "what was it?"

The speaker was Peter Hoyle; tho' I doubt if one in fifty of those who knew him ever heard of his family name.

"Peter," "Old Pete," and "Pete," were the names by which he went, as he was the only Peter on the road in that section, there was no need of qualifying that simple Christian name. He was a genial, good natured, accommodating and self sacrificing man, with a stout, stumpy frame, which seemed made on purpose for a coach box. And his face! Upon my soul it did one good to look at it. It was broad and full—there was certainly a hundred and forty four square inches in it—as blooming in its color as a red rose, and as full of fun, as a plump, picked ham is full of fat. Ah! he was a rare Old Pete, as the thousands can testify who have ridden with him over the hills and sand plains of New Hampshire.

"Come—let us have your story," cried half a dozen anxious ones.

"Don't hurry me," returned the old stager, as he moved his chair in order to avoid the smoke from an abominable cigar which John Headance was puffing away at. He said something not over polite about the cigar as he moved; but Headance informed that "them cigars cost ten dollars a hundred"—and then went on puffing more furiously than before.—However, in a place where all smoke that please, and burn such vile stuff as they choose to hold between their lips, John's oderous weed was soon forgotten, and Pete commenced his story:

"Fourteen years ago, I drove from Danbury

to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles; and as I had to wait for the arrival of two other coaches, I did not start until after dinner; so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter and the season was a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail which I carried was not due at Littleton by the contract till one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me. He knew what a love I had for travel, so he found no fault, and government was as well satisfied as I was. One day I think it was about the middle of January, when I drove up for the mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office."

"Pete," said he, with an important serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed out the mail bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston—and was going to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I had any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him that I did not know.

"But I suppose I havn't," said I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to day, and he says there have been one or two suspicious looking characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects they have an eye on this mail, so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

"I ain't very apt to be scared at trifles, and on this occasion I felt very safe, for I had two passengers booked through—both men that I knew, and who would help me in case of need. Still I thought I should like to know how the suspected men looked, and I asked the postmaster if he had any description of them.—He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about forty years old, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed here wasn't much danger.

"O no, not if you've got passengers through; but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail and keep an eye on it when you stop to change horses."

"I assured him I should do so, and then I took the bag under my arm and left the office. When I reached the team I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more careful than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond this I did not then feel any concern. It was half past one when I started with four passengers. Two rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark where we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night. They had no particular business to hurry them, so they preferred to take a more comfortable season for travelling over the dubious road that lay before them."

Thus at about half past six o'clock in the evening, I left Gowan's Mills alone having two horses and an open pung. As there was but little travel on this end of the route, I used to leave my covered sleigh at the Mills, and take the pung, which was not only much lighter, but not so top heavy in the drifts. I had seventeen miles to go, a hard seventeen miles it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the deep snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon grew leg weary and restive. At the distance of six miles from Gowan's I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. Just as I was ready to start from there, a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go. He had no baggage, so I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was about ready to gather up the reins, when the hostler came out from the little stable and asked me if I knew one of my horses had cut himself very badly. I jumped out and went with my informant, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut upon the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I thought necessary, and was about to turn away when the hostler remarked that he thought I came in alone. I told him I did.

"Then where'd you get that passenger?" said he.

"I don't know."

"Well now," says the hostler, "that's kind o'curious. There haint no such man been to the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors. Where did he come from."

That was the question. As for the neighbors there were only three other dwellings at the Corner, and the stable boy knew that no stranger had been at any of them during the evening.

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me and as I get into the pung just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

The boy did as I wished, and as I stepped aboard my pung, I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short thick frame; full, hard features, and I could also see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the post-master had described to me; but I didn't think seriously upon it till after I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed that the mail bag was not in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo," says I holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?" My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and as I spoke I turned towards him.

"Here's a bag of some kind slipped under my feet," he said giving it a kick as though he'd shoved it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow-drift, and I was forced to lead them through it. This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it into his breast pocket. At first I thought it was a small liquor flask, but upon second thoughts I had made up my mind that it was a pistol.—I had caught the gleam of the barrel of the pistol in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect I knew that I was not mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail, but that he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation any how. While I was pondering, the horses plunged into another deep drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he said he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; so I worked lone, and was about a quarter of an hour in getting my team through the drift, which was several rods in extent. When I got into the sleigh again my first impulse, after starting up was to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered that it had become entangled in something—I thought it the buffalo—and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down with my hand, and after feeling about a few moments I found that my foot was in the mail bag!—I felt again and I found my hands in among the packages of letters and papers!—I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife!

Here was a discovery! I had began to think that I had not had enough forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes were only a waste of time, I very quickly gave it up and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain. Second, he had cut open the mail bag, and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by their size and shape. Third, he meant to leave the stage on the first favorable opportunity; and fourth—he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew if I could get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eye was upon me all the time so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house where an old farmer named Lougee lived, and directly before which a huge snow bank stretched across the road through which a track for teams had to be cleared with shovels. As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, as the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling I stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead and could plainly distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged the horses into a good speed and when near the bank I forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank after them, while the other ran into the cut, thus turning over the sleigh about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and was not prepared for it, but I had calculated and was prepared for it. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe around him, while I lighted upon my feet directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and then sang out for old Lougee.—I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay!" asked the old man as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," says I.

As I spoke I had partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season, and I jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time the old man had led the horse out and come back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters, which he had stolen away from the mail bag, and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore and threatened, and begged and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not so snug as it might have been, and my mail bag a little the worse for the game that had been played upon it. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was indentified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State Prison at this present moment. At any rate he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had my mail troubled; and I think that, under all the circumstances, I came out of it pretty well.

THE BURNING SHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

My friend Harry is the happiest of men. He has the sweetest and most romantic cottage in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It is about nine miles from the city, and near a fine old turnpike, so that a span of blood horses will take you there in forty minutes. His wife is a pretty angel—beautiful, sweet-tempered, and loves Harry devotedly. And then a group of such lovely children!

"Did you ever hear how Isabel and I became acquainted?" said he to me one evening, looking on his wife. I shook my head in the negative. "well, then, draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you."

With these words he began:

"It was a night in the tropics. We had been in pursuit of a heavy merchantman, but a fog coming up she was shut in from our sight, and for more than an hour remained invisible. Suddenly, however, the moon broke forth, and we saw the chase close hauled, and on the very point of escaping us. We instantly made all sail, but the wind was so uncertain that the stranger kept his advantage, the air being comparatively still with us, while he had a respectable breeze. At length it fell a dead calm, the chase being by this time several miles off.

She could now be seen lying in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swells, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance like a sea-gull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass, exclaimed:

"There is something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks—and even those aloft repairing are coming down—what can it mean, Mr. Jones?"

"I can't make out, sir—the crew, perhaps, has mutinied; they are running wildly hither and thither—no, my God, the ship's on fire!" ejaculated, as a cloud of thick, black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore hatch way, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brighter into the midnight sky.

We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The eager element shot along the rigging, ran swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, and streamed almost perpendicularly upwards of a fathom or two above the trunk. There was a breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere swept the dense smoke to one side, forming as if it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant was shown on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

"Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick sir, or the poor wretches will be lost!" thundered the captain.

The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

"Mr. Danforth," he said, "I shall give you the command of the leading boat; spare no effort to reach them in time—but," he continued, in a whisper, "mind the magazine?"

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets. I continued, "push off there forward—and now give way with a will, boys—*pull!*"

At these words the men bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure boats.

But swift as was our progress, that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such fearful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore part of the ship in flames, and threaten to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found vent, it had raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds, the foremast, the bowsprit, the yards, everything was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round and round, ascended spirally to the mast head, shooting its forky tongue out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up in the calm, blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once to the ratlins, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging, spread almost instantly to the huge lower sails, hissing flashing and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavoring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some stretching out their hands inploring for help.

"Give way, my men, give way—will you see them miserable wretches burned before your eyes?" I shouted, rising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter deck of the burning ship answered back with a hysteric shout. Our gallant tars started like mettled hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

"Keep her off there," I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape; "keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up," I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

"Mr. Danforth," at this moment shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead; "there's a lady and her father, they say, here—still on board—for heaven's sake let us try to save them."

For one moment, as I remembered my orders and the extremity of our danger, I paused; but when I reflected that, by departing, we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily learning from the mate of the vessel that they were their only passengers, and having taken refuge in the hold during the late chase, had since been forgotton—and not feeling warranted in ordering any one on so dangerous a journey, I gave the boat in charge of Irvine, who had luckily smuggled himself on board, sternly bid one or two of my crew, who attempted to follow, to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over her quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with taste. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state-rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with ebony, and finished off with the greatest elegance. Curtains apparently of damask, hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an ottoman, and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of human beings were discernable around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to that frigetful element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold? Was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death? All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind and my heart sickened as I owned I could not answer them.

The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung, for should the flames reach the magazine inevitable destruction must issue. Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way ravenously towards it. Besides, if I paused a moment longer, the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off.

Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in periling it to the utmost; but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows from my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty. These reflections, however, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the state rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion way, when I noticed that a massive curtain at the further end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of the one I was in. Without a moment's delay I rushed towards it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I never shall forget.

This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with everything that taste could suggest or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a gray-haired man, apparently about sixty-five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending wildly over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half-fainting creature seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins just discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin.

Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair, loose and unbound, streamed in dark, glossy ringlets over her shoulders. At the noise made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see through the tears that glistened on her lashes, one of the sweetest hazel eyes I have ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, crimsoning it like a rose leaf as she beheld a stranger; and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment to speak, and then stood with half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

"For God's sake fly?" I cried, "the ship is on fire in every part—we can barely escape by the companion way—in another instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For Heaven's sake, come!"

"Oh! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope!" exclaimed the old man—"but Isabel has fainted," he continued. "Go, fly, I will die with her," he

(Continued on 6th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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WHAT SHALL BE THE GOVERNMENT AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE FUTURE?

This is the great question of our day and generation. Its consideration is now begining to press home upon the consciousness of the profoundest thinkers among us. It is a question demanding to be answered, and yet every one who grapples with it, acknowledges himself unequal to the task. Yet all are agreed that new religious, political and social institutions are at hand—that the world is prepared and waiting to receive them,—but how and from whence and where are they to be received and put in operation? That these mighty questions are speedily to receive a final, authoritative and universally satisfactory answer, we do not entertain a shadow of a shade of doubt. In the meantime, we desire to cast the humble light which has been vouchsafed to us upon this topic, preparatory to that Divine, illuminating flood, which shall ere long burst upon a benighted world.

