THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE BETTER LAND.

BY DR. CHAS. ROBBINS.

The better land, the better land,
The better land I see,
Rich in its clusters and its smiles,
It beckons you and me.
Its sloping valley and its hills
In rich profusion teem,
Its music tones from bird and rill,
Out-strip fair fancy's dream.
The whispers of the heart are heard,
The soul's sweet echoing tone;
Its breath the morning air of bliss,
Its heritage a throne;
Its empire is divinely wrought
In culture, mind and mould,
In harmonies' advancing growth,
In power and wealth untold.
'Tis here that Heaven's ocean tide
Finds response to the soul,
Which through its mighty currents give
A power beyond control.
Our kindred ones here find a home,
The beautiful and free,
They woo us by their songs of love,
They call for you and me.

O'er those far-stretching fields of light,
No vulture spreads its wing,
No lion treads those shaded groves,
No vipers there to sting.
Upborne above earth's fens and fogs,
Her sins and follies too,
Clear liquid light and rosy health,
Impart their honey-dew.
That better land, the land of bloom,
Thy towers we'll keep in view;
Alive to all that's right and pure,
We'll join the good and true.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov 1859.

[For the Spiritual Age j

THE VOICES OF WINTER.

BY E. W HOLBROOK.

In the frost-clad groves and the forest's wail;
In the cataract's chilling roar;
In the clink of the freezing water-pail;
The clock's slow tick—slow, and slower;
In the clatter of hoof and rumbling wheel;
In the loud bleating of the herds;
In the clash and ring of the blacksmish's steel,
And the scanty songs of the birds—
We can hear the sound of the wintry lyre,
For it comes like a tide to the shore,
And we welcome the blaze of the crackling fire,
And the sound of the axe at the door.

The last leaflet has flown on the wings of decay,
And the fruits have made known their bequest;
But the hearth shall not wither from gladness away,
Nor the nights be disturbed of their rest.
Let the snows gather on, majestic and grand;
And the forests be mantled in white;
For the visions of Spring, in their solitude stand,
And are pictured all fair on my sight.
So farewell to the birds of the harvest time;
Farewell to the songs ye may sing;
For the cold winds whistle a merrier chime,
And we'll march to the season of Spring.

Whitingham, Vt., Nov. 7, 1859.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE AUTUMN WINDS.

BY NAOMI GRAY.

O! I love the autumn night winds
And the moaning autumn blasts;
As they shake the leafless branches,
When they wildly hurry past.
Let them shriek around my casement,
In this murky midnight hour;
For I'd love to hear them ever,
And to live within their power.

Let them pass with wails unearthly,
They can wake in me no dread;
Though each voice be sad as Sorrow's,
When she lingers o'er the dead.
Yet I'll glory in their wildness,
In their mournful, mystic spell;
As they sweep along the mountain,
Or in rocky caverns dwell.

Let me stand beside the ocean,
When the angry billows roar;
For I love the waves' fierce motion,
As they dash against the shore.
O! they 'mind me of the sorrows,
That in awful wildness roll;
As they struggle in their madness,
To engulph my living soul.

Interesting Miscellany.

RESTORATION TO LIFE.

The Birmingham (England) *Post* gives the annexed particulars of the singular case of a girl, before noticed, named Amelia Hinks, twelve or thirteen years of age, who resided with her parents in Bridge street, Nuneaton, England, and, dwindling away under some unaccountable complaint, some weeks ago, as her friends imagined, died. The corpse was then removed to another room. The body was rigid and icy cold. It was washed and laid out with the usual death accompaniments, penny pieces being placed over the eyes, and the coffin was ordered. For more than 48 hours the supposed corpse lay beneath the winding-sheet, when it happened that her grandfather, a very aged man, came from Leamington to the neighborhood of Nuneaton. On going with a female relative to see the corpse, the old man removed one of the copper coins, and, although the eye remained closed, he fancied he saw a movement beneath the lid. The woman with him at first ridiculed the idea, but on looking more closely, she, too, observed a movement. The medical attendant was then apprised of the circumstance, and although he at first treated the matter as a delusion, the application of an instrument to the region of the heart soon convinced him that there was life within the apparent corpse. The body was then removed to a warmer room, and the existence of life soon became apparent. By degrees animation was restored, a loud sneeze placing the fact of her being a living subject beyond all doubt.—When speech was restored, the girl described everything that had taken place from the time of her supposed death. She knew who closed her eyes and placed the coppers thereon. She also heard the order given for her coffin, as she lay in her death clothes. At first, on her restoration, she refused all sustenance, and on some aliment being forced upon her, she became frightfully excited; and, though in a state of extreme debility, it required great force to hold her. Since that period, her conduct has been very strange. She entertains a wish to destroy her father and mother; and on one occasion, when they were asleep, in the same room with herself, she arose from her bed in the dead of the night, went down stairs for a light, and having first destroyed, by burning, some needle-work, which she knew her mother "set great store" upon, she set fire to the curtains, and then retired to bed, from which it was thought impossible she could have moved. In fact, so mysterious was the origin of the fire that her parents were at a loss to account for it, until the girl herself confessed having been the cause. She now lies in such a state that she can neither be called alive or dead, the former state being only ascertained by a careful examination of her pulse. Were it not that there is no motive for deception, and the parents being creditable people, we should imagine there was some ruse in this very extraordinary affair, which is causing considerable excitement in Nuneaton and the neighborhood.

ANECDOTE OF ELDER LELAND.

We find the following in the Boston *Traveller*:

In the volume of Dr. Sprague, on the Baptist pulpit, Gov. Briggs communicates a very interesting letter on John Leland, which contains a fuller account of his personal habits and manner of preaching than we have before seen.

He was little inclined to superstition, says Gov. Briggs. Indeed, his practical sagacity and startling common sense kept him from any tendency in that direction, but he had some peculiar experiences of the supernatural, as the following anecdote testifies:

While I was at his house I enquired of him about a remarkable noise, which I had, when a boy, heard that he and his family had been anoyed by, when they lived in Virginia. He gave this account of it:—

His family, at the time, consisted of himself, wife, and four children. One evening, all the family being together, their attention was attracted by a noise, which very much resembled the faint groans of a person in pain. It was distinct, and repeated at intervals of a few seconds. It seemed to be under the sill of the window, and between the clap boards and the ceiling. They paid very little attention to it, and in a short time it ceased. But, afterwards, it returned in the same way—sometimes every night, and sometimes not so frequently, and always in the same place, and of the same character. It continued for some months. He said it excited their curiosity and annoyed them, but they were not alarmed by it.

During its continuance they had the siding and casing removed from the place where it appeared to be, but found nothing to account for it; and the sound continued the same. He consulted his friends, especially some of his ministerial brethren, about it. I think he said it was never heard by any except himself and his family; but it was heard by them when he was absent from home. Mrs. Leland said that often, when she was alone with the children, and while they were playing about the room, and nothing being said, it would come, and they would leave their play and gather about her person. They had a place fifty or sixty rods from the house by the side of a brook, where the family did their washing. One day, while she was at that place, it met her there precisely as it had in the house.

After the noise had been heard at brief intervals for, I think, six or eight months, they removed their lodgings to quite an opposite and distant part of the old locality. One night, after they had retired, they observed by the sound that it had left the spot from which it had previously proceeded, and seemed to be advancing, in a direct line, towards their bed, and was becoming constantly louder and more distinct.

At each interval it advanced towards them and gathered strength and fullness, until it entered the room where they were, and approached the bed, and came along on the front side of the bed, when, the groan became deep and appalling. "Then," said he, "for the first time since it began, I felt the emotion of fear: I turned upon my face, and if I ever prayed in my life, I prayed then. I asked the Lord to deliver me and my family from that annoyance, and that, if it were a message from Heaven, it might be explained to us, and depart; that if it were an evil spirit, permitted to disturb and disquiet me and my family, it might be rebuked and sent away; or if there was any thing for me to do, to make it depart, I might be instructed what it was, so that I could do it." This exercise restored his tranquility of mind, and he resumed his usual position in the bed. Then, he said, it uttered a groan too loud and startling to be imitated by the human voice. The next groan was not so loud, and it receded a step or two from the front of the bed, near his face. It continued to recede in the direction from which it came, and grew less and less, until it reached its old station, when it died away to the faintest sound, and entirely and forever ceased.

No explanation was ever found. "I have given you," said he, "a simple and true history of the facts, and you can form your own opinion. I give none." His wife confirmed all he said. I think I can say that I never knew a person less given to the marvellous than Elder Leland.

[From the Spiritual Telegraph.]

SPIRITS PLAYING THE GUITAR, AND MOVING PONDERABLE OBJECTS.

At half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th of October last, Miss Louisa Millis and her father; Dr. J. F. Gray, Dr. R. T. Hallock, and Charles Patridge and wife, formed a Spirit circle at the house of Mr. Patridge. We sat around a table about four feet square, supported by a center-piece with extended feet.—Miss Millis sat by the side of Mr. Partridge, opposite to Drs. Gray and Hallock; and Mr. Millis sat at one end of the table, opposite to Mrs. Partridge. The guitar was placed under the table, between the center-stand and Drs. Gray and Hallock—a position which rendered it impossible for any person to touch it except Drs. Gray and Hallock. In this position the guitar was thrummed and played, and moved about vigorously. We were asked by the Spirits (through the alphabet) to sing; and we sang several tunes, and the time was correctly thrummed to each of them, and to some of them a very respectable accompaniment was played on the guitar. We purposely and suddenly varied the time in our singing, and the performer on the instrument varied with us; and in all cases (unless by a very sudden change and for one sound,) the time was correctly thrummed as by fingers on the strings of the guitar.

Mr. Partridge's chair was moved back from the table by some invisible agency, and his attention was called to the position of the feet of Mr. and Mrs. Millis. Both of them had their feet back either side of their chairs, as far away from the instrument as possible, while sitting at the table, and we all saw distinctly that no person touched the instrument. Miss Millis was finally drawn back in a similar manner (by invisible power) so that we all saw the space between her and the instrument; and at the same time the instrument continued playing, and sometimes moving. A small bell had been put under the table, which was taken up often and rung, and then dropped down.

The time to some of the tunes was beat upon Mr. Partridge's boot. He finally took his boot off, and it was then rapped on his stocking, and something feeling like a hand felt of and grasped his foot. This was when he sat at the table, before the Spirits drew back his chair. We finally placed a sheet of paper and pencil under the table. This paper was moved about considerably, and after we were drawn back from the table we saw it move. It was folded up and straightened out again, and moved all around under the table, but we could see no organism moving it. The table was also moved and twisted nearly half round and back again.

After Mr. Partridge's chair was moved back, raps were made on the back leg of it.—Finally, we all stood up around the table, and at a sufficient distance from it for all of us to see that no person touched it, either by hand or foot; and while thus standing, the table was moved partly round, and tipped up one side and then the other; and while this was going on, a chair nearly behind Mr. Partridge tipped over backward, and another moved up and crowded itself between Miss Millis and Mr. Partridge into the center of the circle, with the table, and then they both moved in various directions. The chair which tipped over backward, and the one which moved into the circle, were standing too far from the persons there to render it possible for them to have touched them. While standing up round the table, Mrs. Partridge changed places with Mr. Partridge, so that she and Miss Millis stood side by side; and while thus standing, the sheet of paper was moved vigorously under the table, where we all saw it, and also moved under the dresses of Miss Millis and Mrs. Partridge, sometimes appearing in sight behind them, and was thus seen moving by all persons present.

These physical manifestations were interspersed by communications from the Spirits, relating chiefly to our circle, and what they were going to do. They all occurred in the light of day, and full opportunity was given to each person to see them; and we mention the names of the persons present to give opportunity to any skeptic to see or address inquiries to the members of the circle respecting the accuracy of this statement. We know there was no machinery or other preparation to aid Mr. and Miss Millis, or any other person, to produce these phenomena, they never having been in my house before this time. Miss Millis is giving seances at 155 Greene-street, at Dr. Hussey's. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

A HISTORY OF ALL RELIGIONS; containing a statement of the origin, development, doctrines, and government of the Religious Denominations in the United States and Europe, with Biographical notices of eminent Divines. Edited and completed by Samuel M. Smucker, LL. D., author of "Court and Reign of Catherine II.," "The Life, Speeches, and Memorials of Daniel Webster," "Memorable Scenes in French History," etc. Philadelphia: Duane Rullson, Quaker City Publishing House, No. 33 South Third Street.

Such is the title of a most useful and valuable book.

The design of the work is essentially different from that of other publications on the same subject, which already exist. The larger and more extensive of these are composed of articles on the Religious Sects in the United States, which were written by members of the several denominations described, and are often expanded into immense length by reiterated and familiar arguments intended to demonstrate the truthfulness and Scriptural authority of the Sects to which the respective writers belonged. This method of treatment is much better suited to works on Polemic Theology, than to those which profess merely to contain a statement of opinions and a narrative of the events. On the other hand, the smaller works which have appeared on this subject are superficial and incomplete; being generally made up of very short articles, of clippings from Encyclopedias and Biographical Dictionaries; and are utterly unfit to convey even to the general reader a satisfactory idea of the various subjects which come under consideration.

The writer has succeeded in avoiding the defects of cumbrous expansiveness on the one hand, and of superficial condensation on the other; and has presented to the reader all that is most desirable and useful to know respecting existing and former religious sects, within a moderate and convenient compass.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, 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 VIII.

BAADER EXPLAINS THE PHENOMENA.

F. X. von Baader, the celebrated German Metaphysician, was born at Munich in 1765. He was consequently in his fiftieth year, at the time of his visit at the cottage. In his normal state, he was far from appearing either brilliant or original; nor was he a man of much creative thought. Ultra conservative in his views, he opposed all innovations, whether religious, political or ecclesiastical. In a word, he was what the enquiring men of this country would have styled "an old fogy."

The doctor had been acquainted with Baader when he was young, and had often seen him in a somnambulic, or abnormal state, in which latter condition he always appeared like an entirely different person. His ideas were more elevated, his powers of intellect greatly strengthened, and his thoughts took a much wider range. In this he often advanced ideas which in his normal condition he denied.

He appeared to live alternately in two states of consciousness, each independent of the other. In his abnormal state, he had no recollection of anything which had transpired in the normal, but remembered perfectly his past life in the abnormal.—And so *vice versa*. As he advanced in life, his somnambulic powers gradually ceased, and disappeared altogether, many years before. The doctor had been a frequent witness of the singular phenomena exhibited by Baader when a boy, but it had now been more than thirty years since the latter had ceased to be a somnambulist.

