THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

STANZAS.

BY S. E. B.

A pure, fair volume—a deathless soul,
Was spread beneath the hand of Destiny;
And on its title page was soon enrolled
In lines of beauty—Immortality.

And then that eager hand with pleasure traced,
The pure, bright dream of childhood's happy hour,
Ardent, yet thoughtless as bird with pinion free,
Flits through summer's bright enchanted bowers.

Leaf after leaf of this dear book was filled,
With choicest gems and blossoms intertwined,
For Nature gave to life with glorious love,
A glorious gift—a bright immortal mind.

And, till that tireless hand unfaltering wrote,
But shadows fell upon those pages bright,
And marred the beauty of Life's golden leaf,
Which erst had glow'd with fairest, purest light.

Unfolding, closing, the last upon the first,
Silent but sure, that tireless hand flew on.
And stains of agony which quenched the love-life's birth,
Were traced the blotted, troubled page upon.

Hath not *thine* eye scanned this sad book of life?
Hath not *thy* hand unsealed its rusting clasp?
Hath not *thy* words implanted on its page,
The living hope its plaintive cry hath asked?

A POETIC GEM.

One night I dreamed a long, long dream
About our darling in the spirit land.
Methought myself beside a flowing stream
Which parted me from a young angel band.

The gorgeous brightness of their shining robes
Lit up the water with a heavenly glow;
While the sweet murmurs of their voices rose
Upon the silent air, so soft and low.

As I was gazing on the entrancing view,
A golden curtain lifted—I looked beyond!
Yes, there was Helen, with other children too,
So happy in the heavenly home they'd found.

Twining sweet garlands from flowers of brightest hue
Was the employment of those cherubs fair,
Living in unison with minds so true,
For sin and sorrow never reacheth there.

When I awoke and thought upon my dream,
A calmer feeling o'er my spirit stole.
And I felt better for the vision seen,
It seemed an insight to the spirit world.

G. B.

For the Spiritual Age.]

AN OLD MAID SOLILOQUIZING ON OCTOBER.

'Tis Fall! the leaves and flowers have fled,
And chill winds now are sighing,—
My hair, in scattered ringlets fall,
And these few locks I'm dyeing.
I have a little *more antique* [moire antique.]
Than really suits the fashion,—
Less languishing and listlessness,
Two articles to dash on.
'Tis more than thirty years I've watched
Have often gone a Maying,
But never have I found the day,
For me to "*make my hay*" in.
My cheeks have faded like the leaves,
No rose is there now blooming,
But yet the golden gate of thought
Shows jewels rich, illuming.
I have a very pretty form,
And quite a fair complexion,
A highly-cultivated mind,
Respectable connexion;
I have a heart that loves the pure,
To wedlock it's inclining,
To render happy those around,
To solace the repining.
I might have w. d some dandy thing,
Of Lager Beer pretention,
Some elf of hair instead of brains,
A fact I scarce need mention;
Then might have sported with Brocades,
With Honiton-Thread laces,
All prepared by my salaried "*lord*"—
This no uncommon case is.
But I had rather take the man
Whose hand tells of his working,
With true nobility of soul,
Who scorns that monkey smirking;
For such I'll wait till spring clouds come,
Both birds and streamlets singing,
Till mountains, moors and valleys join
In sweetest cadence ringing.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct., 1859. CHAS. ROBBINS.

Correspondence.

THE DRESS REFORM.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Not long since I saw an article in your paper, treating upon the above named subject, from, if I mistake not, the pen of A. E. NEWTON, calling for a move among Spiritualists toward reforming mankind in regard to dress, and with that view, called to notice something that a few aristocrats in England are doing—wearing calico dresses,—trying to make easy times,—using calico, as an expediency, to wipe off some of their extravagant sins. Now I object to any such proposition—if people have sinned, they ought to suffer for it, or they will be "at their old trick again."

Mr. NEWTON even went so far as to urge the matter upon Spiritualists, especially upon females who lecture in public—as though *he*, as an *association*, was fit to dictate what a man or a woman should wear! Why not, Mr. Newton, let every person choose for himself, or herself, what they should wear? I respectfully ask you the question. Do you not suppose they are wise enough to make a choice? Sir, if they are not wise, let their folly learn them wisdom; and let not you or me dictate as to what they shall do.

I suppose that Mr. NEWTON don't mean that people shall wear silk, or whatever they have a mind to; and he seems to think they ought to be brought under the restrictions that associations may adopt. A man named Paul went quite as far; and, if I would reproach him for any one thing, it would be for what he says about women in his letters to the Corinthians.

Supposing that Brother NEWTON has succeeded in enforcing his notions upon mankind, I will draw on my prophetic glasses, and proceed to sum up:—

The customs of mankind are instructive so far as they tend to excite our love of the ridiculous and absurd; as they who reason by ridicule and absurdity, are very apt to do away, in a measure, with the vain conceits of others.

Every class and every sect of mankind have their peculiarities. The Roman Catholic priests have theirs, the monks have theirs, and the poor depauperated wretches that gather around them have theirs—and priest, monk, and worshiper, all externally indicate that which resides within—the priest, his grand display; the monk, his black deeds; and the worshipper, his destitution.

Every man who wore a white cravat up to 1840, was one of God's "elect." Abolitionists would'nt wear anything that had cotton in it; and they are notable for their linen shirts and black bombasin coats and pants.

Goldsmith would undoubtedly have been a divine, had it not been for his *red breeches!*—He had purchased the best his country afforded with his borrowed money; and because of his peculiar taste, he was turned penniless from the "sanctuary of the Lord;" and likely he never opened the Bible from that time.

The women of the Wesleyan Methodist persuasion are remarkable for their straw bonnets, without a ribbon, and their dresses that gathered under the arms and hung loose to the ground, which constituted their complete costume.

The Quakers are chiefly remarkable for their broad-brimmed hats.

But I will stop here, as it would be impossible for me to give, in a newspaper article, a complete synopsis of the thousand and one different sects and their peculiar customs; but what has not been cited here will be left for the historian of the future. I will content myself, to conclude with the *last of all sects*—the Spiritualists—and the *last of all* customs—calico dresses!

Thus in looking over the past, we find every association of men and women burdened with some chimerical custom or other. Spiritualists, with calico dresses: Chinese, with long hair and small feet: Quakers, with broad-brimmed hats, and "thee" and "thou:" Christians, with balloon skirts: in facts, all sects have been so burdened with customs, that they have been deprived of each other's society.

And now, in this juncture of absurd affairs, the question arises, "What can remedy the evil?" The Philosopher says, "Let us go to Nature."

Well, let us go to Nature: *Every individualized organization chooses for itself from the storehouse of God, the clothing it wear!*

I have been to Nature: I find every tree's bark a representation of its own qualities—its own natural taste is exercised in regard to its apparel; and I have been among mankind, and with mankind it is the same, *if we would change their apparel, we must first change their organic structure;* for the exterior is not a "lying tongue."

The sheep chooses its wool, the hog its bristles, and the bird its feathers; but the majority of mankind of to-day choose—whatever custom dictates!

I have nothing more to say; but if Mr. NEWTON should succeed with his plan, I suppose that I shall be "ridden out of *church*," as an Infidel. I would like to hear from the women on this matter; those at least who are to wear the calico. JOHN W. EVERTS.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Start not gentle reader, with alarm at the very idea of an irreligious tendency in connecting science with religion! Being fully aware as I am, that with some of the religious prints of even the present day, (without going back to the seventeenth century,) it is regarded as almost sacrilegious, to even attempt to show that there may be, ought to be, and, in fact, that there must be a connection between the two, in order that either may be disseminated in its purity; yet, peradventure, and some of you may still permit some of these old dogmas to fondly cling around you either by force of education or connecting ties, which seem hard to sever, therefore a few words upon the subject, are here cast upon the revolving wheel of Time's careless wing: but still hoping better things of you;—hoping, that none of you are bound to square your actions, your views, or to limit your hopes and bound your knowledge within any theory or tradition, because it is venerable with age, or within one, because it is new, nor within any one which will not stand the ordeal of an enlightened common sense, view, and investigation of its value—making it applicable to the wants, demands, and exigences of the age and time in which it is to be applied as an aid in enabling us in understanding science, religion, and ourselves; thus embracing our whole duty to our fellow men, to ourselves, and to our God.

As an illustration, if any of you are still in "Doubting Castle," as regards the prosperity of uniting science and religon, please just review in your imagination for a few moments, the scenes of commotion that the facts of Geological Science has caused with the Scriptural record of creation, and then, perhaps, if your eyes are open and you are ready to

'Seize upon TRUTH wherever found
On Christian or on Heathen ground"

you will then be enabled to see and say; "How feeble every such attempt must be"—that is: the separation of science and religion—"how vain a thing it is to set bounds to knowledge, and to say 'hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther'—is so fully exemplified in the past" that it seems reasonable to suppose that you will come forth at once and proclaim your release.

Truly, science is opposed to the dogmas and superstitions that are often passsed off under the name of religion, which have not scarcely a resemblance and nothing but some ancient father's saying to recommend them; but never to the essential religion which those merely hide. Says Professor Huxley, at the close of a recent close of lectures:—

"True science and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis."

So far then instead of science being irreligious, as many are wont to proclaim, is it not the neglect of science that the irreligion consists in—is it not the refusal to study the surrounding creation and its developments that is irreligious rather? Says a late writer in the Westminster Review:—"We repeat, then, that not science, but the neglect of science, is irreligious." Again he says: "It is religious, too, inasmuch as it generates as profound respect for, and an implicit faith in those uniform laws which underlie all things." Is not here a key that unlocks the mysterious, to many, progress of Spiritualism—its toleration of Science? O. W. T.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having seen many many times short articles on Organizations in your invaluable paper—and believing many of your readers would be interested in reading short articles on this subject, I feel impressed at this time to give a few thoughts to the subject of our *Christian Harmonial Brotherhood.* All reformers—especially those who are developed on the religious plane, are of opinion that we need something better and more practical in our world than any sect or organization has yet given to the inhabitants of earth. Political organizations, as well as religious, have failed to give men—and women—their God-given rights, and many advanced minds have become dissatisfied with the present religious and political organizations in our land.

Almost all of this class are of opinion that sooner or later, there will be a social and divine order on earth. We have corresponded with a great many of almost all classes of minds upon this subject, and they are all earnest in wishing such a movement a hearty God speed.

A few friends of humanity from different localities, at last have come together and formed a Christian Harmonial Brotherhood. The Constitution and Report has been sent for publication, and will soon be read by thousands of intelligent minds throughout our land. This Brotherhood has been connected with the Harmonial Colony movement, and is one and the same thing. Although this movement intends to establish neighborhoods and towns, it also contemplates forming *Harmonial* Brotherhoods, in every town, city, State, and throughout all the nations of the earth, for we need these Brotherhoods to form neighborhoods—and neighborhoods to make towns.—Then, first, let us organize Brotherhoods in all directions, on practical Spirituality and Christian principle—making the soil the sure and true foundation of a social and divine order on earth. This Brotherhood, then, must organize labor into distinct and separate departments, to be classed as follows, namely: Agriculturists and Mechanics, with the arts and sciences and, Capitalists, each department having their proper sphere and place in the Brotherhood; each department agrees to be governed by strictly adhering to the Golden Rule of practical righteousness.

And after a Brotherhood has been formed, and industry organized into distinct departments, Capital must have a department by itself and alone, and must be a separate department, and this department must be governed as all other departments must be by christian principles carried practically out in every department of life. The capitalist department will aim in all its dealings to find out all the needs of the neighborhood.

Now it seems to me the first thing for this department to do is to build or hire some large store house—for the sole purpose of receiving the merchandize, goods, and agricultural as well as mechanical productions of the whole Brotherhood or union of Brotherhoods.

Each department will deposit their manufactured productions, the same as though it was gold or silver, or receive any goods they wish, in any department of this Bank or *entrepot*, in exchange for their own. It will be the duty of this department to pay in current money, or in merchandize at a fair price, for all useful merchandize left on deposit. I trust all movements that are similar to ours, will co-operate together and become one in *spirit*, one in *harmony*, and one in interest. In behalf of this movement, I subscribe myself,

Yours Very Respectfully,

D. C. GATES.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1859.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—Vesuvius is still in a state of eruption, the lava having reached a point three miles from the crater.—The present mouth was opened 18 months ago, by a violent earthquake, the cinders from which were carried as far as Constantinople—another proof of the great eastern current. The lava now issues from the base of the cone, passes down the valley below Piano delle Ginestre, and falls into the great ravine known as the Sasse-Grande, 250 feet deep by 1000 feet broad which is now completely filled. Below this it cuts across the carriage road in three places, destroys about twenty houses, and some olive groves and vineyards, and is now near the cemetery of Portico, whose inhabitants are full of apprehension. It is estimated that 28,000,000 cubic yards of lava have issued from the crater during this eruption. The temperature of the lava is 2000 degrees Fahrenheit. The guides have provided themselves with molds in which they cast medallion heads of the King and Queen of Naples, Louis Napoleon, Queen Victoria, Victor Emmanuel, Czar Alexander, and even Mazzini, Murat and Garibaldi.

A MISER'S TRICK.—An avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down, a piercing shriek was heard in the court yard. The host hurried out and returned pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood. "What is it?" was the inquiry. "Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a cart and grievously wounded. Let us aid him." A collection was taken up and the guests contributed 1,200 francs. Generous souls! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for the dinner.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. H. Chaney, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

Editor of The Spiritual Age, Author of "The Mertons," "The Mission of Charity," &c., &c.

PART II.

"Right!" responded the doctor, his countenance expressing the utmost astonishment.

The paper was then opened, and it was curious to observe how eagerly we all pressed forward to read the word for ourselves. Even the doctor could hardly believe his own senses. He took the paper, spelled the word over—spelled it backwards, but could make nothing but "malaga" or "agalam" out of it. I alluded to the fact of Mesmer having reversed his hand, and this explained why she read it backwards at first. He also gave as a reason why she failed to make out the word while the paper was rolled up, because the letters were thus brought in such position that she could not determine the beginning nor end.

He then proposed to put a piece of white paper in his mouth, and by taking her hand, she should pronounce the paper to be a clove, the bark of cassia, a piece of meat, or any substance which either of us might designate, by whispering in his ear, or writing, secretly, so that he might come to a knowledge of it, unknown by her.

With these experiments, he was eminently successful—not a mistake occurred. He then made several satisfactory tests of her clairvoyant powers.

During this time, Baader had manifested but little interest except in the wine experiment. His appearance was that of a man fearful of being convinced of a fact which he had determined to disbelieve.—Mesmer now prepared to transfer his influence to him, so that he might be able to converse with Minnie, but he declined in a tone of voice indicating that neither argument nor entreaty could persuade him to a change of opinion.

But the doctor accepted the offer, and having been put in *rapport*, as the term is now used, with Minnie, at the suggestion of Mesmer to request her to visit some place which he had seen and she had not, he invited her to make a trip with him to Paris, and call at the Hotel Dieu. Her eyes were now closed, and in a few minutes she informed him that she arrived in Paris. By his direction she found the Hotel—described the different rooms, the furniture, and all the appeances throughout the building, with as much accuracy as he admitted he could do himself.