We must take exception to Henry C. Wright's unsupported assumption that Organizations are "mere human contrivances for human convenience"—that "God never *commissioned* an *individual* to act as an agent of a Church, State or Nation." Like Judge Edmonds, (whose concluding article on Spiritualism for the *Tribune* we have placed on the sixth page) we believe that through the inspiration of "the foundling of the Nile," God directly revealed to man so much of Divine Truth as was necessary to his then development—all the truth, in fact, which the race could then possibly comprehend and make use of. When the truths of the Mosaic revelation had, in the course of ages, worked out the full measure of development which they were intended to accomplish, and the Jewish people educated up to that point where a nobler and purer code of action and motives could find a successful lodgment, then the sublime system, or *foundation principles*, of Jesus of Nazareth, was revealed, to supersede and set aside that of Moses, which had then become a *barrier*, instead of a help to the further progress of mankind.—So now, just as surely as He made Moses and Christ the instruments whereby new truths were revealed to the world, He will just as surely raise up another instrument through whom will be promulgated still new and greater truths than were proclaimed by "him who was born in a manger." These truths, these ideas, must inevitably tend to organization Ideas are comparatively powerless for good or evil, until they are organized—clothed upon. Organization is the law of the Universe. Countless systems of worlds are held in quiet subjection by organization. Each individual member of these systems knows its place, and performs the work assigned it. God gave to the sun the power to dispense light and heat to the immense system of which it is the centre. To its infallible, authoritative decrees each planetary member of the system yields entire, unquestioning assent and obedience, yet entirely unconscious, in its apparently absolute freedom, of the absolute authority of which it is the subject.

That there *was* a time when Chaos reigned supreme in the material world, we do not doubt. But, as in the end the Divine Architect evolved Order, or Organization, out of Chaos in that world, so will He eventually bring Order, or Organization, out of the undeniably chaotic elements which exist in the world of humanity. Each and every member of the human family is a little world in miniature,—a planet, or satellite, made to revolve around a common centre of Light, Wisdom and Truth, with no jarring discord, or interference with each others' sphere or orbit. But, alas! we have not yet attained to that harmonious development and perfection which exists among the particles of matter, causing them so speedily and unhesitatingly to fly to the common centre of attraction.

We have no contempt for the "dead Past," or its institutions. God is God of the Past, as well as of the Present, or the Future. We can see His directing finger in all the Organizations of that Past. The myriads of souls who have toiled and struggled and suffered in the Past have not done so in vain. The experiments they have made, the institutions they have builded, the philosophies they have taught, the oppressions they have suffered, are all priceless legacies to us—richly worth the infinite sacrifice through which they have been accomplished. The Past has deeply and broadly laid the foundations whereon alone the Future can rear the mighty structure of a redeemed, regenerated and perfected Humanity. The philosopher or theorist who ignores and contemns the Past in his plans for the Future, makes a fatal and fundamental error. The Present holds in solution the experiences and progress of the Past—in the eternal Future they shall crystalize in those forms of Divine beauty and harmony towards which every soul, every particle of Humanity, by the laws of its being, inevitably gravitates. God's purposes and designs have been and are just as plainly written upon Organizations and Combinations, as upon the bodies and souls of men, and so it will always be. The laws of the Divine Organization are ineffaceably imprinted upon the human body and soul, and the day is not far distant when those laws shall be outworked in the form of Religious, Social and Political Institutions, ordained by God from the foundations of the world. △

THE "END AND AIM" OF SPIRITUALISM.

We desire to call attention to the article of Judge Edmonds, to be found on another page. While we can but heartily commend its entire tone, temper and style as a fit close to the important work he undertook, we yet cannot yield our assent to the final deduction at which he arrives. Can it be that "the great end and aim" of this New and Divine Dispensation is "to learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter when this shall have ended"—"all else being merely incident to it"? We have not so been taught. The Spiritualism *we* have learned tells us that this new revelation is to direct its whole power and wisdom towards the one great object of developing and perfecting man in *this* life, thus fitting him, as he only can be properly fitted, to enter upon and discharge the duties and requirements of that life. *This* is the work for the accomplishment of which Spiritualism must bend its every energy and enlist all its sympathies, or else prove a grand failure. Do we undertake to make our children acquainted with the bewitching melodies of Mother Goose, before they have learned the alphabet? Do we put Colburn's Algebra into the hands of the pupil who has not mastered the simple elements of Arithmetic? Do we expect the divinely artistic creations of Corregio, Angelo, or Raphael, from him who is not yet thoroughly familiar with the simple rules of perspective? Surely not. Neither, as we understand it, will Divine Wisdom undertake to teach us "the nature and conditions" of a *future* life, while we do not yet comprehend the nature and conditions of the present!

Oh! if there is nothing more to come of these Angelic Manifestations than beautiful and flowery descriptions of the life of the hereafter, pleasing and delightful as they may be to the imaginative and poetic mind—if we are not to be taught by means of them how to make this earth a very Paradise—if we are not to be taught how to banish disease and poverty and sin—if it is not to be revealed to us how so to live as to enhance the happiness of our neighbor at the same time that we secure our own—if, in short, through Spiritualism the Creator does not intend to give us those institutions and organizations which alone shall speedily usher in the "Millenial day," the "Good Time Coming," for which we all do labor and wait, in this life, then will the glorious promises and the sublime foreshadowings which have continually sustained *us* through long years of severe trial, doubt and well-nigh despair, have sadly come to naught!

No! no! Long enough have men acted like beasts of prey, murdering and devouring each other without mercy. The great problems of human destiny, which have so long puzzled and perplexed theologians and social constructors, are soon to be worked out in institutions that shall thoroughly prepare the soul for that future destiny, whose "nature and conditions" it cannot fully realize until it shall have entered upon them. △

[From the Banner of Light.]

REV. A. D. MAYO, AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday Oct 23, 1859.

The Rev. Theodore Parker's congregation was addressed on Sunday, the 23d of October, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, upon *"The Organization of Religion in the United States."*

The subject, he said, was of no secondary interest. It is vitally connected with the success of religion in our country. Whether the chief American republic is to be religious or atheistical, depends to a greater extent than we may imagine, on the mode of organizing the religion. Every idea must become an institution, in order to aid in the achievement of the destiny of a people. Liberty unorganized is anarchy; organized, is free society. Love unorganized is lust; organized, is the home.—Religion unorganized either becomes superstition, or vanishes into atheism; organized, it is a Church and a Christian civilization. The experience of the ages has decided that the world has always rushed into the worst church as a shelter from unbridled superstition and despair. The American people believe in nothing that cannot be shaped into an institution. The United States must not be given over to any faith, or to a faith which can not be embodied in some practical working form.

He should assume that there is a great religious faith in this Republic, to be organized.—There never was such a genuine religious faith in this country as to-day. He granted that if by faith we mean faith in existing churches, there is a "suspension" in some cases verging near a bankruptcy. But there never was so perfect and true a faith in any nation, as to-day in this republic. There are two classes of men now affirming that there is a suspense of faith. First, those who look constantly into the slough of our national sensuality and barbarism; secondly, those who look into the region inhabited by the over-educated, over-refined, the spiritual and social Sybarites that lounge in every great city and village, and who see that the clique is larger than ever before. Either of these classes is large enough to hide the American people from the demagogue who affects the company of blackguards, or the theologian who affects the company of the over-refined. Nobody expects faith in this society. The highest and lowest strata of every people have always been in a state of suspended religious animation. But whoever is sufficiently honest and clear-minded to look between these two classes, both smaller here than in any modern nation, and contemplate the real, acting people, who are making America the best thing she is, and who are the hope of the country for what it shall be, must confess that there never was so much true faith displayed before. The speaker knew that the mass of the American people are far below the ideal of the Sermon on the Mount. But never before was there such a mighty interest to know the truth about God and man, such growing impatience with popular and ecclesiastical falsehoods. If the people are sometimes disappointed in the priests, the mediums, the agitators, yet the blind, high impulse, is growing into clear religion.

Some kinds of religion are already organized in the Republic. The two great forms the Christian religion has assumed in the past are on the ground. The Church of the infallible hierarchy, and the Church of the infallible sacrificial creed, are each claiming to organize the entire Christianity of the nation. Let us inquire if either of these is able to truly organize religion.

First: the Church of the infallible hierarchy claims Divine authority to organize our religion, claiming to be the exclusive medium of saving grace. This Church will do all the good it can that is consistent with the support of that hierarchy; all other good it will leave undone. It has two wings, the Roman Catholic, the Continental—the Protestant-Episcopal, or Anglo-Saxon form. Both stand on the radical basis of being the Divinely-authorized Church. Both divisions are growing stronger each year. In the great State of New York, the chief organizing State in the Union, as Massachusetts is the chief State in the realm of ideas, they modify the most liberal churches, and influence the whole social fabric of the State. They represent the principles of European civilization to this country. Whether this form can organize religion in the United States, depends whether we are drifting toward the aristocratic tendencies of their civilization. The highest and the lowest classes are drifting that way. This Church never offends the slave power, the representative of despotism in America. The late attempt to reinstate Bishop Onderdonk was referred to as an illustration of the spirit of hierarchical Church, the support of a Bishop being held above that of morality and just public opinion. The scorn with which the proposition to act against the African slave-trade was received in the late Episcopal Convention, was cited as an example of the shrewdness with which this Church, aiming at the possession of the slave States, avoids offence to the slave power. It will finally organize the aristocratic elements of America. Very good people do believe in aristocratic government, an authoritative Church. This party will become a formidable force in the Republic, but will always be an anti-democratic minority. It will, doubtless, have its uses, as conservative ballast; but it cannot organize religion that regards the Church as the servant of the soul; and that is the religion which is to prevail more and more as the kingdom of light and love prevails on earth.