Baader arrived at the cottage at the appointed time, and was duly made acquainted with the singular pranks which the Pellucids—as the doctor persisted in calling our invisible friends—had been playing. He listened to the narration with a sort of stoical indifference, replying only with an occasional "*yaw*" or "*nix*"—"yes" or "no."

As we had previously observed that manifestations were more frequent and powerful when we sat in a circle, holding each other by the hand, upon Baader's expressing a desire to witness some of the exhibitions of the Pellucids, we accordingly formed our circle, and in a few minutes Minnie passed into what Baader called the somnambulic state. Several communications, purporting to be from the spirits of the departed, were given through her, to all of which he listened in the most dignified silence. It was evident, by his appearance, that he experienced but little interest in it, and that he considered the phenomena but a simple case of somnambulism.

"Doctor," he said at length, "can you not prevail upon the Pellucids to vary the entertainment somewhat, for it is becoming positively monotonous?"

"Perhaps I can," he replied in a bantering tone, "but they move in orbits so eccentric, that I have not been able to calculate their phases."

"Well, if you will not request them to give us a change of programme, I shall," replied Baader, "for I want something more exciting."

"*What will you have?*" said the voice which I had heard once or twice before.

Baader gave a quick start, but instantly recovering his composure, he remarked with a smile,

"Ah! I see—you have a ventriloquist here, as well as a somnambulist. But we need a magician. Let him appear, and with his unseen wand, knock this cane from my hand," at the same time extending it the length of his arm, and placing it perpendicularly upon the floor, his hand grasping the head.

No quicker said than done—the cane went flying across the room!

"Very well—very well done," exclaimed Baader enthusiastically; "the entertainment is becoming interesting. Your Pellucids are very obedient, doctor."

Before the doctor could reply, we were surprised by the regular beating of a drum, which sounded as though in the room above,—the room formerly occupied by Conrad as a study, in which he kept his fishing tackle, gun, pistols, etc. It had been unoccupied, and scarcely opened since his decease.

"Ah! a talent for music?" exclaimed Baader, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction; "the performance *is* interesting—much obliged, doctor, for your invitation to witness it. But as I have but little taste for drum-music, the Pellucids will confer a favor by exchanging it for the piano—suppose one of them plays for me Beethoven's 'Spirit Waltz'; and if another of the dear Pellucids will condescend to invest my cane with locomotion, so that it shall keep time with the music as it travels back to me, my highest expectation will be gratified."

The piano was closed, but almost instantly muffled tones were heard issuing from it, as though a skillful performer was gently running his hands up and down the keys.

"Ah! thank you," responded Baader, "but with your permission we will have the piano opened," at the same time rising and suiting the action to the word.

He had scarcely resumed his seat when the "Spirit Waltz" was commenced, in a low, soft tone, and without visible agency, was executed in the very highest style of art. At the same time the cane appeared to be filled with life and motion. Sometimes it rolled along the floor—advancing and then retiring—sometimes it seemed to be balanced in the centre, the ends alternately tipping down and knocking upon the floor, and sometime it arose to a perpendicular position, and danced about the room—all the while keeping accurate time with the music. As the tune approached its close, so did the cane approach Baader, and fell into his hand just as the last note was struck.

"Well, friend Baader," began the doctor, "what do you say of our Pellucids now—are they not queer little fellows?"

"Very," he replied with more gravity than I had seen him manifest, "and the exhibition has been the most remarkable of any I have ever witnessed. But who is the magician—you or the young Professor?"

We both assured him that to our knowledge, we had no agency in the matter—that if it was merely a clever trick, we were as ignorant as himself as to who the author was.

Both the doctor and Baader agreed that the abnormal condition of Minnie was somnambulism, and nothing more. But in reference to the cause of the other manifestations, except "the voice," they disagreed widely—the latter favoring the *Mesmer theory*, and the doctor, without alluding to this "black cat theory," maintaining that some one expert in sleight-of-hand practice, was imposing upon their credulity.

The commencement of the discussion was a signal for breaking up the circle and arousing Minnie to natural consciousness. The debate was continued until a late hour, in which these two veterans alone participated. To me, it was deeply interesting, and doubtless its recapitulation would be to a *few* of my readers. But having been admonished that there has already been too much of ethics introduced into this history to be of interest to the general reader, I will forbear.

The discussion terminated in the doctor's defeat, although he would not acknowledge that his judgment was convinced. Briefly, the substance of Baader's conclusions were, that somnambulism was the result of a nervous derangement, which might, or might not, be attended with disease; but most frequently disease was the direct and prime cause. It might be hereditary, or superinduced by other causes. That while in that state, all the faculties of the patient were controlled by another set of executive powers, the natural desires, reason, will power, and so forth, being for the time passive. He adduced proof of this by referring to the fact that each particular state of consciousness had its own memory—a memory which could not be exercised in the other condition of the mind.

Thus far the doctor agreed with him.—But when Baader went farther, and contended that there was a certain stage of somnambulism, in which the mental faculties divide themselves, one set being capable of leaving the body, moving about through space, propelled by a will-power peculiar to their condition, and taking cognizance of what was transpiring hundreds, or even thousands of miles distant from the body, and still be able to communicate to the faculties in the body what impressions were thus obtained—when he advanced this startling theory, it was too much for the doctor to believe.

Baader had been a student of the theories put forth by Dr. Gall, and was a devout believer in the dual nature of the mind. He contended that each mental faculty had its duplicate, and by discipline, that a person might be able to attend to two, or even more, different subjects at the same time. He cited the case of Napoleon, who was able to employ three amanuenses at the same time, dictating to them in two different languages, and to each upon a different subject.*

From these premises he deduced that everything which he had witnessed might have been performed by Minnie—the duplicate faculties having divided, and even subdivided, each division and subdivision having elected a new governing and directing power, a new memory, and so forth, and upon the assumption that mind was not a material substance, and therefore invisible to the organs of sight, the various faculties had passed about through the room, and beyond the room, producing the singular phenomena which we had witnessed.

In reply to the doctor's objection that mind did not possess physical force, and yet we had witnessed the moving of ponderable bodies, without visible contact, he virtually adopted the theory given by the spirit of Herder, through Minnie, namely, that the mind in its abnormal or detached, or divided state, being detached from the physical, was capable of suddenly collecting and retaining at will, a large amount of electricity, to be again thrown off in large or small currents, in any direction, at pleasure. In this manner, he contended the various phenomena had been produced.

It was noticed that while the piano was being played, there was no perceptible motion of the keys. Baader insisted this was accomplished by currents of electricity being thrown directly upon the strings, which accounted for the muffled sound and softness of tone.

During the discussion, Baader made frequent allusions to the theories of Dr. Mesmer, yet we discovered that he disagreed with him on many points. One material difference was this—Mesmer claimed that the mysterious manifestations of the mind, in its abnormal state, were the result of the will of some person having control of the subject or patient—that the operator, or person so controling, might not be present, yet there always must be such a person somewhere.

On the other hand, Baader contended that these manifestations were the result of a disordered nervous system, and that the mind acted entirely independent of all control—in fact that the inability of another to influence a person's mind under such circumstances, was the prominent characteristic of the phenomena.

When about to retire for the night, in answer to my enquiry, if Dr. Mesmer was in Germany at that time, Baader stated that he was, having met with him that day, and that he was stopping at the inn near the University that very night. At my suggestion, heartily seconded by the doctor, it was decided to invite him to the cottage on the following morning, and obtain his views upon the points at issue.

While at breakfast the next morning, the subject of the previous night's discussion was renewed, when, to our utter amazement, Baader denied his whole theory of division and subdivision of mental powers, the moving of ponderable bodies by currents of electricity, and so forth, and stoutly maintained that the manifestations which we appeared to witness, did not in reality occur. He even denied having given any such explanation, and when positively assured by us all, that he was mistaken, he lost his patience, and in bad temper told us we had been dreaming.

I was about to reply in the same spirit, when a signal from the doctor kept me silent. Baader then took up the subject, and adopting precisely the view taken of it by the doctor, as related in the last chapter, explained it all away by saying that we happened to be in that peculiar state of mind when the imagination becomes morbidly active, rendering it very difficult to distinguish between the real and the unreal. For his part, with the exception of Minnie's abnormal state, his memory was very indistinct as to what occurred up to within a few minutes of retiring.—In fact, he could not remember the occurrences so clearly, nor did they seem to him so real, as even a half-forgotten dream.

He was evidently in bad humor, and notwithstanding the anxiety he had manifested to have Mesmer invited to the cottage, and witness a second entertainment by the Pellucids, he now spoke of setting off at once for Munich. After much entreaty and persuasion, he finally gave a reluctant consent to remain another day.

Having adjourned to the parlor, Minnie proposed that we should form a circle, and ascertain whether the mysterious occurrences which we had so often witnessed in the evening, would be repeated by daylight. But Baader, seemingly determined to be as unamiable as possible, stoutly objected.

"This is mere children's play," he observed to the doctor, "and men as old as you and I, should be ashamed of ourselves for ever having given it a serious thought."

"If the common phenomena of the falling of an apple, was worthy of the serious consideration of a man so eminent in learning and philosophy as Sir Isaac Newton, I cannot understand why we should be ashamed to investigate occurrences which are a thousand times more wonderful," the doctor replied in his quiet, dignified manner.

"There is no comparison between the two," Baader replied dogmatically, "for in the case of Newton, a great scientific fact was involved; while these things are of not the least importance, whether true of false."

"But if the mind is capable of two states of consciousness, is it not of importance to understand the causes which are at work to produce the second state?" queried the doctor.

"Not the least," replied Baader in a dogged tone of stubbornness, "because no possible good can result from it."

"But suppose it is occasioned by disease, as a physician, is it not my *duty* to inform myself upon the subject?"

"Perhaps it may be," he replied in the same spirit of perversity, "but being no physician myself, I neither know nor care about it. In fact the whole subject is distasteful to me, and I already regret my promise to remain here until to-morrow morning."

Finding him so utterly averse to continuing the conversation upon that subject, and wishing to retain him until the arrival of Dr. Mesmer, for whom a messenger had been dispatched, the doctor proposed that Minnie should favor us with some music, to which Baader readily assented, expressing a desire to hear her play the "Spirit Waltz."

Minnie immediately complied, and although no remark was made, it became very evident to me, that it was nothing like the performer who played the same tune the evening previous. After she had concluded, I enquired of Baader if he detected any difference between the tone of the instrument last night and this morning; but he gave me an evasive answer, and excusing himself on the ground that he always took a short walk after breakfast, left the room.

"What a crusty old fellow he is," I remarked to the doctor, as soon as he was gone; "but what does he mean by denying what he stated last night?"

"Simply, in my opinion, that from some cause which I cannot explain, he partially passed into the somnambulic state soon after our circle was formed, in which, according to the theory which he then gave us, his mental faculties chose new officers, from Governor down to Corporal. But his old officers were not wholly routed, and this morning with an indistinct recollection of the affront offered, they are highly indignant. If such is the case, they will, in all probability, be doubly watchful in future."

"Do you then accept the explanation which he gave last night?"

"No."

"Do you believe it is a manifestation of spirit power?"

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"Perhaps Dr. Mesmer may be able to tell you. Yonder comes a stranger, which I suppose to be him."

CHAPTER IX.

MESMER EXPLAINS THE PHENOMENA.

The stranger proved to be Dr. Mesmer. After due course of preliminaries, we were all seated in the parlor and the all exciting topic was introduced.

At the request of Mesmer we formed our quadratic circle, and in a few moments Minnie passed into the higher state of consciousness. She then rose, and taking Mesmer by the hand, addressed him in a tone of great tenderness.

"It is thirty years," she said, "as you reckon time, since you saw my earthly body arrayed for the tomb. Then how cold and dreary was your life! With nothing but an aimless existence in prospective, you prayed for death, that we might again be united.

"How different this change—which did not seem like death—appeared to me. I was with you—nestling close by your side—striving in vain to attract your notice, yet you heeded me not. I saw you weeping over my inanimate form—read your thoughts as you reproached yourself with injustice, and grieved that you had not acknowledged me as your wife ere it was too late."

A deep groan from Mesmer, and his head drooped upon his chest. We thought he had fainted, but he revived in a moment, and thrusting the hand of Minnie from him, made a desperate effort to appear calm.

"What nonsense is this?" he at length said. "Sit down, girl—or practice your insulting impositions upon some one else."

I sprang forward, with all my wild nature fully aroused, forgetting the laws of hospitality, his age, and feeble health.—But before I could lay my hands upon him, Dr. Herder rushed between us, and gently forced me back. The next moment my passion vanished, and with deep humility I craved the pardon of Mesmer. But he neither heeded nor comprehended my intended violence, or my apology. He sat like one bereft of reason, as is often the case with a giant mind, when struggling with an idea which it cannot grasp.

I expected to see Minnie almost swoon with mortification. But there she stood—her eyes closed—and her countenance beaming with such a look of sorrowful kindness, that she seemed more like what I had imagined would be the appearance of an angel, than an inhabitant of earth. After waiting until quiet was restored, she resumed,

"Poor Fred, how many times you have wished and prayed that the great gulf between time and eternity might be spanned. You have desired this almost solely that you might be able to commune with *me*; and now, when I come to you, and tell you of the past—tell you of what no living mortal knows but yourself—tell you this that you may recognize me, you turn away and refuse to listen to your poor Lucina."

The countenance of Mesmer now assumed a stern, hard expression; and summoning to his aid all that positive influence which had already rendered him famous through life, he seemed like a Sampson recovering his strength.

Hastily rising, he approached Minnie and commenced making upward passes directly before her face, in a rapid and vehement manner. Occasionally he paused, and clapping his hands together smartly, in a tone of authority commanded her to awake. In five minutes her eyes opened, when she started back in fright, like one suddenly aroused from a profound slumber.

"There," said he, looking from one to another with a smile of triumph, "is a complete solution of the mystery. It is simply the effect of *animal magnetism*, as I will soon prove to you."

At his request, Minnie then seated herself in front of him, when, taking both her hands in his, like the gaze of an enchanter, his piercing eyes seemed looking into her very soul. They sat in silence a few minutes, then releasing her hands, he passed his own gently across and down her brow. Her eyelids grew heavy—then drooped, and she appeared in an easy slumber. At his command, she opened her eyes, which, save a glassy appearance, scarcely perceptible, and a fixedness of gaze, appeared natural. Her mother called her by name, and enquired if she was awake but the question was unheeded.—Each of us in turn addressed her, but were unnoticed.

Mesmer then desired her to take a seat at the piano, and favor us with a song.—She instantly complied, but both the song and music were new to us. It was executed with greater mechanical accuracy, but less melody, than usual. Otherwise I could distinguish no difference.