Upon the influence being re-transferred to Mesmer, he requested her to explain the trances into which she had fallen from time to time, and state whether it really was an influence upon her from the spirits of the departed.

To our utter amazement she denied all intercourse between spirits in the form and out of the form—said it was an utter impossibility for any communication to ever exist, and that any person who embraced such an idea, embraced an error which could not result in any good—an error which might terminate in producing the most mischievous consequences, by deranging the intellect and unsettling the reason.

Mesmer then assured her that she should not remember anything which had transpired since losing her normal consciousness, and having charged her never to yield a passiveness to any person who might seek to control her by magnetic power, except to a pure-minded and highly honorable operator, and then only in the presence of her friends, he reversed his manipulations and soon restored her to the normal condition.

"Now friends," continued Mesmer, "what you have looked upon as a great mystery, is all easily explained. Some years since I discovered that both men and animals were capable of exerting a certain subtle, nervous influence upon each other, which I termed *animal magnetism*. Others have investigated the subject and finding the phenomena to exist, have made additional discoveries, and given to it different names, such as *hypnotism*, *neurhypnology*, and so forth. Others again have denied the existence of the manifestations, and accused us of practising fraud, collusion and imposition.

"I shall not live to see it, but I am sure the time will come when scientific men, all over the world will become convinced of the truth of this philosophy. If they ridicule it now, it is because they do not understand its workings, or because their investigations have been carried forward under unfavorable circumstances.

"Not more than one person in a hundred is qualified to be a successful operator, while good subjects are still more rare.—This young lady is one of the most susceptible I have ever seen. In time she might become so great a clairvoyant, and so accustomed to that state of consciousness, that instead of its being her abnormal, it would rather seem to be her normal condition.

"It is evident to me that some person," [here he eyed me sharply,] "has been controlling her mental powers, and that the result has been the manifestations which you have thought so marvellous, and which she has said were produced through the influence of spirits.

"As you have seen, the operator is capable of causing her to think his thoughts, and may therefore easily control her to give utterance to any idea he may choose."

Mesmer paused, giving me a look which seemed to say, "Thou art the man."

I felt annoyed, embarrassed, indignant—more especially because I read in the countenances of the doctor and madame von Wieser a suspicion that what Mesmer said might be true. But whatever their thoughts might have been, they forbore giving utterance.

The doctor reluctantly admitted that he felt himself incompetent, either to refute the theories of Mesmer, or explain in any other manner, the singular faculty possessed by Minnie.

Madame von Wieser expressed herself a complete convert to Mesmer, thanking him heartily for his visit and the satisfaction which she derived from a belief that the spirits had nothing to do with it, but adding that she should be decidedly opposed to having *any* person exercise such an influence upon Minnie hereafter. She did not look towards me as she said this, but I felt that her tone of voice conveyed a reproach.

On glancing towards the doctor, I discovered that he was regarding me with a look of sorrow and anxiety. Conscious of my own innocence, I would have instantly demanded an explanation, but was restrained by the presence of Baader and Mesmer, fully believing that I should experience no difficulty in removing from the mind of my friends any unjust suspicions, as soon as we were left to ourselves.

To our surprise, Baader now agreed with Mesmer in relation to all the explanations made, and ideas advanced, making the third hypothesis he had adopted within the last twenty-four hours. And I may as well add here, that in less than a week the doctor received a letter from him denying the Mesmer theory, and more than insinuating that he considered Mesmer "a very clever trickster."

As for myself, I now had no settled views upon the subject. For a time I had believed in the spirit theory, and but for the suspicion thrown upon me by Mesmer, which I knew to be false, I might have adopted his explanation.

But Minnie never doubted. She believed it was spirits—she *knew* it was spirits.

Both Baader and Mesmer left us at noon, and the remainder of the day was spent by the doctor and myself at the college.

That evening, although no word was spoken in reference thereto, we all felt that there was a restraint upon us. I wanted a full explanation, but somehow could not introduce the subject. The harmony of our little circle was broken, and we spoke only in tones of cold or sorrowful politeness.—There was an incubus upon us, and at an earlier hour than usual, I sought my bed more wretched than I had been since the burial of Conrad.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM GERMANY.

After a restless night, in which my sleep was disturbed by unpleasant dreams, I rose at an earlier hour than usual.—Not expecting to find any of the family stirring, I cautiously descended, with the intention of taking a stroll in the open air before breakfast. It was not yet light, but as I approached the door to the sitting room, I distinctly heard the rustle of a dress as of some one crossing the room.

So much had we been disturbed of late by mysterious visitations, that I at first concluded that it was a spirit—or perhaps merely the result of my imagination, now highly wrought up by nervous excitement. But the next instant my doubts were relieved by seeing a figure emerge from the darkness and approach the window, the blind of which was thrown open. Although unable to distinguish more than the mere outline of a human form, yet I *felt* that it could be none other than Minnie. While hesitating whether I should not retire before she discovered my presence, she said to me in her low, musical voice,

"Come in, Charles—I was just expecting you. Perhaps I have done wrong in coming here to meet you, but I felt so pained at the insinuations of Mesmer, that I wanted to assure you not only of my confidence, but of my perfect *knowledge* that you have not been the cause of any of the trances into which I have recently fallen."

I had entered the room while she was speaking and requested her to be seated; but she declined, saying that our interview must necessarily be brief.

"But Minnie," said I, "how was it that Mesmer was able to put you into a trance so similar to those in which you assure us that you are under the control of the spirits?"

"I did not understand it at the time," she replied, "but the spirit of my uncle Herder came to me afterwards and explained. He says there is but a slight difference between the two kind of trances—both being produced by the same cause, namely, the influence of spirit upon spirit, or mind upon mind. The distinction is this—in one case I was controlled by a spirit *in the form*; in the other, by a spirit *out of the form*. The former, Dr. Mesmer has termed *animal magnetism*; and the latter may properly be called *spirit magnetism*. The motive power is the same in both; namely, electricity, under the guidance and direction of the will."

"Admitting this to be true, why has not Mesmer carried his investigation into spirit life?"

"Because he does not understand the reasons—the whys and wherefores—of his own favorite science. Therefore it is impossible for him to comprehend that which is beyond."

"Do you still believe, then, that it has been the spirits of departed friends which have been influencing and controlling you."

"I not only believe, but I *know* that such is the case."

"Yet your mother is equally well convinced that the contrary is true."

"She has been, only since yesterday.—Until then she believed as I do, and almost as firmly."

"And your uncle—what does he think of it?"

"He is not settled in his opinion, but is inclined to favor the explanation of Mesmer."

"And in believing that I have been exercising a controlling influence upon you?"

"I cannot deceive you, Charles—I fear that he does."

"Then what must I say or do to convince him and your mother of the mistake into which they have fallen?"

"Say nothing—do nothing—at present. They had better be convinced, as I am sure they will be in the course of time, by their own observation and reason. We shall not be visited by the spirits any more at present, except as they come to me alone. Your mother has told me so. She wanted me to meet you here this morning and caution you against trying to see me alone again. It is all for the best, and I know that you will do as she desires.—The unpleasant suspicions will soon vanish, and we shall again live in peace and quiet."

"But Minnie," said I, taking her hand, which she permitted me to retain, "if I am not to be permitted to see you again alone for a long time, can you not give me the blessed assurance that I may some day claim this little hand—some day call you mine?"

She did not reply, and by the light of approaching day, I saw that she was deeply agitated. I felt that time was precious—that I could not bear the suspense of weeks—perhaps months; and with something of my old impetuosity pressed her for an answer.

"Charles," she at length said, "I cannot make you any promise now—you must wait."

"And while I wait, may I not hope?"

"I cannot give you even that encouragement."

"You refuse me then," I said bitterly, dropping her hand.

"I have not said so, Charles," she replied, her voice tremulous with tears, "but if you should insist upon a decided answer at this time, I should feel obliged to decline your kind offer—for it is kind in one like you, with a position in life so much above mine."

"My position, wealth and title are all nothing. Most cheerfully would I sacrifice them if they stood in the way of my greatest earthly happiness—the possession of your dear self."

"They may not be the only obstacles—perhaps other and weightier reasons exist—reasons which I must not explain."

That moment my vision came back to me—that vision when I was able to read her thoughts. "She is thinking of me as the murderer of her brother," I said to myself, "and will never consent to become my wife. Fool! fool, that I am, not to have thought of this sooner. But enough—my dream of bliss is over. Only one thing now remains to be done—I will quit this place forever! But first I will resign my professorship—convey my entire estate to Minnie's mother, and in America I will strive to forget Germany with all its associations."

It was now broad daylight, and while these thoughts were running through my mind I was conscious that Minnie had been regarding me with the deepest anxiety. For me, to resolve was to do, and having determined not to remain at the cottage even for breakfast, I felt that I was now looking upon Minnie for the last time.

I could not leave her without saying good-bye. But my heart was full—the gentle spirit was upon me—and I hardly dared trust my voice. Mustering all my fortitude, I forced back the tears, and taking her hand I managed to say,

"Minnie, you are right—I was wrong. Already I have tarried here too long for my own happiness, and to remain now, would be a source of continued disturbance to that quiet and peace of mind which you so much require. Hard and cruel as is my destiny, I will submit to it, firmly believing that the experience and discipline of the past few months cannot fail to finally result in my own eternal good."

For one moment, and for the first time, my lips were pressed to hers, and before she could recover from her astonishment, I had rushed from the house. Meeting my servant, I ordered him to have my carriage at the door in fifteen minutes, and be ready to put my luggage on board. Then hastening to my room, in a few moments I had everything packed, and was ready to start.

Once in the carriage, I bade him drive to the inn, near the university. Upon my arrival, I sent for an attorney, and soon had the pleasure of knowing that everything I possessed—save thirty thousand thalers, in the hands of my banker—was legally transferred to madame von Wieser. I then wrote out my resignation as Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, which I desired the landlord to forward to the President without delay, and springing into the carriage, ordered my servant to drive on.

"Where?" he enquired, looking at me as though he had thought I had lost my reason.

"Anywhere—away from here—to Paris—no matter where—but drive on," I replied.

The servant drove on.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE BEYOND THE VALE.

I had been in Paris many months. In order to divert my mind, I had employed all my waking hours in reading, writing, and studying. I was the author of several works, but their sale fell short of defraying the cost of publication, and so I had abandoned authorship.

My money had gradually dwindled away, until only one thousand thalers remained. I then resolved that I would delay coming to America no longer. Not a word had reached me from the dear ones in Germany, for the reason that they did not know where I was.

Many times during my self-banishment, the question had arisen in my mind, "Have I not violated my pledge to Conrad by thus deserting his mother and sister?"—Then my next thought would be, "This springs from pure selfishness. To be near them—to see them, even without being seen, would be a source of happiness. To dwell with them once more in that dear, old cottage, would be paradise; and my highest heaven would be with Minnie for my—but no—I must not harbor such a thought. I will not be deceived by my own sophistry. I will not be persuaded that duty calls me, when I know that it is only the agonized yearnings of my own heart. I must never see Minnie again on earth. If her beautiful theory of spiritualism be true, I may meet her in heaven. There I shall meet Conrad, and then I shall be freed from the blood-stain upon my conscience.'

After my mind had been thus exercised, and it was of frequent occurrence, I would feel an almost irresistible desire to seize the wheels of time, and hurry forward their revolutions, that I might the sooner stand upon the verge of spirit-life. But as such reflections tended toward suicide, I would drive them away, and summoning back my resolution, determine to endure earth-life until God's own appointed time.

It was the morning of the 15th of October, 1817, the second anniversary of that horrible duel. My preparations were all made, my passage engaged, and baggage on board, and by a singular coincidence, that very evening the ship was to sail for America. I was about to quit Europe, and with a determination never to return.

For some days past I had not been so well as usual. My strength had been gradually failing me, and but for the excitement attending my preparations for quitting Paris, I should doubtless have taken to my bed. On this ever memorable morning, feeling too weak to rise, I rang the bell and on the entrance of my servant, requested him to call in a physician.

The doctor came, and after a very patient examination declared that he could discover no symptoms of physical disease. My nervous system was affected, which he pronounced as resulting from great anxiety of mind, occasioning loss of appetite and general debility. Having prescribed a composing draught, and recommending me to remain quiet for a few days, he bade me good morning, with the assurance that it would not be necessary for him to call again unless the symptoms became serious.

After swallowing the doctor's prescription, I lay for sometime, debating in my mind whether I should not write to Minnie before sailing for America, for my indisposition had in no way shaken my resolution not to delay my departure. Almost insensibly, I experienced a feeling of quiet and indifference stealing over me. I next felt that I did not care whether I went to America, to Germany, or remained in France. Such a degree of passiveness I knew to be of rare occurrence to a person of my active, willful temperament, and momentarily expected to fall off into a quiet slumber.

For half an hour I lay thus, without even energy enough to call forth my wonder at experiencing a sensation so strange, and yet so pleasing. My thoughts were now wholly abstracted, taking no particular direction, but flitting in all directions, never pausing long enough to mature an idea.

I next had a desire to close my eyes, and even had I willed it otherwise, I could not

have resisted the influence. Yet there was no sense of drowsiness upon me. On the contrary, I never felt more wakeful in my life.

Some ten minutes I lay thus, with my eyes closed, when suddenly I became aware that a reddish light was becoming visible to me. The light continued to increase until I could distinguish objects—objects which were familiar.

I appeared to be in the old paternal mansion where I was born—in the room where I was told that my mother died. I seemed to have the power of moving—although conscious that I did not move, and perfectly aware that my body was lying in my room in Paris—and approaching the window, I looked out upon the landscape. Many changes seemed to have taken place, yet I had no difficulty in recognizing the scenes which had been so familiar to me in childhood.

Upon turning from the window, it seemed that I encountered my mother. The sensations which this occasioned me were strange and peculiar. I knew that it was my mother, by the resemblance she bore to her picture. I also believed it to be her, because she looked as I remembered she appeared in my vision, just two years before. It was my mother—I could not doubt it. The space which she occupied was perfectly transparent, as much, or even more so, than the light which surrounded us. As before remarked, the atmosphere was of a reddish color, and in the midst of it appeared my mother, differing from it by being of a clear silver white. It was more by the color, than in any other manner, that I could distinguish the spirit form and its outline.

For several minutes I appeared to stand there regarding her, and wondering at the strange phenomena. Then I thought of my body—away in Paris—and instantly I was conscious of lying there upon the bed. I remembered everything as usual, and felt assured that I had only to open my eyes, when the whole vision would vanish, and I should find myself just as I lay down before closing my eyes. Still I could look around in that room where my mother died—still I could see her spirit form, as she gazed fondly upon me.

My next sensation was still more astonishing. Gradually, as an approaching light is brought nearer, and still nearer, I became conscious that everything was becoming transparent. I was soon able to look through walls, partitions, floors and ceilings. Nothing seemed to obstruct my organs of vision.