Second: the Church of the infallible sacrificial creed proposes to organize religion in the United States, around a theological system.—This Church will do all the good it can, consistently with that, and what good is outside of that it will leave undone. Its doctrines and organization are as compact as an armor of links, but still yielding with wonderful elasticity, to the deep inspiration and Titanic struggles of its freest advocates. It tolerates all sorts of theoretical and practical errors in its followers; it repudiates all philanthropy in the heretic. This Church is called the Protestant Evangelical, and is the most powerful in the land. It was the religion planted in the most enterprising part of the country, and has spread wherever our enterprise has gone. It has practical possession of our whole educational system. It is composed of a dozen different sects, but they all stand together when their great banner is displayed, and the awful spectacle of God's sacrificing his Son on Calvary glares forth on its canvass. The "Business-men's Prayer meeting" was referred to as the most efficient and powerful organ for the consolidation of these Churches into one. The men who manage it know what they are doing. So far, the people appear to follow with commendable facility. It is successful because it represents the average condition of the American people. Its creed is doubtless the best that ever prevailed in any Church so large.—Perhaps there is as much truth included in its catechism as the people can comprehend. It is the Church of the actual present of the United States. But the atmosphere is full of the indications that it is not the Church of the highest present life, much less of that ideal future which is the creed of democracy. The creed is assailed by the best science and philosophy of the day. Every large thinker is brought up against one of its points. The rising humanity of the country rises up against it. The growing freedom of the country commands it to estimate men by their character, not by the catechism. Under this pressure it is convulsed to the centre. The New York *Independent* well represents this struggle. The speaker suspected that this Church will be the ruling religious organization for half a century to come. Professor Park may give it a lease of life for another quarter of a century.—But many a progressive church will fall off into heterodoxy. It cannot permit even religious toleration, without suicide. To acknowledge that character is the test of salvation is to sink the "plan" into speedy forgetfulness.—It will do neither. Representing the highest faith of the present, that which alone professes the true democracy of the future is to be organized by another power.

There is but one faith which can shape the best religious condition of the American people into a true form. That is, the faith of God always and evermore in humanity. There has never been a time when the best souls of the world have not acknowledged this faith. First among its prophets was Jesus Christ. The sum of his whole life and teaching was the eternal union of God and man. He was God in the same sense that you and I and all men can become participators of the Divine essence. He has been the world's pioneer to the good news which in these latter days has at last burst forth with a force that will hereafter be irresistible. But especially has this majestic faith of *God now with men* grown in our own land. At that magic word, our creed-bound theology has sprung into a new life, and has shaken itself clear of the doctrine of a sacrificial salvation. The new Church of Philanthropy has leapt into life, challenging slavery sensuality, selfishness, in the name of man's Divinity. Industry, has revived, and our people have revived to a consciousness that true labor is the highway to that God of whom Jesus said "My Father worketh." Our entire politics have come to concentrate in a question concerning that race which, by its sorrows and wrongs, is the representative of humanity. It is no cause of surprise that the priests are shrinking from this new glare of light, and calling on the rocks and mountains of a new ecclesiasticism to cover them. It is this faith which we are called to organize into some form befitting its august reality. How shall we make this true revival of religion a permanent fact in our national life? This new idea will shape a church and school of that liberal Christianity which is nothing more nor less than the absolute religion, where generations shall be taught in its comprehension and application. This Church will have its foundation in the perpetual inspiration of man by God. it will have no test of worth, short of holy character. It welcomes the forms and ceremonies that spring from the true nature of man, and symbols of manhood and womanhood to the imagination, fired with the eternal beauty. It asks no bonds but the sympathy and honor of according souls. Men who love God and man can work together without the guardianship of a spiritual police. It demands perpetual activity in man; it will be the scourge of sin, the salvation of the sinner. This is all good men now sigh and plead for, in lands. And if America is to go on and become a true republic, the crowning height of civilization, the heaven-kissing hill, whence all holy influences shall pour in crystal tides to refresh our popular and private life, the sooner the wise begin to organize this community to a higher culture, the less danger that it will drift away into a new fanaticism. He would not deny the fanaticism and folly attending this new religious movement. But we can point to greater excesses in the early Chistianity. We deliberately prefer, said he, the perils of liberty to the perils of despotism.

How, then, shall be realized this ideal of a true religious cultue in the United States? First, there are three thousand church organizations which have nominally cut loose from the authority of the hierarchy and the creed, and profess to stand for a reformed Christianity. They are the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Christians, and the Hicksite Friends. There is progress throughout all these sects. They are all gradually falling into the position, practically, of independent religious organizations. There is, indeed, in each, a party who believe in consolidating; but it will finally be defeated. Then there are the independent congregations of whom Rev. Mr. Parker is the foremost man. So far from being a failure, Mr. Mayo regarded the career of these new religious bodies as a great success, for fifty years of controversy. A portion of these churches will become the nucleus of all the future religious culture. The various "reform movements" of the day were instanced as another branch of the liberal religious movement of the age—the anti-slavery agitation, the woman's rights movement, temperance, *et cetera*.

"Spiritualism," said the speaker, "is another, blind, push in the same direction. While fastidious scholars are lampooning its absurdities, and conservative preachers are calling on it to subside, the wiser observers behold in it a new popular outbreak of faith in immortality, a natural reaction against the Pagan Church theories of the future life. It is now so complicated with physical problems, so overlaid and shot through with crude speculations, that nobody can accurately prophesy its real meaning and mission. But it has broken down a wall between earth and heaven, that no priesthood can ever rebuild. Any Church that will lead the people, must henceforth preach a progressive futurity. Spiritualism may subside, in its present forms; but the result will only be gathered up in the Christian Church of God in man." The numerous Conventions for free discussion of questions of reform are another hopeful omen. The great need, now, is concentration, in associations for religious culture and conduct. This is going on. In the independent congregational churches arising all over the land is to be found the great hope of our future culture in religion. They shall vary in their forms of worship, and so they shall represent the infinite variety of religion. Each shall be free to develop its religious life, all shall be one to fight the great battle of man's deliverance from tyranny and sin, and prophesy of his eternal union with God. There shall be no retreat into dead observances, but an advance into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 26.

QUESTION.—Are the manifestations of human life that we call evil or sinful, a necessity of the conditions of the soul's progress?

Dr. Child—

"Bring out your balance; get in man by man;
Add earth, heaven, hell, the universe; thats all.
God puts his finger in the other scale,
And up we bounce a bubble . . . ."

"The world is perfect as concerns itself,
. . O'er the meanest atom God reigns
Omnipotent, as o'er the universe."

"We are imbecile. . . . . .
We see dark sides of things—*sometime* there
must be light."

Without any feeling of antagonism to views that may seem opposed to the affirmative of this question, from the deepest and most sincere convictions of my soul, I answer to the question, that what we call sin and evil in human actions *is a necessity*, and, being a necessity, it is lawful and right. The views of Dr. Gardner, Mr. Newton, Mr. Edson, and all others here—and the views of Horace Seaver, William Lloyd arrison Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Spurgeon, E. H. Chapin, A. L. Stone, and Nehemiah Adams—and all doctrines, creeds and opinions, all over the world, the affirmative accepts as being true to the conditions that produce them.

In the limits of a few minutes it is impossible to present this subject so that it may be understood. Detailed explanations are necessary to this end. Time so limited only admits of a few general statements. The subject is as vast as the universe: it is as unmeasured as infinitude. A clear view of this side of the question covers all the beauty, a thousand times told, that the wildest imagination has conceived. It is in perfect harmony with the beautiful teachings of Christ, and all that is good and holy in the Church and in all religions. It accepts every creed as being necessary to the conditions that produced it. It is a platform on which all other platforms rest.—It is a circle in which all other circles exist.—This view of the question is in harmony with all evil; it sees all that is wrong and repulsive to the soul's higher longings, as being the effect of a means in the ordering of Divine Wisdom, for the production of the greatest possible good for humanity. It sees darkness as necessary as light, in the spiritual as well as in the physical world; it sees the lightning's glare as necessary as the milder, softer sunlight; the driving storm as necessary as the gentler dews. It recognizes the hand of God in the serpent's venom, as much as in the fragrance of the pure water-lily; in the crude granite, as full and perfect as in the existence of angel-life. It sees God in all his works ever manifest, replete in power and wisdom. It sees all the manifestations of life, both good and bad, as being the immediate effect of nature's laws, which laws are the laws of God—laws that were never broken, and never can be; laws, every jot and tittle of which, as Christ has said, must be fulfilled. It recognizes every germ of crime as meaning and potent as crime developed; and the latent germ of goodness as powerful and weighty as goodness well developed. It recognizes the elements of good and evil, in a low condition of human progress, as being inseparably blended, necessary and inevitable. It sees the manifestation of every human soul, whether good or bad, as being the necessary results of a certain condition, in which condition is to be found a natural cause that produced the good or bad action. It sees that

"The weakest things
Are to be made examples of God's might;
The most defective, of his perfect grace."

In the affirmative view of this question there is nothing wrong. All ill, all woe, all curses, are only clouds that necessarily rise up and pass away, and

"Everything seems good and lovely and immortal;
The whole is beautiful; and I can see
Naught wrong in man nor nature, naught not meant.
The world is but a revelation. All things
Are God, or of God."

Judas, the traitor, was as faithful to the condition of his being as was St. John, the divine—each performed the mission assigned to each, lawfully and truly. The lowest brick fills its place, and is useful in the walls of ten thousand other bricks, just the same as the highest brick that caps the superstructure In the architecture of God's great universe each human soul fills its place as designed by the builder.—Every human soul is a brick—no more, no less—in the mighty superstructure of the temple of glory.

Behind the holy deeds of Fenelon there existed natural causes that produced them; he could not help the manifestations of good. Behind the dark deeds of King Herod, the enemy of Christ, there existed natural causes that produced the wicked deeds of his life; he could not help them. In Fenelon there is no merit; in Herod there is no demerit. God created both, and the laws of God governed both, one no less than the other; each were true to the conditions of the life they lived; there were causes existing in each, for the deeds which each committed, which causes are in nature, are God's causes. So there is no laudation for Fenelon, no condemnation for Herod; there is no comparison to be made between the two; no judgment to be instituted. Fenelon is a child of God; Herod is the same—each heirs of eternal life and the blessings of God, which awaits them in the future. Fenelon is no nearer God than Herod is, for God is everywhere, and his laws govern everywhere.

