# THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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## Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

### UNION OF THE DWELLERS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY CHARLES HARBACK.

In breathless silence now we gaze and stare on yonder sky
Where spirit friends like angels pure in Godlike splendor fly.
Descend now from thy starry height, move gently from above,
Oh comfort and inspire us now ye messengers of love,—
There are no ties to keep ye from uniting here below.
Alas our day yet keeps us bound from moving to and fro
Hark, hark I hear their breathing now they are coming nigh,
They've left their gorgeous mansions, they're moving from on high,
Converse now dear departed, let's hear thy heavenly words;
Unite our minds, unite our hearts with spirit's silvery cords!
Be silent brothers, sisters, for our loved Father's nigh;
I've touched his golden garment while passing slowly by.
Behold, there too is mother, pressing his spirit hand;
She also is a member of that bright angel band.
What joy pervades my bosom when silently I see
A group of angels meeting with sinful dust like me.
Commune now, dearest mother, I see bright smiles on thee,
And looks of seraph's beauty of heavenly degree.
Thou knowest it's but a few months that bitterly I wept,
When death in his pale luster within our dwelling crept.
How apt in lonely moments, I've watched the purple sky,
Desiring to be roaming with thee and Father high.
Come father, press my hand once more, how oft on yonder height
I've gazed when heart was vacant, eyes beaming with delight;
For soon I learned thou'rt happy, far more so than with me;
The bright and purest angels are hovering there with thee.

ANGEL'S REPLY.

My children, I thy father am ever at thy side;
I guard and shall protect thee—I am thy angel guide.
Dear children hear thy mother—she's speaking to thee now,
And with her mother's love shall chase clouds from thy brow.

[From the Home Journal.]

### THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I've had the heart ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name
I've never woven in my rhymes,
Though from it inspiration came.
It is in truth a holy thing,
Life-cherished from the world apart—
A dove that never tries its wing,
But broods and nestles in the heart.

That name of melody recalls
Her gentle looks and winning ways
Whose portrait hangs on Memory's walls,
In the fond light of other days.
In the dream land of Poetry,
Reclining in its leafy bowers,
Her bright eyes in the stars I see,
And her sweet semblance in the flowers.

Her artless dalliance and grace—
The joy that lighted up her brow—
The sweet expression of her face—
Her form—it stands before me now!
And I can fancy that I hear
The woodland song she used to sing,
Which stole to my attending ear,
Like the first harbingers of spring.

The beauty of the earth was hers,
And hers the purity of heaven;
Alone, of all her worshippers,
To me her maiden vows were given.
They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires;
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires.

We parted—doomed no more to meet—
The blow fell with a stunning power—
And yet my pulse will strangely beat
At the remembrance of that hour!
But time and change their healing brought,
And years have passed in seeming glee,
But still alone of her I've thought
Who's now a memory to me.

There may be many who will deem
This strain a wayward, youthful folly,
To be derided as a dream
Born of the poet's melancholy.
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
With all that follows in its train,
I would with gratitude resign,
To dream that dream of love again.

### THE TEMPEST.

BY R. ROLLINS ROCKBRIDGE.

Upon a mountain rough and high,
Whose craggy peak reached to the sky,
Stood castle strong; its turrets proud,
Pierced through the light and fleecy cloud.
The tempest flapped the wicket gate,
Near which the gray, old Warder sate—
The owls hoot loud, the ravens croak,
As o'er their heads the tempest broke.

The castle shook with fearful sound,
And quaked with fear the beagle hound,
The ivy tower rocked to and fro,
As round it fierce the whirlwinds blow,
And ne'er before was tempest known
To shake the deep foundation-stone—
To rend the elm and sturdy oak,
As through their limbs it wildly broke.

The beagle hound of footstep fleet,
Crouched close beside his master's feet,
He loudly howled, in fright and fear,
As vivid flashed the lightning near.
The Warder sat and groaned aloud—
Upon his breast his head was bowed,—
But not a word the old man spoke,
As o'er his head the tempest broke.

Full fast, as though the floods of heaven,
By demon grim were savage driven,
In torrents dense down poured the rain,
And made the wicket flap again.
The fox and wolf in bog and glen,
In terror sought their mountain den,
The heron wild, in fear awoke,
As o'er his head the tempest broke.

The Warder sat with dismal look,
His form like forest aspen shook
As howling fierce the blast went by,
And thunder harshly rent the sky.
The drawbridge cracked with spectral sound—
The castle-wall fell to the ground—
The grinding stones caused fire and smoke,
As round them wild the tempest broke.

Next fell the castle to the ground,
And killed the Warder and his hound,
And crashing down the mountain side,
Rolled stones and torrents foaming wide.
The tempest o'er the mountain swept—
The Warder and his hound both slept—
They sudden died, by grim death's stroke,
As o'er their heads the tempest broke.

### CALUMNY.

BY NAOMI GRAY.

Once beside a fountain gleaming,
Stood a maiden blithe and fair;
Laughter in her eye was beaming,
And adown her brow was streaming,
Wealth of shining auburn hair.

Joyously she gathered flowers,
While she gaily dallied there;—
Sweetly passed the summer hours,
'Mid those fragrant breezy bowers,
And she smiled at pain and care.

Once again when day was dying,
And the autumn sun was low;
Came I; but the breeze was sighing,
And the flowers all dead were lying;—
Silent was the fountain's flow.

There the maid sat sadly weeping—
From her cheek the bloom had fled;
While the chill bleak winds were sweeping,
She her tearful watch was keeping,
O'er the grave where Joy lay dead.

Rudely had the spell been broken—
Crushed the heart once free from care;
*Calumny her name had spoken,*
*And had left her poisonous token,*
*Impressed in its blackness there.*

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A curious epitaph on a tombstone in South Carolina reads as follows:

Sacred to the memory of Mary Charlotte Alsobrook, daughter of L. H. and C. M. Alsobrook, who was born at Chesterfield Court House, S. C., 24th March, 1843, at about 7 o'clock A. M., and departed this life at Salem, Forsyth county, N. C., (where she was a pupil in the Salem Female Academy College,) in Adam Buttner's house, (Salem Hotel,) in room No. 1, down stairs, in new part of building, on Thursday, the 4th day of June, 1857, at about 20 minutes past 4 o'clock A. M., aged 14 years, 2 months, and 10 days, 21 hours and 20 minutes, and was brought home and buried here in the Mount Moriah Baptist Church burying ground, Union county, N. C., on the 7th of June, after her death, in the afternoon of the day, it being the Sabbath day.

## Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:—The views which will be presented in this and in succeeding papers, if they will be allowed a place in your columns, are proposed in response to the general consciousness of all parties, more especially Spiritualists, in reference to the necessity of practical social reform; meaning of course, those who *are* conscious of such a necessity in these disordered times. They will not, however, embrace a full discussion of those abstract principles which constitute the basis of the general question, for they will suppose a very general recognition and understanding of these notions of right and justice by those who have considered the subject of reform at any length, and which form its fundamental ideas, but will aim rather to set forth a few practical suggestions as to what can be undertaken at the present time by those who are earnest in their desire *to do something* in its behalf.

There can be no mistaking the tone of the popular thought particularly among Spiritualists, in reference to this question. In the light which within a few years has shone upon it, they have discovered a wide extent of the field which constitutes its domain and which claims attention both in respect to the present deplorable condition of things in our social institutions, and the demand for the services of earnest and strong workers to improve it. The state of Society as viewed by the advocate of Humanity is infinitely short of that standard which one might have supposed the teachings of Christianity for eighteen hundred years would have enabled it to reach, and though it has unquestionably advanced in certain necessary directions, as in the development of learning, science, discoveries and the various productive arts, and thus more perfectly establishing its material basis, this advance has been made less through the motives which that religion inculcates, than that selfishness which it condemns and which seeks individual gain as the reward of all exertion.

The activity of Society even after so much preaching and teaching, gathering of congregations and building of churches, is impelled by no motives arising from what has been asserted as man's highest conceptions, viz: the religious element within him—it is, even now, influenced and directed almost solely by considerations which begin and end in individual profit—by desires, hopes and fears which exclude all sympathy or connection with the neighbor's good, and center in the self alone, thus creating in all communities as many distinct and opposing forces as there are individuals forming them, and thus necessarily leading to the discord, confusion and antagonism every where witnessed. In all ages of human history this condition has obtained among all peoples not favored with spontaneous and abundant supplies, and who have been called upon to exercise their faculties in the development of their social state, and although it may at times have excited the wonder of christian philosophers that should so far have overlapped the advent and promulgation of the opposite teachings of Jesus Christ, it evidently indicates that these doctrines of his have not even yet seized the minds of his professing advocates with the force of that perception which is necessary for a practical application of their truths. In our so called "Christian" communities of to-day, there is perhaps as unmitigated a greed for the things which insure to the gratification of mere self, as ever characterized those to which this epithet has been denied—indeed, it would be easy to show in a comparison of professions, practice and results that in many instances the difference would be in favor of the latter. The practical light which *now* lighteth every man that cometh into the world is supplied from the overpowering porch of selfishness, the glimmerings of a better light being but occasionally presented to him, perhaps once a week or so, and almost from the cradle he is taught that he is to take good care of "number one," and that the opportunities and powers of life and existence are to be seized for the acquisition of the things of earth for his sole gratification—that his energies and industry are to be devoted for the accumulation of its riches, not merely as objects of necessary and healthful use, but as agents of power and aggrandizement and a most praiseworthy reward for his exertions.—Hence the general scramble in all classes of men, and monopoly of any and every means for the desired end, with its jostlings, its competitions, trickery, fraud and corruption, its rascality and grinding the faces of the poor, its oppressions, wars and fightings, forbidding the fact-observing eye from wandering even in the realms of imagination for a more hideous Pandemonuim and torture house than our poor veritable earth contains among her *Chsistian* children, and caused by their blind and corrupted selfishness.

Further analysis or exhibition of these most obvious features of our present social state is not required here; the experience of every observing and reflecting mind produces a painful consciousness of the unhappy results which everywhere flow from it. The recognized channels for human powers and activity are believed to lie through conditions of falsehood and injustice, recognizing no claims of humanity or brotherhood, as if the providences of creation consisted solely in mere material possessions, and these too were limited in supply for the well being of a select few of the strongest or the most cunning. This seems to be the common sentiment of the community, and it of course outworks itself in the general conviction that the highest relation between man and man arises from the interest which pertains to these material things, or in other words bargain and sale. Thus is founded our actual practical religion with Mammon for supreme Deity, a most partial god, one would suppose, judging by the few worshippers whom he saves. Thomas Carlyle, in his strong and true sketch of what he calls "Gospel of Mammon" says, "True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totalist separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named 'fair competition,' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings; we think, nothing doubting, that *it* absolves and liquidates all engagements of man."

It is not intended in these papers to speak particularly of other disorders than those that pertain directly and indirectly to the general producing or industrial interests of society: other relations and institutions growing out of the family and other instincts will form only incidental references perhaps, in the present discussion, depending upon their connection with the end here in view.