My next thought was that I was dying.—Yet the consciousness that my mind was still in my earthly form, and not separated from it, as in my vision of two years before, partially dispelled this idea. I felt sure that I could open my eyes at any time, but so pleasant was this scene of fancy, as I then considered it, that I felt unwilling to break the spell. I was happy—very happy—happier than I had been since the fatal duel, and while this reverie, or whatever it was should continue, I felt that it was a pleasure to live.

My thoughts were interrupted by a consciousness that my mother was addressing me. I could *see* her, but not with my eyes; I could *feel* her presence, but not by the sense of touch; I could *hear* her voice, and understand her words, but there was *no voice*, and I did not hear her with my *ears*. The intellectual, spiritual reader will comprehend this, but to the cold, unimaginative, and matter-of-fact, it will appear like the wild fancies of a deranged mind. I would give a more concise explanation if it was in my power; but it is not. There are some who can never comprehend the condition in which I was at that time, any more than a blind man can comprehend the colors of a beautiful landscape painting. Nor is this so very wonderful, when it is remembered that the number of persons who are born without the faculty of seeing with their eyes, is less than the number who are born with this peculiar faculty for seeing without their eyes. Both are exceptions to the general rule, but less wonderful because better understood.

But to continue. My mother was addressing me. As nearly as I can remember her communication was as follows:—

"You must not go to America now, Charles, but hasten back to Germany. Our friends are in trouble there, and anxiously looking for your return."

Then I seemed to say to her, and yet I did not use my voice,

"Is this a dream? If not how am I to understand it?"

"It is not a dream," she replied, "but a reality."

"Who and what are you?"

"I am your mother, and a spirit."

"I do not believe that this is real—it must be merely a phantom of my imagination."

"Charles, in the name of your own dear mother, whose memory you have always reverenced, will you now solemnly promise to return to Germany, if I will give you an intelligent token—something impossible for you to know or divine yourself, but shall prove, after this vision has vanished, just as I now tell you?"

"With such a test, perhaps I might; but first inform me, and I will then say whether I will promise or not."

"Three days ago, a letter from Minnie arrived at the Post Office in Paris, addressed to you—addressed to 'Charles Herder Wilton,' the name you have adopted here. Through the carelessness of a clerk, that letter has been delivered to a servant of Monsieur Henry Vilton, No. 77, Faubourg St. Germain. Monsieur Vilton is absent, and the letter is still unopened, lying upon a desk in his library.—Minnie wrote it to you in obedience to my request; also directed it to Paris, upon my assurance that you were here. She earnestly beseeches you to return to Germany without delay, and is now anxiously hoping that you have commenced the journey."

"If, after I have opened my eyes," I replied, "I shall find these things so, I must then believe that you are really my mother, and most sacredly promise to comply with your wishes."

"Then open your eyes at once," she said, "for you have not a moment to lose."

By degrees, as my vision came on, but much more swiftly, it vanished away. My eyes opened, and upon looking about the room I found everything just as it was half an hour before. Yet my vision was all clear in my memory, and hastily summoning my servant, I dispatched him with a note to No. 77 Faubourg St. Germain, determined to know at once whether or not there was any reality in my vision.

An hour afterwards the servant returned *with the letter!* How eagerly I tore it open—it was from Minnie—in every particular it agreed with my vision. Vision? No; it was a vision no longer. It was so real—that from that moment I have not doubted that spirits may communicate with their friends in earth-life.

CHAPTER XII.

ONCE MORE AT THE COTTAGE.

With the utmost despatch I had my trunks removed from the ship, and the next morning I was on my way to Germany.

As the reader will bear testimony, I have occupied no space in this work by lengthy descriptions, so common to writers of fiction.—Neither shall I do so now. Many pages might be filled with the incidents of my journey home—the people I encountered—the kind of weather, and half a score of et-ceteras. Such things may answer to help swell the bulk of a "sensation story," which is filled only with fiction. Writers are *hired* to spin out a romance to a certain length, and as they grow weary over their tasks, or wish to rest the mind of the reader from what is so thrilling and exciting, or fear of running out of sensation material, they interlard with descriptions of buildings, landscapes, persons and their dresses. The descriptions seldom interest me, and are usually omitted in reading. I turn over the leaves, glancing from page to page, until I discover where the thread of the story is resumed, and then I commence reading. My dislike of descriptions, has led me to avoid them in my writings. But as it is said that every author has his hobby, I suppose I have mine. G. P. R. James always had a "solitary horseman," which seemed a very appropriate hobby. But as no writer is supposed to understand his weak points, of course I am ignorant of mine. Yet I have a vague suspicion that my point of mental debility may be maliciously styled of the pedantic order, from the fact that I have so far forgotten the beaten path as to supply the place of descriptions, with an occasional thesis upon philosophy and metaphysics. But with the exception of this and the preceding paragraph, no person can accuse me of not having stuck well to my text, whether my discourse has been satisfactory or not. But if the reader treats me as I do other authors, he will glance over these two paragraphs without reading them, and commence at the next. Should any one wonder why I have written this departure from my narrative, I would answer that it was merely to allow time for the journey from France to Germany, to which latter place the scene now changes.

The sun was just disappearing in the West, when the carriage halted in front of the cottage. Minnie met me at the door, holding out both her hands. Tears were in her eyes as we exchanged greetings, but her happy smile assured me they were not tears of sorrow at my return.

On entering the parlor, where I expected to find madame von Wieser, I found it vacant.—Turning to Minnie I gave her such a look of enquiry, that she answered the question I did not ask.

"Yes, Charles, she is gone! My mother has been an angel more than a year!"

Concluded Next Week.

IS HE A CHRISTIAN?

"Is he a Christian?"

The question reached my ears as I sat conversing with a friend, and I paused in the sentence I was uttering to note the answer.

"Oh yes; he is a Christian," was replied.

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I was not aware of it before," said the other.

"Yes; he has passed from death unto life last week; in the joy of his new birth he united himself to the church, and is now in fellowship with the saints."

"What a blessed change!"

"Blessed, indeed. Another soul saved; who has washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. There is joy in heaven on his account."

"Of whom are they speaking? I asked, turning to my friend."

"Of Fletcher Gray, I believe," was replied.

"Few men stood in more need of Christian graces," I replied. "If he is indeed, numbered with the saints, there is cause for rejoicing."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," responded my friend. "I will believe his claim to the title of Christian when I see the fruit in good living. If he has truly passed from death unto life, as they say, he will work the work of righteousness. A sweet fountain will not send forth bitter waters."

My friend but expressed my own sentiments in this and all like cases. I have learned to put small trust in "profession," to look past the Sunday and prayer meeting piety of people, and to estimate religious quality by the standard of the Apostle James. There must be genuine love for the neighbor before there can be love of God; if neighborly love is the ground which that higher and purer love takes root. It is all in vain to talk of love as a mere thing. Love is an active principle, and according to its quality works. If the love be heavenly, it will show itself in good deeds to the neighbor; but if infernal, in acts of selfishness that disregard the neighbor.

"I will observe this Mr. Gray," said I, as I walked homeward from the company, "and see whether the report touching him be true. If he is indeed a 'Christian,' as they affirm, the Christian graces of meekness and charity will blossom in his life, and make the air around him fragrant"

Opportunity soon came. Fletcher Gray was a storekeeper, and his life in the world was consequently open to the observation of all men. He was likewise a husband and father. His relations were, therefore of a character to give daily, a test of his true quality.

It was only the day after, that I happened to meet Mr. Gray under circumstances favorable to observation. He came into the store of a merchant with whom I was transacting some business, and asked the price of certain goods in the market. I moved aside and watched him narrowly. There was a marked change in the expression of his countenance and in the tone of his voice. The former had a sober, almost solemn expression; the latter was subdued, even to plaintiveness. But, in a little while, these peculiarities gradually disappeared, and the aforetime Mr. Gray stood there unchanged not only in appearance, but in character. There was nothing of the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," spirit in his bargain making, but an eager unworthy effort to gain an advantage in trade. I noticed that only five per cent over cost was asked for a certain article; he still endeavored to procure it at a lower figure than was named by the seller, and finally crowded him down the exact cost, knowing as he did, that the merchant had a large stock on hand, and could not well afford to hold it over.

"He's a sharper," said the merchant, turning towards me as Gray left the store.

"He's a Christian, they say," was my quiet remark.

"A Christian?"

"Yes; don't you know he has become religious and joined the church?"

"You're joking!"

"Not a word of it. Did'nt you observe his subdued, meek aspect, when he came in?"

"Why, yes, now that you refer to it, I do remember a certain peculiarity about him. Become pious! Joined the church! Well I'm sorry!"

"For what?"

"Sorry for the injury that he will do to a good cause. The religion that makes man a better husband, father, man of business, lawyer, doctor, or preacher, I reverence, for it is genuine, as the lives of those who accept it testify. But your hypocritical pretender I scorn and execrate."

"It is, perhaps, almost too strong language, this, as applied to Mr. Gray," said I.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked the merchant.

"A man that puts on the semblance of Christian virtues which he does not possess."

"And that is what Mr. Gray does when he assumes to be religious. A true Christian is just. Was he just to me when he crowded me down in the price of my goods, and robbed me of a living profit, in order that he might secure a double gain? I think not. There is not even the live and let live principle in that. No—no, sir. If he has joined the church, my word for it, there is a black sheep in the fold; or, I might say, without the abuse of language, a wolf therein, disguised in sheep's clothing."

"Give the man time," said I. "Old habits of life are strong, you know. In a little while I trust that he will see clearer, and regulate his life from perceptions of higher truths."

"I thought his heart was changed," answered the merchant, with some irony in his tone. "That he had been made a new creature."

I did not care to discuss that point with him, and so merely answered:

"The beginnings of spiritual life are as the beginnings of natural life. The babe is born in feebleness, and we must wait through the periods of infancy, childhood and youth, before we can have the strong man ready for the burden and heat of the day, or full armed for the battle. If Mr. Gray is in the first effort to lead a Christian life, this is something. He will grow wiser and better in time, I hope."

"There is vast room for improvement." said the merchant. "In my eyes, he is, at this time only a hypocritical pretender. I hope, for the sake of the world and the church, that his new associates will make something better out of him."

I went away pretty much of the merchant's opinion. My next meeting with Mr. Gray was in the shop of a mechanic to whom he had sold a bill of goods some months previously. He had called to collect a portion of the amount which remained unpaid. The mechanic was not ready for him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Gray," he began, with some hesitation of manner.

"Sorry for what?" sharply interrupted Mr. Gray.

"Sorry that I have not the money to settle your bill. I have been disappointed—"

"I don't want that old story. You promised to be ready for me to day, didn't you?" And Mr. Gray knit his brows, and looked angry and imperative.

"Yes, I promised, but—"

"Then keep your promise. No man has a right to break his word. Promises are sacred things and should be kept religiously."

"If my customers had kept their promises to me, there would have been no failure in mine to you," answered the poor mechanic.

"It is no use to plead other men's failings in justification of your own. You said that bill should be settled to day, and I calculated to have it. Now, of all things in the world, I hate such trifling. I shall not call again."

"If you were to call twenty times a day for the money, to settle this account, you would call in vain," said the mechanic, showing considerable disturbance of mind.

"You needn't add insult to wrong." Mr. Gray's countenance reddened, and he looked angry.

"If there is an insult in the case it is on your part, not mine," retorted the mechanic, with more feeling. "I am not a digger of gold out of the earth, nor a coiner of money. I must be paid for my work before I can pay the bills I owe. It was not enough that I told you of the failure of my customers to meet their engagements—"

"You've no need to have such customers," broke in Mr. Gray. "No right to take my goods and sell them to men who are not honest enough to pay their bills."

"One of them is your own son," replied the mechanic, goaded beyond endurance. "His bill is equal to half of yours. I have sent for the amount a great many times, but still he puts me off with excuses. I will send it to you next time."

This was thrusting home with a sharp sword, and the vanquished Mr. Gray retreated from the battle field, bearing a painful wound.

"That wasn't right in me, I know," said the mechanic, as Gray left the shop. "I'm sorry now, that I said it. But he pressed me too closely. I am but human."

"He is a hard, exacting, money-loving man," was my remark.

"They tell me he has become a Christian," said the mechanic. "Has got religion—been converted. Is that so?"

"It is commonly reported; but I think common report must be in error. St. Paul gives patience, forbearance, long suffering, meekness, brotherly kindness and charity, as some of the Christian graces. I do not see them in this man. Therefore common report must be in error."

"I have paid him a good many hundreds of dollars since I opened my shop here," said the mechanic, with the manner of one who felt hurt. "If I am a poor hard-working man, I try to be honest. Sometimes I get a little behind hand, as I am now, because the people I work for don't pay up as they should. It happened twice before when I wasn't square with Mr. Gray, that he pressed down very hard upon me, and talked just as you heard him today. He got his money, every dollar of it; and he will get his money now. I did think, knowing he had joined the church and made a profession of religion, that he would bear a little patiently with me this time. That as he had obtained forgiveness as alleged of his sins towards Heaven, he would be merciful to his fellow-man. Ah, well!"

These things make us very skeptical about the honesty of men who call themselves religious. My experience with "professors" has not been very encouraging. As a general thing, I find them quite as greedy for gain as other men. We outside people of the world have to be very sharp-sighted. When a man sets himself up to be of better quality than we, and calls himself by a name significant of virtue, we judge naturally by his own standard, and watch him very closely. If he remain as hard, as selfish, as exacting, and as eager after money as ever, we do not put much faith in his profession, and are very apt to class him with hypocrites. His praying, and fine talk about faith, and heavenly love, and being washed from all sin, excite in us contempt rather than respect. We ask for good works, and are never satisfied with anything else. "By their fruits we shall know them."

On the next Sunday we saw Mr. Gray in church. My eyes were on him when he entered. I noticed that all the lines of his face were drawn down, and that the whole aspect and bearing of the man were solemn and devotional. He moved to his place with a slow step, his eyes cast to the floor. On taking his seat, he leaned his head on the pew in front of him, and continued for nearly a minute in prayer. During the services I heard his voice in singing; and through the sermon he maintained the most fixed attention. It was communion Sabbath; and he remained after the congregation was dismissed, to join in the holiest acts of worship.

"Can this man be indeed self-deceived?" I asked myself as I walked homeward. "Can he really believe that heaven is to be gained by pious acts alone; that every sabbath evening he can pitch his tent a day's march nearer Heaven, though all the week he has failed in the commonest offices of brotherly love?"

It so happened that I had many opportunities for observing Mr. Gray, who after joining the church became an active worker in some of the public and prominent charities of the day. He contributed liberally in many cases, and gave a good deal of time to the prosecution of benevolent enterprises, in which men of some position were concerned. But, when I saw him dispute with a poor gardener, who had laid the sods in his yard, about fifty cents, take a sixpence off a weary strawberry woman, or chaffer with his boot black over an extra shilling, I could not think that it was genuine love for his fellow men that prompted his ostentatious charities.