That woman of shame and suffering that met Christ at Jacob's well, was just as near God before she preached Christ as she was after. The sufferings consequent upon her sins had prepared her soul to blossom in humility, and sent forth the fragrance of her soul in the love of Christ to humanity. She was the first preacher of the gospel of Christ, and she was a prostitute

Taking the affirmative view of this question, I cannot say to the wretched sinner, to the rebel, to the criminal of darkest deeds, to the inebriate, the sensualist, the prostitute, the financier, or to the holy man,—come with me and seek salvation; each and all are held in the hands of infinite *wisdom*, *love* and *power*, and so am I; no one more, and no one less, than another. There is no philosophy to be found in the doctrine of universal salvation, except in the affirmative of this question.

Do the noblest desires of the soul want anybody to be unhappy forever? No. All hell fades out of view as the phantom of a dream, when the soul can see that all that God has made is right.

The cup of bitterness is the fruit of sin and we must drink it as Christ did; we cannot keep it from our lips; it is our Father's will that we should drink it, and our Christ's example; it is for our good; it is our passport to heaven.

The affirmative view makes all life beautiful to the soul within, and in this light the kingdom of heaven is there found. Your opinion, your creed is rightful to your soul, whatever it may be; it is the lawful effect of the condition of your soul; it could not be otherwise with causes existing there—thus the affirmative accepts it as true. So the affirmative accepts every opinion and every creed, and not only opinions and creeds, but every deed of goodness and every deed of evil, as being necessary and right, that ever existed in the great family of humanity. The affirmative involves the elements of infinite forgiveness, of humility, which holds the soul on a dead level of a human brotherhood; of perfect faith in God and glimpses of the dawning of the day when "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose and shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God." "The wayfaring men though fools shall not err in the ways of holiness." All the ways of life are ways of holiness, whether we call them good or evil, for God is holy and God is in them all. All life is true life, whether we call it good or bad—for God is in all life—and God is truth. All the manifestations of human life both good and evil as we say, are necessary, for God has created nothing that is unnecessary.

Take all teachings of the past in which the infinitude of God's power, wisdom and love has been taught—in which universal salvation has been claimed—in which common sense and philosophy has had a place, and in which the teachings of Christ are made a reality—take the trash and fiction away that clouds them all, leaving only the reality, and the affirmative of this question stands forth a bold and palpable truth.

Mr. Newton said—Though I have been invited to speak on the *negative* of this question, I shall say nothing for the mere purpose of maintaining a *side*; but shall set forth what seems to me the simple truth, according to the testimony of my own perceptions and consciousness, let it fall upon which side it may. My remarks will not be so much a specific reply to what has been urged by the preceding speaker, as a general treatment of the whole subject.

I shall not undertake to deny that many things and acts are *called* evil and sinful, which are not really so Some things *appear* or *seem* to be evils, while in fact they are means to promote our growth in goodness; and some acts deemed sinful are merely transgressions of arbitrary, man-made codes of morals, which have no basis in the soul's eternal constitution.

Of the class properly termed *seeming* evils, are all misfortunes, losses, injuries inflicted upon us by others—all hardships and unfavorable surroundings—all ignorance incident to ungrowth—all hereditary weaknesses and base propensities—and all pains and sufferings consequent upon our own ignorant mistakes and willful wrongs. These all, though commonly called evils, may be so used as to be instruments of *good*.

As *apparent* sins, I would class all sins of ignorance, or honest mistakes of wrong for right; and all violations of established rules of society or the church, under the promptings of what is believed to be a "higher law." These usually *appear* to be "sinful" to lookers-on—though they may be the upward and sinless steps of the individual's progress

Nor shall I deny that evils and sins of the descriptions mentioned are for the most part *necessary*, in the constitution of things, to growth or progress. Plainly, there can be no PROGRESS unless there is a *lower* as well as a *higher*. There can be no perfection, unless there is *im*perfection to begin with. All such *evils* are merely *lesser goods*.

Nor do I question that what often passes for virtue and spotless morality in the sight of men, is but an external garb, a cloak of hypocrisy, a whitewash on the sepulchre, whose foul interior smells quite as "rank to heaven" as does the heart of the vilest sinner who has not added hypocrisy to his guilt.

Nor shall I question that there is prevalent a specious kind of virtue, or self-righteousness, on which many plume themselves—which is neither more nor less than *untried innocence*—which knows not what it is to be tempted, and hence is unacquainted with either its own weakness or strength. This kind of virtue is apt to be rigidly censorious—has no sympathy with the fallen—carefully gathers up its spotless skirts when it meets the sinner in the highway—loves to mount the moralist's pedestal or the sacred pulpit, and there *scold* men for their sins, and try to scourge them into the road to Heaven.

Nor do I doubt but it may be an *effective*—perhaps the *only* effective—means of promoting *real* virtue and *true* righteousness in such persons, that they be led into overpowering temptations, and fall, and besmear their immaculate garments from head to foot in the sluices of pollution. This may be needed to show them what is themselves—to teach them humility, charity, and sympath with the sinful. They who belong to this class will be sure to recover from such lapses; and hereafter will seek to *lead* the fallen into the right path, taking them lovingly by the hand as equals, instead of attempting to *drive* as superiors.

Nor, again, do I deny that the road through hell—even the "lowest hell"—may lead eventually to heaven—nor that those who travel that way, and reach the celestial city at last, through crimes and miseries and agonies untold, will not have a larger capacity for happiness, and for usefulness in saving others, than the merely innocent, the passively good, whose robes were never stained even by *contact* with the vile.

None of these positions shall I deny, for I honestly believe them true. But our question makes no distinction between the *seeming* evils to which I have alluded, and the *real* or *positive* evils which we all know to exist; nor does it recognize such differences in the "conditions" of different souls as may require differences of discipline for their growth to perfection.

Taking the question as it stands, therefore, I am compelled to answer both *Yes* and *No*. If it means only that evils and sins, in the sense of ignorance, mistakes, and inherited tendencies, with the sufferings and sorrows consequent thereupon, are necessarily incident to a state of progress from lower to higher conditions, I unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. But if it means that no soul can advance to its highest condition, except by personally participating in *real* evil, or by becoming positively *sinful*, I most emphatically answer *No*.

The latter doctrine not only abrogates all *real* distinction between evil and good, between virtue and vice, as has been distinctly avowed; but it makes crime and all wickedness *a duty*—because the sooner and the deeper you plunge into them, the more rapid will be your progress toward perfection! * o o * * * o

An argument used on a former occasion in this hall, to substantiate this abhorrent doctrine, had some show of truth in it, enough to make it seem plausible to undiscriminating minds. It was in substance as follows:

"Afflictions always benefit the soul. Joy is only recreation, not the work of the soul's growth. The wretched sinner suffers more than the faithful Christian, who walks in the paths of peace. All steps of human progress must be passed by every soul for itself; and every soul, to gain a higher ascent, must first pass over hell below. There is no degradation, no misery, no suffering, which I must not in my progression gain the mastery over; and to do this, the misery and the suffering must be mine Hell shall sometime rise on wings of ecstasy to praise God forever," etc., etc.

Let us look at some of the mistakes of this reasoning:

It is true, in the general, "afflictions benefit the soul;" but it is *not* true that "joy" and "peace" are not equally helpful to its growth. Afflictions to the soul are like the night and the storm to the growing plant; they serve to send its *roots* more deeply *down* into the Eternal Providence from whence it draws its hidden, basic life, and to give it solidity and strength: while joy and peace are are as necessary to *upward* growth and expansion, as are the warm, calm sunshine, the gentle rain, the gentle breeze. Nor is it true to experience that "afflictions are *always* a benefit to the soul." This depends upon the *use* that is made of them—the *spirit* with which they are endured. Sometimes they only blight and harden.

It is true that all the steps in the soul's upward progress must be, in one sense, taken by and for itself; though it is equally true that we can and do suffer for each other's benefit. It is true that the highest greatness (which is the greatest power to redeem and save others,) can be attained only by experience of the lowest depths of human woe; but it does not follow that this can be had only by participating in the wickedest of human crimes! The moral sense revolt at such an alternative. There is another method of arriving at this result, which will be pointed out presently.

It may be true—I trust it is—that "hell shall sometime rise on wings of ecstasy to praise God forever;" that is, that all souls who are *now* in hell will rise into the regions of truth, wisdom and harmony. But then it will no longer be "hell." And I connot see that any will find it a cause for *special* "praise" that they have groped so long in the dismal regions of Tartarus; nor a reason for highest joy that they have plunged lowest down beneath "the fiery billows of remorse," by the commission of the most flagrant crimes. It may be that I shall "thank God" to all eternity "that I have been a sinner," as one has said, but yet I might have cause to thank him *more*, had not my progress been retarded.

But how shall we sound the depths of human misery, so that we may triumph over it, except by acutal participation in the worst of evils, or by personal commission of the catalogue of crimes? The answer is easy: *By an intense sympathy with the fallen*—voluntary taking upon ourselves, not their *crimes*, but their *states*.

Spiritualism furnishes abundant illustrations of this process. Many a time have "healing mediums" and sympathetic persons taken upon themselves pains which I was suffering through transgression of physical law—they suffering, sometimes, even more acutely than myself, on account of keener susceptibility—and, by overcoming the cause in themselves, have given me power to overcome also. The same law have I seen often illustrated on the spiritual plane. Persons of keen sympathies, deeply interested in the welfare of others, have come so closely into rapport with them as to take upon themselves the mental anguish and soul-torture which others have suffered, and thus aided them to deliverance. Not only this, but such sympathetic persons may take upon themselves the moral states of even the hardened and unrepentant, and in consequence suffer the same anguish as if they had committed the same wrongs; thereby gaining power to awaken repentance and reform in the sinning one.

This is the great law of "substituting suffering," or "vicarious atonement," which is just as true as though theologians had never misunderstood and perverted it. In this sense was it (as I understand,) that Jesus of Nazareth "bore the sins of the world," "took upon him the guilt of the race," and "suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God;" and when we become as loving and as sympathetic with the sinful as was he, either in our earth-life or in any stage of our future existence, we shall be as willing to go down, not *by sinning*, but *by sympathy*, to the most degraded wretch of our race, and seek to draw him upward. This, as I am instructed, is what our heaven-appointed spirit guardians are doing for us—joining themselves intimately with us in every path of life, rejoicing when we overcome, but sorrowing and suffering for us when we fall, yet ever seeking silently and lovingly, to win us upward.