In the consideration of this subject it must be owned that it is far easier to perceive the necessity of reform then to decide upon the means and method for undertaking and promoting it. Surrounded as we are with the environment of the evils which we see, involved in them, too, and controlled more or less by the circumstances of our respective positions, and influenced as we are by the general contagion, we find it hard to attain such a footing outside and independent of it, as will enable us individually to apply the proper remedial levers for its overthrow even if they were discovered. The utterance and dissimination of ideas thereby enlightening the popular mind, seems to be all that can be attempted. There have not been wanting large-hearted and able-minded men to see with wide-reaching sight the primary phase of the question, and they have endeavored by laborious and earnest study to comprehend its solution. St. Simon, Owen, Fourier and others have been conspicuous in their efforts in this direction, and have found a few true practical sympathizers to test, with what success the world already knows, the feasibility of the plans suggested by them. That these plans have had a fair trial under the necessary conditions essential to their complete solution as applicable to their designs, this writer does not believe; but it is certainly demonstrable that the time has not yet arrived for their commanding such a confidence in their utility as will put them in operation. Individuals, too, feel that it is a great risk to engage or to assume any responsibility in any movement of reform which of course calls for a change of custom and habit; it is easier to move along with the general current as already established, then to deviate from and oppose it; hence the better informed, who generally are the more *comfortable* as well as influential classes, notwithstanding their convictions of abstract right and what is just in the case, prefer to keep aloof or else to exercise in opposition to the demands of the question that conservation which is the most fatal barrier to all progress, if allowed to prevail. It has ever been considered a dangerous business to undertake experiments; faith in old times and our fathers' ways, is stronger then faith in *principles* however well demonstrated—a sign that true intellectuality, and may we not say spirituality? is yet to be developed. The dim intuition of all men of the need of social reform, has always

(Continued on 8th Page.)

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# MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

## SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE MEDIATORS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

### PART II.

Then her tears flowed in grief, yet she wept not as those who mourn without hope.

Having paid this tribute to the memory of one of the best of mothers, she said to me in the same confiding way as of old,

"I am very glad you have come, Charles, for the cottage has been *so* lonely of late."

"But your uncle—the kind old doctor"—I hesitated, fearful to ask, lest he too had been called hence.

"He still lives here," she replied, "but he is very feeble for one no older than he is, and I fear his earthly pilgrimage is nearly completed."

After a brief pause, she enquired if I had received her letter.

"I did," I replied, "or I should not have been here."

I watched her narrowly, hoping to see a flush mantling her cheeks; but alas for my hopes, there was no sign that a tenderer emotion than friendship existed in her heart. The reflection vexed me, and from being moody, I became silent. She seemed to read my thoughts in a moment, and then the rich blood mounted to her temples, suffusing her angelic face with something of earthly beauty.

We sat in silence for several minutes, communing with our own and each other's thoughts. O, those silent communings, when spirit mingles with spirit! There is no deception then—no hypocritical words to conceal the truth. During the time we sat thus, I reviewed the past two years of my life, and was astonished at the contrast it offered to what I had been previously. I compared my present state of mind with what it was the morning I so abruptly left the cottage, and although not before aware of any change, I could now discover that I was a very different sort of person.

My absence had been a school of discipline. Probably my passionate nature still existed, but a great mastery had been acquired over it. In a word—I had learned to suffer and grow strong.

I loved Minnie just as devotedly as ever, but my love was holier and more elevated—purified as it had been by mental suffering. I felt that my love for her now partook somewhat of the nature of her own angelic affection. I thought of the vexation which I had experienced a few moments before, in discovering how calm and self-possessed she appeared, when I was hoping to see her embarrassed, and I was ashamed of myself. I now *knew* that she loved me—loved me better than any earthly being, but not as mortals often love.

Seating myself beside her, with no more of passion in my heart than if she had been my sister, my arm encircled her waist, and her head rested upon my bosom. She did not repulse me, but calmly reposed there with all the innocence of a weary dove, who has long sought for a resting place. Neither did she blush and tremble, as might have been expected from one of her modest nature.

Thus we sat in silence for a long time. No thrill, like the gentle shock from a galvanic battery, agitated us; no passion of earth stirred our blood; but in the holy quiet of a warm, spiritual love, our souls seemed blending into that heavenly unison, that free and perfect love, which can alone constitute a paradise on earth. So much above mortal existence did our communings seem, that it was a long—long time before I felt an inclination to break the silence.—This I at length did by saying to her,

"Minnie, do you love me?"

"You know I do, Charles, but if it will make you happier to hear me say so, I will repeat that I *do* love you. I always loved you, even before you came to the cottage; I loved you for your nobleness of soul, afterwards, and for your deep penitence. I know, too, that you loved me; but there was not an affinity between us then. Your wild passions were not subdued—they were only reposing after the fearful shock you experienced when Conrad passed on. This repose you mistook for a revolution, and in your then state of mind you fancied that the attraction between us was perfect. Deeply impressed that my stay in the form would be brief, I feared that I might pass away before your self-discipline should place you in the same sphere with myself. Therefore I gave you no encouragement—would not even bid you hope, for I was fully determined never to wed—except with one whose thoughts and desires were duplicates of my own. I was deeply pained when you left me so abruptly, but your angel mother came and comforted me, and from her I learned to believe it would all be well. She told me of your trials, your disappointments and your sufferings, as time progressed. Then when you became so desponding, and resolved upon going to America—and when it became so necessary that you should return to Germany, she told me to delay writing to you no longer. You have arrived just as I was expecting you, and notwithstanding the momentary pain you occasioned me, when your looks seemed to ask if I had not written you to return only that *I* might be benefitted thereby, yet I feel assured that the thought was only transitory on your part."

"And now you can say, without reservation, that you love me?"

"I can, and do say so, Charles."

"And you will marry me?"

"Yes, if you should still desire me to, after hearing of the reproaches which have been heaped upon my good name since you have been away."

"Reproaches, Minnie? Who has dared to say an unkind word against you?"

"The college Professors," she replied, "in the abundance of their thirst for knowledge, having heard that the cottage was haunted, and also learned that Mesmer imputed it all to a sort of witchery which you exercised over me, desired the privilege of investigating the facts in person. I was very greatly opposed to it, having suffered much in my mind from the criticisms of Baader and Mesmer, but at the earnest solicitations of my uncle, and against the wishes of my mother, I finally consented. They accordingly came for three successive evenings; but they were so critical, so scientific, imposing so many conditions of their own, in order to guard against imposition, that no satisfactory manifestations were obtained. In the mean time, some very absurd scandals, in reference to you and myself, had been put in circulation by the students. Your sudden flight, accompanied with the fact of the conveyance of all your property to my mother, gave these scandals the coloring of truth. Whether from this, or actuated by a desire to serve what they considered the cause of truth, these college savans reported and caused to be published in the *Munich Courrier*, a statement that the whole affair was an imposture, cunningly devised by a man—meaning yourself—whose character for truth and integrity had been impaired, and by a young girl, who concealed the loss of her virtue beneath a most hypocritical garb of modesty—and that it had been practised in order to withdraw public attention from the *peculiar manner* in which they lived together."

I could hear no more—the old spirit of revenge was upon me, and springing up, I hastily rang the bell for my servant. It was my purpose to hurry back to the University, and shoot, like so many dogs, every person who had in any way assisted in giving publicity to so base a slander. But Minnie divined my feelings in a moment, and as the big tears started to her soft spiritual eyes, she clung around my neck, and said beseechingly,

"No, Charles, no! It is not the good spirit which moves you now—it is a bad spirit, and you must resist the influence.—Come, sit down again and be calm."

Yielding like a child, I suffered her to lead me back to the sofa. When my servant entered, I informed him that I had changed my mind, and that he might withdraw.

"This is not all, Charles," she resumed, "nor even the worst. But you must keep your stormy passions in better subjection, if you wish me to proceed. Remember that these gentlemen have committed a blunder, rather than suppose they have been actuated by an unworthy or malicious motive. But admitting they sought to injure us through malice, the blessed truths taught by Jesus of Nazareth—charity, forbearance and forgiveness—which you profess to believe as standing highest among moral precepts, forbid that you should treat any one with violence. So try and calm this excitement and I will tell you everything."

Never in my life have I felt so utterly my own unworthiness, as I did at Minnie's gentle reproof. Promising her that I would put a double guard over my passions hereafter, she proceeded.

"These scandalous reports crushed the already broken heart of my poor mother.—She had borne up against everything but the disgrace of such a kind as this, and now she bowed her head in utter despair.

"O, it was hard—very hard, dear Charles, to watch that sweet mother, as day by day her step grew more languid,—her form more bowed beneath her weight of suffering. But she never complained—never spoke of dying, until one morning when I awoke and spoke to her, she told me that my father and Conrad had been with her all night, and that she would soon join them. But I will not dwell upon the particulars of that sad bereavement now.

"She continued failing until sunset, and then her pure spirit passed on as quietly as an infant to its slumber. We buried her beside Conrad and came home to weep in solitude. My uncle, whom you might have expected to support me through this trying hour, was as helpless as a child. Something like remorse seemed to mingle with his grief at the recollection of having pursuaded us to have the Professors invited here, which was the origin of all our troubles. In vain have I endeavored to drive this impression from his mind—it still preys upon him, and he is fast sinking into his earthly grave.

"My mother had not been buried a month, before another disgraceful slander was put in circulation, being nothing less than insinuations that it was *improper* for him to live here alone with me. He was dismissed from the University upon some frivolous pretext, but really on this account. Yet fortunately he did not hear this ridiculous slander until quite recently, and now he is sinking rapidly. He would have at once avowed his name and relationship, to me, but this would have made matters worse, for he would been thrown into prison, and then, with my reputation sullied, I should have been without a single earthly protector.

"I should have written to you long ago, but I feared your impetuous nature. The demon of revenge would have controlled you, and you would not have listened to me then as you did just now.

"But there is another affair I may as well tell you, and then you will know all.

"Soon after your departure from Germany, your uncle Ferdinand instituted a suit in Chancery to recover possession of your title and estate, under a plea that your parents were never married. No evidence could be produced to the contrary, and in the end the Court decreed in his favor. He now assumes the title of Baron, and resides at the old mansion. I have now told you everything of importance—and except my uncle, there is probably no person in this vicinity, who has ever heard of me, who does not think I am the poor creature which I could not be, and maintain my moral existence for an hour.—Knowing how my name has thus become a bye-word for all that is most vile in my sex, can you still ask me to become your wife?"

"Yes—a thousand times, yes," I replied, folding her to my heart, as I would a poor dove whom the hawks had worn down with pursuit. Kindly, lovingly, she nestled there, giving me that perfect confidence which no true woman can bestow, save upon him whom she prizes above all others.

Approaching darkness interrupted our hallowed communings, and after lights had been brought in, I recollected that I had not yet enquired for the doctor. Minnie informed me that he had ridden out to see a patient—having resumed his practice since his dismissal from the college—and was not expected until late in the evening.