While she was singing, Mesmer whispered to the doctor that he would invite her to drink some wine, yet would give her only a glass of water—that she would sip it as though wine, and call it by any name the doctor might designate.

Anxious to make a thorough test, the doctor stepped to the table, and secretly writing "malaga" upon a piece of paper, folded it closely together.

When Minnie ceased, Mesmer filled a glass with water, and said,

"Here is some wine, very superior of its kind, which I wish you to taste."

She took the glass, sipped a little, and pronounced it of excellent flavor. The doctor then handed to Mesmer the paper, still closely folded, which he received, and without unfolding, rolled into a small ball and closed his hand upon it.

"What kind of wine do you call it?" enquired Mesmer.

"I really don't know," she replied, again tasting the water, "it is very pleasant, more so than any I have ever seen, and has a different flavor."

"The name of the wine," rejoined Mesmer, "is written upon this piece of paper which I hold in my hand. Can you read it?"

She hesitated a moment, and replied that she could not.

He then requested the doctor to unroll the paper, fold it only once, and return it to him. On this being done, Mesmer, without having seen the word which was written upon it, nor in fact did any of us save the doctor know, closed his hand again upon the paper, and holding it it just above the crown of her head, requested her to read it. She hesitated a little, and said it looked like "agalam."

Mesmer cast an enquiring glance at the doctor, which seemed to say, "is that correct?" But the doctor shook his head.

Mesmer looked disappointed and chagrined. Dropping his head, and changing his position slightly, as though bracing his muscles for a great mental effort, he involuntarily reversed the hand containing the paper, which he still held above the head of Minnie. No one but myself, not even Mesmer, observed that he turned his hand over; yet the instant he did so, she said,

"O, now I see! I read it backwards—it is malaga!"

(To be continued)

A Fanciful Story.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "FLYING CLOUD."

(Concluded.)

I gazed on them with rapture. Right in our eye, nearly due west, stood out Long's Peaks, at first small in size, but momently swelling in dimensions; while, far to the north, were just discernible the more lofty summits of Mount Hooker and Mount Brown. Lying between Mount James and the Spanish Peaks, inclining to their eastern slope, lay the green plateau, not yet visible, where we were to land. Its position was carefully pointed out to Mr. Bonflon and myself by Mr. De Aery, but we strained our eyes and used our glasses in vain. No strength of sight could penetrate the clouds and haze which covered the body of the mountains, and hid the earth, with the exception of those lofty silver pinnacles, from our view.

Though these high peaks, like distant masts at sea, were first seen early in the day, the meridian of noon overtook us before we came up with them. At length, in increasing numbers and a thousand diversified shapes, they lay spread out before us, and soon thereafter were directly under our feet. Our magical machine, coming to a halt, fluttered like a great bird above them, and gave us an opportunity, such as probably had never been enjoyed by voyagers before, to spy out their beauty, their mystery, and their strength.

On nearing the mountains, we had left behind us the twilight of the void, and come again into the full flood of day. This enabled the sight to rest upon the scene with pleasure, to examine its diversified splendors, and penetrate its chasms and gorges, otherwise inaccessible to man. But to describe them is impossible. Broad fields of sparkling snow, pyramids of ice, wide fissures shining like steel mirrors,—produced by some unimaginable convulsion, possibly a thousand or ten thousand years ago, and large enough to engulf a city, with black humps or spires of granite here and there projecting through the white; while afar down the rocky side of interminable swells and precipices came up a sound of water and a blush of green, betokening the direction in which we were to look for the generative body of Mother Earth; all these, and much more which I cannot stop to name, were grouped in the rough, but magnificent landscape before us.

No cabin could confine me at such a time as this. I stood out on the upper deck in the extreme bow of the boat; and from an unobstructed point of view, nearly over the figure-head, in the very abandonment of daring, feasted my senses on the wondrous glories of this mountain-scene of enchantment.

De Aery was at the helm. But I have scarcely introduced this extraordinary gentleman to the reader. He was a tall, black-haired, mercurial Frenchman, wth an eye like a falcon, who, with only an occasional Gallicism purposely indulged in, spoke American like a native. I had every confidence in his prudence and skill in the management of his craft; and still, as I perceived that we were gradually settling down in the direction of the loftiest of those snow-peaks, until scarcely fifty feet intervened between us and its round, polished brow, to all appearance as solid as feldspar, I raised my voice and accosted him.

"Halloo! Captain!" said I, "are you intending to land us on this Atlas-top?"

"*Effectivement*," replied he. "*Mon Dieu!* B——, come here."

I went to him.

"This," said he, "is the very Old Man of the Mountain. I intend to plant the stars and stripes in the centre of this bald head."

"Capital!" replied I. "But can you achieve it safely?"

"Yes. I can manage my bird with as much ease as a pigeon poises himself on his wings, or an Indian steers his canoe. See! we are approaching the crown of the pinnacle."

I watched the experiment with an interest not unmingled with fear. He held in one hand a handsome American flag, of moderate size, and occasionally, with a slight motion of his arm, and a glance of pride, spread out its silken folds on the motionless air. Gradually the "Flying Cloud," under his skillful hands, closed upon the bleak, glittering summit, which, rounding off like the head of some venerable giant, was, at this apex, scarcely ten feet in diameter.

"No eagle, even, has ever set his foot here," said De Aery. "There is not a track, or feather, or mark of any living thing to be seen. The 'Flying Cloud' will be the first to explore many mysteries and to explode others. Not even do the winds reach this height. Boreas and the bird of Jove,—I will vanquish them both. I will step out on that icy peak."

"No, no, Captain," I expostulated. "You might lose your foothold and perish."

"Not at all," rejoined he, with a laugh. "I am as sure-footed as a goat. But if you think it risky, Monsieur, I forbear. But the snow looks solid as adamant. I fear I shall not be able to erect this flag, unless I have a firm spot for my feet."

By this time our craft had reached a proper position,—her stern along side and almost in contact with the jutting peak,—to answer the ambitious purpose of the Frenchman. Raising the flag of the Republic in his hand, he requested us all to do it proper honor,—to salute it with a "three times three,"—as he should succeed in securing it in its place. Cautiously extending the staff, he brought it in contact with the snow, and gave it several light blows, for the purpose of ascertaining its solidity. It seemed of almost icy texture, and emitted a half-sharp and half-muffled sound in reply. Then, elevating the standard aloft in both hands he brought it down with a force, as the farmer urges a stake into the ground; not doubting, as would seem, that a succession of such blows would be needed in order to achieve his purpose.

A single stroke of the shaft, however, proved more than enough. To the surprise and dismay of us all, the firm ringing surface turned out but a shell, and all beneath, a loose bed of sparkling snow-crystals, like white sand. The flag sunk down and disappeared, and De Aery, losing his balance, plunged over and went with it.

We gazed after him with speechless horror. Before any one of us had sufficiently recovered himself to speak, we were startled by a dull sound, like a rushing wind, or distant, rumbling thunder; and an immense mass of snow, many huudred feet in depth, and covering a third of the cone, parted from its place, and, like a great, foaming wave, broken and shapeless, rushed down the mountain's side. For the moment, all eyes were fixed upon it. At first, it swept on without cohering, like a cataract of sand; but, on coming in contact with the moister snow below, it formed into a thousand-balls and masses, some rolling and some sliding, but each gathering bulk and velocity as it went.

By the aid of our glasses we were able to sweep the rough slopes and precipitous descents below, to the distance of many miles; and, forgetting De Aery, we watched the development of the phenomena with terror. The larger slides gradually absorbed the smaller ones, as common fish are swallowed by sharks; but those which remained, fattened and expanded by what they were fed on, assumed enormous dimensions. Choosing different paths, they pursued their course in smoking tracks of devastation. Rocks, precipices, forests, furnished no obstruction. Roaring, crashing onward, as though Mars or the Sun had opened its batteries upon us, those sliding, whirling worlds of snow swept through valleys large enough to have furnished sites for cities, without a check, and bore away down or overleaped all obstacles, as easy as a man would walk over an ant-hill, or some hollow where a toad had burrowed. Finally they were lost to sight, passing behind intervening spurs or ridges of the mountain, or becoming hidden in the cloud-mists which lay heavily about its base; but the sound continued to roll back upon us for sometime, like the roar of distant artillery. I could no longer wonder at the terror with which the cry of an avalanche is said to fill the dwellers among the Alps.

As this absorbing pageant of the mountains diappeared, our thoughts reverted to De Aery. Had he been carried away by the snow-slip? or was his mangled corse below us among the black crags laid bare by that catastrophe? Turning my gaze beneath, I discovered, far down, many hundred feet, a moving object, scarcely bigger than a fly, and, on bringing my glass to bear upon it, perceived that it was the Frenchman. He was standing on a bare rib of rock, with his flag still in his hand, and apparently unharmed. Waving the ensign to attract our attention, at the same time he shouted with the whole strenght of his lungs. But his voice scarcely reached us, and probably would not alone have attracted our notice. We replied with encouraging cheers; and the "three times three," which we had intended for the American eagle, was given on the spot to De Aery.

But how to rescue him from his perilous condition was indeed a serious question. The "Flying Cloud," it was obvious, with her great size and pinions, could not venture among those ticklish quicksands, whose insecure foundations had just been so strikingly illustrated before us. Indeed, the slightest jar might precipitate another fall of snow, and bury the object of our solicitude five hundred feet deep in its bosom. The sagacity of Mr. Bonflon relieved us from our dilemma. He hoisted out the small car or tender, and, letting it down with great care and precision, safely accomplished the object. In the space of half an hour, De Aery, without a scratch, and, like a gallant Gaul, rather proud of his adventure than frightened at it, was again restored to our arms.

Drawing off from our dangerous proximity to the "Old Man of the Mountain," which had so nearly proved fatal to at least one of our number, but astonished beyond measure at the novelty of our experiences and the grandeur of the scenes we had witnessed, we retraced our course for a short distance, and, gradually lessening the interval between us and the earth, soon had the satisfaction of hearing the cry of "Land, ho!" from the look-out man. The valley was in sight where we were to take in water and enjoy a little picnic on the green grass, ere the form of Mother Earth, with her homely but blessed realities, should be quite forgotten.

We effected our landing in complete safety. The spot was a little, luxurious nook among the lesser hills, with few trees, but full of wild flowers, wild fruits, and wild grasses. Everything about it was wild, but cheering and charming, especially to air-wanderers like us. The foot of the white hunter, or even of the roving Indian, had perhaps never visited it, nor foraging-parties of the buffalo or deer, for we saw no signs of them; but birds of varied plumage and song, and troops of squirrels, with footprints here and there of the grizzly bear, and a drove of wild turkeys, with red heads aloft, rushing over an eminence at our left as we approached, and an occasional whir of the rattlesnake at our feet, sufficiently indicated the kind of denizens by which the plateau was inhabited.

Here, on the rich sward and delicate mosses, under the shadow of some willows, we spread out our repast by the side of a clear mountain-spring; and, to say nothing of old Jersey Champagne, of a remote vintage, which I have now quite forgotten. With the flow of these beverages flowed our speech, in jovial words and songs, in raillery enough, if not in wit. De Aery, as having by a hair's breadth just escaped with his life, and in virtue of his extraordinary feat in leaping five hundred feet or more through a bank of snow, now that the danger was over, was made the butt of much pleasantry, which he bore with his usual equanimity and grace.

When these arrowy flights at the expense of the light-hearted Frenchman had exhausted themselves, I took occasion to enquire of him what his sensations were during his brief burial. He replied as follows:

"I thought nothing at all about it. I remember feeling chagrined because I was making a failure, and clung tight to my flag, fearing to lose that too. *Mon Dieu!* It might be expected that one would feel cold, buried up in ice; but such was not the case. I was hot. The snow burned my face, as it came in contact with it. As to the ride, it was pleasant enough, but rather rapid and perplexing to the breath. It was like sinking into a pit of quicksand, where everything gives way below one, as though the bottom of the world had fallen out. There was the struggle of a moment to keep the fine snow out of my mouth and nostrils, as I drew in my breath, and the next instant my feet came in contact with the solid rock, where you discovered me. The magnificent avalanche you describe I know nothing about. I neither heard nor saw anything of it, only as I afterward examined the marks it had left behind it. This leads me to suppose that I was a good deal confused at the time, though I was not aware of it. Indeed, I have an impression of seeming to turn somersets in my descent, and this may account for it. But, for the honor of France, I saved my adopted country's flag."

High-minded Gaul! We all praised and honored him, and comforted him for his disappointment. It was a noble attempt he had made, to nail the American banner to the head of Mount James, impelled by the loftiest of motives,—and, like many others of its kind, had for the present failed. At some other time he might prove more successful; or some other might achieve the object in his place, and so appropriate his laurels; but no one would be likely to excel him in his flying leap. In this he had distanced even the famous traveller at Rhodes.

Having given a couple of hours to this species of recreation, we weighed anchor, and again got under way. Slowly and smoothly, without a ripple or a jar, we ascended through the blue ether to our former altitude, and floated off over those majestic mountain-tops, toward the west. Loath to part from scenes of such impressive beauty,—scenes, alone paralleled in our recollection by fabulous tales of Oriental enchantment,—we gazed behind us at those flashing crests of alabaster, until they grew small in the distance, and finally were wholly lost to our sight. With them disappeared the last vestige of the solid earth, and we were again afloat in space.

The following night and day were passed like their predecessors. Another night came, and we were over the eastern bound of the State of California. A few hours more, without accident, would terminate our remarkable voyage, and set us down in the city of San Francisco. All of us were brimming high with hope.—Though we did not anticipate reaching the station before one or two o'clock in the morning, and probably should not disembark before dawn, we were loath to retire to rest. It was near midnight before all of us were in our berths.

But when at length there, I found it impossible to sleep. The excitement attendant on the beginning of the trip seemed to have returned on me with a double force. I listened for some sound to relieve the awful stillness which, like the wing of Death, seemed to have settled over the "Flying Cloud"; but there was no soughing of the wind, as at sea, and no noise to be heard, save the monotonous movement of the engine and the paddle-wheels; and this, so evenly did they play, was rather a motion than a sound.

This period of restlessness was succeeded by one of strange bewilderment, which might have been sleep, or might not. Rapidly changing scenes and fantastic figures, some of beautiful and some horrible, flitted before me like a dissolving panorama. A band, as though of steel wire, seemed to encircle my brain, and to compress it closer and closer; and the spine, for its whole length, felt as though subject to a like crushing pressure.

How long this state of hallucination continued I have no means of knowing. From it, by a great effort, I suddenly aroused myself, and returned to my proper senses. Where I was, and all the extraordinary events of the last few days, were clear in my recollection. But I was weighed down with weakness, and found, on attempting to speak, that I had no voice.