But I have affirmed a distinction between *real* and *apparent* evils—between sins of ignorance or necessity and sins of *will*. It appears to me that this distinction is radical and eternal—high as heaven, and deep as hell—and yet it seems to be usually wholly overlooked, or blinked out of sight, by those who argue the affirmative of this question. The failure to discriminate here is the source of their glaring fallacies. Let us try to get a clear view of the distinction.

Admitting that we often transgress the conditions of happiness, and injure ourselves or others through *necessity*, arising from ignorance, hereditary predisposition, or stress of outward influences—yet it is also true, in the consciousness of most persons at least, that they *sometimes do what they feel to be wrong, feeling at the same time the* POWER *to do otherwise*. They do it not because they prefer *wrong*, in the abstract, to *right*, but because it is *agreeable*;—agreeable, not to their better judgment, their inner monitions, but to their lower instincts, their selfish inclinations.

Transgressions of the former class may, and usually do, result in giving us greater wisdom, strength, growth, and hence work for good. But those of the latter class tend to obscure the perceptions, to blunt the moral sense, to stifle the voice of conscience, to render us deaf to the monitions of angel-guardians, to strengthen the power of blind appetite, and to let down the whole man under the dominion of the baser self,—thus retarding if not utterly paralyzing for the time all spiritual growth. Hence such acts do no good, but *real* harm; and the condition out from which they proceed is only evil and that continually.

Now I submit to every candid mind whether I have not described an actual fact of consciousness, more or less true to every one's experience? If so, then we all know that there are *real* evils, which in our theorizing should never be confounded with those which are only apparent.

It is true that the existence of the deepest guilt may furnish occasion, that would not else have existed, for displays of the highest goodness—compassion, forgiveness, self-devotion of the sinless for the sinful. But this does not in the least change the character of the guilt. And it may be true that the terrible sufferings, the anguish and remorse which are sure to result, sooner or later, in this life or the next, from thus yielding to inclination rather than to right, will sometimes burn up this dross of sensuality, consume the outer incrustation of self-love, and set the spirit free to make its way slowly and painfully back up the rugged sides of the fearful pit. And the awful agonies it has passed may serve to heighten, by contrast, the joys it shall thereafter experience in obedience to the right. Thus the highest good may eventually be brought out of the direst evil. But that does not make the evil any less evil in itself. And should the redeemed soul ever again be offered the choice of routes to the Celestial City, I doubt if it would take that which winds through the fiery caverns of Infernus!

"But," perhaps some one is ready to urge, "there is no such thing as freedom of choice, or free will, in human actions. All things, the human will not excepted, are governed by inevitable necessity. Hence there is and can be no *sin*, in the sense usually understood."

I freely admit the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity:—that is, the *intellect* (by means of which we philosophize) *sees* that all things are produced by effective causes, in an unbroken chain from the Cause of Causes. But the intellect, in our spiritual constitutions, corresponds to the faculty of *sight* in our natural bodies. We well know that the perceptions of the eye, in common experience, need to be corrected by the testimony of the other senses. It is said that when persons born blind, or blind from early youth, have had their sight conferred or restored by a surgical operation, they have at first supposed that everything they saw touched their eyes. It is only by the use of the sense of *feeling* that the illusion is corrected. So in the question before us—the mere intellect can *see* nothing but an iron, fixed Necessity, determining all acts of all beings, from first to last. But *feeling*, or *consciousness*, testifies in every one of us that, *within certain limits*, we have, practically, a power of choice as to our own actions, which power we actually put in exercise every hour of our lives. Some one has said that "*seeing* is *believing*, but *feeling* is the *naked truth*." We may *see* the fact of Philosophical Necessity, and therefore *believe it*; but we all *feel* the reality of practical Freedom, and hence *know* it is *the naked truth*. From this consciousness follows the sense of shame and guilt, when we have done that we knew was wrong—a sense which would be impossible did we not *feel* that we *could* have done otherwise.

The spiritual is mightier than the natural—the higher is more powerful than the lower. We all have in our interior or spiritual natures, a sense of superiority over the lower, or animal—a consciousness of a mighty reserve of power at our command, sufficient to overcome all base inclinations, if we but call it forth. Hence the feelings of shame and guilt when we fail to use this power, and are overcome of the weaker force.

Doubtless the existence, in the universal scheme of things, of this limited sphere of freedom, which allows man power to do wrong and to suffer for it, as well as to do right and enjoy the consequences, is *the highest possible good*. Without it he would be a mere machine of no higher order than a sawmill or a steam engine.

To conclude, I am the more free in criticising this mistake of those who ignore the existence of real evil, from the fact that my criticis us fall first upon myself. In my earliest publication on Spiritualism, (The Ministry of Angels Realized,) written nearly seven years since, I used the following language:

"The *evil* that we see in man arises only from an imperfect or incomplete development of what was made to be, and what will be, when completed, *good*."

This was honestly said, according to my then best perceptions; but I now see that I was then in the A B C of spiritual philosophy. I saw only the seeming and superficial, overlooking the *real* evil there is in man. But the investigations and experience of seven years—the closer analysis of the sources of action within myself—have corrected some of my childish mistakes; this, among others. I would now as soon talk of Canada thistles developing into golden wheat, or infantile wolves growing into harmless lambs, as of man's perverted self-love developing into *good*. It must be over-ruled or supplanted by the Divine or unselfish Love, which alone is Essential Good.

Mr. Edson briefly argued that the position taken by Dr. Child must lead to the production of evil. Such doctrines, he said, had been called damnable heresies.

M. Wilson, of New York. I am with my friend, Dr. Child, for his views come nearest to the standard of true Christianity of any I ever heard; they are but a reiteration of the philosophy taught eighteen hundred years ago. The largeness of a heart that can comprehend and utter such views as Dr. Child has advanced, can meet the criminal and say, "neither do I condemn thee." And it can forgive by deeds more than by words. These views carried out into practical detail, are in harmony with the fundamental teachings of Christ.

I cannot see the immoral tendency that some believe must flow from such views, but I can clearly see the reverse of this. When they are received, they must give humanity a mastery over immorality; their influence is triumphant over evil: it reaches from hell to heaven. By the possession of these views the soul is armed and charged with a positive power over what is called evil.

I can only judge of others by myself, and of the influence that these views would have upon others by the influence they have upon me. With these views I know I cannot intentionally injure another man; and I cannot believe that any person is in a lower hell than I am.

We call the day God, and the night the devil; but in the light of the affirmative of this question we conclude that the night is as necessary to the growth of the soul as the day is. All work is the work of God, and all things are after the will of God.

Dr. Gardner disliked the idea of negative and affirmative, as applied to the question—he was on both sides. He said, I was pleased with Dr. Child's remarks, but I disagree with him materially. I was pleased with Mr. Newton's remarks, and hold that his position is right. Men are developed from causes, intellectually and spiritually, which they cannot control; there is a law in our nature that impels in the direction we go. At the same time there is a power in human nature that enables men to judge between right and wrong; to avoid the wrong and do the right. The doctor brought Phrenology in to show the truth of his position.

Mr. Walker, of Texas, made some remarks, favoring the affirmative.

Miss Lizzie Doten, entranced. Evil is evil only by comparison—a lower condition than ours is evil to us, and our condition is evil to a higher condition. It is necessary for the tree that it should begin its growth at the root. The roots grow in the ground, in the darkness of the earth, the trunk and branches grow up toward heaven. The roots may be compared to evil, the trunk and top to good; the ramifications of each are similar; both are good, both are necessary. So it is of the soul's growth—every degree is necessary. The nearer we come to God the purer grows the soul. Why does he (pointing to Dr. Child,) present such views? It is because the philanthropy of his large heart wants to take all humanity to heaven—the wicked and suffering as well as the good and happy. He would take even the devil himself to heaven, and it may be that the devil will have a seat in heaven, that God will say—

"Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou
Redeemed to archangelic state."

The views of Dr. Child are broad and comprehensive; he goes for generals. His views are right, his position is true. In this general view the wisdom of Providence is seen in its perfection; there is no evil, no sin; but when you come to minutia, with limited perception, you see evil.—God produced everything good at first, and God has never changed his mind—everything is good still.

You are beginning to accept these broader views which are made manifest in the kindness you show to sinners, criminals, and prisoners—This is but the beginning of the good that shall be seen to result from the views this brother advances.

In machinery there is friction, which makes a loss of power. Evil is the friction of life; it is the conservative power that prevents men from flying off in a tangent to perfection; it is a necessity; it is the regulator of the soul's growth; it times the progress of the soul. The higher the soul rises, the clearer it will see that every condition it has passed has been necessary; and that every condition of life has been good in itself. Generation upon generation shall look back, and see that the darkness of the past has been necessary to the condition that produced that darkness.

Pointing to Mr. Newton, she continued—You say evil is to be avoided. You come to minutia. You are right—both are right. No theory that you advance will do any good or any harm. We tell you that evil is necessary to your progress.

Many questions were asked Miss Doten, and answered, which we would publish had we room.

ADA L. HOYT'S CIRCLES.

We are pleased to be able to announce that Miss Hoyt, (formerly Mrs. Coan,) will commence giving public circles at SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, 14 Bromfield St., on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15th. We are pleased, because there are many persons, spiritualists and skeptics, who would be glad to investigate spiritualism through so good a medium, but cannot afford to pay one dollar an hour for the privilege.

The admission will be but ten cents, for two hours, and each person in the circle will have an equal chance for a communication. But any one failing in this particular, will enjoy the privilege of witnessing the tests which others will be sure to receive, and of hearing the phenomena explained and elucidated.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

Dr. P. B. Randolph, formerly known as a very successful and remarkable speaking medium, and who was so widely heralded by the *Tribune* and other Anti-Spiritual papers as "The recanting medium," when in fact he had only ignored a mass of high-sounding nonsense, and pseudo-philosophical fol de rols, which in the zeal of his ardent nature he had taken for sound truth, and continued to take till (as will ever be the case,) they proved themselves injurious, and finally worked out their own cure, is now on a tour East, and will lecture as he may be desired, through New England. Instead of speaking from a purely intellectual stand-point as formerly, Dr. R. is based upon religious ground, and is understood to speak under a very elevated influence. There was a great desire to hear him last winter when he was on here, but engagements and other circumstances prevented him from responding to the many invitations sent. Now, however, nothing stands in the way, and those who wish to hear a man who above most persons of his age, has attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic, may soon be gratified. He is a deep thinker, an eloquent speaker, and a person who is well calculated to interest an audience—and this perhaps all the more effectively, since he has cast aside, or worn off a multitude of angularities of character, and now comes forward as an advocate and expounder of the great religious and philosophic truths which constitute the essence of pure spiritualism.