Tea was soon after announced, and as we sat there—no one but Minnie and I, she doing the honors of the table—I experienced such a degree of happiness, as to feel the utmost indifference for the opinions of the world, its wealth and honors. Minnie was my world, and for her I should have felt a pleasure in sacrificing everything else.

It was late bed-time before the doctor returned. Although prepared to find him changed, yet I did not expect to see him looking so old and feeble!

He greeted me kindly—expressed great pleasure in seeing me again, but was evidently so much fatigued that it wearied him to talk. After some preliminary explanations, I informed the doctor of the compact between Minnie and myself, and that I desired a speedy consummation of our union.

"It is well," he replied, "and since you are both agreed, there had better be no delay."

Some arrangements were talked over, but it was thought best to have our marriage celebrated on the following day, with as little display as possible. Having come to this understanding, we separated for the night.

The next morning the doctor was more feeble than usual. He excused it by saying that the fatigue of the previous night was evidently the cause, and that the consequent debility would soon pass off.

In the afternoon, the doctor, Minnie and myself, rode over to the bishop's, where, in the presence of his family, after due ceremony he pronounced that Minnie and I were husband and wife.

### CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

In works of fiction, it is customary to conclude with the marriage of the heroine. But as this work partakes of a sort of triplet character, being historical, philosophical and ethical, I am led to believe something more will be expected.

The good old doctor survived but a few weeks after our marriage. We buried him beside Conrad, and subsequently I succeeded in obtaining the remains of Baron von Wieser, which were placed beside those of his faithful, loving wife.

I immediately instituted proceedings against my uncle Ferdinand to recover back my estate, not so much for the sake of the property itself, (although there was a prospect of our soon being reduced to the necessity of doing something to secure a competency,) as to establish my own, and the honor of my parents. In the prosecution of this suit I was governed entirely by spirit direction.

My mother informed me through Minnie, that her marriage certificate was at an old castle in Wiemar, in a secret drawer, describing exactly the place where her uncle, the poet Wieland, formerly resided, when the friend of Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. She said it was lost there accidentally, while she was on a visit to her relatives, and having been thrust into this drawer for safety, had been forgotten and there remained for more than a score of years.

She also informed me that there were other evidences of her marriage which my uncle Ferdinand had obtained, and that they were in the drawer in his library, whither I had accompanied her in my first vision, but that they had since been removed to our old manison, in the old-fashioned secretary. These evidences would have been sufficient to defeat the conspiracy at that time, but now it became necessary to produce the marriage certificate, the loss of which she had forgotten, but had recently discovered after a long search.

Taking Minnie with me, I visited Wiemar, and there found the certificate, just as it had been described. On our return, I went directly to my uncle Ferdinand, and without hinting at the baseness of his conduct, quietly informed him that he had been laboring under a great mistake in reference to my parents—that they had been legally married—and that I not only had the marriage certificate, but that one of the witnesses thereto was living and could be produced.

Upon being convinced that I spoke the truth, he proposed to compromise, by his paying me a certain sum of money and retaining the estate and title. To this I assented, only stipulating that the suit should proceed far enough to establish the marriage of my parents, which should become a matter of Court record; to which, finding he had no escape, he finally agreed.

I now pass over my ten years of wedded life, in which I lived with Minnie as happily as it is possible for mortals to be, at this era of progression. The time may come when men and women will live in closer observance of the laws which governs their being, when a higher state of happiness may be attained.

For many years the spirit of Minnie continued to tarry in its tenement of clay, bound there by the strong cords of affection which cannot subside even with subsiding nature. Then it was released so gently—and still hovered so near to me, that but for the cold, inanimate form which I saw deposited beside her father, I could not have realized the change through which she had passed. I mourned, for a time, the loss of her beautiful earth-form, but her loving spirit was always so near me, soothing, comforting and encouraging me to persevere in the right, that I soon became reconciled to my lot.

Our secluded life at the cottage, surrounded by bright spirits, with whom we held daily and hourly intercourse—shunning and shunned by society—the continued subjects of cowardly sneers and insinuations, had so weaned me from all things earthly, that soon after my beautiful Minnie had been born into spirit life, in order to satisfy my desire for still greater seclusion, I retired to the cave formerly occupied by the good old doctor.

There I remained for twenty-five years, leading the life of a hermit—seldom meeting any earthly mortal, but in the constant enjoyment of the company of my spirit friends.

One day a gentleman called to see me, and upon wondering why I was not lonesome, I frankly told him of the presence of my, to him unseen, visitors, and the pleasure which I derived from their society. He appeared somewhat astonished at this announcement, but finally informed me that recent news from America, contained the intelligence that in all parts of the United States, there were people called "mediums," who pretended that they saw and conversed with the spirits of the departed.

When he was gone, I enquired of my spirit friends in reference to how much truth was contained in this information, when they assured me that in substance it was all true—that a new dispensation had been commenced, which, in the course of a few generations was destined to revolutionize and elevate to their proper standard, all the nations and families of the earth.

"But at present," continued the spirit of my quondam friend, Mesmer, "there is but little that is reliable. The scientific world scouts at the whole affair, and folding their garments of educated ignorance closely about their mathematical shoulders, declare that it is either the devil, fraud and collusion, imposture, or mesmerism.

"It is almost laughable," he continued, "to observe how easily and rapidly men are becoming converts to my theory of mind influencing mind, and then explaining away spirit communication upon that theory—men who have steadily denounced me as a quack and imposter, until the phenomena arose, and which they could discover no means of refuting, save by admitting the truth of mine.

"I was right in my theory, while in the earthly form, as far as I went, but I paused midway, declaring I had reached the end. The whole secret of witchcraft, apparitions, strange noises, and in fact everything which has ever been considered as belonging to the supernatural, may be summed up in the brief sentence, *'spirit influences spirit, whether in the body or out of the body.'*"

I may as well state here, that Mesmer became a convert to spirit communications, just before his death, which took place a few months after his visit at the cottage, and that he wrote a letter to the doctor, admitting that such was the case, and that it was also true that while young, he was secretly married to a lady whom he intended to publicly acknowledge as his wife, but was prevented by her sudden and untimely death, which induced him to remain silent in reference thereto, ever afterwards. The doctor also became a believer, for which he was constantly reviled and sneered at by by his professional brethren and the savans of the University. But to conclude my history.

At the expiration of a quarter of a century, I emerged from my hermit cell, and speedily making what arrangements were necessary, I sailed for the United States. My first stopping place was in Boston, where, in the character of an investigator, I visited every public medium of any note. Some I found to be imposters—others the mediums through which none but unprogressed spirits ever communicated—many who were but partially developed, and but very few whom I could consider reliable.

Having made the acquaintance of Professor Agassiz, I found him both a spiritual man and a medium. Yet with such an atmosphere was he surrounded, that he was actually *obliged* to oppose the whole theory. The investigation by the Professors of Cambridge, with their brief report as published in the *Courier*, afforded such a remarkable coincidence, and so painfully recalled the reminiscences of the past, that I at once quitted Boston.

I have since made the tour of the United States, stopping at all the principal places, and am forced to the conclusion that spiritualism is now enjoying a more healthy and correct development in Boston, than any other place I have visited. Men and women, with intelligent minds and loving hearts are nobly working for the same cause, and it will not be many years before it will not be considered a disgrace to believe that we can so live as to enjoy the sweet communion of our spirit friends.

Because impostors, and persons of vicious lives are found in our ranks, it is no more evidence against its divine truth, than was the private character of the followers and believers of Christ, an evidence against the purity of his mission. As of yore, so even now—the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before the self-righteous pharisees.

That spirits *have* communicated with mortals, no person who believes the Bible can deny. *Sam.* XXVIII, 11-12. In this case it is evident that "the woman of Endor" did not know Saul, uniil informed who he was by the spirit of Samuel. The case of Saul, 1 *Sam.* XVI., 14-15, was something like a man insane. Closely resembling this "evil spirit," are the "unclean spirits." *Matt.* X, 1; also *Mark* V, 1 to 17. The "dumb spirit," *Mark* IX, 17 to 30, differed but slightly from "evil," and "unclean" spirits—there being the same distinction between them as is found to exist in the different cases of insanity. But the most renowned spirit, was the one who deceived Ahab, by the express command and permission of God Himself. This was a "lying spirit"—1 *Kings* XXII, 21—22—and even in these days his representatives are "legion."

It is no argument against the theory that spirits communicate, to say that these were all bad spirits, for I admit the influence of bad spirits, and sometimes fear there are more bad, than good spirits now, as of yore. The same effects are produced, and it is only reasonable to conclude that they result from the same causes.

But there were good spirits in olden time whom men saw and held communion with.—The Bible abounds with accounts of angels who were "messengers" or "spirits," according to circumstances—*Psalms* CIV, 4, and *Heb.* I, 7. The spirits of Moses and Elias—*Matt.* XVII, 1' to 8, were evidently good spirits. They were both seen and heard by the disciples. The book of Revelations is clearly a communication from spirits, from beginning to end. John had the gift of seeing and conversing with *good* spirits. That these angels were spirits we must believe, if we believe the record at all. *Rev.* XIX, 10, the angel tells him, "I am thy fellow servant;" and commentators refer this passage to *Acts* X, 26. *Rev.* XXII, 9, shows conclusively that a spirit of one of the prophets was talking with John. And *Rev.* XXI, 10, affords evidence that clairvoyance is no new phenomenon. But references to the Bible are unnecessary to prove that spirits have communicated.

A few words about seeing spirits will be sufficient. First, it may result from fear, or a powerful imagination, where there is really no apparition to be seen. Secondly, some persons have a peculiar gift for seeing spirits at all times. Thirdly, under certain favorable conditions, a disembodied spirit can clothe itself with the elements of organic matter, always found in abundance in a pure and healthy atmosphere, and thus be visible to all persons blessed with good eye-sight. One important condition is, *a room nearly dark.* The reason of this is because light acts chemically upon the particles of organic matter, tending to scatter them, and preventing concentration. The critic who scouts at this, because darkness is a necessary condition, will please enquire of the Daguerrian artist why it is necessary to exclude the light of day, in order to "bring out his picture?"

¶ To those who admit that spirits *once* held communication with man, but deny that such is *now* the case, I have only to repeat my former argument—"first prove to me that at least ONE *known* law of God has ceased its operation, before you assume that an *unknown* law—the law of spirit communication has ceased.

For argument's sake I will admit that every man who believes as I do is a cold-blooded villain, and every woman a harlot. But what does the Infidel gain by this admission? Just this, and no more—that "evil spirits," and "unclean spirits," and "lying spirits" are "troubling" us. The fact of spirit communication is established just as well through bad, as through good spirits. Then why these wholesale denunciations against us? Why seek to blacken us all over with vile slanders?

And these revilings sometimes come from professed Christians! But perhaps they justify themselves upon precedents to be found in the New Testament! Yes, I am sorry to say that so good a book should afford any such examples. But the Scribes and Pharisees were very nice sort of folks, and like their imitators of the present day, they were fashionable, educated, and held the controlling power. It is very hard to give up these luxuries, and become abused, and despised, for conscience' sake, and so they will not be converted.