In no instance did I find a better estimation of him in business circles; for his religion did not chasten the ardor of his selfish love of advantage in trade; nor make him more generous, nor more inclined to help or befriend the weak and needy. Twice I saw his action in the case of unhappy debtors, who had not been successful in business. In each case his claim was among the smallest; but he said more unkind things, and was the hardest to satisfy of any man among his creditors. He assumed dishonest intention at the onset, and made a plea for this most rigid exaction; covering his own hard selfishness with offensive cant about mercantile honor, christian integrity, and a religious observance of business contracts. He was the only man among all the creditors, who made his church membership a prominent thing—few of them were even church goers—and the only man who did not readily make concessions to the poor down-trodden debtors.

"Is he a Christian?" I asked as I walked home with some depression of spirits from the last of these meetings. And I could but answer, No! for to be a Christian is to be Christ-like.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is the divine standard. "Ye must be born again," leaves to us no latitude of interpretation. There must be a death of the old natural selfish loves, and a new birth of spiritual affections. As a man feels so will he act. If the affections that rule his heart be divine affections, he will be a lover of others, and a seeker of their good. He will not be a hard, harsh, exacting man, in natural things, but kind, forbearing, thoughtful of others, and yielding. In all his dealings with men, his actions will be governed by the heavenly laws of justice and judgment. He will regard the good of his neighbor equally with his own. It is the world where Christian graces reveal themselves, if they exist at all. Religion is not a mere Sunday affair, but the regulator of a man's conduct among his fellow men. Unless it does this, it is a false religion, and he who depends upon it for the enjoyment of heavenly felicities in the next life, will find himself in miserable error. Heaven cannot be earned by mere acts of piety, for Heaven is the completion of all divine affections in the humble soul; and a man must come into them—must be born into them—while on earth, or he can never find an eternal home among the angels of God.

It is said that a well known New York journalist intends risking his life in the balloon adventure about to be undertaken by Prof. Lowe, with his mammoth air ship, "The City of New York."

Joshua R. Giddings says he would go down to Virginia and bag that $10,000 reward for him, provided he had confidence in the good faith and responsibility of the advertiser.

HUMAN BONES DISCOVERED.—While digging a trench for the foundation of an iron fence at Gardiner, a few days ago, the workmen exhumed some human bones and discovered traces of a decayed coffin—the grave, probably, of some early settler of the town.

PERSONAL.—We understand that Dr. S. G. Howe left the city on Wednesday morning for Canada, and we presume for the reason intimated in his recently published letter on the John Brown affair.

Mr. George Robinson of Augusta, Me., son of the late George Robinson, editor of the Augusta *Age*, has been chosen Professor of Natural Sciences in Jefferson College, Louisiana. Mr. R. is a graduate of Bowdoin College.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

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LIGHT BREAKING IN.

Steadily and constantly is the light of Spiritual truth advancing upon the darkness of the popular churches. The more spiritual and inspirational among their adherents are of course the first to receive it—for they stand higher up on the mountain sides.

We have before us a volume published by Mason Brothers, New York, entitled "Here and Beyond," by Rev. H. S. Carpenter, an Orthodox clergyman of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Portland, Me. It deals, as its title indicates, with the great problem of the present life, as explained by its relations to the future. Its style of thought is fresh, peculiar, entirely out of the beaten track of theological disquisition, and evinces an unwonted degree of spiritual insight and inspirational illumination. The author appears to have risen quite above the fog of his surroundings, in relation to many topics, and those which constitute the basis of Spiritualism among others.—The common vague notion of a spirit, as being a mere immaterial shadow, is thus disposed of:

"Our very notion of a spirit is for the most part a confusion of the understanding. It is an impracticable notion, as if a spirit were a thought, or a congeries of thoughts. The fact is, that when we try to discriminate between matter and spirit, we delude ourselves with word-play.]

"Materialism is essential to personality. Materialism is essential to spiritual life. The fallacy of all our talk lies in overlooking the fact that there may be a style of matter, a physical substance, independent of these arbitrary properties which we assign it, and which characterize all matter that we know. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. But when you think of a soul, you think of a form.

"A ransomed spirit is to you a human shape, not a thinking faculty, nor an assemblage of ideas. The aforesaid visionary theories are not spiritual. The notion of most men is that a man's soul is something apart from himself, a kind of jewel which he carries in his bosom, while the rest of him is waste and worthless wrapping paper.

"And violent spasmodic efforts are made to grasp a spiritual life, which is after all a life fantastic. No wonder that often the weakest heads and the most gloomy hearts seem to have achieved the most of it."

Our author is equally clear in regard to the presence of the spirit-world, and a *real* intercourse, in some sort, with its inhabitants,—though he does not distinctly indicate or define its *modes*, and *seemingly* casts discredit on some of those recognized by modern Spiritualists. We quote a few passages:

"The severance between the world of spirits and the world of matter is not a separation by distances, but a sundering by conditions.

"Spirit is in the world as electricity is in bodies. It requires certain conditions for its display, a certain medium for its activity; and in the lack of that medium it lies dormant, and is to us as if it were not. If the world of spiritual life which now gleams on us, or glares on us, were to stand out by a revelation of Spirit forms, we should find that it is not somewhere beneath the zenith, nor anywhere beneath the earth, but here in the sky over us, in the air about us, in the earth itself, in the hills, and trees, and streams."

"We do not mean to make out a heaven-state without peace. There is place within place, as body within body. Our idea of place is a surface idea, like a child's notion of wall or fence—like an ignorant conception of sky, as a solid blue frame, with stars inlaid."

"We think that we are dwelling in a contracted room, the atmosphere of which incloses us, and restricts our contact by its medium. But that room, in celestial measure, may spread to millions of miles. *It is crowded with intelligence and life.* There are moments when the curtains here, such as we conceive the enveloping laws of our flesh to be, rustle and flutter, *as if some one was putting them aside*, as if they would drop down. But the Almighty hand has looped them carefully. It is but a breeze that stirs their folds, in dreams, in reveries, and on the cliff brows and the outer capes of Nature."

Mr. Carpenter censures the modern church for not clearly teaching this law of intimate relation to the spirit-world; and attributes to its failure in this respect the prevalence of a "style of sensualism which has baptized itself a spiritualism," and which is held by "sinister skeptics and sordid voluptuaries." If Mr. Carpenter can see *nothing but* this in Modern Spiritualism, the fact only shows how blind a truly spiritual man may be to the good that lies without the pale of his own ecclesiastical relations. He continues:

In the credence of the Old Testament, there was at once distinct, the deadly peril of any rash intrusion, any cunning creep into the world of spirits, and the dear charm of angel ministration. How much rather now, when the door has been open, and angel choirs heard in the open air. *He who does not believe these things does not believe any inspired things, and should say so frankly.*"

As a modern Spiritualist, we have nothing to say in favor of "any rash intrusion or cunning creep into the world of spirits." If such things are possible, they are doubtless as perilous now as ever they were.—But the case is quite different when the spirits *intrude themselves into this world*, unasked, and demand our attention. This they have done in thousands of instances among us: and were it not for this, we doubt if the modern manifestations would ever have been evoked. We would give them a respectful hearing, at least long enough to learn who they are and what their errand is But the modern church, as a body, stolidly ignoring all spirit-communion, turns its back alike on angel and on demon, and flees in terror into its hiding-places, shrieking, "Satan has broken loose!"

Our author's charge of skepticism and hypocrisy against a large portion of his brethren, which we have italicised above, seems rather sweeping and severe; for how can they reasonably be expected to believe in *ancient* records of such things, when they are taught by high authority in church and in science to consider all *modern* testimonies to similar things as the off-spring of delusion, od-force, or the Devil?

Mr. Carpenter thus glowingly describes the beauties and blessedness of realized spirit-ministrations, in which thousands of Spiritualists can sympathize with him:

"But he who believes these things, has a faith in glory and an access otherwise impossible.—Spirit-conveyances are God's white ships to us who dwell inland, our home being embosomed in the hills. They bring us messages and means from heaven, and we know of their flitting whiteness on their scarless track, but we may not see them until we reach the sea-side.

"When the life that is is pervaded by the reach of that which is to come, its present ties are woven of celestial fabric.

—

Apropos of the above quotations, we append a paragraph which has just fallen under our eye in the Boston *Journal*, by the N. Y. correspondent of that paper. It could hardly be expected that the author of such sentiments as the foregoing, would long find congenial surroundings in so lifeless a body as the Presbyterian church.—It is but another instance of a light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not! Of course he must be extinguished!

"Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter is the pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn.—He was formerly pastor of a church in Portland, Me. He is an able man, and one of the finest orators in the State. But a misunderstanding exists between him and a portion of his parish. He is rather of the "Liberal" stamp of Orthodox men, and some think he is rather too popular with the young, and with that portion of the parish who like smart preaching, and do not think a man need be stupid because he is pious. The matter will probably be brought before the Presbytery for adjudication. Whether it will sunder the relations of Mr. Carpenter with his parish, is not known.

A. E. N.

If men were compelled to give a reason for everything they believe, either reasons would become more abundant than they are, at the present day, or doctrines would be fewer.

THE DIFFERENCE.

FIRST ILLUSTRATION.

A few days since, a man in Southwick, Mass., named Henry Holcomb, nearly murdured his wife with a club, and then decamped, leaving her for dead. The criminal was the son of a Methodist clergyman, and the parties are thus described by the Springfield *Republican*:

"Mr. Holcomb was a very strict temperance man, upright in all his dealings with his neighbors, and believed to be of perfectly sound mind. He was apparently very pious—is a member of the Methodist Church, was a leader of the choir, and always held daily family prayers. He was very stern in his disposition, and lacked those finer domestic feelings which impart happiness to the family household; and he carried the idea that woman is inferior to man, and that she should always be subservient to him. Mrs. Holcomb on the other hand, possessed a remarkably loving and tender nature, and not receiving that sympathy and affection which she had a right to expect, felt that he did not care for her, and became jealous whenever he showed attention to others."

And yet neither the *Republican*, nor any other paper that we have ever seen, has one word to say about the "awful fruits of" Methodism! How different would have been the case, had this wretch been a professed Spiritualist, instead of a Methodist!

SECOND ILLUSTRATION.

Old John Brown of Ossawatomie is a devout Christian, a man of prayer, and an earnest believer in the Bible. He there reads these precepts:—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them," "Remember those that are in bonds as bound with them," etc. Honestly supposing that these precepts mean what they say, he organizes a little band of followers and goes to Virginia to give liberty to those that are bound. He is taken and condemned to be hung as a "traitor," by a jury who have just kissed with apparent reverence the very book he is obeying! But no one charges the "treason" upon the Bible, or dilates upon the "fanaticism" of giving heed to the teachings of ancient inspiration.

How different would have been the case had John Brown been a Modern Spiritualist, and had he quoted in justification of his deed precepts from *recent* inspired writings, like the following, for example:

"If a law be imperfect, who should obey it? and what man or set of men can frame perfection?"

"It is a fearful thing for the strong to forsake the weak."—*Healing of the Nations.*

"When a government becomes palpably false to its own affirmations or declaration, and tramples these manifestly beneath its iron hoofs, that is a good and sufficient reason for a revolution.

"When a government becomes so oppressive that it disregards the interests of any considerable number of its constituents, and crushes *man* to protect itself, that is a sufficient reason for a revolution."—*Educator.*

It is perhaps needless to say that the "revolutions" contemplated in the latter quotations, is entirely a *bloodless* one—though possibly a John Brown might not have so understood it. But who among the opponents of Spiritualism would have had the fairness to have admitted this?

THIRD ILLUSTRATION.

Gerritt Smith, the distinguished Philanthropist, has recently been attacked by insanity, and committed to an Asylum.—Some of his political opponents attribute this sad misfortune to his political opinions; whereupon a prominent journal takes up the argument in his behalf as follows:

"But the political relations of Mr. Smith have properly nothing to do with our estimate of a misfortune which calls for the sympathy of all fair-minded men. His is an infliction which strikes down its victims in every walk of life—a Robert Hall in the pulpit, a Hugh Miller in the fields of science, a Thomas J. Rusk in the United States Senate, as well as hundreds of less conspicuous intellects devoted to every calling and holding to every opinion."

But the same journal, whenever a person known to be a believer in spirit-intercourse has fallen a victim to mental aberration, has not scrupled, in any instance that we recollect, to record it as one of the legitimate "fruits of Spiritualism."

What a mighty difference it makes whether it is "*your* bull" or "*mine*" that gores the ox!

A. E. N.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Man was so created by God as to be, with respect to his internal, an inhabitant of the spiritual world, and with respect to his external, and inhabitant of the natural world, thus he was created a native of both worlds, to the intent that a spiritual principle, which is of heavenly extraction, might be implanted in his natural principle, which is of earthly extraction, like seed sown in the ground, that so he might acquire a fixed and everlasting existence.—SWEDENBORG.

Are not the popular, common notions of the spiritual world erronious? Do not even spiritualists misconceive its true signification? Our common notion of it is that it is the abode of persons who have quitted the body. The common understanding of the spiritual world is that it is ontward and *spacial*—similar to our natural, material world. But we understand the spiritual world, whether we are in the flesh or out of it, to be always necessarily interior and invisible. It does not come by observation" but is *written us!* It has no relation, in its essential substance, to time or space. It is that mysterious, unfathomable, always invisible world whence arises life and consciousness. It is now, and will ever be our *innermost*. We shall never comprehend it. It furnishes no cunning, subtle cruelty, that can get behind and comprehend itself. We shall know nothing more of it than what our simple consciousness reveals. We of course have reason to expect, under ever-increasing favorable conditions, that this consciousness of spiritual power and varied faculty will gradually enlarge to an unspeakable degree; but the innermost spiritual *cause*, will, even after we shall have arrived to greatly advanced spheres of blessedness, be just as much a profound mystery to us as ever.

We are now, while in the flesh, just as much in the spiritual world as we ever can be. We shall always have an interior and external. This mysterious principle of life and cause, which is our spiritual world, will ever be embodied—will ever have an objective and visible tabernacle through which to manifest itself. This tabernacle, or exterior instrumentality, will be refined and fashioned to accord with the ever-growing capacities of the inmost spirit.—The spiritual body, and world external to it, are but *outgrowths* of the spiritual life. They will be more and more in harmony with that invisible inmost life, as it advances on in its infinite journey.