Letters addressed to him in care of G. W. Potter, Esq., Boston, will meet with prompt response.

MRS. PRICE.—This remarkable lady clairvoyant, is now located in New York, at No. 107 West 24th, St., where she will remain for a short time. We are indebted to her for one of the most successful and truthful delineations of character which ever came under our notice, and for a singular and conclusive *test*. We think our New York friends will not regret having made her acquaintance.

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.

(Concluded from 3d page.)

said in voice of agony, vainly endeavoring to raise in his enfeebled arms the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter.

I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great and she had indeed fainted. It was no time to hesitate.—Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, up the companion way, and to my utter horror found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For a second I paused. Death was behind, destruction perhaps before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder, I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl around her face and form, made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant, amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter deck. The boat shot to the side, and a dozen arms were extended to receive my burden. I carefully gave it in charge of the nearest, almost slung the old man after, and springing with a bound into the stearn sheets, waved my arm and shouted, "Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before, pull now, for your lives, my men."

I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only self-dissipated fright—while the form of his still inanimate child was extended, unaided for the moment, by his side. It was, indeed, no time for delay. Every man knew he was pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the deserted ship. Far off on the moonlight horizon lay our schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the waves beneath, and seeming, with her thin, taper, raking masts, like some œrial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streamed out her ports, eddied spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some moments the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from the decks; the horizon for miles around was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noon day; a part of the foremast, lifted bodily out, shot like an arrow almost a cable length on high; a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about; and then a stunning roar followed, shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment, as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled to and fro on the agitated swell, we held our breaths in a momentary expectation of death, and I involuntarily ejaculated:

"The lord have mercy on us all!"

"Amen!" said the rescued father at my side.

But we were again most miraculously preserved The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, however, struck us, we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever had made, and when I gave command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man paused—a gush of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great Author of my being, who had thus a second time preserved my life.

The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent, to myself, whom they presisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board; the captain deliberately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and then I had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel was a wealthy West Indiaman, and was just returning from Great Britain with his daughter, who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been fitted up by Mr. Thornton in a style bordering on eastern luxury, with furniture intended principally for his mansion house at Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived, soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin, he frankly extended his hand, and presented me to his now blushing daughter—for what woman, be she who she may, can stand unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure, but I never felt as I then felt, when Isabel Thornton, extending her delicate hand to me with her sweetest smile, uttered her thanks.

"But how," said I to change the subject, "did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the cabin when the rest had escaped?"

"In the general alarm we were forgotten, for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our own way back, but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had just reached the cabin through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—you—appeared."

"I had forgotten till this moment we were foes," said I gaily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

"But foes or not," continued Harry, turning to his wife with a smile, "Isabel is now my bride; and often, when I speak of the sacrifices she has made in leaving her native land for me, she reminds me with grateful heart that I saved her life on that eventful night."

The wife looked up as he spoke, and—sworn bachelor as I am!—I envied Harry the tender gaze of those confiding eyes.

[From the New York Tribune of the 23th.]

MR. BARTLETT ON ANTAGONISMS.

The Rev. W. A. Bartlett of Brooklyn lectured in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, his own church, last evening, on The Wise and Otherwise, or Progress by Antagonism. The large house was crowded, the female element predominating. Mr. Bartlett stated preliminarily that he had been at the bedside of a sick woman, not of his congregation, which had so affected him that he had become almost as sick as she, and he had thought he could not appear before them this evening. But, he said, if all the United States and a portion of Canada were to meet at Niagara to see Blondin carry a large family across on the slack rope, and he should be sick, he thought they would be better satisfied than if he did nothing, if he were to carry a small baby across. So he would try to do something, and he proceeded to read a description of Michael Angelo's fresco of Adam naming the animals. Such and so varied, he said, were the sons of men, some living the life of but insects, others the life of lions. He was to talk about the wise and the otherwise, not the unwise Wise. Socrates and Solomon were among the has beens; God, and you and I, were the I ams. The wise was now the owl, nothing more. The Wise he called the positive, the negative the Otherwise, and the otherwise he called those who had achieved progress by antagonism, by saying no. The profoundest modern thought was this, of Fichte, Kant, and Schelling: Planetary motion was due to negations. All laws which ruled planetary movement were resistance to chaos. Light was a persistent warrior, fighting its way forever; heat was not heat unless it was in motion. Steam was antagonism; a first class factory was a first class fight. Music was but the shrieks of contending air streams. Liberty was the offspring of political and religious conflict. Every nation which had done anything had had two parties, as we had. This was the reason why mixed-blooded nations did so much more for progress than pure-blooded. They had stronger contentions. The two parties each had their half-truth, and by slow, harsh, terrible process welded the halves together. The breath of opposition fanned every flame. Mormonism had been persecuted into popularity; its prophet was made Christ-like by his death. Government being passive here, having no Italians to liberate, we beleagured God, and raised rows in religion, just as men get up fights between pugnacious dogs. So the earth oscillated between heaven and hell. Antagonism was a necessity of individual as well as national growth. Every man was the creature of his own sovereign self, not of papa and mamma, and Professor Wiseacre. Every man must make his own place. Mr. Bartlett concluded by enumerating some of the more inviting fields of human endeavor. It was for us to learn, he said, that the devil was wise upon the earth, and God otherwise. Let all our souls go abroad, and let every blow tell for God. Do, dare, suffer, and remember that our angelic garments were whitened by our earthly tribulation.

"The Diamond Wedding" at New York still furnishes the papers with endless materials for fun and gossip. The latest phase is the anger of the bride's father at a satirical poem provoked by the evident desire of the parties for notoriety. It was published in the *Tribune*, and Lieut. Bartlett after ascertaining the name of the author, sent him a fierce letter containing an intimation that he must either fight or sign a recantation.

Stedman declined signing, and named his "friend" who would arrange for the duel. Lieut. Bartlett, however, concluded to institute an action for libel.

As there is considerable curiosity to see the poem entire, we copy it from the *Tribune*. In spirit and construction, it is not unworthy to rank with the famous piece of satire, "Nothing to Wear."

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

O Love! Love! Love! what times were those,
Long ere the age of belles and beaux,
And Brussels lace and silken hose.
When, in the green Arcadian close,
You married Psyche under the rose,
With only grass for bedding!
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
You followed Nature's sweet command—
Romping lovingly through the land,
Nor sighed for a Diamond Wedding.

So have we read, in classic Ovid,
How Hero watched for her beloved,
Impassioned youth, Leander.
She was the fairest of the fair,
And wrapt him round with her golden hair,
Whenever he landed cold and bare,
With nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
And wetter than any gander;
For Love was Love, and better than money—
The slyer the theft, the sweeter the honey—
And kissing was clover, all the world over,
Wherever Cupid might wander.

So thousands of years have come and gone,
And still the moon is shining on,
Still Hymen's torch is lighted;
And hitherto in this land of the West,
Most couples in love have thought it best
To follow the ancient way of the rest,
And quietly get united.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—
Bought and sold with silver and gold,
Like a house, or a horse and carriage!
Midnight talks,
Moonlight walks,
The glance of the eye and the sweetheart sigh,
And shadowy haunts with no one by,
I do not wish to disparage;
But every kiss
Has its price of bliss,
In the modern code of marriage;
And the compact sweet
Is not complete.
Till the high-contracting parties meet
Before the altars of Mammon;
And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell
How it befell,
(Since Jenkins has told the story
Over and over and over again,
In a style I cannot hope to attain,
And it covered himself with glory!)
How it befell, one summer's day,
The King of the Cubans strolled this way—
King January his name, they say—
And fell in love with the Princess May,
The reigning belle of Manhattan;
Nor how he began to smirk and sue,
And dress as lovers who have come to woo,
Or as Max Maretzek and Julien do,
When they sit full-bloomed in the ladies' view,
And flourish the wondrous baton.

He wasn't one of your Polish nobles,
Whose presence their country somehow troubles,
And so our cities receive them;
Nor one of your make-believe Spanish grandees,
Who ply our daughters with lilies and candies,
Until the poor girls believe them.
No, he was no such charlatan—
Full of gasconade and bravado,
Count de Hoboken Flash-in-the-pan—
But a regular rich Don Esteban
Santa Cruz de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Oveldo!
He owned the rental of half Havanna
And all Matanzas; and Santa Anna,
Rich as he was, could hardly hold
A candle to light the mines of gold
Our Cuban possessed, chock full of diggers;
And broad plantations that in round figures,
Were stocked with at least five thousand niggers!

Gather ye rosebuds while yet ye may!
The Senor swore to carry the day—
To capture the beautiful Princess May,
With his battery of treasure.
Velvet and lace she should not lack:
Tiffany, Haughwort, Ball & Black,
Genin and Stuart, his suit should back,
And come and go at her pleasure;
Jet and Lava—silver and gold—
Garnets—emeralds rare to behold—
Diamonds—sapphires—wealth untold—
All were hers to have and to hold;
Enough to fill a peck measure!

He didn't bring all his force on
At once, but like a crafty old Don,
Who many a heart had fought and won,
Kept bidding a little higher;
And every time he made his bid—
And what she said and all they did—
'Twas written down
For the good of the town,
By Jeems, of the Daily Flyer.

A coach and horses, you'd think, would do
For the Don an easy victory;
But slowly our Princess yielded;
A diamond necklace caught her eye,
But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh.
She knew the worth of each maiden glance,
And like the young colts that curvet and prance,
She led the Don a dance of a dance,
In spite of the wealth he wielded.
She stood such a figure of silks and laces,
Jewels, and golden dressing-cases,
And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls,
That every one of her dainty curls
Brought the price of a hundred common girls;
Folks thought the lass demented!
But at last a wonderful diamond ring,
A regular Koh-i-noor, did the thing,
And, sighing with love, or something the same,
(What's in a name?)
The princess May consented.

Ring! ring the bells, and bring
All the people to see the thing!
Let the guant and hungry and ragged poor
Throng round the great Cathedral door,
To wonder what all the hubbub's for,
And sometimes stupidly wonder
At so much sunshine and brightness which
Fall from the church upon the rich
While the poor get all the thunder.