Besides, even after being converted, it is hard to abandon old prejudices. There was Peter, a warm-hearted, zealous advocate for the truth, yet he could not get over his loathing for things "common and unclean," until cured by a "vision." *Acts* 1, 1 to 48.

But I have both the promise and assurance that the believers in spiritual communications will soon arise in their strength, purged by the fires of persecution, and having cast out the bad spirits which now give so much cause for reproach, stand forth in the strength of their purity, a blessing to each other and to all the world.

And now, dear reader, farewell. I trust you may derive profit from having read my history, and that a recollection of my errors may prove a warning for you to avoid the shoals on which my happiness was so nearly wrecked.—Strive to imitate the character of my beautiful Minnie, and whether hated or beloved by the world, you will have the answer of a good conscience—the assurance of having done right—which will be of more value when you have passed beyond the vale, than the wealth of a Crœsus and the fame of an Alexander.

Again farewell. I return to Germany by the next steamer, in the hope of prolonging this weary pilgrimage so as to take my last look of earth-life in the cottage, and that my mortal remains may repose by the side of my angel MINNIE.

THE END.

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A CEYLON JUGGLER.—As this was one of the idle seasons of the year, during which labor is suspended while waiting for the rains of the monsoon, ere recommencing the sowing of rice, the Kandyans were lounging about their villages, or gathered in groups by the roadside, engaged in listless and sedentary amusements. In one place a crowd was collected to watch the feats of a juggler, who, to our surprise, commenced his performance by jumping up on to a pole, and placing his feet upon a cross bar six feet from the ground. On this he coursed along by prodigious leaps, and returning to the audience, steadied himself, on his perch, and then opened his exhibition. This consisted of endless efforts of legerdemain; catching pebbles thrown up to him by his confederate, below, which, upon opening his closed hand, flew away as birds; breaking an egg shell and allowing a small serpent to escape from it; and keeping a series of brass balls in motion by striking them with his elbows, as well as his hands. Balancing on his nose a small stick with an inverted cup at the top, from which twelve perforated balls were suspended by silken cords, he placed twelve ivory rods in his mouth, and so guided them by his lips and tongue as to insert the end of each in a corresponding aperture in the ball, till the whole twelve were sustained by the rods, and the central support taken away. This, and endless other tricks he performed, balancing himself all the while on the single pole on which he stood. He took a ball of granite, six or seven inches in diameter, and probably fourteen pounds weight, and, standing with his arms extended in line, he rolled it from the wrist of one hand across his shoulders to the wrist of the other, backward and forward repeatedly, apparently less by raising his arms than by a vigorous effort of the muscles of his back; then seizing it in both hands he flung it repeatedly twenty feet high, and, watching it in its descent till within a few inches of his skull, he bent forward his head, and caught the ball each time between his shoulders; then, bounding along the road, still mounted on his pole, he closed his performance amid the smiles of the audience.

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An Irishman observing a dandy taking his usual struts in Chestnut street, stepped up to him and enquired:—

"How much rent do you ax for one of them houses?"

"Why do you ask such a question, you blockhead?"

"Faix, an' I thought the whole street belonged to ye," replied Paddy.

Exit dandy, walking rather fast.

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Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

# A Capital Story.

## THE WELL IN THE ROCK.

"Why, father, what *is* the matter with you?"

Rachel Woolcoot asked this question, and set down the large loaf of rye bread from which she was cutting some slices for supper.

The father came into the room, the large, stalwart man, in his farmer's trowsers of towcloth, and he groped like a little child, or a man suddenly struck blind.

"Yes, father, what is the matter?" queried the alarmed voice of Mrs. Woolcoot, as she ran out of the bedroom, where she was just laying away the week's ironing.

"I guess, I'm kinder shaky, wife.—Won't you bring me a cup of water—quick?"

A moment later Mrs. Woolcoot returned, her mug filled to the brim with the clear liquid; which her husband seized in his great hands, but they shook so that he could hardly convey it to his lips, while Rachel stood by, looking at her father in dismay.

"He says he was taken about an hour ago, in the fields; its a fit, like," whispered the girl to her mother.

"Mercy on us! how in the world did it come on, father?" cried the pale, little woman, and she peered into the sunburnt, but ghastly face that now rested against the old oak chair. "Father, you've run against some trouble!"

Mrs. Woocloot's wifely heart could ont be deceived long.

"Don't, don't, mother!"

The man put up his hand deprecatingly, but a great groan heaved up from his iron chest.

Mrs. Woolcoot's face grew pale, as did her daughter's, but it was only for a moment. She bowed down under the unknown blow which had prostrated her husband.—"Isaac," she said, taking his great hand in both of hers, "you know when you took me, a young, inexperienced thing, twenty-three years ago, with nothin' but the little pastur' lot in Cow's Lane to bring you for my portion, I promised to stick to you, a true and lovin' wife, to the day when death should part us. I reckon I've tried to do it, Isaac. We've had bright times and sorrowful uns since we've walked the same road, but I reckon the good uns have outweighed t'other, and we've pulled together in all things, and never had a hard word or a hard thought for more than a minit ag'in each other. I've been the mother of your children, of them that's in heaven as well as them that's on earth, and it's the first time, Isaac Woolcoot, that you ever hid your heart from me, or carried a cloud in your breast which your wife didn't share."

She was not much of a talker, little Mrs. Woolcoot, but now her true woman's heart fired her lips with native eloquence, as she stood there with the still tears in her eyes and the brave smile about her pale mouth.

Farmer Woolcoot looked at his wife, and for a moment the man forgot everything but the true heart which beat for him in that little woman's breast.

"It's true, Massy, every word you've said. You've been the blessedest comfort and helpmeet that ever man had; you've taken the heaviest side of my burdens, and borne with my faults, and I've allus felt I never deserved such a blessin' as you, any more'n a frail mortal man does an angel to walk by his side; and it isn't for myself half as much as for you I care; but it comes tough to give it up." And the man's head sank down heavily.

"Got to give up what, father? Don't hold it back any longer."

"The old homestead, Massy, where you and I have lived so many years, and tried to bring up our children in the fear of God."

"Our home, father?"

Mrs. Woolcoot cried out the words sharply, as though there dwelt great pain and amazement in them.

"That's it, mother. Seth Williams has got hold of an old deed of the land, which belonged to his grandfather, about fifty years ago, and I learned it this afternoon for the first time. The orchard, and the old house itself, every timber of which has the face of an old friend, will have to go."

"O, what'll become of us all?" cried Rachel, and she sank down and burst into tears. An hour ago her heart had been like a country full of fragrance and sweet song, and far-reaching mountains of delight; and now the mists had arisen from the sea and blurred out all the goodly prospects, and the winds lashed and the storm gathered over the young girl's life.

Mrs. Woolcoot took it quietly. The tears ran down her faded cheeks as she moaned out, "O, it is hard, so hard, father!"

"That's it, Massy! I am gettin' past my prime now, and I've little hope of ever buildin' a new roof to shelter my head in its old age. You know what with my rheumatis, and the children's sickness and deaths, and failures in the crops, I never was forehanded."

"He won't show us any marcy, will he, father?" wound in the soft, broken voice of Rachel, while Joseph stood by twisting his fingers together, his rubicund visage elongated into a look of solemn anxiety.

"Not a bit, daughter; Seth Rogers' heart is as hard as Pharaoh's."

"Well, Isaac, we must look to the Lord in this great trouble; He's on our side, and that is better than all that bad man's money."

"That's it, mother; them words of yourn are amazing comforting to a man in sorrow."

At this moment a cracked, tremulous voice was heard at the door.

"What do you think I come across this blessed day up in my garret?"

"Why, granny, how did you get over here?" they all exclaimed, as a crooked, withered old woman hobbled into the kitchen. She carried a pipe in her mouth, and a staff in her hand; she wore an old brown silk bonnet, and a blue gown of linsey-woolsey.

"Yes, it ain't often I get down here, children, but I was so flustrated I couldn't sleep till I telled you," panted old Mrs. Woolcoot, as she sank down into the arm-chair which her son vacated for her use.

"We are in a peck of trouble, granny," interposed Joseph, who was very fond of delivering news, whether good or bad.

"What's the matter, Isaac? Massy, seems to me you all do look mighty struck down."

"You tell granny, mother." And Mr. Woolcoot turned to his wife.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, and listened to her daughter-in-law's sad story, while an occasional wreath of smoke curled up slowly from her pipe, and tears ran over her withered cheeks.

When Mrs. Woolcoot ceased, her mother took her pipe out of her mouth, laid it carefully in her lap, and, clasping her wrinkled hands together, sat still, evidently lost in deep thought. She shook her head frequently, and at last she bowed it as though she had settled some purpose in her own mind, and then she turned to her son.

"I'm sorry for you, Isaac, for I know it'll come like death on you to give up the old homestead, and I'm sorrier for Massy, for a woman's heart clings tighter than a man's to the spot where she's lived ever since her husband brought her, a young, unexperienced gal, to his home. I'm sorry for you all, children, but I've nothing to offer you but the little red house your granther built on the land the town gave him when he fought the Injuns so bravely at Neck Bridge. If wust comes to wust, you can take that, with the two strips of medder land and the pasture lot."

"I guess we'll have to turn in there a little while, mother," answered her son, "leastwise till the Lord shows us where to turn about, for Seth Rogers will hustle me out without honor or marsy, now he's got the law on his side. You know he ain't got no more heart than a stone."

"Don't say that, Isaac, of any man.—Your poor, dead father used to tell me he'd seen a good deal of the rough side of human nature in his life, but he'd never found a man's heart so hard that there warn't a tender spot hidden somewhere away down in it. Massy, he used to say to me, it may be just as bleak and hard as the rock of old did to the Israelites, but, depend on't, there's a well of water down deep in it somewhere, if only the right Moses was at hand to smite it."

"Well, mother, in most cases father was in the right of it, and it don't become his son to contradict his words, now he's dead and gone—specially when he was sich a God-fearing man; but I can't think there is any Moses on airth that could bring water out of sich a rock as Seth Rogers' heart."

"Don't be too sartin, Isaac. God never put the well there for nothing, and I kinder reckon I see his hand here. Anyhow I'll try to-morrow."

"Try what, granny?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Woolcoot.

"Try to find the well in the rock of Seth Rogers' heart," answered the old woman, putting her pipe in her mouth and getting up.

"Why, granny, ain't you mad struck?" queried her amazed son, while his family stood looking at the old woman in dumb amazement.

"Not a bit, Isaac; I know all what I'm about, though I shall keep my own counsel, and not tell you one word of what brought me over to-night. Only don't any on you give up; only jest trust in the Lord, and cast all your care on Him."

"O, granny, do stay and have a cup of tea. We've got some real fresh."

"Not to-night, Massy," shaking her head and hobbling across the room; "I've got to be all alone, to hold counsel with myself; only don't forget what I said about casting your care on the Lord."