We lay too much stress on the outward. We do not sufficiently comprehend the all-including sphere of an inward and always present world. We are, too many of us, pursuing a phantomy good, which is, in reality, no good, but ever flies at our approach. If we would live truly, and grow in substantial life, we must turn our attention within. We must rely on the world of causes—the interior spiritual world, which we inherit, and in which we must abide forever. From within must all of the abiding treasures of life come. They are the inevitable products of our invisible conscious spirits. We do not say that the spiritual life within us may not receive from without quickening influences—we may be certain that the outward world is essential to the expansion of the spiritual domain. This outward world would not else have existed. But the spiritual and always interior and invisible world is the center of life and consciousness. It is the positive and fundamental world, to which the outward and visible are but negative and tributary. The Spiritual world—the true Kingdom of God—is within us. In this glorious and ever-abiding Kingdom our life and joy must be found. We need expect no blessedness apart from this. All our strivings and toils for heaven, immortality, eternal life, must have central reference to this our ever-present spiritual world. To what ever region of space we may be transferred, this same spiritual world will be present with us, and will determine the character and condition of its externals. As our spirits are, so will be the bodily life and its surroundings. The spirit, as an old philosopher pertinently said, not only "fashions a *body* to suit itself" but fashions an external world to suit itself. Even in the present crude state of existence this is more or less true. The outward is, to us all, invested with an inward coloring. All the glory, and splendor, and richness of the external world, proceed from the infinitely rich world within. Is it not so? How this outward world grows in beauty and abiding interest as the spirit within harmoniously expands! All is "rooted and grounded" in the spiritual world. It is at once the fructifying soil, and the perfecting atmosphere and light to all the essential products of truly human and celestial life.

PROF. M. V. BLY AT MIDDLEBORO.

Believing that the movements of this erratic individual will be a subject of interest to our readers, we give the following particulars of his recent visit to Middleboro', Mass., as we have gathered them from what we consider reliable sources.

It seems that the Professor came to Middleboro' some three weeks since, with his *own hired horse and chaise*, and having engaged a hall, proceeded to announce his august presence by huge posters, wherein the citizens were duly notified that an opportunity would be afforded them to listen to an exposition of the trickery and fraud practised by mediums, accompanied by a practical demonstration of the *modus operandi* by which raps, tips, etcetera, are affected.

But when the time arrived, and the Professor took his station at the door to receive the admission fees, to his deep mortification he discovered that his hearers were much like the visits of angels, as described by the poet—not a baker's dozen having shown themselves. So the Professor declined to lecture, and the audience demanded back their money, which we are happy to say, was refunded in almost every instance—not more than ten or twelve having been disappointed.

But the hall was not paid for, nor the poor printer, nor was the bill paid at the hotel. The horse and chaise were detained as hostages, (a la Cooke, who thought to make terms with the Virginians by getting possession of the sword and pistols of Gen. Washington, from his relative Lewis,) and the Professor started the next morning on foot, more than ever convinced of the doctrine of total depravity—especially if the citizens of Middleboro' were to be taken as a sample.

But we have omitted that portion of the narrative "where the laugh comes in," and will now proceed to give it. The Professor's landlord, upon learning the failure of the lecture, and that the Professor was so unfortunately circumstanced in his finances, determined that he should not have a bed for the night. So "mine host" sat up and watched with the moneyless Professor until midnight, when he called a substitute who watched until morning. Poor Bly! even the hell-fire-believing orthodox of Middleboro' refused to stand his friends in his great extremity. What his next performance will be, the spirits say not.

☞The undersigned, having regained a tolerable degree of physical health, feels impelled to spend a season in the lecturing field. His intention is to visit chiefly localities where Spiritualist meetings are not regularly maintained, and where lecturers have seldom or never been heard—with a special view to meeting the people in small neighborhood and school-house gatherings, presenting the momentous facts and soul-stirring truths of *true* Spiritualism, in a rational and familiar way,—to the end that popular misapprehensions may be corrected, and a higher tone of Spirituality awakened, both among professed Spiritualists and Christians.

He does not propose to set a price upon his services, but will rely for a suitable material compensation upon those who have *hearts* and who love the truth. Though he will not wait for invitations, yet it will be of assistance in arranging appointments, if the friends "scattered abroad" will indicate places where such services are specially needed, and will be welcomed. Address at Somerville, Mass. A. E. NEWTON.

UNFORTUNATE.

We recently received a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, enquiring if we received from him some time in September a letter enclosing $20. We immediately assured him nay, and enquired on what account the money was sent. To this he replied by enclosing a copy of the letter which enclosed the money, and which we now lay before our readers:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice that one of your subscribers was so exercised in his political mind, that he stopped his patronage because the AGE suggested a combined political action of spiritualists in the coming Presidential election. I am as much opposed to the plan as he is, but from other motives than the fear that it may mar in some measure the prospect of the regular Anti-Slavery nominee. I believe the rapid spread of our glorious faith, will, in God's good time, and in a quieter way, exercise the proper influence where now the conditions are so unpropitious for human progress. "A new flood of light and wisdom from fountains above" may as soon fall upon our rulers as ourselves. I move therefore the postponement of the discussion till the "flood" comes. And I contribute the enclosed couple of Eagles, winged with healing qualities, in cases where your honest but unfortunate advocacy has wounded the feelings of some single-idea'd patron, thereby wounding you. Fraternally yours,

L. B.

Were ever printers more unfortunate? How much that "couple of eagles" would have contributed to help us in our present condition! And then to think that a friend actually existed upon this selfish planet—one who never saw us—generous enough to contribute so freely, and yet we should fail of getting it—why we were tempted to quarrel with our destiny. We felt some as we can imagine a thirsty traveller would, upon being informed that a vessel of water had been sent to him, but that it had all leaked out before reaching him. But it is really a source of consolation to know that we have such a friend—and one who promises to make up our loss in future. Thanking him most heartily for his kindness, we would suggest to him, and in fact to all our friends, that in forwarding any amount of money larger than ten dollars, that it be by draft. We have lost several letters, and have reason to believe that the fault is in Boston, and happens by letters being put into the wrong boxes. Scarce a week passes without some letter coming into our box which does not belong there.

MISS SUSIE CLUER.—On the 22d inst., "Little Susie" gave readings at SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, in this city, and was listened to with that marked attention which can be elicited only from a first class reader. Although but a mere child in appearance, yet she has a voice which for volume and compass we have seldom heard equalled. Added to this, she possesses the very highest order of talent for forming a just conception of her author.

As we listened to her rendering of the "Maniac," we could almost fancy that she was not a being of earth, so deep and stirring were the emotions which she excited. All things considered, we are of opinion that if she lives ten years, she will be the most distinguished reader in America.—We say this in a spirit of prophecy, and because we sincerely believe it.

On the 6th of December she will give another reading at the same place, and we trust our spiritual friends will do both her and themselves a favor by a full attendance.

We will add for the information of our readers at a distance, that "Susie" is the daughter of John C. Cluer, familiarly known as "Father Cluer."

DR. C HANNING ON DIVORCE.

We print elsewhere an interesting letter from the distinguished Dr. WILLIAM F. CHANNING, in defence of his action in procuring a legal dissolution of his former marital relation. We do this partly for the vindication it contains of Spiritualism against a calumny which has been very industriously circulated throughout the country; but more for its very able presentation of the argument in favor of divorces in similar cases. Without endorsing the Dr.'s positions, we would say that his reasons are worthy the attention of thoughtful minds; and the question is one which must sooner or later be looked squarely in the face by the whole community.

Spiritualism has been charged with causing a disruption of family relations in this case; and many an awful warning against its baleful influence has been uttered in consequence, from press and pulpit. But the Dr. declares that he *never was a Spiritualist* and that this doctrine had nothing to do with his troubles!

Spiritualism, in reality, can never be the *cause* of domestic or social discords. It may be the *occasion* that reveals them where they before existed in the nature of things or persons—as was Christianity in its early days, and as is every Spiritual awakening that powerfully stirs the inner life of men and women. It would be nearly powerless for good, if it did not do this. But such revelations, painful as they may be, will lead to a great benefit in the end, inasmuch as they tend to promote a better knowledge of and conformity to the laws of true harmony in the future.

A. E. N.

A PERNICIOUS DOCTRINE.

The advocates of that shallow sophistry which denies the existence of real evil, and obliterates all moral distinctions, stoutly aver that their theory does not tend to immorality. The following testimony, which we copy from a private letter from a correspondent who has had good opportunities for information, is to the point:

"The specious arguments advanced in regard to the question of evil, by those who strive to make the worse appear the better reason, have already been productive of great harm. In my travels as a lecturer, I have seen the 'abhorrent doctrine,' as you justly styled it, vividly illustrated in more than one instance, by human beings who had previously struggled hard against their besetting sins, and who, after embracing the theory referred to, have supinely yielded to the power of temptation, under the wretched belief that their vices would ultimately transform them into angels of light! It is indeed deplorable that so much false philosophy has become identified or interwoven with Spiritualism;—and yet it is to be expected in the incipient stages of its progress. *I am glad* you uttered those sentiments in the Boston Conference. I liked the manner in which you probed the subject to its depths. Good will result from it, though the fruits may not be visible to you.... Then *falter not*, for immortals will love you, and do their utmost to give you strength."

This "false philosophy" is no part of a true Spiritualism, though many have mistaken the one for the other. It is only the "Old Serpent" of *Sensualism*, in a new and perhaps more seductive guise. It seems a pity that so many will listen to its wiles. But Spiritualism will "crush its head," in due time. A. E. N.

"DOG EAT DOG" STATE OF SOCIETY.—Dr. T. J. Lewis, designer of this most singular engraving, has laid upon our table a large lithograph, in which the various isms and creeds of the day are represented by some species of the canine race, in which there appears to be a tremendous struggle as to which shall first succeed in eating the other. It is accompanied with a pamphlet of 40 pages, which explains the engraving, and contains much valuable information. The whole is "Dedicated to all the pure in heart Spiritualists—Higher-Law men and women, throughout the world." Price of engraving and pamphlet, $1,00. Published by Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston.

☞The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Room, advertised in the *Banner*, was opened with appropriate ceremonies on Monday evening, the 14th inst.—The rooms were crowded. Dr. H. F. Gardner made a few remarks stating the general object of the enterprise. He was followed by S. J. Finney, of Ohio, in a strain of impassioned eloquence that could but have an abiding effect on those present.—Miss Lizzie Doten was also present, and spoke to the hearts with her usual power. Mrs. E. B. Danforth was entranced and spoke in her usual interesting manner.—Mrs. E. M. Tipple from N. Y. State, was also present, and was under the control of a daughter of Black Hawk—and with other manifestations of spirit power, the evening passed very pleasantly away until about 11 o'clock, when the company dispersed much pleased.

[From The Boston Atlas and Daily Bee.]

LETTER FROM DR. Wm F CHANNING

The Marriage Relation—Laws of Massachusetts and Indiana—His Domestic Affairs—Reply to his Traducers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: On the 29th of January last, one of the Boston newspapers contained an editorial paragraph, entitled "Spiritualism in the Family Circle," which was made up of assertions concerning certain alleged domestic difficulties of my own.—The immediate effect of this paragraph, which went the rounds of the American press, was to give the widest publicity to matters of a strictly private nature. It also furnished a text for articles in other papers, containing the most gross and unfounded calumnies.

Residing in another State, I have hitherto forborne reply, partly from reasons of self-respect, partly because this invasion of the rights of private life, though an offence at which human nature revolts, admits of no redress, and makes remonstrance and correction alike impossible, save at the cost of exposing still farther what is sacred to the life of the individual.

A year or two ago we heard with indignation the story of innocent men, dragged naked through the streets of a frontier town. An editor who drags the private life of any man through his columns, for purposes of dishonor, commits an action no less shameful and cowardly. A double baseness attaches to him, when he attacks the reputation of a woman, and he must stand condemned by every consideration of decency or social propriety, as well as by every feeling common to gentlemen. What shall be thought of men who take the rumors of the town as sufficient authority for such outrages, and who debase their office by giving form and currency to the reports of gossips? It is useless to seek redress for injuries like these. No denial can ever follow such aspersions. Nor can justification be entered upon, for it is never possible to unfold to the street the private world of every man's life. The maxim "Man knows the fact, God the circumstance," would apply here, even if the fact which is hid in domestic life could ever be rightly told.

But I have not the choice left me to remain permanently silent when I consider that the principles on which I have acted, have been assailed through me, and that the private acts of my life have been publicly falsified to cast additional reproach on an unpopular faith. I did not seek either the private or the public issues, which have been made in my own life, on this central social problem of Marriage; but I have not shrunk and do not shrink now from meeting the responsibilities, public and private, which have been placed upon me. Principles are only tested by the faithfulness of individuals to their convictions. Society is emasculated by a spirit of mean conformity, or by the practical denial of the right of private judgment—a denial which, strange to say, is no where more prevalent than in Protestant New England.

My especial reason for rendering this account at the present time, through you, to my friends and the public, is that I write on the eve of departure from the country for a period of several months. All that is necessary for me to say I propose to say now. I intend to enter upon no controversy. Believing in the fullest discussion of principles and public actions, I claim only decency and common honesty from my opponents, and leave thus to others the field, which I only occupy now from necessity. I shall deal in as few words as possible with the mispresentations of my private affairs, and shall then state the general principles which have induced my action.

I may be allowed to say in advance that the persons by whom I have been assailed, cannot claim in excuse for their conduct that they were wholly ignorant of my previous reputation in the community. For the greater part of thirty-eight years I had lived in the city of Boston without any reproach having been cast on my private character. My connection with the Fire Alarm Telegraph,—which I originated in parnership with a friend, and presented to my native city, and which is becoming an essential part of the organization of every American Municipality,—had not left me without public witness, either in the character of citizen, or of student of Science as applied to Civilization.

I am charged in the offensive paragraph, which I have referred to, with having been "so far bewildered in the mazes of Spiritualism" as to have abandoned my wife to find a "spiritual affinity with another young lady;" that, on this "development," my wife had asserted to my request for a separation, and that I had gone to Indiana to obtain a divorce in order to marry my "new affinity." I might simply brand this narrative as an indecent collection of falsehoods; but I oppose to it the following statement of facts.

I am not and never have been a "Spiritualist." In saying so, I mean to imply no disrespect to the many good and thoughtful persons founding their faith in Spiritualism, on the phenomena called by that name. I wish simply to relieve myself and the Spiritualists of a burden which belongs to neither. In my capacity of observer, I have examined, like many men of science, the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and stated to a scientific body the precise conclusions subsequently published by Dr. Luther V. Bell, without making any attempt to speculate in, or assign causes. I have nothing to do with the vague jargon of "affinities." My separation from my wife took place more than five years ago, from causes contained wholly within the union itself. No human being, either man or woman, interfered, or contributed in any way, to bring about this result. I have nothing further to say of the causes of separation, either in vindication or blame, except that my decision was deliberate and from a conviction of duty and necessity. I have only to regret now that I retained the social semblance of marriage during the years immediately following, from a false regard to others. But it serves to mark the deliberation with which I decided, a year and a half ago, that I ought to seek the separation in law which already existed in fact.

I found at once that a broad line divided the Eastern and Western policy with regard to Marriage and Divorce. In Massachusetts the marriage contract could not be set aside, except for *physical* inability, or evasion or violation of the physical contract. Mental, moral, or spiritual impotency vacated it not! The legal contract was of the body alone. Human elements entered not into the ideal of the law. It recognized only the animal relation. At the West the doctrine was substantially held that *it is the duty and interest of Society to release the parties to a permanently discordant union.* This principle admitted the distinctively human grounds of relation and difference. I thoroughly accepted it as the only true and conservative one, in the interest of Marriage, and as one which requires the plainest enunciation at the present time.