Ring! ring, merry bells, ring!
O fortunate few,
With letters blue—
Good for a seat and a nearer view!
Fortunate few whom I dare not name:
Dilletante! Creme de la creme!
We commoners stood by the street facade,
And caught a glimpse of the cavalcade;
We saw the bride
In bediamoned pride
With six jewelled maidens to guard her side—
Six lustrous maids in tarletan;
She led the van of the caravan:
Close behind her, her mother,
(Drest in gorgeous *Moire Antique*,
That told as plainly as words can speak,
She was more antique than the other,)
Leaned on the arm of Don Esteban
Santa Cruz de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Oveido;
Happy mortal! fortunate man!
And Marquis of El Dorado!

In they swept, all riches and grace,
Silks and satins and Honiton lace;
In they swept from the dazzled sun,
And soon in the church the deed was done.
Three prelates stood on the chancel high—
A knot that gold and silver can buy,
Gold and silver may yet untie
Unless it is tightly fastened;
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle
Is not to be pushed or hastened.
So two Very Reverends graced the scene,
And the tall Archbishop stood between,
By prayer and fasting chastened;
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,
But urgent matters kept him at home.
Haply these robed prelates thought
Their words were the power that tied the knot;
But another power that love-knot tied.
And I saw the chain round the neck of the bride—
A glistening, priceless, marvelous chain,
Coiled with diamonds again and again,
As befits a Diamond Wedding;
Yet still t'was a chain—I thought she knew it,
And halfway longed for the will to undo it—
By the secret tears she was shedding.
But isn't it odd, to think, whenever

We all go through that terrible river,
Whose sluggish tide alone can sever
(The Archbishop says) the Church decree,
By floating one into Eternity
And leaving the other alive as ever—
As each wades through that ghastly stream,
The satins that rustle and gems that gleam
Will grow pale and heavy and sink away
To the noisome River's bottom clay;
Then the costly bride and her maidens six,
Will shiver upon the banks of the Styx,
Quite as helpless as they were born—
Naked souls and very forlorn;
And the beautiful Empress over yonder,
Whose crinoline made the wide world wonder—
And even ourselves and our dear little wives,
Who calico wear each morn of their lives—
And the sewing girls—and *les chiffoniers*
In rags and hunger the livelong day—
And all the grooms of the caravan—
Aye, even the great Don Estaban
Santa Cruz de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Oviedo—
That gold-encrusted, fortunate man!—
All will land in naked equality;
The lord of ribboned principality
Will mourn the loss of his *cordon;*
The Princess, too, must shift for herself,
And lay her royalty on the shelf;
Nothing to eat, and nothing to wear,
Will certainly be the fashion there!
Ten to one, and I'll go it alone.
Those most used to a rag and bone—
Though here on earth they labor and groan—
Will stand it best when we come to rest
On the other side of Jordan.

[From the New York Tribune.]

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.—NO. X.

THE END AND AIM OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

Sir:—There is no topic connected with this subject less thoroughly understood than this, even by firm believers in the Intercourse, and even my conceptions of it, imperfect as they must necessarily be, can hardly be detailed within the limits of this, the last of my papers. I can attempt only to refer briefly to a few of the more important considerations.

1. No man or woman has probably ever lived who has not at some time felt a yearning yet once again to hold communion with some loved one whom death has removed from sight, and this prayer, so instinctive and so universal with the whole family of man, is now, in the beneficence of a Divine Providence, answered more specifically and more generally than ever before known. And the first thing demonstrated to us is that we can commune with the spirits of the departed; that such communion is through the instrumentality of persons yet living; that the fact of mediumship is the result of physical organization; that the kind of communion is effected by moral causes, and that the power, like all our other faculties is possessed in different degrees, and is capable of improvement by cultivation.

2. It is also demonstrated that that which has been believed in all ages of the world, and in all religions, namely: intercourse between man in the mortal life and an intelligence in the unseen world beyond the grave—after having passed through the phases of revelation, inspiration, oracles, magic, incantation, witchcraft, clairvoyance, and animal magnetism has in this age culminated in a manifestation which can be proved and understood; and, like every other gift bestowed upon man, is capable of being wielded by him for good or perverted to evil.

3. That which has thus dealt with man in all time is not, as some have supposed, the direct voice of the Creator, nor of the Devil, as a being having an independent existence and a sovereignty in the universe of God, nor of Angels, as a class of beings having a distinct creation from the human family, but of the spirits of those who have like us lived upon earth in the mortal form.

4. These things being established, by means which show a settled purpose and intelligent design, they demonstrate man's immorality, and that in the simplest way, by appeals alike to his reason, to his affections, and to his senses. They thus show that they whom we once knew as living on earth do yet live after having passed the gates of death, and leaving in our minds the irresistible conclusion that if they thus live, we shall. This task Spiritualism has already performed on its thousands and its tens of thousands—more, indeed, in the last ten years, than by all the pulpits in the land—and still the work goes bravely on. God speed it! for it is doing what man's unaided reason has for ages tried in vain to do, and what, in this age of infidelity, seemed impossible to accomplish.

5. Thus, too, is confirmed to us the Christian religion, which so many have questioned or denied. Not, indeed, that which Sectarianism gives us nor that which descends to us from the dark ages, corrupted by selfishness or distorted by ignorance; but that which was proclaimed through a Spiritualism of Jesus of Nazareth in the simple injunction: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

6. As by the inspiration through a foundling of the Nile there was revealed to man the existence of one God over all, instead of the many deities he was then worshiping; and as by the inspiration of him who was born in a manger, there was next revealed man's immortal existence beyond the grave, of which even the most enlightened had then but a faint idea, so now through the lowly of the earth comes a further revelation, confirmatory of those, and adding the mighty truth what is the existence in which that immortality is to be spent.

Throughout all the manifestations—in every form and in every language—whatever the discrepancies, uncertainties and contradictions on other topics, on this the nature of man's future existence, all coincide and harmonize. It comes in broken fragments of scattered revelations, here a little and there a little, part through one and part through another, but forming when gathered together, a sublime whole from which we can surely learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter after this shall have ended.

This, as I understand it, is the great end and object of the movement, all else being merely incident to it. But it has begun, and its pro-

gress is slow; not from want of power to communicate, but from want of capacity to comprehend. Much that has already been revealed, has not from this cause been received even by the most advanced Spiritualists, and of course not given to the world. But the work is going on. More is added day by day. And it will not be long before enough will be received by all to open to their conception a knowledge of our future existence, whose value no man can calculate—whose effects no man can imagine.

7. Enough, however, has already been given to show that man's destiny is PROGRESS, onward, upward, from his birth to eternity. Circumstances may retard but cannot interrupt this destiny, and man's freedom is that he may accelerate or retard, but he cannot prevent. He may hasten, as did one whose life on earth had been devoted to doing good to his fellows, and who said to me that he had passed away in the full consciousness of the change, had found himself surrounded and welcomed by those whom he had aided while on earth, and had paused not one moment in the sphere of Remorse; or he may, by a life of sin and selfishness, retard it for a period long enough to satisfy the vengeance even of an angry Deity—if such a thing can be.

8. Our progress is to be alike in knowledge, in Love, and in purity. Alike in all it must be.—And any circumstances which cause us in any of these elements to lag behind the advance of the others is sure to bring unfortunate consequences in its train, though not always unhappiness. So clear, so universal is this injunction to progress in all three of these elements, that the heresies which spring up amongst us from our imperfect knowledge of them need give us no alarm. Even the doctrine of Free Love, revolting as it is, but which some misguided ones have attempted to foist upon our beautiful faith, need cause no anxiety, for profligacy in love is incompatible with progress in purity. And while the command is "Love ye one another," so ever attendant upon it is that other, "Be ye pure even as your Father in Heaven is pure."

Incidental to these more important points are many minor considerations on which I cannot now dwell. By a careful attention they will be found consistent with these weightier matters. Distorted sometimes by the imperfections of the mediums through which the intercourse comes, and sometimes perverted by the passions of those who receive it, carefully considered and patiently studied until understood, I can safely assert, after nearly nine years earnest attention to the subject, there is nothing in Spiritualism that does not directly tend to the most exalted private worth and public virtue

True, to some it is a mere matter of curiosity, and to others a philosophy, but to many it is now, and to all, in the end, will be a religion, because all religion is the science of the future life, and because it never fails to awaken in the heart that devotion which is at once a badge and an attribute of our immortality. J. W. EDMONDS.

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Mrs. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium; also, Writing, Developing and Test Medium and Spirit-Seer. Circles, Sunday, and Friday evenings.

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

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1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

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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 for 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 authorised 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

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

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

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

A. B. CHILD, M. D., Dentist,

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

REMARKABLE PREMONITION.

In the year 1820, when the present State of Alabama was a comparative wilderness, a gentleman by the name of Saunders came from a neighboring State into one of its eastern counties in quest of a place of settlement. He was well dressed and well mounted and traveled alone.

At the close of a fatiguing day's ride, he stopped at a house of entertainment, which was the nucleus or central point of a struggling backwoods village, containing some fifteen or twenty inhabitants. The host was a grim, sour-visaged man, with small, sinister looking eyes, which twinkled like burning points between the heavy fringe of the long eyebrows. The tavern-building seemed to have been left in an unfinished state by the workmen, and looked ruinous and old for want of paint and repair.

On entering the bar-room, which was a dingy half-lighted apartment, Mr. Saunders found a few men, very ordinary both in dress and appearance, retailing to each other the gossip and news of the neighborhood. He seated himself in their midst, and awaited in silence the announcement of supper.

After eating a hearty meal, feeling fatigued and drowsy, he requested to be conducted to his room. The landlord, taking a lamp in one hand and the saddle-bags of the traveler in the other, went out of the bar-room into the yard, requesting Mr. Saunders to follow him.

At the extreme end of the tavern-buildings, they ascended a rude pair of steps to an upper story. Entering a narow, dark passage, Mr. Saunders was shown into a small uncomfortable room furnished with a bed, a chair, and a small table. The landlord bade his guest good night, and retired.

As the door of the room was without lock or fastening of any sort, Mr. Saunders placed the table, and chair against it, blew out the light and laid down.

Overcome with fatigue and drowsiness he soon fell asleep, but almost immediately awoke quivering in every limb, and in a state of extreme perturbation. He had dreamed a vivid and most frightful dream.