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Seth Rogers put down his scythe, took off his straw hat, and wiped his forehead with his blue and white cotton handkerchief. It was a warm day, although it was wearing towards the middle of October, and the farmer had been hard at work for the last three hours, mowing a strip of salt hay in some low meadow land about a quarter of a mile east of the little red house where old "Gineral Woolcoot's widder," as the neighbors called her, resided. He had a coarse, hard physiognomy, a large, stalwart, rugged frame, beetling eyebrows, with dark, gloomy looking gray eyes, and his iron-gray locks hung over his forehead, brown and wrinkled with hard labor, for Seth Rogers had not yet passed the prime of his manhood. He was a stern, lonely man, and the neighbors said his heart was as hard as his face.

All his near relatives were dead, and there was no heart of man or woman or child in the world which beat with one throb of love or pity for Seth Rogers.—He was a widower, and childless, for he had laid his wife, in her youth, in the village grave-yard, and he lived in the great brown house by the creek with only his hired men and his old housekeeper—a man whose creed and whose gospel were worldly gain—whose only ambition was to add to his broad lands—a man without fear of God or love to humanity! Yet the old neighbors shook their heads and said it was not always so—that Seth Rogers was a pleasant little boy, and that he had a praying mother and one little sister with the face of an angel. They could still remember the clusters of her shining curls that waved in the winds like the golden rod o. September, and her eyes deep and blue as the skies in which midnight stars are set. There were a few old women in West Farms who still grew warm and eloquent when they spoke of the wondrous beauty of the sweet child Mary Rogers, and they said her brother, who was four years her senior, had cared for her with a tenderness and watched over her with a pride and love which were like those of a mother over her first-born. But Mary's beauty had never blossomed into womanhood.

One time, a score and a half of years ago, a company of Indians had made a descent upon the little village of West Farms, seated at the foot of the hills. Trembling women had clustered together, with hushed

(Continued on 6th page.)

# The Spiritual Age.

**Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.**

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

A. E. NEWTON, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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## THE TRUE "WORD OF GOD."

In a preceding article, it was shown that the common Protestant theory of the "Word of God is without support either from reason or fact."

The theory of the Roman Catholic Church is a little more expansive and less objectionable. That Church, instead of accepting a specific number of ancient writings, as constituting the whole of God's revelations of truth to man, claims to have the right of determining, through her constitutional authorities, upon the truth or error of more modern productions. She canonizes the works of many of the Fathers and Saints, and from time to time adopts as binding new dogmas which before were unknown or unsettled. Witness the late promulgation of the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," never before settled in the Church, but which is now a part of her "Word of God."

This practice virtually admits that Deity is continually revealing Himself in and through His Church; and is thus some improvement upon the Protestant assumption that the gates of Inspiration were forever shut down when the Apocalypse was finished. But the despotism of the Roman Church, in allowing no room for the action of individual judgment, and consigning to the dungeon or the rack here, and to eternal perdition hereafter (so far as she is able to do it,) those who accept as God's truth either more or less than she endorses, is a most flagrant assumption.

Another theory is that of Swedenborgians and some Spiritualists,—that the writings of the Bible have an inner or spiritual sense, distinct from the natural or literal meaning, in which are set forth, to those who can understand it, vast treasures of truth not at all perceived by the external reader. Some affirm also (as T. L. Harris) a third or *celestial* sense, in which are hidden, beneath the crude symbols of ordinary language, arcana of the most comprehensive, profound and exhaustless description. These "inner" and "inmost" senses, it is claimed, may be perceived and understood, by those whose spiritual and celestial perceptions are properly opened, with as much definiteness and certainty as the natural or historical sense may be understood by the natural understanding. According to this theory, the external or literal sense of the Bible is of comparatively little consequence; it may have verbal and historical errors, and portions of it (the first eleven chapters of Genesis, for example) are not *historically* but only *symbolically* true. Its truth is to be found in its inner and, to most eyes, hidden meanings. And, when fully understood, the Bible will be found to be a complete whole, an epitome of all truth, and is thus, in an exclusive and comprehensive sense "The Divine Word."

The writer is not disposed to deny the existence of inner and inmost senses to the Bible writings. He is too familiar with symbolism, in both ancient and modern literature, to dispute its existence in these scriptures, even to the extent claimed. He has learned to regard every object of the natural world, even,—every rock and plant and animal—as having an inner sense and an inmost essence. The fact of a complete correspondence, or universal analogy, between the natural and the spiritual worlds, so that whatever is true in one is correspondentially true in the other, seems to be one of the "fixed facts" of a spiritual philosophy—self-evident to every mind whose spiritual perceptions are at all clear. Hence he cannot say but that, when the spiritual and celestial planes of his own mind are sufficiently opened, he will be able to discover, beneath the external and humanly-wrought letter of "the Word," all those recondite and wonderful arcana that Swedenborg and Harris have portrayed. If such a revelation ever comes to him, its disclosures will be reverently and thankfully accepted.

For the present, however, his perceptions are, like those of most readers, mainly on the natural—historical plane. And while he finds in the Bible a most useful record of the religious history, experience, instructions and inspirations of a most remarkable portion of the race, he does not see that it embraces by any means the whole of the natural truth,—much less that it exhausts the domain of Universal Wisdom.—Natural truths, in fact, have but just begun to be revealed to the world, through the slow processes of scientific research. All true sciences are revelations of God; and natural sciences form the bases of corresponding spiritual and celestial truths.

Deity speaks to us in all the phenomena of nature, as well as in the experiences and intuitions of the inner world. Suns are His thoughts, systems are His sentences; and their motions and laws declare His will as truly as do the loftiest inspirations of prophet or apostle.

The truly Catholic definition of the "Word of God," then, is ALL TRUTH, whether yet revealed, or to be revealed—all that expresses or sets forth in any degree the attributes, character, purposes or methods of the Invisible and Universal Cause.

Moreover, there can be no revelation to the individual mind, except as its capacities are opened and its perceptions qualified to perceive and apprehend truth. What is a revelation of the Divine to one, therefore, is not to another. The Bible is no revelation when read in a foreign language, or to one who does not comprehend its meaning. It reveals the Divine only when the interiors are opened to perceive and accept as Divine and saving truth the affirmations it records. Hence the effort to enforce the acceptance of the Bible, or any other writing, as a Divine revelation, or *authority*, or by any form of outward comparison, is worse than useless—an outrage on the soul.

A. E. N.

"No creed is a finality .... Truths descend
From God through minds according to their state.
There's no finality in highest heaven,
More truth, more light, more life, more blessedness
Grows, multiplies, unfolds or is revealed
With every change of state, with every new
Consociation of accordant minds,
Or spirit-union of love-blended hearts.
* * * * *
Angels know more of God from Day to Day.
More perfect revelations are made known
According as the human mind is made
Their fitting medium, or the human heart
Asks wisdom from the Father, who is Love."

LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

## "MUNDANE SPIRITUALISM" (?)

Our philosophic cotemporary, the *Spiritual Telegraph*, has the following:

"Many good friends of truth and progress have been sorely tried with what they supposed were the inconsistencies, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities, in what they at the time thought were communications from Spirits. These things are spoken generally through persons supposed to be entranced by Spirits. The more rational Spiritualists, however, have always insisted that these communications do not come from Spirits, but are utterances of the prevailing states and thoughts of the circles, or of the public generally. An illustration of this latter theory has recently occurred, relative to the loss of the steamer *North Star*."

The *Telegraph* goes on to say that it was recently stated, as from Spirits, through a medium in N. Y., that the *North Star* had been lost, with various particulars, all of which subsequently proved untrue. It adds:

"Now, was this communication from a Spirit, or was it the utterance of the prevailing excited feeling in this mundane sphere? All rational, discriminating Spiritualists say the latter, and all mere word-authoritarian Spiritualists say it was the former, and a lying Spirit. We will not now discuss the question, but leave it to the private reflection of all persons concerned, and will only add that this is just the point of difference between modern Spiritualists, and just the point of difference between the self-styled evangelical and the humanitarian common-sense Christians.

"We hope, and confidently trust, that the thorough examination of modern Spiritualism will ere long settle this whole question to the credit of humanity, to the honor of God, and to the absolution of all beings in the Spirit-world from the suspicion of cherishing malice against mortals."

It seems to us that our cotemporary is a little hasty in affirming that "all rational, discriminating Spiritualists" adopt *its* peculiar theory on this subject. For, so far as we are acquainted, Spiritualists in general are convinced that no essential, instantaneous change of character takes place in mankind as they pass to the spirit-world, but that individuals continue to manifest the same moral as well as mental characteristics (for a time, at least) there as here; and that the fact of spirit-manifestation, through almost every medium, prove the existence of untruthful spirits, as clearly as that of truthful ones. The contrary idea we had supposed to be confined almost exclusively to a very limited coterie of super-eminent philosophers who are wont to deliver their oracles through the columns of the *Telegraph*. Possibly this little junto *does* embrace "*all*" the "rational and discriminating" class; but others may not be quite ready to concede it.

At any rate, it *seems* rational to common minds that such moral differences as we see in this life should extend into the other; and it looks very much like authoritarianism or dogmatism to lay down the arbitrary rule that all "inconsistencies, immoralities, contradiction, falsehood," etc., occurring in spirit intercourse, must have their source on the mundane side, whatever the evidence of a spirit-origin. We venture to say that the majority of investigators, if compelled to adopt this rule, would find no ground left on which to base a belief in the supermundane source of *any* manifestations; while to many, the very occurrence of falsehoods, vulgarities, etc., have afforded the most conclusive proofs of extra-mundane agency—as when such have been given through persons who of themselves would not for the world have been guilty of any thing of the kind.

Moreover, we opine, it lies beyond the "rational, discriminating" powers of most minds to see how it can be any more "to the credit of humanity," or "to the honor of God," to absolve *dis*embodied spirits from the suspicion of untruthfulness, malice, etc., than those *in* the body. This world is just as much God's world as is the next; and men are just as truly spirits here as they will be there. Now, if spirits in the body, in certain grades of development, will deceive, pretend to be what they are not, to teach when they are ignorant, practice vices and crimes,—and if God allows them to do it,—why should we not expect *dis*embodied spirits of the same grades to do the same things?

A. E. N.

## LITERATURE SHOULD BE WIDENED AND SPIRITUALIZED.

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

"National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of the *World's* literature is at hand, and each man must strive to hasten its approach." GOETHE.

There seems, on comparing notes, to be a common presentiment among the more earnest spirits of the present time that some comparatively sudden change is to be soon wrought in the institutions of the world. The shadow of the "coming events" is resting, prophetically, on many minds, which irresistibly induces them to utter their "word of prophecy." We have no reason to believe that there is any collusion in this matter—that one prophet merely kindles the forecasting light of another, but that this general (among lofty and spiritualized minds) ominous feeling is independently coincident. Their hearts begin, in common, to feel the growing heat, and their mental eyes to see the rising light, which are inevitably resulting from a law of the universe. This need not surprise us; for is man not fated to *grow*?—can he long remain stationary?