I found that the laws of Massachusetts were oppressive in what had become to me a matter of conscience. I remembered that Massachusetts herself was settled by emigrants, treated in their day as disorganizers and branded as fugitives, who left their native country because they could not conscientiously observe its laws. I therefore claimed and used the American right of choosing the government under which I would live. I terminated my residence in Massachusetts, with great regret, and at sufficient cost to prove my sincerity, and became a western citizen in all honor and good faith to the State, whose freer institutions invited me.

In becoming a citizen of Indiana, I sought release from an oppressive obligation, already null in its essential human conditions. I sought and obtained this release for its own sake as a matter of personal and social duty. I did not seek it "in order to marry a new affinity." At the same time I reserved to myself the right to marry whenever I considered it conducive to my own welfare, having also due regard to the welfare of others. I have exercised this right for reasons sufficient to myself, into which no human being has any title to inquire, and which my past assailants would be the last to appreciate.

I have referred to the laws of Massachusetts, setting marriage aside on account of *physical failure*, but not recognizing mental, moral or spiritual elements as entering into the contract, *and therefore vacating it when they fail.* It is this materialization of marriage which is the chief source of the existing disorder in this central relation of Society. No institution can rise much above its ideal, and Marriage is made by law to be the unalterable contract of bodies, thus depriving it of all the conditions which distinguish Human Marriage and degrading it to the level of an enforced, permanent animal relation.

This has not always been so. The institution of Marriage which sufficed the Christian world before the Reformation, was a Sacrament of the Catholic Church. By the doctrine of Sacraments, the Rite of Marriage became the open door, through which all possible religious sanction and divine influence were held to flow into the pair, who were thus made one before the altar. To those, holding human nature thus at the tenure of the Church, this constituted a sufficient and honorable marriage.—At least the ideal of the people was not debased, though nature still stirred up insurrection against this usurpation of her rights.

Protestantism began by denying the Catholic doctrine of Sacraments, and grandly asserting the direct relation and accountability of man to God. But it retained necessarily the Rite of Marriage which thenceforth became only a shell, divested of its inward efficacy and power. From this time forth the Rite of Marriage ceased to be equivalent to Marriage itself, and the social regulation of Marriage necessarily embraced new elements.

Laws of divorce had never obtained under the Catholic Church. But as the necessary result of Protestantism the early Reformers—Wickliffe, Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon and others—insisted on provisions of divorce, or rather release, to qualify a Marriage system, which had become one of mere outward contract, but which still applied to the most interior relations of the mind and heart as well as to those of the body. As a further result all Protestant Christian States and nations have progressively extended the facilitie of divorces; and this process is going on, year by year, in accelerated ratio, from a well ascertained social necessity. England has just taken an important forward step, in remedying thus some of the worst results of the inherent imperfection of the system of mere physical marriage.

How does this imperfection show itself? Only the most cursory statement is possible here. The law which makes Marriage a mere physical contract, without qualification, destroys as far as it can in society, all reverence for what God made to be the centre of human life. Almost inevitably, Marriage on such terms is entered into recklessly, for the law recognizes no conditions of fitness, and is persisted in to the depths of degradation. Continuance even in unnatural unions is made a virtue, and society drinks to the dregs this cup of pollution. Where the parties to the physical contract are opposed in intrinsic life and character, opposed in structure of mind and body, and in the place and uses for which they were made, it is simply an impertinence to invoke the doctrine of discipline, as is sometimes done, to palliate the disgust of their union. No power on earth can change the essential accords of living forces, any more than of material forces, or make less impure and contaminating a marriage which binds together adverse natures. Neither can any system of moral repression suffice, in the aggregate of Society, to preserve order where natural law is violated.—Hence the reactions against the oppressions of a remediless physical marriage system. Hence the corruption which grows up within it. Prostitution is the inevitable attending shadow of the system—a part of the system itself. Every Christian State or nation, except Sweden, where the reaction has almost overthrown Marriage itself, either licenses or practically tolerates prostitution, which has been proclaimed, even in America itself, to be "the safety valve of Marriage." But prostitution is a small evil compared with all the other crimes of force and fraud against woman which flow from the same source of enforced, unnatural unions.—And all these evils are again as nothing to the untold outrage, profanation and suffering which have legal existence within the pale of "Marriage" itself. Out of these things, as well as out of less wrongs, come collisions in marriage life, for which law at length provides some remedy. But worse than collision is the still wider acceptance of the infamy of unnatural unions on account of the popular creed which holds such Marriage, in the language of the church service, to be "an honorable estate."

But it is said that any measures of release from the physical compression of the present system, however guarded, would remove restraint from passion, in the bad sense of that word. We have already seen that existing restraints, where unnatural, have provoked reaction. But it is a fact which needs to be recognized, that the present regulation of marriage is not one so much of constraint as of low license, of which woman perhaps is the chief victim. The most violent opposition to an amelioration of the present marriage code will come from men of low and indiscriminate passional organization, who will uphold the present system for the sake of the unbridled opportunity which they could only thus obtain through the direct intervention of the Law, and the whole social power in their behalf.

Society is endangered by these profanities of Marriage, which the Law sanctions and enforces. The direct fruit of such profanations is the ill-born generation, more or less deformed, idiotic, insane, criminal, which will become a large part of society itself in the future. Physiology emphatically teaches us that the violation of the natural laws of relation is always thus avenged. But not only are these monstrous products born into society, but they are bred in the barren, discordant homes, as they are called, in which social prejudice still compels their unfortunate parents to dwell. In mercy to these children the appeal surely holds good to take them out of the atmosphere of strife and death in which they were born. The children of a bad marriage have a greater interest in laws of release, which shall give them the chance of peace with one parent, than have the parents themselves. This also disposes of a common objection to the law of Divorce.

Among the indiscriminate opponents to measures of Marriage release, are probably to be ranked the religious literalists; but they occupy no prominent position, for the common sense and necessities of every Protestant State, howsoever Puritan, have restricted to the words of the New Testament, referring to Divorce, to the times, marriage institutions and people, among which they were spoken. The legislation of Massachusetts is as wide from that standard as that of Minnesota.

A more important class of opponents are the kind of conservatives, represented by Talleyrand, of whom the French wit Paul Courier said, that if he had been present at the creation he would have exclaimed, "Good God, Chaos will be destroyed!" Such men are conservators of all abuses.

I have spoken of the Western doctrine, that it is the duty and interest of Society to release the parties to a hopelessly discordant union, as *conservative*, in the true sense of the word. It is wise and manly to recognize a social evil, and meet a social danger, so impending as the existing disorder in the relation of Marriage. It is not like the ostrich, in the sand, when danger threatens. The corruption is veiled in our society only by our hypocrisy, which no longer deceives any one. I believe that the communities which now ignore the present evil are, in fact, less moral than those which have already provided some measures of relief. The discussion of the regulation of Marriage cannot be postponed. The present system of physical compression, regardless of mental, moral, and even physiological law, is a failure, than which it is hardly possible to conceive of a greater. I honor the men and women who are willing to speak and act, if only as the "forlorn hopes" of the coming battle.

I am anxious to say that I am well aware that human nature is often better than the legal forms in which it is invested. I well know that the defects and oppressions of the law of marriage do not prevent, in multitudes of homes, the realization of the divinest relation of human life,—of marriage, fit to be the nursery of Society on earth

(Continued on 8th page.)

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Nov. 2d.

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

Dr. Child—It is an interesting fact that there is not one particle of evidence that a jury or a court would receive of a God made manifest to the human soul, except in doings of nature. In nature is power unmeasured and wisdom undefined. In nature lives all the God that ever was or ever can be comprehended by the soul of man; all other recognitions of God, except the recognition of him in nature, is wanting in definition, a vague and incomprehensible, is clouds and darkness, which, when dissipated, will be called fiction. Take away the forms from the religion of our childhood, the religion that sees wrong, and what is left? Is there any palpable fact left? Take out nature, and is there any God left? These forms of religion are but the volumes of smoke and darkness that rises up from the soul; ever changing and passing away. They have been a necessary effect of the work of life, possessing not one fraction of power to influence the souls of men for good or for evil Simply the effect of the soul's growth, not the cause. These volumes of mysticisms that rise up from the soul are ever changing, and mingle with and are lost to view with the unseen elements of the skies. God holds the soul of every one in his hand—ure, certain, positive. Look around you and see how nature holds each one obedient to her laws. These laws of nature are God's laws, and this power that holds us is God's power. Our life is God's life, and we *feel* it is immortal; and in this age we have evidence. Our life is involuntary, and so is the growth and progress of the soul. Like little children we have fancied that we make our souls good or bad, that we make the condition of our future destiny, that we mould and shape, we deform or symmetrize, the soul while in its wayward infancy by its childish babblings and prattling in church and in society for its future existence. But where is the hand of wisdom that made us? Where are the laws of nature that hold us? Are they cut off? No, they are with us, and abide forever; they never change. No soul has ever fallen out of the hand of God, nor ever can; no law of nature has ever ceased to act, or ever will. We are held in the arms of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Power. Life's perturbations, its conflicts and its sufferings, that come to us of what we call evil, are legal necessities, written in the volume of nature, which volume is the statute book of the living God.

"Faith in God," is confidence in this power, "Charity" is the recognitions of the goodness of God in everything. "Have faith in God." "Perfect charity covereth a multitude of sins."

> "In these views we hold the key
> To faith in God and charity."

No other views of life can bring us to faith in God and charity to man.

We say that "fancy fools the world," and "evil sways humanity." Ten thousand strings make up the harp of life, and the skillful player sweeps them all in harmony, and melody is the tune of his existence; and heaven is everywhere, and everywhere is the place where God abides. The great musical instrument of God is all nature—it is in time and tune, and from it the melody of heaven shall come forth to the soul thereto—"Discord is harmony," then "understood."

There is no noise in life that is not harmony to the soul that sees God in all things. The murmurings of distant waterfalls, and the murmurings and curses of humanity, are equally harmonious; the sweet songs of angels, and the groans of agony, are musical notes in harmony, that flow from the vibrations of nature's harp-strings. All the sharps and flats, the high and the low sounds in scale of human life, blend in harmony, blend in one, are inseparably connected and bound together, to make up the melody of life. God is in every note, no more in one than in another. All is beautiful, all is harmony to the soul that sees God everywhere.

The groans of agony come of suffering, which is a chariot of speed that carries the soul rapidly to the gates of happiness, and then, how beautiful shall be the fruit of what we now call a curse. The suffering that produces groans makes humanity walk in the garden where angels walk, sooner. How wise and loving is the power that directs the soul onward and upward in its flight from darkness to light, from suffering to bliss. I cannot doubt

> "That heaven is a place where pearly streams
> Glide over silver sands."

But it is gained by ten thousand conflicts to be first passed in the journey of life. These conflicts are the fruits of sin, and it is the decree of God that we pass them. Everything that we call evil and sinful, is in time and place: is the necessity of the condition where they exist; created, governed and directed by the hand of Infinite Wisdom.

Tell me where the soul can stand, except it be on the affirmative of this question, and forgive seventy times seven? What is called the church of Christ forgives the murderer and the thief, not once, but by deeds of condemnation and punishment, *recriminate, reproduce* the crime condemned. It is impossible for a man holding the affirmative view of this question to forgive, by actual deeds, less than seventy times seven, if needs be, no matter what the deed may be.

Tell me where a man can stand and resist no evil? No where, except in the place where he stands when he sees no evil to resist. The affirmative of this question sees no evil. I come to fulfill the law of my Father, says Christ—not one jot or title of the law of God in nature as being inevitable, unchangeable, and unalterable; a necessity in its condition—wherever it may exist—high or low—in darkness as in light—in what we call *evil*, as in what we call *good*, the same.

Judge not, says Christ. No comparison can the affirmative level upon man by saying that one is better than another. It can recognize no merit or demerit in human actions, for each and every man is held in the hand of God, and governed by his laws, the laws of nature, which laws must be fulfilled. There is no judgment, nor can there be, on the affirmative side of this question.

Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in that unseen world of spiritual existence. Take no thought for the morrow, for what ye shall eat, drink, or wear, but seek to know the hidden laws by which those things are governed, and every desire is gratified thereby. Rest in the arms of trust.

These are the precepts of Christ—enigmas to humanity until the soul can see the affirmative of this question, which unriddles them, and exposes their unfading, eternal beauty to view.

Rev. Mr. Thayer—I desire to know the truth—I have no desire to maintain any other position. I think it is due Dr. Child to say he is honest—that he speaks what he sincerely believes; for I cannot see how under heaven a man can dare to utter sentiments so absurd, unless he believes them true. But it does not necessarily follow that because he is honest that he is right. The end of such abominable teachings are darkness and death, and such must be his doom, and all who are influenced to believe his views, unless they see the error of their ways, and turn to God and Christ. I believe that man is responsible for his condition—that the condition of evil, which he calls a necessity for the soul's progress, comes of man's own choice; for it is an actual reality that man can change his condition. I believe that there has been an active agency in producing Dr. Child's dark and erroneous condition, and that condition is the product of his own will—it is his own work. Who can believe that we do not make our own conditions? What a mistake Jesus made, if Dr. Child is right—for he taught repentance. I ask of what a man can repent, if he has no sin? Christ said of his murderers, "Father, forgive them." Dr. Child must say to his murderers, there is nothing to forgive. In all Dr. C. has said this evening, he has been ignorant in what he has been saying. The Christian warfare would be a great warfare indeed, in its resistance of evil, if there was no evil to resist. Paul says, overcome evil with good. Dr. Child says, there is no evil to overcome. So there is nothing for Christians to do, if Dr. Child is right.

Dr. Gardner—I shall take Dr Child's side. A man who gets up here, as Mr. Thayer has done, and pretends to hold up his own opinions as perfect and immaculate, and condemns every opinion to darkness and death that is not comprehended in his own limited, bigoted, narrow circle of thought, had better get into the church of Rome, where he belongs. Other people have opinions as well as Mr. Thayer, who can see no truth in anything except his own opinion. Dr. Child sees a cause for all opinions, and excepts them as truths of the condition that produces them—while Mr. Thayer sees truth in only one. I appeal to common sense to decide which has more true and more comprehensive views. Dr. Child condemns no one. Mr. Thayer condemns every one who does not believe as he does. Mr. Thayer judges others—Dr. Child does not. Let reason decide which comes nearest to the teachings of Christ.

I cannot agree in full with all that Dr. Child has said on this interesting subject, because I cannot see as he does in everything. I will not assume the "Rev." and condemn him to darkness and death. If God made evil, we may infer that it had a good origin. We have the Old Testament to show that evil is from the hand of God. "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, the tree of life also in the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." In another place we read, "I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, have created all things." If the Bible be true, God created evil. My logic runs in this way—what God created must be good; if it is not good to our present perceptions, it must be so in the end. What is termed evil, is a necessity forced upon us by the Creator, of our good in the end. If God created evil, he had a purpose in its creation, which we cannot doubt is for the highest good for humanity in the end. Dr. Child thinks that suffering brings humanity to angel life sooner. This logic I do not like. I am not able to recognize suffering as anything but evil.