Suspecting that I had been stricken by some terrible disease, I attempted to rise; and, loath to disturb any of my companions, undertook to crawl out upon the upper deck. This, after a good deal of effort, I accomplished. Lying, therefore,—I could not stand,—I prayed for a breath of air to relieve my hot and oppressed brow; but in vain. The atmosphere seemed gone. Chill and dark, the heavens spread out above me without a twinkle or a smile. The full moon was there, and there was no cloud or haze to obscure her light; but she did not shine. Her white, rayless face was a mockery to the night. The same was true of the stars. The dazzling canopy was faded out, and Cygnus and the Great Bear were subdued to pallid points, like patches of white-gray paper stuck upon a wall.

Floating by the side of the "Flying Cloud," and nearly of her size, I discovered a dark, irregular object, and dragged myself to the edge of the deck to investigate it more closely. The two came together, but without damage or friction. They touched and parted, like substances nearly at rest in still water. I put out my hand on the strange visitor, and received a pretty severe shock, as though I had been subjected to the action of an electric battery. At the same time, a light, blueish flame ran over its surface, showing me more accurately its form and dimensions.—To the touch it was solid and cold, like iron or granite. I pressed upon it, and it yielded like a floating dish. I tried to break off a fragment, but was unable to separate so much as a scale.

A moment's reflection convinced me of the nature of this apparent island in the air. It was an immense aerolite; and with this conviction came the solution of my own painful state. We had unconsciously passed beyond the controlling power of the earth's gravitation, into that region of the upper atmosphere, where, science informs us, these meteoric stones float in equilibrium, until some accidental impulse throws them from their balance, when they are precipitated to the surface of the earth. I must be dying for lack of air. And the man at the helm, where was he? He must have fallen asleep, and left our vessel to her own buoyant fancies. And my companions! Bonflon! De Aery! All ere this might have perished, and the "Flying Cloud," aside from myself, be bearing into these upper altitudes nothing but a load of death.

Terror-struck, I dragged myself, with all the speed I could accomplish, to the stern.—There sat the helmsman at his post, but asleep or insensible. I shook him, but he gave no signs of life. I shouted with what little strength I had, but in vain.

"Wake up! wake up!" I cried, "or we are lost!"

(Continued on 6th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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REVELATION.—THE WORD OF GOD.

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament declareth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth wisdom.
There is no speech, no words;
Without these their voices is heard.
Yet their sound goeth out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world."
[*David.*

"For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." [*Paul.*

"God makes his first and fundamental revelation to us in the constitution of our own minds."
[*Morell.*

Much that has been said in preceding articles on "Inspiration" comes equally under the more general head of Revelation; but some thoughts remain to be suggested on this latter topic which seem important to a complete view of the bearings of Spiritualism upon popular religious theories.

The common idea of Revelation is well expressed by Webster as follows; "1st. The disclosure or communication of truth to men by God himself, or by his authorized agents, the prophets and apostles. 2d. the sacred truths which God has communicated to man for his instruction and direction."

The "Orthodox" Protestant theory limits this disclosure of truth exclusively to what is contained in the book or series of writings known as the Protestant Bible. This, in its literal or obvious sense, is esteemed a direct verbal communication of the mind of God to man, and the only revelation that the Divine Mind has made or will make to the race. It is generally regarded an "an organic whole," the communication of which was commenced in the earlier ages of the world, continued through various instrumentalities during four thousand years, and at length "completed by the appearance of our Saviour and by the teachings of the apostles under the guidance of his Spirit," *—beyond which not another word or idea can ever be expected to emanate from the Divine Mind in all coming ages. Hence this book, in general and in detail, is styled *the* "Word of God," to which nothing can be added and from which nothing should be taken away.

It would seem a sufficient objection to this theroy, that it is a mere violent *assumption*, without a shadow of basis in the claims of the book itself, and contrary to the experience of humanity. It was invented merely to meet the exigencies of Protestantism in its warfare against assumption of the Roman Church. It may have subserved a useful purpose; but being fallacious, it has become a source of error and of spiritual despotism nearly as great as that it sought to overthrow.

We say that this exclusive and limitarian theory of Revelation has no basis in the claims of the Bible itself. That book nowhere professes to contain all that ever was or will be revealed from Deity to the human mind. On the contrary, its whole spirit and beauty is the other way; it plainly teaches a ceaseless unfolding of the Divine character, wisdom, skill, and all other perfections, *limited only by the power of the individual mind to perceive and appreciate.* Not only are the visible heavens and all the objects of universal nature affirmed to be continually revealing God's invisible attributes (as in the passages quoted at the head of this article,) but it is also distinctly declared that a day shall come when "ALL shall be taught of God,"(John VI. 45, Is. LIV. 13.)—when "they shall no more teach every man his neighbor and every man his brother," but the Lord himself "will put his law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts," (Jer. XXXI. 33, 34)—a time when it will be no longer necessary to take heed to the word of prophecy written in the old time, "as unto a light shining in a dark place," for "the day will dawn and the day star arise in your hearts." (2 Pet. I 19.) And Jesus, the great revealer of the New Testament, expressly declared that he had "many things to say" to his diciples which they "could not bear" at that time, but which the Spirit of truth, who was to abide with his disciples forever, would reveal unto them. "He shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you. ALL THINGS that the Father hath are mine." (Jno. XVI. 12-15.)

There is then no truth in the whole realm of God's universe but is promised to man in the Bible, just so fast as he is prepared to receive it. And the exhortation is as applicable now as it ever was: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." (Jas. I: 5.)

Moreover, it is apparent almost from every page of the Bible, that its revelations from the superior world were called forth by, or at least *adapted to*, the gradual, progressive development of the human race, (or, more strictly, that portion of the race to which they have especial reference,) up to the time when the compilation was closed. This, indeed is the grand law of revelation, traceable through the Bible, as well as in all other human history. The earlier chapters of that book present us mankind in the innocency and simplicity of early childhood; and in all the recorded revelations addressed to them we find no attempt to enunciate broad and comprehensive moral principles, or to impart intellectual or spiritual instruction. The Adamic and Patriarchal periods indicate the infancy of the race. Gradually it unfolds into a wayward and stubborn youth, when it must be governed, if at all,—not by appeals to reason, or to the sense of right, or to the power of love,—but to *force* and *fear*, as in the Mosaic institutes. After the slow lapse of centuries, some signs of approaching manhood begin to appear, and the moral sense, reason, intuition, and filial and fraternal affection can be addressed with some effect. To this stage the Christian dispensation is adapted. Supplies ever correspond with wants. But who believes the human mind had reached the apex of its attainments, or the utmost limit of its wants, when Paul dictated the Epistle to the Hebrews, or John recorded the vision of the Apocalypse? And who is authorized to affirm that no further or clearer disclosures of the Infinite and the Inexhaustible have ever been or ever shall be available to the aspiring soul?

It is often urged, indeed, by untaught or unhonest disbelievers in perpetual revelation, that the concluding language of the last book in the Bible authorizes the claim that "the canon of Divine inspiration" is forever closed. (See Rev. XXII.: 18, 19.) But in view of the well known fact that the book of Revelations was written independently of all other books in the Bible, and had no connection with them as a part of one volume till centuries after it was written, no *honest student* will apply the denunciations there uttered to the Bible as a whole, or to any other writing than "the book of *this* prophecy" which is distinctly specified. To add to or substract from *that book*, would of course be equivalent to a forgery; but other books of revelation may and *will* be written, as often as spiritually illumined souls shall hear the inner voice say, "write the things which thou hast seen."

Then the evidence of the Bible itself is entirely against the grand assumption of Orthodox Protestantism.*

We said also that it is contrary to the experience of humanity. History is the record of this experience; and all history, modern as well as ancient, "profane" as well as "sacred," bears testimony to the fact that in almost all times, and among nearly all peoples, these have been revelations from the invisible world, sometimes claiming to be from "God" or "the Gods," and often bearing, to greater or less extent, the divine impress of *truth* and *good*, adapted to the existing conditions and needs of humanity. Yes—

"God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of TRUTH
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, REVERENCE,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right."

That the revelation embraced in the Christian writings set forth spiritual truths of a vastly deeper and more vital import than are to be found in other sacred books of equal antiquity, is true, at least to our perceptions; and this shows that the persons to or through whom they were given had attained to a profounder spiritual experience, and become conscious of deeper spiritual wants, than any other portions of the race. But it is also true that these writings but vaguely hint at or entirely erlook some departments of Universal Truth on which the human mind now yearns for greater light. What it "could not bear" eighteen centuries ago, it has since desired with irrepressible longings.

And as it has asked, it has received.—The whole broad fields of Natural Science are opening to its ken, and disclosing priceless pearls. These are as truly revelations of God as are or can be any communications made in words; since there is no thing, no power, no law, in nature, but exists in and from Him, and hence reveals something of this invisible attributes.—The still more interesting domain of Human Science, the knowledge of Man, his wondrous powers and his relations, which constitutes a most marvellous page in the great book of the Divine Unfoldings—yea, an epitome of the whole—has been widely extended. It has been discovered—strange that it should ever have been overlooked!—that "God makes his first and fundamental revelation to us in the constitution of our own minds;" and hence that here must be the starting-point from whence to apprehend and interpret all other revelations.—Says Morell, one of the most eminent religious thinkers of modern times, "The God of revelation and the creator of the human faculties are the same; and if these seem to contradict each other, it only proves, either that the revelation is spurious (we know that our faculties are not,) or that we have misinterpretated its meaning."

And, too, the great and mysterious World of Spirits, with which we are so intimately connected, and to which we are daily hastening, (but of which the ancient revelations give us only meagre hints,) is opening to our view, or at least to something like rational and inviting conceptions. How vast and rich, and varied,—and, we would add, worthy to be true in the main—the disclosures given through Swedenborg alone, in comparison with all that was known or dreamed before him! And how have the clouds of gloom and doubt been dissipated by the light so recently and so freely poured from the invisible realm!

Thus the experience of humanity, ancient as well as modern, together with the testimony of the Bible, contradict this narrow theory of a restricted and "completed" Revelation. We must have a difinition that is broader and more rational

A. E. N.

*See "Essay on Inspiration," by Rev. Prof. Torrey, in Bibliotheca Sacra, April 1858.

*It might be further adduced, in proof that past revelations, as recorded in the Bible, form no such "organic whole" as has been supposed, that a number of books referred to in the Bible as written by inspiration, have been irrecoverably *lost*, Rev. Prof. Stuart, the distinguished Andover controversialist, enumerates *fifteen* or more of such books referred to in the Old Testament, and in the New. (See Stuart's "Critical and Historical Defence of the Old Testament Canon.") Besides, John the Evangelist informs us that if all things that Jesus did were recorded, "the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." The truth is that the Bible, by its own showing, contains only *fragments* of what has been revealed.

☞A press of other matter obliges us to omit the favor of Br. D. C. Gates, this week.—It shall have a place next week.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA

A LIVING MAN QUITS HIS BODY AND IS SEEN *out* OF IT!

Our readers have frequently heard, doubtless, of the remarkable mediumistic powers possessed by Dr. P. B. Randolph, who is now lecturing in the East, upon Spiritual Philosophy and Religion. While lecturing near this city, the Dr. was the guest of his friends, Dr. N. C. Lewis and lady, and in their mansion the following singular occurrence took place:

Dr. Randolph had lectured under a very elevated Spiritual influence at Chelsea, and had amazed the audience by the extraordinary power and eloquence displayed by the controlling spirit. At the close of the lecture, he returned to Boston, and soon reached the house of his friends, whom he found conversing upon various topics connected with the general subject of Spiritualism. After a while, all retired to rest, and met next morning at the breakfast table, Dr. Randolph looking sallow, tired, and haggard, as if he had not slept for a week.

Suddenly Mrs. Lewis said, "Dr. Randolph, what possessed you to come into our room last night, and gaze so intently and benignantly upon my sleeping husband?"

"Me?" exclaimed R., "excuse me, but I really don't understand what you are talking about. Please oblige me by explaining."

"Certainly, sir," replied the lady. "Last night myself and husband retired as usual, fastening the doors as is customary, and had both fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened as if by the oppressive presence of a strong magnetism. Opening my eyes and directing them toward the side of the bed, where a full moonlight streamed through the window, I clearly and distinctly saw you standing at the bed head. I was perfectly awake. The light fell full upon you and was perfectly reflected, just as it would have been from your body, and yet I knew it was your spirit that stood there, and that your body was in another part of the house. For full ten long minutes you stood there, and looked upon both myself and my husband, a radiant and holy smile all the while playing upon your countenance. I had ample time to examine you closely, for I realized the importance and immense significance of the extraordinary phenomenon then and there manifested. I gazed upon you steadily, and even returned your gaze, but regret now that I did not speak. After awhile my eyes grew tired, and for an instant I closed them; when I opened them again you had gone."

This is the perfectly reliable statement of Mrs. L., but it appears that this is not the first proof of his astonishing power that the Dr. has given here in Boston, for he appeared *bodily* as it seemed, to a person—Mrs. D.—a few weeks ago, when his person was 30 miles away. He says that he can do this thing at will, and appear to whom, and when and where he chooses, but the exercise is very exhausting. Arrangements are in progress for a series of experiments. Dr. R. having promised to appear at three diffirent places 500 miles apart, in the same hour of a given day.—This is certainly something new and remarkable, and exceeds in interest even the wonders displayed by Hume the great physical medium. If the Dr. shall succeed in his experiments to his own satisfaction, his friends intend to bring the matter before the leading scientific bodies of Europe and this country. Our readers shall be duly advised of the progress of the phenomena.

☞Andrew Jackson Davis never said a truer thing than that uttered by him in a recent lecture in New York—namely, that he considered seventy-five per cent. of our best libraries are mere trash—misapprehensions which prejudiced writers have given to the world.

☞H. M. Brown, of Willoughby, Ohio, is authorized to recieve subscriptions for the AGE.

☞A man that hoards riches and enjoys them not, is no better off than the ass that carrys gold and eats thistles.

H. W. BEECHER.

We cannot say that we greatly admire this very popular and much-quoted clergyman. To be sure, he is regarded as liberal in his tendencies—as independent—as progressive etc. Constitutionally he may be all of these, but he hasn't got enough of this constitutional free force to break the slavish chains that hold him to a worse than slavish creed. So long as Mr. Beecher holds to the dogmas of endless misery, vicarious atonement, etc., so long will he find it impossible to be consistently and logically liberal. We do not feel to thank him for what he has done for us on the score of liberality, because we know it is an outlay that his theological capital can ill afford. We confess that we have had hopes that Mr. Beecher would entirely clear himself from the stygian atmosphere of so-called orthodoxy, and rise joyfully to the broad plane of consistent and liberal Christianity. When we have thought that he was on the point of being confirmed in a more humane opinion of God's Government and plan, in relation to the destiny of man, all at once he would drop "plump down" into the old slough of orthodoxy, and his *quasi* liberalism would vanish away like a pleasant dream. The fact is, Beecher has a born hankering for the "flesh pots of Egypt."