The human race must ever be in a comparative childhood. It is true, we are accustomed, in our ignorance, to name the stages of our growth—infancy, childhood, youth, mature manhood, old age, etc.,—a style of speech which we shall now have to modify. Pope uttered a deeper truth than he, perhaps, was aware of when he said that "men are but children of a larger growth." The human spirit does not grow old—its relation to time affects not its duration. Time is not its lease-giver, but only its primary school-master. Time is its birth-place and nursery. It is not the *spirit* of man, but its *integuments* that grow old. We repeat, the spirit of man must ever remain in comparative childhood—should always have the joyous faith—the ever-kindling hopes—the same intense relish of "the living present," that characterized the healthy and unhackneyed child. Grow large as it may, it has still other heights to attain—is still at an immeasurable distance from the goal. The human spirit has infinite germinal possibilities—its prospect is interminable, not only to *sight*, but even to imaginative thought!—What hinders us, therefore, from having increasing height and breadth of view?—What apology have we for the littleness of our thoughts, and deeds? None! We *must* knock off our clogs, and quicken our pace toward the delectable mountains!

That we are about to do so in some larger, even epochal way, is clearly indicated by the advanced instincts of the more spiritually-minded men of our own, and the immediately past generations. These greatly experienced men have grown tired of pacing, backward and forward, within the narrow limits of the old landmarks; they *must* be removed, and the area of spiritual life be enlarged to correspond with its growing wants. It must have more spacious tabernacles to operate in. "The feeling infinite" stirs within us more and more, and we are becoming impatient of institutional bondage. We can no longer submit to have our limbs, which feel the impulse of growth, lashed to the unyielding iron bed of that old robber, Procrustes. We must be permitted to arise and bound freely and joyfully forward on our preappointed race.

This enfranchisement, we repeat, must be. It is a matter of fundamental, providential and eternal necessity. "The divinity that shapes our ends" has decreed this endless progress of man, and he has no choice but to go forward, willingly and *joyfully* if he will; but go he *must*! It will not avail for him to perversely stop and skulk and hide in the dark nooks and corners that skirt the thoroughfares of time—a rising and all-searching destiny will at last drive him forth, and make him a willing partaker of the common good.

It would seem that the ways of Providence, and the steadily shining light of nature, should, ere this, have taught man this lesson of his own beneficent destiny. But his mind has, with limited exceptions, remained impervious to this great end. He is, however, yet to see it and rejoice exceedingly. We feel that the divine, *full* revelation, with respect to this destiny, is now at hand. The light is rising with increased momentum, and the great Divine Plan will be, at least, more generally discerned.

Literature, institutions, society and individual man, will derive a quickening influence from this nobler and larger theory of humanity and the universe, and grow in the direction of its fulfillment. Literature will then deepen and have more copious influxes of spirituality. It will utter a profounder harmony. It is now, it must be confessed, comparatively crude, "earthly, sensual and devilish." In the new transformation, it need not part with any of its smiting, rousing force, but only lay aside its "carnal weapons." It will have, under the new dispensation, a greater suffusion of pure, vital blood, and will reflect a truer and broader life, and present, prophetically, still more glorious ideals to be practically realized by individual man and society.

Consequent upon this better litterature, society will clothe itself with institutions suitable to this freer and larger life. It will discard every institutional fetter, and "run and not be weary." Individual man, too, will be accordantly better. Seeing that virtue and purity are his end, he will as involuntarily and naturally as he breathes, conform his life to the divine order. His morality, in the more advanced time now at hand, will not be a forced and arbitrary thing, induced by motives without itself and for ulterior rewards, but will be of free and spontaneous growth—the natural fruit of a well-regulated, interior life.

Man's great business is faith and adoration. The character of his *living* is regulated by the principle of his faith. He has but to recognize, have faith in, vindicate by his word and deed, the great ETERNAL PLAN OF GOD! He should feel that he can neither make nor mar this plan. Great as he may justly regard himself, he may not arrogate to himself sufficient power to thwart in the slightest degree, the infinite order. *That* is fixed, and on this may we base a sure sense of safety. The divine purpose, formed in infinite wisdom and love, is subject to no whims, no crochets, but advances with a steady, methodical process. To human eyes, blinded by limited notions, it may present, like revolving light-houses, alternately light and dark shades, but to the illuminated mind it has but one glorious, faith-confirming aspect.

From this large and unfaltering faith in the sure, universal plan to be worked out by the very constitution of things, should our literature take its life and hue. Literature should be but the word of human faith—a gospel of sweet trust and joy!

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## Correspondence.

### AUTHORITY—NO. 7.

But when man's spiritual power reigns supreme, with Conscience as his State's Attorney, and Veneration as his chief Courtier; while Marvelousness lays all the armor of heaven at the foot of his throne; then he demands the reason, and the intellectual powers to obey *his* behest, or he lays them prostrate at his feet. And then in turn he wakes up the fire of man's animal nature, which raves like the hidden flames of Tartarus, and lend their terrific energies to his unrelenting despotism. Self-Esteem directs the Car of State, Acquisitiveness becomes Prime Minister, and Destructiveness State's Executioner; Man's affectional nature which first paid a chaste homage to his moral power, is now raised upon a pedestal, robed in all the tinsel of an harlot; and all the other powers are led by her blandishments to fall down and worship before her lascivious altar.

And anon, she is hurled down to the companionship of dogs and swine, and her kindly yearnings are answered with a taunt and a frown, while she is banished to the shades of night in the regions of frost; and Love that has been her constant companion, and the life-inspiring force of the reigning powers, shrinks away into solitude, and pines away and dies! And now the grim monster, feeling his own chilling solitude, demands new victims, and retires to his dreary cave, and there issues forth his mandates to his servants, the intellectual powers, to find a *reason* for all his follies and cruelties; and each one that fails in this service is doomed to fall beneath the Executioner's axe. Thus intimidated they hide from observation and paralyze for want of exercise; or, amuse themselves on sophisms, and appease their tyrant by unraveling the mysticisms which his court has sent for them to reveal. But even this hopeless task calls up all their powers to renewed activity, under which they grow vigorous and strong. And by and bye as their strength increases they begin to demur at the dictum of a tyrant that compels them to prove that fancies are facts, that myths and miracles are logical truths; that they must ignore the deductions of their own reason, the conclusions of their own investigations. These demurs are first heard in quiet whispers, next in low murmurs, then in the loud protest, and lastly in the fierce crash of mighty forces. Long and devastating are the conflicts between these two powers; the spiritual tyrant bringing forth tornadoes, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, while the intellectual powers build up moats, re-

doubts and fortifications in solid masonry, from which they open their battery of negative artillery which the reigning tyrant is unable to repel; and thus abandons all his outposts, one by one, till finally his citadel is taken, and he himself dethroned, and all his attendant courtiers ignominiously discarded. And now the intellect reigns supreme; jealous of a rival and disdaining a companion; and thus sits like Mont Blanc—cold, serene, and alone—a crystalized egotism! "Thus you will perceive that when any department of your nature ignores all authority, it assumes to itself the marshal's baton and the tyrant's crown; and as the individual is, so is the race."

"Remember then that each department is authoritative in its own domain; from the animal, or basis, springs forth life, warmth, and vigor, with your affectional nature which culminates in love. But this needs elevating, purifying and refining; and hence your moral, spiritual and religious nature stands ready to perform its kindly office, and whose gentle forces culminate in adoration! But this life, this activity, and sublimating process need a friendly aid to give them shape, form, proportion and useful direction, when the intellectual faculties step forward to essay this most difficult, but indispensable task; and whose powers when harmoniously developed culminate in wisdom. Yet this triumviate needs an umpire to preside over, and harmonize their activities; and hence they must submit to the Authority of the Great Unknown—the Central and Eternal Cause of all things—but manifested to us in Divine love—the Life-giving Father—and Divine Wisdom—the Preserver—and Soul-restoring Mother."

I now felt the gentle vibrations of the magnetic or sympathetic, and which still attached me to genial natures on the earth; and I felt an animating warmth about my heart, and perceived an ethereal light permeating my brain and lovely voices greeted my ear; and I then saw that vast hosts were ascending to this fourth sphere. And this I learned was the central, or pivotal sphere in man's nature, into which all past progress culminates, and from which prophecy issues forth its cheering declarations of the future. It also corresponds with the fourth sphere in the spirit realms, in which earth's children can meet angelic natures and receive instruction and consolation.

What more I heard and saw in this sphere I leave to some future period, when I shall describe man's present social degradation, and predict his future social joy.

Meantime Adieu,

M. W. Hammond.

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Mr. Editor:—How often do we hear from the pulpits and religious press, the sad intelligence, that Chistianity is depreciating; that infidelity is raising its hydra-head, and stalking abroad throughout the length and breadth of our land; that the world of mankind is growing worse, instead of better; (rather a sad comment by the way, on the religious preaching and effort of the present day;) that religion is on the retrograde, or decrease, rather than on the increase; that "because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore, the hearts of the children of men, are fully set in them to do evil," &c., &c.

Now Mr. Editor, I believe these assertions to be false, and why? what is Christianity? I conceive it to be a divine principle; a divine truth; as immutable as the Eternal Being who gave it birth, and can no more depreciate or retrograde than God himself can depreciate or retrograde.

But that the Christianity, or religion of the present day, as practiced and lived out, in thought, word and deed, by some, at least, of its professed adherents and advocates, is meeting with less interest and attention by reasonable and philosophic minds, I grant.

What are the principles of Christianity as taught and lived out "even to the death," by its blessed founder? "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, &c.," "and thy neighbor as thyself."—"Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you." "Love one another," and as the principle progressed and developed, in and through the lives of his Apostles, we are commanded by them to "love all mankind," for "God causeth his rain to fall on the just, and on the unjust;" "to exercise charity." Paul says, "If I have not charity, I am as sounding brass, &c.; "Charity vaunteth not itself, speaketh no evil, &c.;" "Charity hideth a multitude of sins, &c."

But, what, I ask, is the Christianity of the present day as manifested by *some* of its professed advocates, and even by those who hold responsible situations in society, and of whom we should expect better things? It would seem to be their meat and their drink to vilify, slander and abuse their fellow men, in the place of loving them; instead of practicing charity, their souls' highest conception of Christianity as manifested to the world, is hurling their impotent shafts of malevolence at a portion of their fellow beings, and anathemetizing them, because they are above the low, grovelling plane upon which they themselves dwell.

All will acknowledge that the Press (especially a free press) wields a mighty power for "weal or for woe," and when an editor (and he a professing Christian, a member of Christ's Church, a member of a church professing to be of God's right hand planting,) will attempt to make that power subservient to his own vile purposes, and make of it an instrument with which to belch forth his venom, and hurl slander, vituperation and anathemas at tens and hundreds of thousands of men and women, who will certainly stand as high as himself in point of moral integrity and honesty of purpose:—is it to be wondered at, if he is to be regarded or looked to as a specimen of Christianity, that reasonable minds should disregard it, and become disgusted with it; well may it retrograde, and God speed the day when *such Christianity* or *religion* shall be utterly annihilated.