Mr. Edson—Dr. Child says that all noise is music to the ear well tuned to life. It is my experience that the highest developed ear for music is more sensitive to dissordant sounds. Yet there may be a point of harmony gained by the soul, in its progression, where it cannot feel inharmonious sounds.

To me, there is no truth, no right, other than that which God hath revealed to me. I see evil existing, and the question is, is it a necessity? I am on both sides of the question. When we transgress the laws of God, we have guilt follow, from which guilt we suffer. Does suffering progress the soul? If it does, it enables us to obey the laws of God better. Every soul has a certain amount of freedom; and when we disregard this freedom, evil becomes a law of necessity. The free agency of man and the sovereignty of God must be blended. I know that I have a power to choose, and yet I know there is a power that rules me. My interior consciousness constitutes my being; and out of this grows my free-agency, and this gives me choice in action, and consequently responsibility follows. If I disobey, the consequence of my disobedience whips me into right.

Mr. Wilson—I would do nothing to break down moral distinctions in society. But as I look upon the affirmative side of this question, I see there the deepest phiosophy and the most profound Christianity. Moral distinctions I cannot recognize as an essential quality of the soul.

In a recent visit to Sing-Sing State Prison, I listened to the remarks of ministers made to prisoners, and while so doing, I thought that some of the prisoners threw out more divine influences than the ministers did.

If we take a human standpoint, we judge and condemn. Christ judged from a divine standpoint, from which there is no judgment or condemnation. There is a duality in man—the human and the divine; the divine has the affirmative of this question, and the human the negative. The soul grows in the body. The soul is divine, the body is human. The human fights; the soul fights not at all. All the minutiæ of individual life is governed by the laws of life, which laws are right, and the conditions are a necessity.

Mr. Place—If the affirmative of this question is correct, where is the right to make any moral distinctions? or where is there room for individual responsibility? Dr. Child has made a mistake in going where he does for a God. He must change his doctrine of necessity, if he admits of responsibility. Can I rely on my individual consciousness, and claim that there is choice and responsibility. Can I rely on my individual consciousness, and claim that there is choice and responsibility? Responsibity attaches to men, because they have reason and intelligence; it is a part of man's nature—it is a necessity of a condition.

Mr. Chaney We have in our being the spiritual and the material, and one is a type of the other. We have day and night, heat and cold, repulsion and attraction, the positive and the negative. All are necessary. We have good and evil, and we may call one positive and the other negative; one is necessary to the existence of the other. Nature has made provisions in every department, which provisions are necessary for the conditions for which they were made. Nature is not wrong, but it is perfectly right. Human actions are always the manifestations of nature, and they are varied according to conditions.

Miss Doten, entranced—The nearer a man comes up to Deity, the nearer he lives to Divine charity; and distinctions fade away, and he sees all things as coming from God, and as being good. All evil that exists is necessary to your progress. The conflicts that evil brings, carries you higher and higher up to love and wisdom. What is evil, and what is sin? You may puzzle your brains till the judgment day, and you cannot tell what they are. There is no necessity for you to resist evil, for good is ever drawing you with a magnet of greater power away from evil. Evil is a help, not a hindrance to the soul's progress.

Mr. Newton thought that on a previous evening he had laid down the fundamental points in support of his view of the question, to which nothing could be added. He made a few extemporaneous remarks, which closed the discussion.

From the Spirit Guardian.

WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?

If Spiritualism is true what *good* does it do? is a question often asked by the skeptical and hostile. Its advocates contend that it is of incalculable benefit in its influence to confirm our hopes of immortality, to interest us in spiritual realities, and to stimulate us to uprightness and purity of life. But among its more apparent, practical benefits is the healing power, which, under favorable conditions, spirits have the ability to impart, and by which obstinate diseases are often put to flight, lameness and decrepitude overcome, and physical health and soundness restored. I have witnessed some striking instances of this kind, and one has recently come under my observation, which may be of interest to those whose minds are now turned toward this subject, either to investigate and know what is in it, or, without investigation, to ridicule and condemn it.

Some ten years ago our well-known fellow citizen, Col. Hiram Douty, by a fall from a building, had his left shoulder so badly crushed that the most skillful surgery could not restore it to its natural position, and he has never since been able to lift his arm but a few inches from his side. He has suffered great inconvenience from the disability and supposed it was to be a life-long privation. But thanks to the benefi-cent power of spirits it is now "restored whole as the other."

A few weeks ago, being one evening alone in his room, under the influence of an unusual and indefinable impression, he seated himself at a small stand, upon which he placed his hands, and without any definite object in view, passively awaited the result. He very soon felt a peculiar electrical sensation creeping over him, and his right hand was directed to the disabled shoulder and arm, commenced a process of a violent rubbing and manipulations, lasting for more than an hour, during which he was vividly impressed that spirits were interposing for the benefit of his arm, directing and controlling the movement of his hand upon it and had a firm conviction that a cure would certainly be effected. On the departure of the influence, notwithstanding the violence of the exercise, he had not suffered the least exhaustion, and found that the arm had become perfectly flexible, and could be used freely as the other.

There are no signs of its relapsing into its former condition, but on the contrary, it is becoming strong, and there are appearances, that, by a return of the natural vitality, the shriveled muscles will be gradually restored, and the arm resume its natural size.

Skepties and scoffers! what say you to this? and what have you to offer in explanation?

Whoever wishes to know more of this interesting case can learn the particulars by inquiring of Col. Douty himself; and they will be less likely to be deceived than by giving credit to the gross fabrications of unscrupulous villifiers of the truth.

H. P. OSGOOD.

FOXCROFT, Oct. 12, 1859.

AUTHORITY.—NO. 6.

Here we seated ourselves upon chairs formed from the shrubs and vines, growing among the trees, where my daughter presented me with some refreshing fruits, and a cup of cold water, which flowed so gracefully at our feet. And then I asked my son why he had not made himself known to me when he met me in the third sphere; to which he replied, that he was then in an official capacity to conduct me to the fourth sphere; therefore, personal recognition and sympathies would have been improper. And further, he said, they concluded that the surprise of meeting your two children here together would make your pleasure more intense. And now, said he, I will introduce you to an usher who will explain to you what you have seen, and instruct you in all things pertaining to this sphere. I looked up and saw a venerable looking man before me, with features strongly marked and somewhat sunburnt, and I arose and made a reverential bow, as he announced the name of Bartiam, who gave me a warm greeting with hand and voice, while he gave me to understand that he formerly kept a botanic garden on the western bank of the Schuylkill. This immediately woke up the love of my early life, and brought me into complete rapport with himself, when he thus commenced his instructions:

"The first, or rudimental sphere," said he, "is for the physical growth of body and mind, and if conditions were all right, then would the growth be complete and full, rendering each one receptive to all intuitional truths through the spiritual regions of the brain, and of all material facts through the senses, when all would be harmoniously aranged and combined by the mental faculties. But, as this is not the case, men have to pass through the second sphere, which in the earth state is called training, education, discipline, trial, &c., and in the spirit land it is called purgatory, progression and purification; and hence, those that you saw who had just left the earth form, appeared to be in the same toiling, struggling, suffering condition as those who were still in the body. But, by these means they were eventually led to the third sphere, or sphere of intellectual mentality, which generally ignores all the conceptions and conclusions which have been obtained in the second sphere, or school of discipline, and would, if possible, ignore all spheres above its own negative zone, and fall back upon the rudimental elements and animal instincts, and thus render man a mere material being. But the *spirit* of man still goeth upward, as his animal nature goeth downward. Hence, you perceive that the interior nature of man has ever struggled to break alike the degrading fetters of his animal instincts, and the cold negative granite of his intellectual faculties, in order to ascend to a higher plane of liberty and purity.

But in that struggle his whole being has been convulsed, till the interior forces, culminating, have burst forth like the volcano through the granite crust, carrying devastation and confusion into the unyielding, organized barrier. But in after ages the fortunate seeker finds among its mouldering debris all the precious metals and brilliant gems that ever graced the earth, or beautified the spheres. But in order to avoid those upheavings, the cold intellectual granite powers have commissioned artificial ways through their sphere, to let the spirit forces ooze out through sluggish streams, into stagnant pools. But these artificial ways have never led to any high attainments, or lofty results.

Man's intellect may direct his ready hand to place a syphon into the fountains of his spiritual nature and draw it out, and dry it up, but it can never raise the genial mist to descend again in gentle showers upon the thirsty soil of languishing souls.—Man's hand may destroy the primitive mountain forest, but this art can never restore it. And now," continued he, "you will see why man is so discordant in his nature. His animal instincts are imperative in their demands, regardless of his gentle intuitions, of the quick decisions of his moral nature, or of the sharp pleading of his conscience. Meanwhile his reason or intellectual powers oppose but a feeble negative force to the tyrannical *authority* of his base or animal propensities, and finally become their slaves, and lend their mutual agency for their possessor's final ruin.

M. W. HAMMOND.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Adjourned Meeting of the Harmonial Colony Association.

The adjourned meeting of the Harmonial Colony Association, was held at Worcester, Mass., at the house of Albion Carpenter, Oct. 26th, 1859, and after the necessary preliminaries the following Resolves were passed:

1. *Resolved*, That we proceed forthwith to the choice of such officers as are immediately requisite for the current year.

The following named were elected: *President*, Reuben Barron, Lancaster, Mass.; *Vice Presidents*, Earl Joslyn, Worcester, Mass., and Z. Baker, Dudley, Mass.; *Recorder*, D. C. Gates, Worcester, Mass.; *Treasurer*, Albion Carpenter, Worcester, Mass. (These Officers constitute the Directory of the Association.) *Trustees*, Reuben Barron, D. C. Gates, Earl Joslyn, Albion Carpenter, Ann M. Carpenter.

2. *Resolved*, That we fully approve and adopt the Constitution of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood, which has been under consideration by this meeting, and that our Harmonial Colony Association shall constitute Department No 1 of said Brotherhood.

3. *Resolved*, That we fully ratify the Amendments to the Constitutional Compact of the Harmonial Colony Association, which have been under consideration by this meeting.

4. *Resolved*, That all persons who are willing to labor for the Re-organization of Society upon principles adapted to develope, in human nature, the moral and spiritual kingdom of God on Earth, and to secure to the human race, individually and collectively, their happiness and elevation, are invited to co-operate with us according to the Constitution of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood.

5. *Resolved*, That we urge all who know that the earth is the joint or common property of the human family, to join us in demanding the passage of a law to fix a just limit to the area of soil which any individual may hereafter obtain, and also a law to prohibit the sale of the public lands, and cause them to be apportioned in limited quantities, to actual settlers, free of cost.

6. *Resolved*, That we petition Congress, during its next session, to grant us a Township, free of cost, in some desirable locality on the public domain, to be inhabited, owned and controlled by us and our prospective associates, according to our Constitutional Compact.

Amendments to the Constitution of the Harmonial Colony Association.

No. 1. LANDS.—Whenever any members of this Association who are entitled to any of its lands, shall petition the Trustees for a portion of its unappropriated domain for the purpose of jointstock or commonstock, proprietorship and managen nt, the said Trustees shall set off to the said petitioners so much land, all in one compact body, and at cost, as the said petitioners are entitled to.—And all the provisions contained in Sect. 3. Art 10. of the existing Constitution, which are inconsistent with the provisions herein contained, are hereby modified.

No. 2. COMMERCE.—*Sect.* 1. The Association shall provide an *Entrepot* which shall be located in the centre of its domain, and be under the superintendence of a Commercial Council.

Sect 2. The members of the Commercial Council shall be elected annually by the members of the Association, and shall give security for the faithful discharge of their duties.

Sect. 3. All useful commodities produced and deposited in the *Entrepot* by *members of the Asciation*, shall, upon such delivery, be apprized and paid for at their wholesale cash value by the Commercial Council. And the Commercial Council shall, if practicable, effect such exchanges, purchases, and sales as may be necessary to supply the Association with all the necessaries and comforts of life. And all commodities sold out of the *Entrepot* to members of the Association, shall be sold at cost.

Sect. 4. All payments made between this Association and its members shall be effected by means of Commodity Notes, unless the Association shall by vote declare the use of such notes to be unnecessary, and shall provide a sufficiency of some other circulating medium.

Sect. 5. The Commodity Notes shall be adapted to take the place of the current money now in use; and each Note shall be numbered, dated and signed by the Commercial Council, and the form thereof shall be as follows: viz.

"No. — (Date)

Due to the bearer on demand at the *Entrepot* of the Harmonial Colony Association, the sum of ——— in merchandise.

(Signed)"

Sect. 6. At the end of each year, all current money realized on the sales of commodities sold out of the *Entrepot* during that year, shall be so used in the redemption of the Commodity Notes that it shall be divided among the bearers of the Commodity Notes in proportion to the amounts which their Commodity Notes represent.

MESSAGES FROM THE LAND OF SPIRITS.

[Given through a Manchester, (N. H) Medium.]

I solicit a privilege to send a word to my friends—if you are not in haste. I have many dear friends in my own village, where I practiced medicine for twenty-five years—and I have been in the Spirit Land a long time, where I have met with many of my dear friends—and I must say that the Spirit Land is beautiful beyond description, and a home for all; sooner or later—and as we progress it seems brighter and brighter. O, how I long to see my friends progressing in the good cause of Spiritualism. I am now perfectly happy—the views in the first sphere seemed gloomy before me, but the guide said—friend, arise and throw off those sad looks—all will soon be bright and happy—you are only progressing, and will soon see another place—and so I did—and at last I have arrived in the the seventh sphere. The first thing that came to my mind when I entered the third sphere, was, that I was permitted to go and tell the young men that I left behind—to shun all vile company, and above all to touch not that fatal cup. My friends when in form knew me best in Ben. Earl's neighborhood—Dr. J. Winslow, when in form, from Swansey, Mass.

If circumstances will admit, I should like to send a communication to my family—as I cannot see them in this place. I passed away about the year of 1854, with that fatal disease—consumption. I was called Home in the bloom of life. I left a wife and a young family, which was much devoted to me. I want to have my friends know that I do come back and sympathize with them in their lonely hours. I was loath to leave my church and all of my dear friends—when my form was wasting away I still had hopes to survive, for the earth never seemed so beautiful before. I loved my God, but that was not all that was needed to make a christian. I prayed, and gave to the poor all my means would allow, but that did not constitute a christian. If I was to come back in form again, I would sympathize with the poor and outcast, and especially those who are trodden down by the world's people. Love your enemies—if you cannot give to the poor, sympathize with the heart broken. A smile is sometimes better than gold. Weep with them that weep—speak kindly to those that lie by the way-side—and to the members of my church—I have that same love for you as when in form—and am ever watchful over you. If you wish to progress, you can in the form as well as out of the form. The more good you do whilst on earth, the brighter you will be when you come to the Spirit Land, and when you throw off your mortal form the Guide will welcome you home, where you will meet those that have gone before you—and when you are called from the chamber of death—then all will be like the brightness of noon-day. When you are prepared to live in the form, then you are prepared to live out of the form—there is no death—you only change as your Saviour did, to go to the realms above—and whilst our forms lie mouldering in the dust, our spirits are singing with those that went before us. Now I will bid you good-bye for this time. I was an ordained preacher in Saco, Me.—I left on account of ill health. I think Rev. Mr Goff took my place in the pulpit—and the last place that I know of in which my wife resided, was in Amesbury, Mass.