We *now* have no hopes that he will entirely quit them. He does not possess strength enough of the reasoning will to get away from traditional theological notions. He possesses a fine rhetorical and even poetical sense, but has very little of the logical in his mental make-up. His heart may be good—we should say much better than his head. But commend us to the man whose reason can at least keep pace with his better emotional impulses.—We like to see harmony between head and heart—between opinion and the generous tendencies of the soul. This does not appear to be Mr. Beecher's case. His basic opinions are narrow and essentially barbaric, while his sympathies appear to be tender and universal,—but still, so it seems to us, somewhat *patronising* in their air. We repeat, we cannot applaud or admire him.—His very popularity is a bad mark. True heroes and prophets are not—cannot be—greeted with the favoritism with which Beecher is regarded. Depend upon it, there is a good deal of sham about this extremely loquacious gentleman. He evidently trims his sails with more reference to popularity, than to attain to a knowledge, or approximate knowledge, of the truth.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—We are glad to be enabled to announce that we have obtained the MS. of an original Spiritual Story, treating of Oriental manners, customs, superstitions and marvels, written by one of the most brilliant writers and lecturers known among Spiritualists. We believe it will bear favorable comparison, so far as literary merit and intensity of interest is concerned, with the now famous story of the "Haunted and the Haunters," which we published some months ago, now known to be from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the great English novelist.—We shall commence its publication in the AGE immediately upon the conclusion of "Minnie, the Medium," which will probably occupy two more numbers. The story is copy-righted, and the author has already been offered $1000 for it. It will be published in book form immediately upon its conclusion in the AGE.—Look out for it!

CALL—SPIRITUAL REGISTER, 1860.

On or before the 1st of January, I shall publish the Fourth Annual SPIRITUAL REGISTER, with a Counting House and Speaker's Almanac for 1860. Friends throughout the country will please report all statistics, number of Spiritualists, names of Lecturers and Mediums, schools, homes, places of meetings, catalogues of Spiritual books, &c., and send in before Dec. 20th, 1859. The REGISTER is a neat pocket annual of 36 pages, with the Facts, Philosophy, Statistics, Progress, practical teachings, &c., of Spiritualism, indispensable as a guide to believers, inquirers and skeptics. As the work will not be sent out on sale, and only a limited number will be printed to fill out orders, those who desire it, must send in their orders with cash in advance before the 1st of January. Mailed free of postage, one hundred for five dollars; fifty for three dollars; fourteen for one dollar; ten cents a single copy. Address, Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

Correspondence.

NORTHAMPTON, Nov. 10th, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE.—Believing that the readers of the AGE will be pleased to hear of the progress of our beautiful faith, even in the remotest places, I will briefly inform them of the advancement made among us here, by the occasional visits of those good and true mediums, who deem it their duty to give of the inspirations of the angel world to all; to remotest towns and villages, as well as to the inviting cities, where fame and largest appreciation awaits them.

We have been favored with two lectures by our worthy brother Uriah Clark, Editor of the *Spiritual Clarion*. He left a favorable impression, and met with an intelligent and appreciative audience in Florence, a thriving and progressive village, two miles from here, where he delivered one discourse. Although the opposition of the church is strong, our beautiful faith is winning its way to many hearts and homes. There is that depth of argument, that array of facts, that heart-eloquence of truth in a Spiritual lecture, that no theological sermon can produce; and the candid mind is irresistibly led to the conclusion, that there is truth and beauty, holiness and consistency, to be found in the teachings of this much-abused Spiritualism.

Another worthy and unassuming teacher of God's living truths has been among us, Gibson Smith of Maine, who delivered two lectures here and one in Florence. Not in the spirit of denunciation that the churches assume towards us, but in the persuasive spirit of truth and candid reasoning, he pointed out the many inconsistencies, the contradictory statements to be met with in the ancient record; which, revered as the infallible word of God, was arrayed against the revelations and continued inspirations of the present, given by the ever ministering spirit world.

His discourse in Florence, on the naturalness and beauty of Spiritual philosophy, the uses of the will-power as exercised by mind upon mind, in the body, and in the future existence, was truly entertaining and highly instructive; leading intelligent minds to view the claims of Spiritualism in a scientific and natural manner.

It is delightful to meet with mediums, who, in their private views of life, morality and duty, fulfil the expectations we have derived of their characters by their public teachings. Truth compels the admission, that some are sadly wanting in these respects. Mere instrumentalities for spirit power, their *souls* are yet untouched by the heavenly inspirations of a true spirituality; their lives have not yet been fashioned in the mould divine. But, I thank God! there are men and women in our ranks, fitting teachers of celestial truths, of precepts glorious and beneficent in their adaptation to human needs. The flattery and adulation lavished upon mediums, I consider unworthy of the true Spiritualist: but the word of encouragement, of honest appreciation, may be spoken for Truth's sake, and as a God-speed to the oft-weary hearts of those true, unselfish ones, who come to bless us, without money and without price. Mr. Smith, I doubt not, has made friends among the fearless, the true and good, even during his short sojourn among us.

I have been to a wild and beautiful region some thirty-five miles from here, where human enterprize is contending successfully with the solid barriers of Nature. The Hoosac Tunnel resounds with the clang of human industry, its darkness is illumined by the lanterns of the workmen, and the hard rock yields beneath their blows, its pieces falling with a sound like thunder to the ground. The water drops from the blackened roof, from which wierd faces seem to grin, and strange, wild forms to look down. Sixteen hundred feet have been excavated, gunpowder lending its aid to the slow and tedious work. The fabled darkness of Egypt dwells there, and the water settles in the sluggish mud-pools along the track laid there for the conveyance of the gathered stones, which are piled upon a cart drawn by a patient mule. The atmosphere is warm and not unpleasant.—At the farthest end where the workmen are stationed, their lights irregularly disposed upon the crevices of the rock, gleam and flicker strangely; the striking of their hammers and the falling of the stones—all sounds there—have a solemn, thrilling effect. Surely some loving, encouraging spirits stand beside those workmen, inspiring them with hope and faith, in what to an unpractised eye would seem an impracticable undertaking. For four years they have been at work, and the calculation is made, that it will take ten years more to accomplish the object. In ten years hence, luxuriously fitted up cars may pass swiftly beneath that stony roof, and the fine ladies and gentlemen reclining on the downy cushioned seats, may not give a thought to the human labor and mind enterprize it has cost to facilitate their progress through the land.

A large seemingly valuable machine, for cutting the rocks stands near the entrance, useless and abandoned; it could not contend with the stony wall opposing it. And yet all honor to its inventor!—to the minds first inspired with the truly great project of finding a way through the very mountain's heart! All honor to the brave and humble hearts there toiling manfully! for material progress is an aid to spiritual advancement.

Near the Tunnel is the village of Florida; but it recalls not by its flowery name, sweet memories of southern lands, where the orange lines the pathway, and the summer glories in perpetual life. It is a bleak cold, grand, wild, mountainous region; the softer, beautifying influences of nature, and of refined life and society are not to be met with there. But the majesty and solitude of prayerful nature invite the soul to contemplation. On those mountain heights, the invisible altars of the God of power are beckoning; amid those piny forests, the loving voice of Duty is heard; amid the hemlock groves, the spirit of the beautiful abides. Grand, desolate, in its Autumn robings, the woods and towering heights were beautiful; instinct with spiritual significance, with the messages from angel-spheres. The Deerfield river, leaping over its pebbly bed, added much to the charm of the scene.

We were kindly entertained at a solitary farm-house, that seemed encircled by the guardian mountains—fast-locked in their embrace against the intrusions and falsities of the great outer world. Our party of three, our horse and accompanying dog, were all kindly cared for. The best their larder contained was freely given, and although the customary refinements are there unknown, true and genuine hospitality, and heart-felt sincerity, took the place of what is often hollow artifice wearing the polished garb of politeness. I shall ever gratefully remember Mr. and Mrs. Granger of the Hoosac Tunnel.

The road from here to that wild spot is hilly and rugged, and scenes of Sybilline beauty are presented to the eye. The view of Shelburne, so poetically disposed upon the banks of that beautiful stream, is inspiring to the heart and vision.

Charlemont is a lovely village, and boasts as good a hotel as can be desired. That as yet unemployed section of the State should be visited by Spiritualists, who could not fail of deriving benefit from the journey, as well as inspiration from the aspect of those grand old mountains.

A few miles from the Tunnel, a stone estuary stands in the river; it is said the waters have formed the aperture. It is cold, very cold among those fastnesses of nature, but the silence of evening and the charm of night must be felt to be appreciated; it is so soothing, solemn and spiritual.

The Gospel of to-day has not yet reached there. May the gladdening, saving, and inspiring influences of Spirit Land, felt and acknowledged, soon reach the homes and hearts of the dwellers of Florida; for as knowledge is happiness, and Spiritualism is its fitting teacher, its admittance brings the beautifying influences of Heaven to enrich and bless the humblest lot.

Yours for Truth,
CORA WILBURN.

THE BROAD CHURCH.

BY FREDERIC L. K. WILLIS.

We hear ringing through the *intellectual Church*, much about the "Suspense of Faith" and the "Broad Church." One of the ablest of our modern divines, ministering to one of the wealthiest and most intellectual Churches, has found out that its power as a church is *weakness*; that it has not *vitality*—that it is a great, showy, glittering pretence—nothing more. Others feel just as much, but are too proud, or conceited to own it. There is a lack of faith, a want of vitality throughout all the church organizations of the day; and why? just because men have not been appealed to spiritually, but intellectually, and so the heart is sick and faint, and wants something to lean upon. Any and every church, or approach to a church, will finally feel the same lack and need that has not the *vital* faith through faith in the human spirit. Dr. Bellows, almost idolized by his followers, has been preaching of the loveliness and beauty of Christianity, and has taken brave steps forward in the pathway of liberal sentiments; but yet, three years ago, he was so blinded to the great signs of the times, that his usually graceful, gentlemanly style gave place to bitter invective, and almost angry denunciation against "*that* infatuation," a belief in the immortality of the human soul, and the immortality of its affections which distinguishes those he thought to reproach, by the name of Spiritualists. And recently, because the Spiritual press took up his idea and confirmed it, viz., that the Church of the day is not vital, and is sadly wanting in faith, he comes forward again with an attack on Spiritualism, lest he should *seem* to favor its ideas. It is time he was rebuked, and the rebuke has been administered by one of the most intellectual and cultivated of New England men. Wendell Phillips says, "This Broad Church Reformer, knows his place so little that he sneers at Spiritualism and Socialism as vices entitled to no terms. The one an honest effort, however mistaken, to make all men wholly and really brothers in life, property and thought; the other, that reaching into the land of spirits has stirred the heart and roused the brain of the best men of all ages, and given to literature its soul. Does he give no heed to that profound maxim of Coleridge?

"There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth still below the horizon."

Spiritualism, that has spread so widely and stretched itself into every land, and is discussed in every tongue, has lived but its few years in its present recognized form, and yet some of its earliest and most earnest believers are standing forth to tell of its inefficiency; and why? Just because the masses have taken it into their mere belief, and not into their faith; because it has lacked vital power in redeeming the human soul from sin; because it is fast becoming what Christianity became—a mere intellectual acceptance of certain facts and theories. We can take no steps forward that is not taken through our own attainment or, conscious relationship unto truth. There is no other way, and Jesus rightly said, "he that striveth to enter into the kingdom of truth any other way, is a thief and robber."

We may have a very profound philosophy, and a very clearly defined faith, but if it comes from without by the mere effort of belief and not from within, by the life of the heart, we too, shall be crying for something more; we too, shall be cold and dead, and others will point their fingers at us saying, "Show us thy works." "If ye believe, why do ye not the works?"

To me, the acknowledgement of a faith in the human spirit—in its powers and capacities is one of the brightest gleams in this modern reformation, for it declares God's infinity, and the eternity of his laws—it plants in man's soul a great *hope*—he has something to strive for—the goal to be pressed forward to is something he can recognize—it is set *before* him.—The life of Jesus is not buried; it is not at the sepulchre man is to seek the Lord. No! Jesus is an exemplar indeed; his promises are *unto* the soul, unto *every one*. He says with loving words to each one, "I have lived the human life. I know the human spirit, its weakness and its wants, and I know its triumph and its power. I will be with you for I love you, and if you will believe, you shall have all my gifts of spirit, and even greater, because I am in the presence of the great Father's love, and I will delegate the power unto you."

That is the perpetual promise, but it has its means of fulfilment, it has its proviso, "If ye love me, ye will keep my sayings." Read what those were; find how they tear the mask off the hypocrite, how they rebuke sin, how they demand holiness, how they compel purity.—"If you love me—if you expect these gifts of spirit, you must be all that I *was*; must love as much; hate as little, must conquer all sin, must be pure, holy, peaceable, merciful, loving all men, doing good to all men, must stand in the presence of the Father and be called his son." Is that the demand? that is the demand Jesus made, and that true Spiritualism makes. *That* is faith in Christ. Is it a wonder that the Church is found wanting in vitality, for who is there that comes up to the standard? Who is a disciple of the Lord doing his work?

If we are to do anything for the great Church of Christ, the broad Church of humanity, and for the promulgation of a vital Christianity, we must do it by living *in* the Church and giving forth its Christianity. The power of the true consecrated Church, one that recognizes the power of the human spirit when consecrated by the divine, cannot be estimated. It must indeed be the broad Church, broad enough to admit all nations, tribes and tongues. It must know only *humanity*, and not caste or color. It must have only one test of fellowship—*universal love*. This Church, springing from the human spirit and its needs, must have spiritual life and having *that*, it will give forth life, and that life will produce works; not merefy works of doing, but works of being. Works of doing come from the endeavor to *become*—works of being, are the spontaneous *out-givings* of life and love, and these it was that Jesus performed. He demanded the doing, but he promised that the works of being should follow.

Paul says that spiritual gifts should be striven for, that it is possible to gain or cultivate them, and then proceeds to enumerate *all the* gifts that we recognize and claim as distinguishing modern Spiritualism. Men may become very spiritual or very material, just as they please. Living in eternal things does not necessarily make men eternal; it is only in giving the heart to external things that makes men material.