These thoughts have suggested themselves to my mind, by reading at various times, the effusions and comments of the Christian editor of the Providence *Post*, in regard to the misdeeds, (*theologically speaking*) the sins of omission and commission, of Spiritualists.

It is not, that fears need be entertained of Spiritualism suffering from aught he can say or do, for the old saying has been fully realized in the case of greater men than himself, viz., "that only give them rope enough, and they will hang themselves." Greater men than the Editor of the *Post*—greater philosophers and metaphysicians than the said editor ever was, or ever will be, have thought by the powerful arm of their logic and acumen to crush it, but it still lives and progresses, and why then need we fear the head or the hand of the Christian editor of the Providence *Post*. Would it not be well for him to heed the injunction of one certainly as wise as himself, "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Where are those great master *opposing* and *exposing* spirits of the past? Where is Prof. Faraday with his *clerical automatons*, reading the service of the Episcopal Church, (or Church of England, which is the same,) and which at the time was a perfect Godsend to the Materialists of both hemispheres, and at which multitudes thundered forth, Eureka! Eureka!!—still it lives, and is obtaining daily, increasing attention and respect in the minds of the refined and elevated intellects of Europe;—but where is Prof. Faraday? echo answers, where?

Again, there is Prof. Mahan, with his *mighty battering ram*, that *master production* of that *giant intellect?* where is that *incontrovertible expose*, that *finale* of all *finals*, which was to *scatter*, *exterminate* and *annihilate* the cherished faith and hopes of millions, and be the *eternal quietus* of Spiritualism? Where is that *great book of books*, and its *great author?* I hesitate not to say, that a large number (if not the majority) of the copies sold, can be found with libraries of Spiritualists, while the remainder (if not gathered in) are a dead letter covered with dust, on the bookseller's shelves. But where is the Prof., that Solomon of the West? "Behold how the mighty have fallen," from the exalted position of Prof. in a college, to the humble pastor of a small congregation, in a small inland town.

Again, where is the *refined* and *exalted* Prof. of Greek of Harvard University? to what a depth of degradation has he plunged himself. When such a man as Bonner of the New York *Ledger*, (who is as great an opposer to Spiritualism as any other man, though in his opposition manifests more of spirit of a Christian and a gentlemen, than many others,) I say, when such a man will denounce Prof. Felton, in his abusive and slanderous course of opposition, and classify him Prof. of *blackguardism*, may we not with propriety exclaim! "behold! how the mighty hath fallen," and when we take into consideration the fact, that he is associated with, and consequently is a representative of a Christian—a religious institution, *and without reprimand from that institution*, he is allowed with impunity to spew forth Billingsgate slang, and heap abusive epithets upon a portion of community, many of whom are more pure, more sincere, more conscientious and more Christ-like than himself; can any one wonder that such Christianity or religion should lose ground or favor in the minds of reasonable men and women.

Therefore, I would say to our Christian editor, analyze and test the spirit of your own Christianity or religion,—compare it with the spirit, and the commands of Christ, whose disciple and follower you profess to be—prove whether or not you are living and acting out the Christ principle—"seek, if haply you may find" within you, that germ which was in Christ; that divine principle which flowed from the depths of his soul, when he said "neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more,"—be honest and upright in your denunciation, as well as in praise of your fellow-men;—if you believe "an evil exists in the land," meet it and oppose it like a Christian and a man—with sound logic, and not with sophistry—with argument, and not with slang and falsehood—in the spirit of honesty and reason, not with prejudice and bigotry; do not classify in the same category, the honest and dishonest—the good and the evil the just and the unjust; be not eternally harping on the frailty and short comings of humanity; and if you cannot conceive of a Love which is pure and holy, without associating lust with it, do not blame us if we look upon it as presumptive evidence that you are still "in the gall of bitterness, &c.," and a stranger to "that love which purifies the heart, and casteth out all fear." What would our Christian editor say, if the Spiritualists should condemn the various Churches of this city, (which I could name were I so disposed,) who have been compelled within the past two years to expel one or more (each) of their members for immoral conduct; what would he say if Spiritualists should descend so low, as to make capital of *one half* the cases of moral delinquencies among *Church Members* and *Ministers of the Gospel*, which occur in our land for even one year? would he acknowledge it just and right? no, he would not. And if they should go still farther, and charge it as a result of the Christian faith or religion, would he consider it a righteous conclusion? Most certainly he would not. Again, suppose Spiritualists should charge Temperance Societies with practicing deception on community, because *some* of its members *violate their sacred pledge*, and *some* members of the *Sons of Temperance* when they go to *Clam bake*, *Picnics* and *Shore Excursions*, they take their *Cherry Rum* and *Brandy* with them; would they be justified in the assertion that it was the legitimate results or effects of Temperance, or an outgrowth of the principles of Temperance? Certainly not. Once more, if we should charge *Swartwouting*, *Post Office* and *Custom House* defalcations to be the natural effects of Democracy, or the fruits of Democratic principles, what would be the verdict this Christian Editor would pass upon us? Why sir, methinks the vocabulary of the English language would be inadequate to furnish epithets sufficiently scorching and withering with which to "lash us, as with a whip of scorpions." In conclusion, I would say to our *immaculate editor*, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," for the doom of Spiritualism is sealed; in the words of one of old, "If it be of man, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrown it; therefore, take heed lest ye be found fighting against God."

Yours for "Freedom to worship God,"

A Spiritualist in principle. H.

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Northampton, Mass, Nov. 9th.

Messrs. Editors:—Perhaps some of your readers would be interested by reading the following letter which I sent to the Methodist Minister of this place some weeks since, which he has not seen fit to answer yet.

Whether he thinks that I am sufficiently enlightened or not, I cannot say, but I think, however, that he deems it beneath the dignity conferred upon him by the ecclesiastical hierarchy to notice it, having previously shunned a personal interview with me.

In order to have the letter understood by your readers, it is necessary to state the reasons that called it out.

Some weeks since, I was visited by one of my brothers and his wife, whom I had not had the pleasure of seeing for about six years. Sunday evening July fourth my brother wanted that I should accompany him to the Methodist prayer meeting, he being a thorough going Methodist and a *class leader* in Cohoes Falls N. Y. As soon as we had taken our seats, I noticed that some of the *Brethren* began to look around and noticed that I, one of the three infidels who had the presumption to erect a building where the friends of freedom and lovers of humanity might meet in, was present; then it was that the fallacy of their loud profession was made manifest in forgetting the Bible maxim, of the lost sheep. They seek the lost sheep with hounds, theological cubs, and offer to them the sweet incentive of damnation and eternal misery; they are eloquent in picturing to them an opened hell and one would have them fed onold musty straw instead of fresh green grass.

Pretty soon one of the "Pillars" rose up and said, "I arise to give my testimony for Jesus; a man of this place told me some time ago, that Jesus was nothing more than a medium! I declare my brethren, it fairly makes me shudder when I think of it!" So they went on with that peculiar spirit of bigotry which their Creed must of a necessity inspire, until our clerical friend's turn came, who said in putting on the finishing stroke to the work of the evening, and with all the bombast so peculiar to some of his class, that Jesus was not of that class of mediums through whom the devil works now-a-days. Now, Mr. Editor, if my friend Mr. Harris Morse or any body else, is Methodists or anything else, I have no objections. Each man's action, either mental or physical, is an expression of his condition of being! Real worth cannot be known, except it is made manifest or eternallzed through kind deeds and loving words.

My friend Mr. Morse, when speaking of Spiritualists or Spiritualism, uses the name of a certain individual with such aptness and consummate relish that one might think that his "good Lord" was the devil himself. "There are Lords many and Gods many," one loves to mention the name of his friends. The name brings to the mind the individual with all his peculiar attributes.

## JOTTINGS.

By Chas. Robbins, M. D.—"God help the poor," is a fine sounding ejaculation! It costs nothing; a man may use it and sit over his pipe and chew *Haschish*, until *befuddled* into the belief that there is no evil, only a lesser good, hence, no duty to perform, no ways of pleasantness, no paths of peace, until he feels himself a God, or his vicegerent and no good will result. That which costs a person nothing, is of little value. The man who from his soul says,—"*God help the poor*," and hands out his dollar, God and the world knows that he is honest, and God will bless him. I believe in God and prayer, and that practical enforcement of prayer just named. It is this divorcement of *preaching* from practice, that has spread the frosts of old age and decrepitude over our churches—that has made creeds and associations a hissing and a scorn. It is in this frigid hoary state that she is loaded down with old theologies, prejudices and superstition; she, once so glorious in her moral and intellectual attainments. She was once the glorious advancing genius of the age, but sad to relate, she is now seen antagonistical to progress; she philosophizes when she ought to act; she prays in words and does not follow her prayers by her acts—there is no life, no soul in the *soldiers militant!* But engaged earnestly about their own private business!!

Any cause will die out under such a culture. Spiritualism must make the press strong, by a steady prompt support. Spiritualists must be good men, and true, kind and liberal, other than in mere words, or it is no better than other *issues*.

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A Spiritualist paper has copied the following gem—"The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven, make mean music when whistling through a key hole."

If this is not a careless quotation, the Editor must believe that the welfare of society is in the ratio of her growth in knowledge; that ignorance cannot become the organ of light and cultivated minds; that spirits could not force *Charles river* to run through a goose quill; though he may think it policy not to openly declare the fact.

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I have had a very good opportunity to learn something of mediums. I think our temperaments effect a difference. There are no two alike; so each individual must at present study his own conditions, his or her own law. No two attaches the same meaning to the same words, while they awaken entirely different feelings in different individuals. This fact renders the idea of certain creeds absurd. There are different grades in society, different minds, different positions, different destiny. The truth of Nature declares eternal progress, and on them are written *infinite variety, harmonioys, ere beauty.*

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*Love* is a bird of song, *My Dear*,
Of plumage pure and white,
Its mellow notes are heard always,
At morn, at noon, at night.

Amid the howling blasts of life
While darkest thunders roll,
The thrilling tones of love doth use
In sweetness over the soul.

The very *innermost*, its Home,
Omnipotent its reign,
No power can contravene its might,
Its steady, broad domain.

It falls not on the common air,
It has an inner ear,
*Noiseless* its tread, and true its voice,—
He that hath ears, doth hear.

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Centre St., Northampton, Mass., July 10, 1859.

Mr. Morse:—Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to express to you my regret that last Sunday evening, in conformity with my brother's wishes, I went with them to the Methodists' prayer meeting, when we could feel the sweet outflow of brotherly love towards each other; although we do not believe alike or view things from the same standpoint, we nevertheless feel that we are brothers in the highest sense; that on that particular occasion you, a professed follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene, should judge so harshly of your brother man; that you should attempt to chafe a vain love for Creeds, Dogmas, and Sectarianism, at the cost of this brotherly union, and thus feed your cravings for the establishment of your particular creed? Do you not feel in your better modes of thoughts, in your highest aspiration for the love that actuated the prayer of Jesus, that your attempt was mean, low and cowardly, infinitely unworthy of a free and generous soul?—Just look at your assumption; you assume a perfect knowledge of the character of every medium, a thorough acquaintance with the interior motives that stimulate them to action; thousands of them you never have or never will see, and contrary to the spirit of "Judge ye of these things for yourselves," you pronounce them all, as wrought upon by the Devil! whose character you seem to have made a special subject of study.