GEORGE H. STRICKLAND, Clergyman.

Medium, do you write free?—well, then I want to hear from my children; I want them to know that I still live; and I would say, do you remember that when I lay on my sick bed I told you that if I could be permitted after I had passed away, I would come and communicate to you, and this is the first medium that I ever could get to write for me. This medium is afraid that some low, undeveloped spirits will come. Medium, never fear of such, for no low spirits will ever trouble you to write for them.

My name I will sign when I get through. I was a great sufferer on a sick bed. Medium, I am not educated like you, so you must excuse all mistakes; schools were not so plenty when I was young as now days; but I gave all my children good learning. My last disease was long and lingering, but I waited patiently till my good guardian spirit came and conducted me home; it was a beautiful day when the Angel of Death spoke in a low voice which I distinctly heard on the morning of the same day I passed away—"Mary, arise, throw off that care-worn form and come with your mother in the Spirit Land."

Children, do you ever visit our old home at the Albion village? I used to call it the Albion Factory; Brown was the agent when I was there. Poor Willis was my only son; I would say that his first wife is here; she was burnt to death. You say you want my children's names; they are Harriet, Philena, Willis, and my youngest, Lydia. I want to send a communication to my son-in-law, James Sibley; he married my daughter Harriet; poor little Frances, she was my grandchild; I had all the care of her when she was little. Your poor sister Polly is here; she is as beautiful as when in the form; she was your father's idol before she passed away; she is in the seventh sphere and I am in the sixth sphere.

There is a medium at the Globe village, Woonsocket, R. I. I sometimes go there, but they never mind me; the circle is a private one. I was a spiritual believer before I passed away, but not many knew it. I can see Lydia now just as she looked when she went to the door and called her father to take the last look of me. I have one child in the seventh sphere and another in the sixth sphere; we can't see them in the seventh sphere until we go there. I would say to my children—there is no such thing as death; we have only changed tenements. I was with my husband in his last sickness and tried to comfort him in his lonely hours. All is bright and lovely in the Spirit Land, and there is no respect shown to one more than another.

The last I knew of James Sibley he lived in Woonsocket, R. I., and my youngest daughter lived with him; I would like to talk with him through some medium when circumstances will admit.—You may say this is from Polly Jefferson, who passed away about ten years ago. My children have so scattered apart that it is not often that I can come in contact with them. I will say to my family,—if they will answer my communication I will soon send another—so good-bye.

From Your Mother,

POLLY (OR MARY) JEFFERSON.

My permanent home when on earth was with my children. They called my husband Reuben.

Friend, this is the second time I have called on you; as I have some of my old friends left behind me, I want to speak to them. I was cut off in the prime of manhood; now, the question rises, was it the work of God or man? I must say it was through the agency of man. I was a joiner by trade; I passed away about the year 1843; joiner's trade was the last employment that I ever followed. When I was young I followed the seas and roved all about the world. About the age of thirty I married a lady by the name of Roxsa Carpenter, and by her I had one son and he is by me now; his name was Willie; he was my only child; he passed away a few months before me; I then thought there was not a just God to take my all from me; but there was one that knew better than I, and I soon went to meet him. I brought myself to a drunkard's grave; I did not drink every day; sometimes I would not drink for a year or two, and then I would have a spree; I would rave like a mad man; when I commenced drinking I always laid by my tools, for I was called the head man of work in my business; the last day's work I ever did was for Samuel Carpenter, the agent of the mills in North Attleborough, Mass.; he was my wife's uncle. The man that sold me my last drink was the cause of my leaving the form, because he well knew that I was insane with liquor; it threw me in a fit and I never came out of it whilst in the form. I left my wife in good circumstances—a good home and all she needed in world's goods; but there was one gone that she loved and she could not be happy in her lonely situation, and in due time she got married again to a widower and only lived a short time with him in the form; she soon came to join her family in the Spirit Land; she was a good, spiritual Christian; her disease as a cancer. You see by this that I have now my little family with me in the Spirit Land, in harmony singing the song of love. Oh, my dear friends, could you be made to know how happy we all are in the Spirit Land, you would not mourn for your friends, for blessed are the sleepers that die in the Lord.

Now I will say that I want to send a communication hereafter to Jesse Carpenter; he was my wife's cousin; his little son wants to send a word to him, sometime when this medium is willing; he thinks he will be able to about the first of next month. You say you want my name; it was William Harris when in the form; I passed away in East Attleborough, Mass, next door to the school-house. Good-bye; I am greatly obliged, medium.

Jesse Carpenter was a butcher by trade; he now lives in East Attleborough, Mass.

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(Continued from 5th page.)

and in heaven. But such marriages are not the creatures of the law. I wish also to say that while speaking thus of the theory of Marriage, I am well aware that the law can only approximate to it by gradual steps, confirming, more and more, the outward institution to the divine ideal of human life. The State which has gone farthest has not relieved divorce from the character of a hostile proceeding. What is demanded now by social need, and by the logic of Protestantism, is a measure of *release* from the physical bond, where the higher elements of human nature require it.

It is fitting for me to say here that the position and motives of the Western States, on the subject of Marriage regulation, have been greatly misrepresented. Indiana is a conservative State, and too busy conquering her wonderful soil from the forest to theorize. She adopted her carefully considered and strictly guarded laws of divorce as a conservative necessity. I regret that my adopted State, which I honor above Massachusetts in this regard, for her justice and freedom, should have yielded recently to outside pressure, so far as to exclude from the relief of her laws, all citizens, who had not resided a year within her borders. But she did it in deference to the public feeling of other States. I will add that Marriage is not more honored in sable New England than in Indiana, and I believe that the disorders of the present system exists less there than in Massachusetts. I refer especially to Indiana, as she has been traduced in some of the newspaper paragraphs which were the occasion of this letter.—Indiana can well afford to wait for her vindication. The sister State of Ohio, she is engaged in building up a great Commonwealth. She is comparatively free from debt, both government and people. She is orderly under self-government, hospitable, dignified. She is overspread with churches, and has built twenty-seven hundred school houses at a cost of eleven hundred thousand dollars, raised freely by the people within five years.

The truth with regard to the West is this: No new State can be formed, with the facts of our present civilization before it, without enacting laws of release to qualify the law of physical marriage. Nothing but the rigidity of the mould, into which Society is cast in the older States, preserves so long, against experience, the outrage of enforcing unnatural marriages.

I will devote a few words to some practical considerations affecting divorce. Women are probably the greatest sufferers from the abuses of marriage, and most interested in measures of release. This is recognized in Western practice, where a woman always receives the readiest sympathy. In the present industrial condition of woman, the husband, in the case of separation, is bound, as a general rule, to provide liberally for the wife. The mother, except in the rarest cases, has the natural right to her child. The father is bound to support the child, and continue to it his care, as far as is possible. It is the interest of society that its adult members should be married. The release from a discordant union should be no bar to the future marriage of either of the parties. It should be possible for separation to take place without necessarily involving either in blame; for the discord may be due to unnatural relation, and not to defect of character in either.

It has been customary in dealing with persons who diverge from the popular notions of Marriage, to employ against them the weapons of personal exposure and of falsification, from which I have suffered. For the sake of common charity and the honor of human nature, it is important to place the impending discussion as much as possible on impersonal grounds. Those who consider themselves especially the conservators of Marriage, are little aware how indiscriminately this weapon of personal exposure may be used. The present system would not bear such a method of assault for a moment. Few men would be willing to have their domestic history, with all its mysteries, joys and sorrows, exposed to the street.—Fewer still would consent that the woman they had known or loved should be dragged into public notoriety in the bitterness of such a discussion. Who could pass perfectly unscathed through such an ordeal? It remains for those who have hitherto resorted to such measures to say in what spirit the question shall hereafter be met. I take no credit for the forbearance I have shown in not retaliating in this case, as I might easily have done on the private life of some of my traducers, whose principal editorial stock in trade is a cheap morality.

I have referred also to the weapon of falsification, so commonly employed in this class of cases. This is always necessarily resorted to by the conservatives of abuses; and no arbitrary or unnatural system can ever be supported without resource at least to that Jesuitry which refuses to make nice discriminations of truth. On this subject, also, private and public gossip, not willfully false, is more loose and reckless than any other. I refer to these abuses in the public method of treating a great question, more for the sake of others than for my own.

I have placed the duty of writing this letter above personal consideration. I have only to regret that I cannot, within these limits, do greater justice to the thought which has governed me, and which is of social, even more than of individual concern. As for myself, my course has been taken. I have acted from a conviction of right and duty, and am ready to abide the consequences.

WM. F. CHANNING.

☞The following instances of seership we clip from Prof. Brittan's "Record of Modern Miracles" being printed in the *Banner of Light*:

I will introduce but two additional illustrations of Mrs. Mettler's clear sight. The names of the parties in both cases are withheld for reasons which the mind of the reader will readily suggest. An Editor of a widely circulated journal, published in New York city, one day called on Mrs. M. at her present residence. In the course of a brief seance, the Clairvoyant—without so much as a suggestion from the gentleman—went to visit his wife, who was then in Bridgeport, over fifty miles from the scene of this interview. The general physical condition of the lady was accurately described; but one particular statement occasioned no little surprise, and at the time it was supposed it might be incorrect. The Clairvoyant alleged that Mrs. ——— was *enciente*, and that the case involved something abnormal. It appeared to her that there was a *malformation;* but it was observed at that early period in the process of gestation she could not discern clearly the nature of the difficulty. Our editorial friend did not disclose this singular piece of information. Seven months after, having occasion to visit Hartford, he again called on the Seeress, who (being in the trance) informed him that she could then perceive the precise nature of the case, which had been but obscurely foreshadowed in the former diagnosis. She then proceeded to make some very definite statements, the following points being distinctly affirmed, namely—"There was a plural conception;" "the vital forces have been insufficient to develope the two forms;"—"the organic structure of one is altogether incomplete, though its weight may be some five pounds;" "the other is perfect in organization and beautifully developed;" "It is a boy, and will weigh about nine pounds." Four weeks after the date of this interview, the accoucheur was sent for, when, strange to say, *the foregoing statement of the Clairvoyant was, in every particular, verified by the facts.* The writer's authorities in this case are, the gentleman himself and the attendant physician.

In the year 185—, a gentleman, whose home is in "the land of steady habits" had an interview with Mrs. Mettler—while she was entranced—which resulted in singular and important disclosures. He was told that his young wife—who was distinguished for her personal beauty—was engaged in an intrigue with another man. The Clairvoyant described a certain letter just received, and which the husband might find by going to her trunk; and it was further observed that the letter would probably be answered in the afternoon of that day. On leaving the rooms of Mrs. M., the gentleman went immdiately home and to his wife's trunk, and finding the identical letter, he at once resolved to intercept the reply. At 3 o'clock P. M., the answer was deposited in the Post-office, and by previous arrangement with one of the clerks, it fell into the hands of the injured husband. The Clairvoyant subsequently disclosed the intentions of the false fair one, pointed out the places where she would meet the enemy of his peace, and mentioned the fact that the wife was purchasing goods on her husband's account preparatory to leaving him forever. All these statements were fully confirmed by persons employed to observe her movements. Very soon her husband had in his possession abundant evidence of the infidelity of his wife to her marriage vows, including several letters written by the beautiful amoret herself, and containing unmistakable proofs of her amours. Founding his claims on the evidence thus elicited, he applied for and obtained a bill of divorce without the trouble of going to Indiana.

Advertisements.

MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium.

Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium.

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

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

Russell Severence, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium.

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Mrs. Keen, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium.

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

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

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.]

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in In Cochettes, Sunday, Dec 4th; In Foxboro, Sunday, Dec. 11th; In Stafford, Ct., Dec. 18th; In New Bedford, Sunday, Dec. 25th. and in Portland, Me., the two first Sabbaths in January; and in Bridgeport, Ct., every Sunday in January. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address at the above places and dates.

Miss ROSA T. AMEDEY will lecture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st, prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January, in care of I. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 5w

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will speak in Marblehead, Dec 4th

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.

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 luring 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.

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 Subbath 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.

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.

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

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

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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

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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} Committee.

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

Cash Received on Subscription.

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

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

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This remarkable and gifted medium, whose powers and extraordinary eloquence has excited the wonder of every audience before whom he has spoken, will lecture Sundays, and through the week, as his services may be needed. Address him at this office till further notice.

n13tf

SPIRITUALISTS,

And others interested, are informed that rooms have been opened for the healing of the sick by spirit intervention and manifestation of spirit power, called the "Bethesda Institute" and Spiritual Reading Rooms.—(John 5: 2, 3 & 4.)—The great design of the Bethesda Institute is to heal the sick, ("a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered") To this end mediums of unsurpassed healing power, (not forgetting even Mrs. Mettler,) will be in constant attendance, from 9 o'clock A. M., to 9 P. M., daily, whose individual attention will be given to those who desire aid at the Institute or who may wish to send some simple token by which the disease may be *understood*, and *healed*. Mediums for all other manifestations of spirit power will be present at the above named hour, to give the friends of the departed *real* spiritual intelligence.

The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Room are also designed as a central resort for those in the city or from the country, where intelligence regarding spiritualism, mediums, &c., may be obtained. All the spiritualistic periodicals and papers will be kept on files at the Institute. Also, the names and residences of all the principal mediums in the city and country so far as known. The Reading Room will be sustained by the gratuitous donations of the friends of pure spiritual philosophy, who may visit them or remit what they may think proper. *Circles* every evening excepting Saturday and Monday, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at which a greater variety of medium power will be manifested than ever before witnessed in any public circle in Boston, to which a small admission fee will be charged The rooms are to be located at 19 Tremont st., (up stairs.)—Room No. 6.

ATTENDING MEDIUMS.—Mrs. E. B. Danforth, Clairvoyant Examiner; Mrs. L. F. Hyde, Writing and Test,—both formerly of Portland, Me.; Mrs. R. Mitchell, Trance and Business. n13 3m

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration. By Datus Kelley. This work, just issued from the press, takes a general view of inspiration and its evidences, in a very different manner from what it has been treated heretofore by the various writers, either for or against, on the subject. It reviews the arguments that have been advanced in favor of Divine Inspiration with marked candor, and at the same time with great ability. A subject of such vast importance should be carefully investigated, and the truth elicited, whether it *confirms* or *condemns* our previous belief on the subject. It is well worth a careful perusal. 72 pages, 12 mo. Price 20 cents. Bela Marsh, Publisher, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

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

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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.