In his vision he saw a man, grim and dark, ascending the outer steps of the passage which led to his room. He bore a long glittering knife in his hand, and came up the steps with a slow and silent tread. At sight of him, a feeling of apprehension—a presentimont that danger was nigh—came over the dreamer. He sprang out of his bed, opened his door and stepped out into the passage. Opposite his room he saw another door, through which he felt impelled to made his escape. Opening it he saw a hole in the floor, over which he saw the timbers of a bedstead were extended, the cord hanging down to the floor beneath. As he was in the act of seizing this to let himself down, he awoke and found that it was all a dream. He was still in bed, and the chair and table remained in the positon he had placed them against the door.

After revolving the dream in his mind for a few moments, his nerves became quiet and he agin fell asleep, dreaming the identical dream over again, and awoke as before trembling and very much affrighted.

He got out of bed, removed the table and chair from the door, and opening it, saw what he failed to observe before, that there was another door close shut, opposite to his room.

The full moon had risen and lit up the passages and upper rooms of the inn, which were without shutters, with the radiance almost of day. Curiosity and the excitement of his dream prompting, he stepped across the passage and gave the opposite door a gentle push with his hand. It flew wide open, and displayed to the eyes of the now startled traveller, the very objects and arrangements he had seen in his dream. In the middle of the room there was a large hole, made by the removal of a short piece of plank; across it lay the uncorded timbers of a bedstead, from which descended a stout rope, that reached almost to the floor below.

Thoroughly alarmed by the literal and utterly unexplained verification of his dream, Mr. Saunders returned to his own room, dressed himself in great haste, and with his saddle-bags thrown over his arm, stepped out upon the platform at the head of the stairs. His intention was to leave the tavern, and, if possible, to get lodgings at some respectable house be had passed in the suburbs of the village. The next morning he could send for his horse and pay his bill by the messenger, and thus avoid explanations which might prove unpleasant both to the landlord and to himself.

The shadow of a large tree, which stood a few yards distant from the end of the building, fell upon the platform and nearly half of the stair steps. A brilliant moonlight rested upon the yard and all objects on that side of the tavern.

Just as Mr. Saunders stepped out on the platform, he saw a man come around the corner of the house. He had a large butcher's knife in his right hand and looked wistfully around him as he advanced. As soon as he came to the bottom step he began to ascend with a slow and silent tread. In appearance, movement and weapon, he was the exact counterpart of the image seen by Mr. Saunders in his dream.

What was the traveller to do, unarmed as he was, to escape the menacing peril?—He felt glued to the spot upon which he stood by the very imminence of the danger which apparently confronted him. To leap from the platform to the earth, would imperil both life and limb. A face-to-face encounter with an armed man, could only end in his being desperately wounded or immediately killed. Nor was there even time to escape through the room with the hole in the floor, for the desperado had already mounted to the highest illuminated step, and was only a few feet distant from Mr. Saunders.

Summoning all the resolution he could command, he cried out—

"Who comes there?"

Startled by the voice, the man threw up his face, and Mr. Saunders at once recognized him as the landlord of the inn. Without saying a word, he turned, and almost ran down the steps. Saunders then ran to the house on the outskirts of the village, where, after some entreaty, he procured lodgings for the night.

Early the next morning, he sent a messenger for the horse, with money to pay his bill. He made no mention of the occurrence of the previous night, and as soon as his horse was brought, mounted him and resumed his journey.

Some years afterwards, he met his former host, face to face upon one of the streets of Columbus, Georgia. They immediately recognized each other, but in a moment the quondam landlord threw down his eyes, seemed much abashed, and hurried quickly by without saying a word.

Was a murder really meditated in this case? and was the dream which aroused the intended victim a veritable premonition sent to rescue him from impending death? These are questions which the writer will not undertake to answer. He can vouch, however, for the literal truth of the facts herein related. They were communicated to him by the Rev. R. M. Saunders, of Alabama, son of the gentleman to whom the dream was vouchsafed.

THE ARCANA OF NATURE, by Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Hights, Ohio. A notice of this work was given in our paper some months since.—The work is now in the press, and will appear about the tenth of November. We are credibly informed by a person on whom we can rely, who has perused the manuscripts, that it is well written, and of a highly scientific character, embracing a large mass of valuable information, not contained in any other work. The opposer of Spiritualism can no longer say, after perusing this book, that no valuable scientific information has been given to the world through spiritual agency.

Published by Berry, Colby, & Co. Price one dollar.

"Who is he?" said a passer by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say sir," replied the policeman, 'he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

There are three Indian Legislatures now in session west of Arkansas—those of the Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws. All these tribes have constitutions and laws like the States of the Union—organized with executive, legislative, and judiciary departments.

Announcements.

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

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE can be addressed at West Winsted, Conn., during the winter, and any friend communicating to her during her present state of health, which is exceedingly delicate, will be gratefully received.and let those who can send any message from the spirit spheres that may aid to cheer and strengthen her.

Mrs FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Providence, R I, the four Sundays of Nov.; in Putnam, Conn. the first two of December; in New York the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December, and two first of January. Address until December 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Providence, R. I.

J S LOVELAND, will lecture in Oswego. N. Y., during the months of Nov & Feb; and in Bos on the three first Sundays in Jan. Will lecture week evenings in the vicinity of the above named places.

Address at 14 Bromfield st., care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Memphis during, November. Address care of J E Chadwick. Esq., Memphis, Tenn—December in New Orleans, part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnatti in March 1860. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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 on Sunday or other evenings. 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.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 13th, 20th & 27th; in Providence, Dec, 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be attended to.—She will visit Memphis, Tenn., in Feb. and St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at her Box, 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Lowell, Nov. 6th & 13th, Portland, Me., Nov. 20th & 27th. As we have only the month of December to spare for Maine there should be no delay in application. Address as above.

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

JAMES H. SHEPARD, Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to lecture whenever the Friends may desire. Post Office address, South Acworth, N. H.

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

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

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Newburyport, Nov 13th; Marblehead, 20th; Plymouth, 27th; in Providence, R I, Dec 4th & 11th, and may be addressed as above.

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

Mrs M S TOWNSEND will lecture in the vicinity of Boston Nov & Dec—Jan,, Philadelphia.

Miss A W SPRAGUE will speak at Fon Du Lac, Wis, the two first Sundays in Nov; the two last at Milwaukie, Wis; the month of December at St Louis, Mo, and the two last Sundays in Jan at Terre Haute, Ind.

Miss R R AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire.—Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞She will also attend funerals.

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

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

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

Rev JOHN PIERPONT will recive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address West Medford, Mass.

BENJAMIN DANFORTH will receive calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ, as he understands it. Address at Boston.

Spiritual 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.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE BROTHERHOOD hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Persons sympathizing with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

The Regular Spiritualists' Meetings, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, are held every Sunday in Ordway Hall, Washington street, entrance nearly opposite Milk street. S. J. FINNEY, Inspirational speaker, of Ohio, will occupy the desk during the month of Nov.

PUBLIC CIRCLES will be held at SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. 11tf

The Reformer's Home,

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

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,
manufacturers of
ORGAN HARMONIUMS,
PEDAL BASS HARMONIUMS,
ORGAN MELODEONS, AND MELODEONS,
NO. 511 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four setts of reeds, eleven registers or (stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Æolian harp. The Performer, at his option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Hautboy, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listning to either of the above instruments separately, or combine the whole, and thus give the effect of GRAND ORGAN.—In an elegant rosewood case for $250.

THE PEDAL BASS HARMONIUM is arranged with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set running an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub-Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a house that seats from 1000 to 1500 persons.

THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of Keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church instrument, when used without the Pedals.

Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use.

Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. Having resumed the spacious Buildings, 511 Washington Street, we have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced workmen. In short, we will promise our customers an instrument equal if not superior to any manufacturer, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of Boston, who have examined our Instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:

Chickering & Sons; Wm P. Emerson; Geo. Hews; Hallet & Cumston; Brown & Allen; Woodward & Brown; T. Gilbert & Co; A. W. Ladd & Co.; Newhall & Co.

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS RENTED.—Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instruments before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent at least of a year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employ an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

PRICE LIST.

Scroll leg, 1 1-2 octave, $60; Scroll leg, 5 octave, $75; Piano style, 5 octave, $100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, $110; Piano style, carved leg, $125; Piano style, 2 sets of reeds, 150; Piano style, 6 octave, $130; Organ Melodeon, $200; Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Harmonium, $275.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on application to

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,
511 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
an10 1y. rn25 1y.

Since the Remarkable Test

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

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

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

GEORGE ATKINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, No. 3 Winter street, Boston at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, Writing Medium. Examination when the patient is present, $1, by a lock of hair when absent, $3. Also healing by laying on of hands. n6 2m

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

ADA L. HOYT, (formerly Mrs. Coan) continues to give sittings daily at 45 Carver Street, Boston, for the investigation of Spiritualism.

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOTIE, Trance, Test and Clairvoyant Medium, can be consulted at No. 11 La Grange Place. n11 3m

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

TERMS—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception*.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedord street). Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

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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.

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Lyman O Howe, New Albion, N Y		,50	1	31

New Graeffenberg Water Cure and Hinesipathic Institute, (near Utica, N. Y.)

This establishment has been in successful operation for the past twelve years, and under the control of the present Physician during the whole time, which is a longer period than any similar institution has been conducted by the same individual in this country.

ELECTRICITY, (MINERAL and ANIMAL) is our greatest agent in curing the ills which flesh is heir to, but experience has demonstrated that it is necessary to understand the use of water for its most successful application

Those who believer in cure by the laying on of hands, we will add that many of our most important cures have been effected in part by such means.

For particulars, address R. HOLLAND, M. D,
New Graeffenberg, N. Y.

"Special Inducements,"

For three dollars the subscriber, publisher of many valuable Spiritual Reform works, will send at retail prices free of postage or by Express, three dollars worth of any books published by him, and in addition thereto, either the Spiritual Age or the Banner of Light for six months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who want to purchase an assortment of the above at reduced prices. Address BELA MARSH,
14 Bromfield street, Boston.

☞Send for Catalogue.

P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n10tf

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 SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with Spiritualism and reform. n8tf

MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium.
Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium.
Mr. A. B. Pieree, Belfast, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Gibson Smith, Camden, Trance-Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium.
Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.
John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium.
Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
G. B. Hopkins, Oldtown, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Rosan M. Smith, Hampden, Trance-Speaking Medium.
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