Jesus never demanded of men that they should be ascetics, but that they should live *in* the world and yet not of the world, worldly. Many seem to suppose that a spiritual life is incompatible with a business life. It *is* incompatible with a dishonest, intriguing, overreaching business life, but it may become the very soul of business activity. All labor, is a means; it is for some love that men toil; either love of gain, or love of comfort, or love of friends. Now consecrate labor to the highest good, and the spirit will grow in the midst of the most menial toil.

The traditions of Jesus represent him as perfected in the trade of a carpenter, as having served with his father; but we know that any and all toil did not keep his spiritual nature cold or dead. It grew and strengthened, and while his physical body is represented as perfectly matured so that he was beautiful in his manly strength, yet his quickened spiritual faculties led him into all the regions of the human mind, till he knew all men. It is those who are abroad in the world of stirring life that have the broadest field of labor; and who can know so much and do so much? Toil of any kind, need not be any preventive to spiritual graces. It is the consecration of the life that will make it produce works. I do not believe that a man honestly seeking the high and the true, honestly desiring to gain spiritual knowledge, can possibly follow a sordid, worldly policy. Such a consecration would strike at many business relations among men, and much social life among women, but it would not take man or women from the performance of one duty.

To truly grow in grace we must *extend* our sympathies, not narrow them. As we know our own spirits, we shall have greater knowledge of the spirits of others, more sympathy, and more ability to serve *all*, let them be where they will, or however connected with us. To be disciples of Christ and work his works, to be members of the broad Church of humanity, demands only one thing—a consecration of every faculty and desire to the high and true. Think what a Church that would be that should infuse the spirit of Christ into jurisprudence, into mercantile life, into mechanics and arts, and into the family at home. Think of the spread of spiritual truths, when men consecrate law to justice, traffic to equity, mechanism to highest use and the relations of home, neighborhood and country to the purest and holiest love.

Can such a Church place bounds of belief? I tell you nay. Spiritual blessing are as universal as natural blessings. The use of all that can give vitality and force to the spirit has no righteous bound. Free as God's air, is God's truth; as certain as the sunshine. What then are enactments of law, or partitions of creeds? Only individual conceptions of duty, individual expressions of truth. The form of godliness springs from its life. External expression is from inner vitality. Narrow and sectarian Churches, are from limited and partial conceptions. The great Harmonic Church, includes *all* Churches. The vitality of all religious organizations swells the life force of the grand elemental spirit whose form lies outside of *Christianity* even, and is expressed only by the Infinite. But as individuals are expressions of the divine through the human, perfected in the divine, so a Church may represent an organized form of divinity, not a separate or exclusive bound, but as a consecrated life—an expression of vital power. Such a Church needs no helps but the spirit and grace of God, flowing into it and prompting it to the noblest offices of Christian virtue. And such a Church can be limited to no sect, bounded by no faith—it comprises all sects—it is universal in its mission—it can never look back, but fixing an earnest, steady eye forward upon the mark of the prize of God's own high calling, whereby he reveals himself to his children in the world of beauty and wonder without, and by the still small voice of the spirit within; it advances with all the advancing movements of humanity, praying ever as it goes for Truth, Holiness and Right.

Does this Church require ordinances? Most certainly it does, but they are these only—"Feed the hungry—clothe the naked—visit the sick and those in prison—raise the fallen—bless those that curse you; pray for those that despitefully use you and persecute you—rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep—recompense to no man evil; overcome evil with good." Need such a Church declare its faith? Most certainly; but declare it as the Sun declares to the flower its warmth; as the dew and the rain declare to the famishing earth their refreshment, and as revolving Suns and worlds declare order, and all things declare God. Has this Church a gospel?—Most certainly it has, but it is one that words cannot declare; that creeds cannot make known. It is found in every revelation of beauty, in every enkindled light of goodness, in every gentle ministration of love, in every presence of purity, in deeds that sanctify, in words that inspire, in all that blesses and ennobles, as universal as human desires, as far reaching as human thought, as wide as humanity. Is there an individual sunk so low that this gospel cannot reach him—a heart so cold that this life cannot warm it?

Oh ye who are "very weary," who are in a 'Suspense of Faith," who have found that your leaders have "lost faith in themselves," ye who are "paralysed with doubts," and "smitten with indifference," who have discovered "the absence of any more road" in the direction you have been travelling; here is a Church for you with a faith and a gospel broad enough to include all human necessitles, and that leaves outside of its declared creeds no aspiration of the human heart, neither does it limit any intellectual conception. Enter it and you shall find rest unto your souls. It is the broad Church of humanity—not "the Church of the Future," but the Church of the active, living present. Enter it with your sensibilities all acute, and you shall find your suspended faith moving with such activity in the great channels of human wants and human necessities, that you shall find no time to spend gazing at sacred relics and chiselled mementoes of the past; but glowing with human kindness, active with human love, the God of inspiration shall be your leader and guide, and you shall no more wander among dim, chill arches, in cathedral gloom, stumbling over dead forms, and lifeless creeds, striving to get to Heaven by candlelight, but out in the blessed sunshine, rejoicing in the gladness and beauty of human affection, your doubts shall all vanish, your indifference be speedily swallowed up, and you shall discern the straight and narrow path that so many noble souls are already travelling, that leads directly through the broad field of humanity to Eternal Life.

COLDWATER, Mich., Nov. 9. 1859.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In the hurry and bustle of business we have not been able to look over many communications we have on hand. Contributors must learn to exercise patience with us, when we are thus pressed for time. Our intention is to give all communications respectful attention; and those we deem suitable for our columns, will be inserted in their turn. Some will be declined for want of space, and others will be rejected either for their lack of literary merit, or because they are inappropriate to our journal.

The lines on "Change," by "J. L. P.," have merit, but are not *quite* up to our view of what poetry should be. Poetry being the vehicle of the beautiful, should have beauty of finish. If it be slovenly executed, although it may contain beautiful thoughts, it defeats its own end. Will our poetic contributors bear this in mind, and use the "pruning hook," and smoothing plane a good deal before they send in their productions?

"S. S. S." We have full sympathy with your well-expressed views, but shall have to decline your communication for the want of room.

"MC KELLER." We admire the ingenuity and reasoning of your article, but for the present think it not best to print it. We fear our readers would not profit by it as they doubtlessly should.

(Concluded from 5d page.)

At length he opened his eyes, but did no move.

"Wake up!" I screamed again. "Breakers ahead, and worse. You have let the craft run wild. We are above our level. We are all dying for lack of air."

"Oh, let me sleep!" he murmured. "I must sleep a little while longer. It can't—can't be morning yet."

By this time, fright, or the necessity of the occasion, was renewing my strength.

"Dick!" I shouted in his ear, "Dick, you scoundrel! you will murder us all. Do your duty, or I will shoot you!"

With this I discharged a barrel of my revolver above his head, which, like my voice in my efforts at hallooing, sounded only as a faint echo of itself, but, nevertheless, proved sufficient to give his dormant faculties a shock. He started up, and, though still but half-conscious took the helm and gave it the direction I bade him.

From him I hastened to the engineer, whom I found in a like state of insensibility. I succeeded in arousing him; but it was neccssary that he should be made to comprehend the difficulties of our situation,—that our craft, water-logged as it were, would float forever where she was, for all anybody could say to the contrary, until forced down by the power of the engine alone to lower and life-giving atmospheric planes. To get him to understand this was not so easy. But I succeeded in part, and, in my anxiety for my friends, rushed below to look after their condition.

As I had anticipated, I found every one of them in a state of incipient asphyxia. But the Flying Cloud" was already descending into denser air. Oxygen and pressure were performing their mystic work; and within half an hour I had the pleasure of seeing them all restored to consciousness and rapidly returning strength. But the renewed lights exposed a sight almost too frightful to mention.—Every man of us was crimson from escaped blood, which seemed to have oozed forth, like a pale-red dew, from every pore of our bodies.

Messrs. Bonflon and De Aery, when they came to realize the danger from which we had so narrowly escaped, were nearly dumb with horror. The lively Frenchman exhibited a sensibility which the extremity of his single peril, a day or two before, had failed to call up. He wept aloud. Mr. Bonflon was circumspect and thoughtful. He did not lose his yankee balance; but both of them, each in his own way, overwhelmed me with expressions of obligation.

But the dangers of this dreadful night—a night which can never pass from my recollection—were not yet over. We were all gathered in the main cabin, congratulating each other, next after our escape, on our rapidly returning strength,—happy in the thought that our trip out, though sprinkled with danger, was so near a prosperous completion, and almost momently expecting to hear the stroke of the bell which should announce to us that the red light to designate our place of landing was in sight, when, instead of the silver ring of this messenger of peace, we were startled and horrified by an alarm of fire.

Bonflon and De Aery rushed to the engine-room. A cloud of smoke poured out from the door by which they disappeared. They were gone only for a moment; for no man could remain in the hell of flames and vapors into which they ventured and live. They came out dragging with them the half-suffocated, scorched and blazing engineer. How the accident occurred, it was impossible to divine and useless to inquire. Closing the door tightly after them to confine the flames, where confinement, except for the briefest period, among matter so combustible, and partitions scarcely more formidable thad those of a paper bandbox, was clearly impossible, they threw the burning engineer into our arms, and themselves took the management of the craft.

De Aery, in this crisis, rose from the man to the hero. His orders rang through the startled air clear and round like the voice of a golden bell. Bonflon seconded him with coolness and decision. With us a moment sufficed to extinguish the burning garments of the engineer; but by that time the flames had burst from the engine-room, and that part of the beautiful boat was a ragged, crackling ruin.

Fleeing to the upper deck, and taking refuge in the bow, we became sensible that we were descending through the air with frightful rapidity. When the accident occurred, we were already on a low level, on the look out for the signal at our station. This circumstance was in our favor, if anything could be, when a danger so imminent and dreadful was pressing. Land, like a hazy shadow, was just discoverable in the dim distance below us; and oh for one foot of it as a place of rest! But if it were possible to escape the flames, it was clear enough that we must be dashed in pieces against the solid earth.

De Aery was now the only one remaining in the stern. He was exposed to great peril, but refused to quit his post while it remained possible to control in any degree the motions of the vessel. The flames played about him without shaking his courage or his coolness, and broke through upon the upper deck and separated him from us with a seething hedge and whirlpool of fire. We lost sight of him, and supposed he had perished, when suddenly his voice, issuing from the midst of the furnace, rang on our ears like a trumpet.

"Up the ropes! quit the ship, or you die, every man of you!" he shouted; and at the same time we discovered him emerging from the flames and smoke, and ascending the network which enveloped the balloon and connected it with the ship. We followed his example; some of our number—the more timid or the more daring, it would be difficult to say which—continuing the ascent until they had reached the upper surface of the gas-chamber, and placed its entire fragile bulk between them and the hazard they most dreaded.

The momentary refuge afforded by these upper works were scarcely attained, when the bow, where we had stood but a minute before and the whole hull of the "Flying Cloud" with it, blended together in one mass of surging fire. The appearance in the heavens of this strange sight, to a watcher at some *rancho*, or in the not distant city of San Francisco, if such there were must have afforded a more vivid illustration of the fall of a blazing star or meteoric wonder than astronomy has ever put on record.

But I delay the catastrophe. Land and water soon became distinguishable from each other beneath us, and hills from valleys, and forests from bare plains. There was little wind, except the fierce currents rushing upward, produced by the heat of our own conflagration. This, for the time, subdued everything to itself, and, as we approached the ground, served by its direction to modify the fury of our descent. The denser lower atmosphere also contributed to the same end; and, most fortunately, when we reached the earth, and the collision came, we struck in water instead of on the land.

Still, the collision was a fierce one. With the mass of fire between us and the ground directly below, blinded by the smoke and half suffocated by the heat, we were not conscious of the good fortune that awaited us, until, with a swoop and a plunge, we found ourselves submerged, and, with an equal velocity, immediately thrown back again by the buoyant force of the balloon into the open air.—The flood of fire in which we had descended was instantly extinguished; and we awoke to a sense of our possible safety in darkness rendered doubly profound by the contrast.

Daylight was now at hand. By a careful adjustment of our weights we kept the balloon from rolling, and sustained ourselves above the water, among the netting. As morning came, we discovered we had landed in a small lake, hardly large enough to be dignified with the name, but obviously of considerable depth. The shore was not distant; and as the day was sultry, with a little grateful labor at swimming and towing, on the part of a few of us, we soon reached it. There we examined each other's condition. Scarce one of us but was able to show damage by fire, or from too rough contact with the fragments of the "Flying Cloud," which preceded us in our plunge into the lake. But no bones were broken, and no one badly flayed. The case of the engineer was the worst; but even he was able to keep upon his feet, and pronounced in no danger.

No hut or field or sign of inhabitants was to be seen. With mixed feelings, in which, for the present at least, the sense of personal safety triumphed over all regrets, even with Messrs. Bonflon and De Aery, at the shipwreck of so many brilliant hopes, we scuttled that part of our craft still afloat, and sunk it in the lake; and with weary footsteps, but unobstructed with baggage, as near as we could determine by the aid of a compass, took the direction toward San Francisco. A couple of hours brought us to the *rancho* of Senor Jose Dianza, who received us as a band of pilgrims over the Plains, who, at the hands of robbers and the elements, had lost everything but life, and helped us on to the city of the land of gold.

It is needless to detain the reader with the particulars of our return. They were such only as occur to thousands in the rough and circuitous transit between San Francisco and New York. We came home by the Isthmus route, and in ships that ploughed the honest waves. We explained our absence to our disturbed families and friends as best we might; and some will remember—and if they do not they can refresh their recollection by a reference to the public prints—that several missing gentlemen of some importance in the world about that time, suddenly reappeared upon the stage of action.

We resolved that the whole affair in which we had been engaged should remain forever buried in oblivion. But time and reflection have wrought a change with me, though I shall not presume to disturb the veil which covers my associates. I have come to consider the adventure quite too good to be lost, and the experiment in aerial navigation, which came so near proving successful, of too much importance to science to be suppressed. Hence, conquering my repugnance, I have decided, on my own responsibility, to give these interesting and valuable particulars to the world.

DR. HALLOCK'S DISCOURSE,

At the late Philanthropic Convention in Buffalo.

We make copious extracts from this very able production, not only because of its intrinsic merits, but because it treats of topics which are now deeply agitating the progressive minds of the age, both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualism. Through the columns of the AGE the great themes which the Philanthropic Convention assembled to consider, are now shortly to be treated at length by one who brings to the work more of divine wisdom and inspiration, as we believe, than has yet been manifested to the world for centuries. We trust we shall be able to announce the date of these communications before we go to press with this number. △

o o o o o

"In fact, the Church and State are one. Be it rock or quicksand, their foundation is one, and they stand or fall together. The popular notion that you can have a Church to take charge of the soul, and a State to look after the body, is born of sophistry, and not of nature. 'The Geography and Atlas' of the common school refute it.

Glance at the map. Is the Church an unreasoning and not to be reasoned with authority?—there is the State a despotism. Under the wings of the American Eagle the Church is Protestant—on paper; and the State is Democratic—on paper.

Man is as his Church. They are mutual exponents; given the one, you know what is the other.

Is the Church a mere bead-counting, cross-gesticulating, bell-ringing, incense-burning, liturgy-chanting, organ-grinding affair? The man is the attendant monkey. The priest grinds, and the monkey alternately groans and grins.

Whether we look into the great picture-gallery of history, or upon the faces of the living originals, the resemblance is perfect. The Church has its hell, and the State its hangman—hell and the halter representing the most supreme justice either can conceive. The priest trades in the superstition of hell-fire, and the merchant in the predilection for 'nigger rum,' the next hottest and nearest damnable commodity. The one puts society in fear, and the other in a 'fuddle.' The Church demands implicit faith in Scripture, without the ownership of a single proof for it to rest upon, and the 'Exchange' unbounded confidence in *'scrip,'* without a dollar to redeem it with! The missionary and the man-stealer sail from the same port, and where goes an invoice of tracts and catechisms, there goes a cargo of bowie-knives and whiskey.

Examine the State, when and where you will, you readily trace its parentage. As in the order of nature, so by authority of history, the priest is elder than the king.

The State is the 'spoiled child' of the Church; now silly and troublesome, and anon cruel and mean; but it is the parent, and not the child, who is accountable for its ignorance and brutality. When a mad bull is loosed in a crowded thoroughfare we hold the owner, and not the animal, responsible for the mischief.

One and indivisible are Church and State, and, for the reason, that in every fact—that is to say, as to internals—your State is your Church. That determines where you belong; write over the door of it what name you choose. Church and State are one, even as 'faith' and 'works' are one—one beyond the power of scholasticism to separate.

Is the Church at present recognized by European and American civilization a God-send? Does it govern by Divine right? Is its voice the word of God to the peoples? We answer *No!* We say the State is directly in proof that it is not. Its 'word' is what the Autocrat of Russia, what Francis Jseeph, what Episcopacy, what Doctors of Divinity want it to say; what the slave-holder and fillibuster want it to say, and not what humanity needs to have said. It is a one-sided 'word,' and, therefore is not the voice of the Universal Father.

We rest our negation on that; but to be practically helpful to the neighbor in his efforts at freedom from the narrow, one-sided sham Church as a faith, and the tyrannical sham State as an effect, we must be able to affirm what is the genuine, the strength-giving and the universal. This is the work the day demands of us; for, wherever there is a man there is a Church, true or false. "Where two or three are gathered together" the Church—Christ or anti-Christ—is in the midst. The help—the doing "more" than has yet been accomplished to any considerable extent (though the work has steadily been doing) is to determine which.

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Now, it is historically certain that a Church which upholds bloodshed, the prison, the gallows, slavery, "original sin" and "the curse of God," is Egyptian, and not Christian. It is Moses' Church, the Pope's, John Calvin's; it is the Church of England, the Greek Church, "the Methodist Church South."—the despot's church the world over. It is in *no sense* Jesus Christ's Church.

There is no "fall of man, or original sin" in the theology of Jesus. It has nothing to do with the "wrath and curse of God, and the pains of Hell forever." He did not die *for* that Church; he died *of* it, and is being daily crucified *in* it—and *through* it his outraged name is made to grace the triumph of every ecclesiastical despotism, national wrong and social injustice, wherever the cross is the symbol of power!

It is the bottom swindle of all, the baptizing these despotisms in the name of Jesus. His church is in *freedom*, and its creed is a rejection of their every dogma, and a declaration of independence from the yoke of their oppression.

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A holy religion in the land, and leave the gallows to be plucked down by the unholy compassion of the natural heart? Print Bibles by steam, and let slavery be abolished by infidelity and political economy? They have enough of vaticination to see that a church, whatever its claim to "divine right," which insists that these things shall be let alone because they also are divinely right, must speedily become as dead as Rufus Choate, and dissolve into chaos through the potent chemistry of its own inertia! Who has not a tear and a helping hand for the man who sees that posterity will write upon the tomb of his cherished theology, "Died of doing nothing!"

The joy of these our friends is at once their sorrow and their shame. The "liturgy" is refreshing, no doubt; it is exceedingly desirable to make one's prayers without the trouble of thinking about them—to have your exact necessities forecast for you, and the exact form of a petition which will bring their exact supply put into your hand, and you not troubling yourself about the matter in the least. Wind, religiously forced through consecrated lead pipe, maketh a soul-cheering sound, we are aware; but then, unfortunately for our friends and for the advent of "peace on earth" and the downfall of the gibbet, the moment it gets itself fairly "consecrated" it commences blowing the wrong way.

The difficulty is, they have taken their Church for granted. Assuming her to be theologically right, their natural compassion prevents them from seeing that, being so, she is logically right also.

If God damns, why may not the State hang, and the Church sanctify the halter? If, for being simply a "natural man," the Divine Government consigns him to hell forever, being an actual transgressor, may not the State Government torture him on a tread-mill for at least six months?

This obvious and most just conclusion spikes all their cannon. The logic of compassion is transformed by it into a blasphemy! They are refuted by their own creed; and the "Dagon" of their idolatry rightly names it "morbid benevolence," "sickly sentimentalism," and justly, as applied to them, laugh it to scorn.—This is the slavery; they are with Jesus in their compassion, and with Nero in their religion. They are essaying the impossible feat of serving two masters.

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For anything we can tell, life in essence may be an eternal fixture. This we do know—life *existing* is a perpetual transit, and this is why you cannot mason up a living man in creeds and rituals.

In direct ratio to the strength and activity of life, is the impossibility of pressing it into shape. As the consciousness and vigor of the individual wane, the man naturally thinks about a tomb.

Church history reveals the fact that the Christian world has become organic, in the ratio that the life of experience has departed.

Of all the religious organizations or sects, it is the founder chiefly who is alive; the organization baptized in his name is the tomb where his disciples sleep. You do not find him there; it was not builded under his eye.—Outside of the sepulchre, where the sect rots and stinks, is the living man; he is with the living truth he uttered—alive, triumphant with his fact and with the free.

The difference between them is that when they part company, the man passses onward in eternal life, while the sect travels backward to inevitable dissolution. The life of the one is a march, and of the other a retreat. The "one talent" he committed to their care, they proceed straightway to "bury in the earth." Out of his cast garments they rear a monument to mark the spot where lies their own dead spirituality.

George Fox, Elias Hicks, were men living; the Hixite Quaker, in all that constitutes the essential life of these, is a man dead. He has builded him a meeting-house, wrapped himself up neatly in his "Scriptures of truth," his "discipline," and his "drab coat," whence he looks out upon the living world with a high-dried expression of comeliness which puts all mummydom to shame. He is an unimpeachable specimen of superiority in the Christian over the heathen in the art of embalming.—The Egyptian specimens look like men only to the spectator; the dried Quaker seems to be a man even to himself. In his case, Christian ingenuity has raised the noble art of mummy-making to the perfection of delusion.

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Does any man feel himself dying? let him forthwith organize his tomb.

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Life is in perpetual growth, and demands the product of every soil to sustain it. The four quarters of the globe, the sea and the islands of the sea, lay their treasures upon our breakfast-tables every morning, and shall the soul sustain itself on the "Thirty-nine" articles of Episcopacy? Brimstone and treacle will not keep a man healthy and strong all the year round.

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Men organized as councils, synods, tract societies; as directors of banks, railroads, stock boards; men in the capacity of political parties, presidents, senators, ministers, governors, legislators, courts of judicature, religious sects, etc., will do a thousand meannesses, immoralities and crimes which individual wickedness unprotected by the shield of organization, would blush at.

It is the cloud which to-day hangs with the blackness of midnight over all the interests of humanity. It is a stumbling block in all the paths of men. More than three millions of human beings in our own land alone, are held in the bondage of chattel slavery by the sole and sovereign power of organization.

"And the jailor—*what is he?*
No less a victim to the bolt and bar."

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Everything has its uses. The utility of organization is, *To bury the dead!*

Its futility is, that all living men are, by a divine law of the soul, already organized.

The birth, or utterance of a use, conjoins every human being in the universe who is in the love of that use.

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That man, then, who is *alive*—that is to say, is in the love of *uses*, belongs to an organization—is a member of a church—in which *Jesus lives*, to which prophets, apostles and sages belong, wherein angels minister; and their common love exhales its incense from the altar of a common use.

This is an organization—a church—whose foundation is as deep as the infinite soul, as solid as the everlasting truth; whose superstructure is as broad as the universe, and whose arches sweep the throne of the Eternal!

Life, the noun-substantive, is demonstrated by *living*, the verb active.

Now, since no man can conceive of essence principle, or law, that is not older than his conception, and can only know of them through phenomena which are their body (through which they become truth in ultimates, and stand before us in open daylight), it follows that the man who is ready to ask a question has these natural postulates whence to draw the demonstrative answer.

To apply the theorem: Suppose either votary or victim of the (so called) Church or State, able to ask the question, By what authority do Pope and Emperor affirm their "Divine Right?"

Now, the law or principle of Divine Right (if it be one), is in nature, and is therefore older than Pope or despot, and must consequently have its exponent, else Pio Nono and Francis Joseph could never have abused it.

It is in nature. Despotism, though unknown, it may be, to either tyrant or victim, sits for the present more securely beneath its unconscious protection than behind all its military fortifications.

It has its exponent, as we shall see presently; but first let it be noted what priest and potentate have vouchsafed us by the way of authority.

On examining their claim to be representatives of the principle of divine right, it is found, on their own most especial showing, to rest wholly upon words—scriptures, word-scraps, dove-tailed together in the dark. No pope, king, or doctor of divinity brings his affirmation to the test of objective truth.

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Nature's catechism disposes of Pio Nono & Co. in a more scientific way. The proof she proposes, that a man governs by divine right is, that he is governing by the divine method. Obviously, the dynasty which governs *from* God must govern *like* God. The natural question is, What is

the divine method? Nature is ready with her answer:

It is teaching the subject to govern himself.

You may learn it from any cow, from any cat. When the kitten has been fully instructed in the sublime science of self-government, the divine right to govern, as expressed in the parental relation, has fulfilled its mission.

You may learn it from Jesus, the Great Teacher, who governs to-day by teaching—aye, by teaching the method of divine government as no man ever taught.

Does Francis Joseph so govern? Does any pope, priest, or politician as much as propose so to govern. If they do, that settles the question of divine right in their favor. Judgment must be entered up that they are the veritable "powers that be" which are ordained of God, and it is beyond the reach of querulous negation to disturb the verdict.

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Consider it: the Pope affirms government by divine right. It is truth itself, but refusing to test his divine right by the divine method [the only way it can be demonstrated,] his administration is an outrage upon human right. It brings no peace to him nor to the governed.

Immortality is a truth; "the communion of saints" is a truth; there is truth in the prayer-book, but you have only to look around to see that these save no soul, that they break no "chill," that they are no "bread of life," nor can they be until demonstrated by the soul.

This Protestantism which is to-day looking back to Rome as did of old the children of Israel to "the flesh-pots of Egypt," so bleared are its eyes, so spent are its powers of manly thought and honest protestation, it would not accept the liturgy its soul sighs for through the exercise of its own reason, or on the evidence of its own senses; it can receive it only on the authority of popular tradition.

It prates of immortality by authority of Peter and Paul and John, not by any power of affirmation in itself. Its whole stock of "saving grace" consists of the life-experiences of other men, which, by lack of experience in itself, it can turn to no profitable account.

For example: What is the intrinsic value of that "body of divinity" which through one of its learned divines, who in the presence of weeping friends and a sympathizing Boston, in an oration eulogistic over the remains of an honorable gentleman who had profited through all the riper years of his life by such ghostly counsel and "means of grace" as the reverend orator had to bestow, leaks out the dreary confession that it is wholly uncertain after all whether the defunct recipient of its "grace" is saved or damned?

One thing however may be safely predicated and held as established. Should it turn out upon careful search that the Hon. Mr. Choate has gravitated to a climate uncomfortably warm, the Rev. Nehemiah Adams will be found on the "south side" of him.

Now help out of this pit of inconclusiveness and "suspense of faith" is through fidelity to the law of demonstration, not through reverence for red cloaks; through observance of natural ways, not holy days; through studying the catechism of Nature rather than that of the reverend assembly of Divines at Westminster.

Look around! Is not that which is the most useful always the most plentiful?

As a spiritual being, is not the certain theology—the true religion—of all things the most needful to man? Every age has affirmed it.

Then by authority of the everlasting harmony which reigns throughout the realm of principles, is the true religion—theology—Church—of all things the most susceptible of demonstration.

Proof accumulates where certainty is most required by the same Providence that iron is in abundance because its use is universal. The exponents of both the eternities are in to-day; truth is without time, and principles endure forever.

This is the certain freedom; affirm, not by authority of Popes and Councils, but by authority of fact, and the truth within it.

God is true, and his love is true, because truth and love everywhere appear.

"Hell" is a lie, because it nowhere appears. It has never sent us so much as a sample devil. This commodity which annually gluts the market is of a domestic manufacture, and, thank God! is too perishable to bear transportation.

Feasts and Fasts, Emasculation, and Emaciation, are impious, because theology is in fraternal relation with physiology—because they pollute the temple of the living God, which is the human body.

A manual of prayer is an insult to the soul, because the heart knoweth its own sorrow, and God knoweth its needs.

Holy Days are a fallacy, because all time is sacred.

Water-baptism is a farce, because the soul that is saved is baptized in a life of uses.

But Heaven is true, because its inhabitants appear at our own firesides.

Brotherhood—Neighborhood, is true, because all things reverence its law.

Jesus is true, because he is natural.

Miracle is true, because it is of daily observation.

Prophecy is true, Seership is true, because our sons and daughters do prophecy, and our young men see visions.

This is the nineteenth century affirmation—the Broad Church—the New Jerusalem which cometh down, not from Harvard University, but from Heaven! It is a Spiritual Church, such as Jesus affirmed and Peter verified.

"Upon this rock will I build my Church," said the man of Nazareth, not upon a red cloak and a shovel hat; on *this*; there is open communion and intercourse between Heaven and earth—between the spiritual and the natural—the world within and the world without.

In this Catholic Church—whose creed is all truth by authority of all fact, at once so spiritual and so substantial; whose power is from Heaven, and whose labor-field is the earth; whose light reveals the future, and whose love embraces the past; whose symbols are the pen and the plow; whose ritual includes all uses, and whose work is worship—there can be no suspense of faith.

The alchemist may doubt, the astrologer may fear, but the chemist knows, and the universe of the astronomer is cradled in the bosom of God.—It is the unknown only which is the doubted, the feared; the enduring, all-conquering Faith springs, Minerva-like, from the brain of knowledge. Of its birth, all human experience has been a travail and a prophecy; and lo! "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given."

The nobler affirmations of this, the mightiest of the ages, are but newly come to speech. Their gathering harmony breathed at first but in the ear of listening prophecy, is mingling with the music of the street—is blending its melody with the breath of flowers, its majesty with the anthem of the sea, its inspiration with the common voice, disciplining its energy, softening its asperity, mellowing its tone, raising its power for that grand climax of utterance—the eternal God-word in whose presence no lie can live!

THE IRON ELEPHANT.—The locomotive steam engine has been called the iron horse. The hydraulic crane ought to be called the iron elephant. A huge iron crane stands upon the quay at Newcastle, England, within a few feet of the edge.—A very thick chain, hanging over the water, may be taken to represent the elephant's trunk. At the foot of the crane is a small horizontal dial with two fingers. A man or boy turns one of the fingers to the right—the chain descends into the hold of a ship lying at anchor beneath. Another touch, the chain is still. Move one of the fingers to the left, and you see rising from the ship's hold a burden of many tons weight, which the chain raises from the ship above the level of the quay. Another touch of the finger, and the crane comes round, and chain and heavy load describe part of a circle, until the load is over its destined resting-place. Touch the finger again, all is stationary. Another slight movement, and the load is deposited.

A child can direct and control the movements. Every movement of the crane follows the dial with unerring precision. If an error occurs, it is due to the head that directs, and not to the power that works. That power is a drop of water. You hear no noise except the chain running down. There is no haste, no extra effort, no uncertainty. All is impassibility and smoothness which begets complacency in the looker on. The iron elephant would lift a pin or a baby more safely or delicately than could a lady. In the London docks you may see him lift a bullock, or a tiger, or a bundle of them—or a few tons of iron or wood, or of any other thing, and apparently with the same ease with which he lifts a baby. The machine is the invention of Sir Wm. G. Armstrong, the inventor of the rifled cannon.

A superficial person, having heard a popular declaimer preach, said to Dr. Bellamy, "Oh sir, I have been fed this evening." The Doctor added, "So the calves think, after having sucked each other's ears.

The tongue of childhood in its earnest and innocent lispings not unfrequently gives utterance to the most exquisitely poetic expressions, which seem to fall from their tiny lips by inspiration. A few days ago a bright-eyed little boy about six years old, retired up stairs to bed, leaving his mother below without the customary good night kiss. As he kissed his father and bade him good night he naively said, tell mamma good night for me; I forgot to kiss her, but tell her that *I kiss her in my heart.*

A good man who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

The *Tribune* reports, that Wendell Phillips, on receiving one hundred dollars for his recent lecture at Plymouth Church, upon the the Harper's Ferry Invasion, immediately paid over the whole sum as a contribution to John Brown, to procure for him such comforts as he may need in the few remaining days of his life.

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

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

Mrs. LIZZIE KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 14 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

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

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

MRS. ELLEN E. RICHARDS, Clairvoyant Medium, No 18 South Russell street, Boston. Terms 50 cents for communication or examination of disease. 9tf

Mrs. BEMAN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium assisted by a trance Writing Medium, has taken rooms at 117 Hanover street, Boston.
TERMS—For examination of patient, $1,00
1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

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

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

MRS. P. CLARK: Dear Madame—Allow me to thank you, and the power which directs you in healing the sick, and to express my unbiassed convictions that no medicine that I know of can at all compare with your Tonic Bitters. Recently I was very unwell, and suffered extremely from a cold and general debility of system, so that I feared a fit of sickness. Happily for me, a friend presented me a bottle of your Tonic Bitters, and it cured me in a very short time. tf P. B. RANDOLPH.

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

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.

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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, 664 Washington street, under Pine St Church, Boston.
All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above.

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

Bela Marsh's Advertisements.

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

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

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

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

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ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

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

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

Single copies at retail, 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. On receipt of price, the book will be sent by mail, postage free. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent per order to all parts of the Union.
Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 41—tf.

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The publisher has recently issued the Fifth Edition of the above popular works of Mr. Davis, and is ready to supply all orders promptly, either at wholesale or retail.
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B. M. has also published new editions of the following excellent works of Mr. Davis, viz:—
The Philosophy of Special Providences—A Vision, Price 15 cts.
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The History and Philosophy of Evil, 30 cts. and 50 cts.
A liberal discount will be made when taken in quantities. 18tf

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.

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

MYSTIC HOURS,

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

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A New Edition of this excellent work is just published. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale.
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Spiritualism and the Opposition, at Hartford, between S. B. Brittan, and Dr. D. D. Hanson. Price 38 cents. Mrs. Hatch's Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy and Metaphysics. Price $1.00. The Mistake of Christendom; or Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. Price $1.00. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. 17—tf

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

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Marriage and Parentage; or, the Reproductive Element in Man, as a means to his Elevation and Happiness. Price $1.
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A Kiss for a Blow; or, a Collection of Stories for Children, showing them how to prevent quarreling. Price 38 cents; illustrated edition, 62 cents.
The Errors of the Bible Demonstrated by the Truths of Nature; or, Man's only Infallible Rule of Faith and Practice. Price in cloth, 38 cents; in paper covers, 25 cts.
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ESOTERIC ANTHROPOLOGY

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

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A Sermon for the New Year; What Religion may do for a Man; to which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 6 cents.
Parker's Two Sermons on Revivals; and one on false and True Theology Price 8 cents each.
Parker's Four Sermons preached in the yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 30th and 31st. 1858. Price 17 cents; also his speech delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, May 26, 1858; on the Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government; and also, his Fornth of July Sermon, on the effect of Slavery on the American People. Price 8 cents ach. Sermon of Immortal Life, Fifth Edition, 10 cents.

Medical Cards.

A Book of Thrilling Interest for the Young!

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH!

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

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

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

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

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

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ALL OTHER KINDS OF MEDICINES,

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

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AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

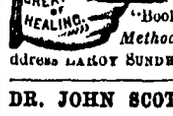
HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

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

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

THE SICK ARE HEALED

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



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

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

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

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

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

[For the Spiritual Age.]

SLAVERY.

This caption may be considered by the readers of the AGE inappropriate for a Spiritual paper; but as I hold that Spiritualism underlies every thing that is good, and affects the outworkings of all good in materiality; therefore the opposite of *Slavery*, viz. *Freedom*, being based upon the immutable principles of Spirit existence, it becomes proper to discuss the various obstacles in the way of the complete development of spirit manifestations or freedom.

First, I hold physical slavery to be antagonistic to the workings of modern Spiritualism, as it is termed; not, perhaps to so great extent as the slavery of the mind, but as enforced in the United States, a great and alarming evil, with which we, as true Spiritualizers, have to combat. For it is as much impossible for a person to be a true Spiritualist, and a slave-holder, or pro-slavery, at the same time, as to be a true christian and pro-slavery at the same time; for the outworkings of true Spiritualism are the embodiment of Christ's teachings. Then it certainly becomes us, as Spiritualists and Christians to understand and act in relation to the great scourge of our country—American Slavery. What is American Slavery? In answer, I have only to say that it deprives one sixth part of all the people in the United States of every right of humanity; the country declaring by its highest tribunal that negroes have no rights which white persons are bound to respect—sending persons to the State Prison for learning black children to read—selling babes by the pound, and enforcing a life of prostitution and illegitimacy upon all its female portion, while it grinds with scourges and whips the labor and toil, entirely unrequited, from its victims. Such is a meager description of American Slavery.

If this be so, what is the duty of Spiritualists in regard to it? The few who see and feel the enormity of this great crime of our country, have hoisted their *banner*, inscribed upon its folds "*no union with slaveholders*," and, because the American Church has taken this monster iniquity to her bosom, and nourished and protected it, the worldling has laughed and scoffed at the Christianity of our country; the heathen as well as the Russias rise up in judgment to condemn us. But in the midst of our iniquity, there springs up a more beautiful and Christlike sentiment, teaching us by ocular demonstrations, that Christ's mission was not confined to eighteen hundred years ago, exclusively, but is eminently fitted and practicable for this age and this people. That sentiment is more embodied in the Spiritualists than in any other; therefore, in answering this question, what s the duty of Spiritualists in regard to Slavery, I have only to enquire what Christ would do in the matter, if he was now on earth and in our country. Would he not be the slave's friend—making his stripes, scourges and afflictions, his own? Would He not really be the supporter of John Brown of Ossawattomie—leading his people from a land of whips and chains to freedom and Heaven? Would He not really render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's? and who dare say that a man is not God's, rather than a tyrant's—and who shall say, of all the 4,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States (one Spiritualist for every slave) that it is wrong for a man to assert his manhood, though to do so makes the gallows as sacred as the cross.

I feel that no true Spiritualist can be silent in the midst of this crime of our country. He who can witness this great sin without being moved to do something for the oppressed of our land, is destitute of the spirit and love of Jesus; and I have been surprised that Spiritual papers are so unconcerned about this matter, while from millions of God's poor, our brothers and sisters and little ones, who cannot help themselves, are holding their hands to us imploringly for aid, and release from bonds worse than death; and the press (Spiritual press) the mighty lever which moves the world, says nothing on this matter, but is continually talking about bright, elysian fields beyond this vale of tears—while we are wading through whips, chains and blood which would make the devils in hell relent. What then should we do, Spiritualists? Why, up, every one of you, speak, write, organize, vote, do anything, everything which is proper and right to be done, and slavery cannot withstand the combined influence of four millions of earnest, true men and women pledged to a righteous principle. God and justice are on the side of right; God and justice are on the side of freedom; God and justice are on the side of Ossawattamie Brown, and God and justice demand that Spiritualists take sides actively, on this momentous question—Slavery.

Why does Slavery exist in our country? Because the *people* say it shall—not particularly because the South or the Democratic party say it shall, but because the North, and more particularly because the so called Christian Church and Spiritualists say it shall. Christian Spiritualists, say, in the majesty of your manhood and the righteousness of your cause, that it *shall die*, and its declination commences from that hour and its death is certain. M. ELLSWORTH, Me.

NO. CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 8th, 1859.

BRO. CHANEY:—I have had a *genuine* spirit manifestation of late, that I am so much pleased with, that I want all my good friends to know it; and if *you* deem it worth notice I presume you will give it a place in your columns. I spent the month of October in Taunton, speaking on the five Sabbaths to good, intellectual audiences. I intended to have left there on the 31st of October, but was persuaded to remain, as some of the friends expressed a wish to visit me, and pass a pleasant evening before I left. Accordingly I concluded to stop. On Monday eve 31st, there came a goodly number to my boarding place, and we had indeed a pleasant visit. At last the hour for departing was drawing near when a gentleman arose and said: They had met for two purposes. First, to pass the evening *pleasantly together*, and secondly, to present my humble self with the nice sum of $20,00. I felt, almost, as when a child I received a "certificate" for good behaviour in school. My heart was full of grateful emotions, which I rose to attempt to express, when my lips were closed to my *own* use, but opened to utter the words of spirit friends, who seemed to know more of the matter than I did.

When the power of truth has so far found its way into human hearts as to open the purse to the *needy* laborers and *just* at a time when the money is *most* needed *too*, I think we can safely look upon such manifestations as *spiritual*. *God bless the dear friends abundantly!* will ever be the prayer of their humble sister,

M. S. TOWNSEND.

We had the pleasure of listening to a discourse from the spirits through sister Townsend, on Sunday evening of Oct. 6th, at Cambridgeport, and also some remarks by herself at the conclusion, and do not at all wonder that the friends at Taunton gave so substantial a manifestation of their appreciation.

Independent of her being one of the best trance speakers we have ever heard, we have good reason to believe she is one of the best of women. She is natural, truthful and pure, and such a one as spiritualists may point to with pride. Long may she continue in the form, for we believe she will do a great amount of good for the cause.

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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.

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B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

SUFFOLK DYE HOUSE,

CORNER OF [illegible] AND HOWARD STS. BOSTON.

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.]

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Richmond, Ind, Dec. 4th; Terre Haute, Dec. 11th and 18th; Attica, Ind. Dec. 25th; Delphia, Ind., Jan. 1st, 1860. He can be addressed at the above named places at the times specified.

ELDERS J. S. BROWN and W. F. JAMISON, of Albion, Calhoun Co., Mich., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism through the southern villages and towns of Michigan, and parts of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, until 1860. Address at Albion, Calhoun Co, Michigan.

About the end of this month (November) JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will cross the Lake from Milwaukee, and visit the friends in Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Ionia, Lyons, and other places where his services may be desired. The friends on this route may address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven. This will probably be his last journey in Michigan. He intends to spend the latter part of Jan. and Feb. in Indiana, and March and April in Illinois and Iowa, from which last three States letters may be directed to him, care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

GEORGE ATKINS will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address, No. 3 Winter street, Boston.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH, the celebrated "con verted medium," will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism.—Address, Boston, Mass., care SPIRITUAL AGE. tf

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, Superior Lecturer, will travel in the South and West this Fall and Winter. Persons desiring his services may address him either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill., until further notice is given.

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 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

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 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 Milwaukie, Wis., the two last Sundays in Nov; 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.

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*.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

MISS MOULTON will hold circles in the first room on the second floor, No. 171, corner of Court & Sudbury streets, Boston, every Monday night, for trance speaking; every Sunday and Wednesday night, for miscellaneous communications; and every Friday for development, commencing at 7 1-4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cts. She will also give private sittings for the development of mediums (for which her powers are specially adapted,) for which she will require to be paid a reasonable compensation, according to circumstances. 13tf

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

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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

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 desirable part of the city.

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Vermont Convention.

The next Quarterly Spiritualist Convention will be holden at Rockingham Centre, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th of December, 1859. Arrangements have been made with the Rutland and Burlington R. R., to carry those who wish to attend the Convention, for Fare one way. These Conventions have become a *fixed fact* in Vermont, and it is hoped that our friends both in and out of the State will encourage them by their presence and hearty co-operation. Mediums and speakers from this and adjoining States are specially invited to be present and help along the "Good time coming"

NEWMAN WEEKS,
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MRS. B. K. LITTLE

The well known Test Medium will leave Boston the first of Dec. for the South, to spend the winter. Mrs. L. still continues to give sittings at her Rooms, 35 Beach street.—Hours from 9 A. M., to 12 M—and from 2 to 9 P M.—. Terms $1 for *one* or *two* persons per hour. Clairvoyant examinations $1. 13 2w

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