All this may be well enough in your present condition of development, but you must bear in mind that all your members can not bear this kind of food; you have those who can not much longer bear this priestly intolerance and sectarian slavery. Their hearts begin to open and feel God made manifest even outside of their little sheep-pen; the love of the Great Father Spirit welling up in their souls compels them to recognize in every human being their brother, the child of the Great Father of us all. May your soul expand and take in more of this spirit.

I do not question your honesty in being what you are, but I would impress you with the necessity of being more liberal. Let not the love of creed deprive you of the sweet communion that you might enjoy with your fellow-man; be ever alive to this fact, that since God withholds not his breath of life from the lower creation, that you, I, or even the church have no right to gather our garment and pick our way through the world with a "stand by," I am holier than thou.

I hope that you will be true to yourself; if you see any need of light that you will impart it in meekness and love. Respectfully,

Zephyr C. Parent.

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# Interesting Miscellany.

Woman's Love of the Heroic.—If women have one weakness more than another, it is towards veneration. They are born worshippers, makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which, of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven.

The first step towards their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and, having made him up, they worship him.

Now a truly great man, a man truly grand and noble in heart and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so the very painstaking, ingenious sex have less trouble in getting him up, and can be ready to worship on short notice.

In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellect. Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the image that "Nebuchadnezzar the king set up," and all womankind, coquettes and flirts not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and so forth? Is not the faithful Paula, with her beautiful face, prostrate in reverence before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting in the world, an emblem and sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems noblest in man? Does not old Richard Baxter tell us with delightful single-heartedness, that his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long, pale face—and how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him *less* sour and bitter than she expected?

The fact is, woman is burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than she knows what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb by—and when they can find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admiration, to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero who never wooed them, except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life.

[Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

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Small Birds.—Several years ago we made an open war on the destroyers of small birds, and succeeded in inducing the Legislature of New Jersey to pass a law for their protection. This law was imitated by many of the states, and for a time it seemed to arrest their destruction. In some districts of country these insect-destroying birds increased rapidly, and the crops were materially augmented in consequence. More recently, however, the farmers seem to become lethargic in prosecuting those who offend the law, and in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey, gunners may be seen, not only patrolling the roads, but actually crossing cultivated fields, almost without unmolestation.

In England where gunners require a lisence and game laws exist, notwithstanding the apparent inequality with which justice is thus dispensed, the farmer, in a degree is protected, by the increase of small birds; but here, having men of all nations feeling the liberty to gun a privilege, we seem to be destined to lose our main protecters, the birds, by the folly of these gunners, many of whom are of less importance to the community than the birds they destroy. In our estimation, it is the moral duty of every farmer who finds a gunner on his premises shooting these insect-destroying birds, to have him apprehended and punished, strictly according to law. Nothing can be more despicable than to see the self-styled sportsman, shooting robbins, chipping birds, etc. Such a fellow should be punished, by having as a task the destruction of musquitoes, horseflies, etc., and should be bastinadoed whenever he ventures to destroy larger game.—[Working Farmer.

(Continued from page 5.)

breaths and haggard faces, in the cottages, and at last a company of the bravest men had gathered together, shouldered their arms, and gone out, in the name of the God of battles, to fight for their wives, their children and their homes. Jedediah Woolcoot led this little band of brave men, and earned thereby the title of General. They soon succeeded in routing the Indians, who had stationed themselves at the northern part of the village, and the white men lost but two of their number. But that night Mary Rogers took her death cold; for the child, hearing the war-cry of the Indians, which started her from her sound slumbers, had sprang suddenly out of bed, rushed out doors in her night dress, and remained for nearly an hour crouched down on the damp grass, under the apple tree, convulsed with terror. In less than six months afterwards Mary's beauty lay under the summer grass, and her broken-hearted mother followed her a little later. So, with all his money, the neighbors affirmed Seth Rogers had had a hard time of it, for it was a terrible thing to have all one's kith and kin cut off from them.

"Seth, Seth Rogers, I want to have a few minutes' talk with you."

The farmer started, and looked round in amazement, as he saw old Mrs. Woolcoot hobbling slowly towards him just as he was putting his handkerchief in his hat.

"I see you from my back door, a-mowin', and I knew you was good deal interested in what I'd got to say, so I concluded to get over though it was quite a walk, as old folk's limbs ain't so spry as young uns."

"No they ain't, that's a fact," responded Seth, for want of something better to say; and then he remembered his claim on Isaac Woolcoot's cottage, and concluded the old woman had come to confer about that, and the muscles of his hard face settled down into iron rigidity.

There was an old oak tree very near.—The old woman dropped down ander this, and laid her crutch at her feet. Seth Rogers stood a little way off, silent and gloomy, his arms folded on his broad breast.

"Seth," slowly commenced the old woman, "I came across somethin' yesterday morning in my garret, that belonged to Mary—dear little Mary!"

Ah, those words must have been a rod which smote the granite rock, for the man's face changed suddenly, and there was eager curiosity in his tones.

"What was it. Miss Woolcoot?"

"Won't you set down here under the tree, and I'll tell you, for I'm an old woman, and it tuckers me out to talk so loud."

He sat down on the grass, under the cool shade of the oak tree, close to the old woman.

"It cut me up, Seth, dre'fully, comin' across that ar. I just sot down and cried like a little baby, for it jest brought back the time when Mary's little golden head used to go a-diddlin' and a-dancin' 'longside of my Temperance—that, I trust in the Lord, is in heaven this blessed day—to the old school-house where the four roads meet. Was there ever a pootier creetur set foot on the ground, with that face full of dimples, and the smiles cotchin' apart the lips and kindlin' the eyes, and a pair of cheeks that the rose in the medders wasn't to be mentioned by the side of?"

Seth Rogers' mouth, that rigid mouth, was working almost earfully, and quick changes hurried over his face, telling how the old woman's words were smiting the rock.

"And it's brought right back to me the last time I ever sot eyes on her, Seth. I dun know as I ever told you, but it won't hurt you to larn how much store she sot by you. You know there was a singin' school sot up in the meetin' house for the first time that winter, and the young folks had been the night afore, and Mary had run over to talk with Temperance about the boys and gals. I was bilin' doughnuts that afternoon, and Mary was mighty fond o 'em so I sot the pan on the table, telling the gals to help themselves; and Mary stood there a cranchin' 'em down, and bobbing her bright head around like a butterfly among clover, and laughin' out—O, can't you hear that laugh now—somethin' like a bird and somethin' like a brook tumblin' and singin' over the stones?"

"I can hear it, granny, I can hear!" cried the man in a sharp, pained voice, while his breast heaved, and the tears oozed slowly out of Seth Rogers' eyes, and stood still in the channels of his cheeks. Ah, the old woman had smitten the rock—the well had been found.

"Well, just as I was sayin,' Seth, Temperance was a-tellin' what boys looked the best, and which uns I fancied most, when I turned right round: 'Now, Mary, sez I, it's your turn. Which of them boys you going to take to?' Mary's face flushed right up, and she jest spoke out in her quick way, 'I'm goin' to take to my brother Seth, Miss Woolcoot! There ain't a boy there that's half as scumptuous and handsome as he is to my mind; and I know he's goin' to make a wonderful smart man; and I never could love another man so well as I do my brother Seth.' And you oughter to have heard how proud and tenderlike she said them words—'My brothor Seth.'"

"Did she say them—did she say them about me?" cried the man, in a voice which was like a plaintive little child's. "My little Mary! My little Mary!" Then the sobs broke out and shook his iron frame, and the great tears rolled in swift showers over his rugged cheeks. The rock had been cleft, and the waters gushed out.

"Yes, Seth, she said them very words, and when I hear folks say you're a bad-hearted, tight-handed man, I sometimes think if Mary'd a'lived, you'd a'been a different one." And tears of sympathy rolled down the old woman's cheeks. "And now, Seth, I must tell you what I come across in the old garret yesterday. I was a-huntin' there among some old blankets I spun afore I married, when suddenly I came to an old wooden box which your mother gin me the week afore she died. You know you was gone off among the mount'ns to hunt up bears then. Well, Miss Rogers and I allers sot great store by each other, and she gin me in that box, a linen spread, three silver spoons, a string of gold beads, and number of other little trinkets like.—I hadn't seen the box for years, and I was fingering it over, when all of a sudden the bottom dropped out into my lap, and lo and behold! there was a false piece laid over this, and somethin' like a corner of canvass stickin' out. I pulled it out, and what do you think it was, Seth Rogers?"

"I'm sure I don't know Miss Woolcoot." And the man's face was ashen pale with eagerness.

"It was that picter of Mary which the English gentleman painted when he visited our village; and it just fitted square in the bottom of the box, so there warn't a crack or break in it nowhere. I remember, now, your mother said there was somethin' in the box when she gave it to me, but jest then she was taken with an awful fit of coughin', and finally she said, 'Never mind; I'm so tired, and I'll tell you about it to-morrow, Miss Woolcoot.' But she must have forgot, for her memory seemed kinder to leave her that last week."

"O, granny, you let me see this?" and there was a greedy cry in the man's voice.

"Sartin, Seth. It ain't faded one bit in all these long years that its been in the bottom of the old box, where your mother put it for safe keepin', and we all s'posed it had got burned up; but it's Mary, every inch of it, with the curls dancin' about her neck, and her lips poutin' out jest ready to speak, and her eyes a-shinin', and her cheeks a-bloomin' as they did years and years ago.

"O, granny, if you'll give me that picter of Mary, I'll give you anything I've got on earth!" pleaded Seth Rogers with the old woman.

"Will you Seth? Will you give back to Isaac the deed of his house and land, that you know's his'n in the sight of God, and that you know, too, 'll break his heart, and his wife's and his children's to give up, and that your mother and Mary'd plead harder for you to do than I, if they was here this blessed minute?"

"Yes, I'll make it all over to him, this afternoon, if you'll let me have the picter," answered Seth Rogers.

"There, Isaac," said the old woman, hobbling into the kitchen, with her crutch in her hand; "didn't I tell you your father said there was a well in the rock of every man's heart, and here it's proven in black and white! I don't believe ever a word came from the lips of Jedediah Woolcoot that wasn't sound truth." And the old woman handed a paper to her son.

He opened it, while his family gathered eager and curious about him. That autumn day had gone heavy enough over all their hearts. It was a deed which bequeathed to Isaac Woolcoot his house and land about it—the gift of Seth Rogers.

I cannot tell you what happened afterwards, when they learned the truth from the old grandmother's lips, who told the whole story, stopping several times to smoke her pipe. What tears of joy were shed, what prayers of thankfulness were made, under the brown roof of Isaac Woolcoot's cottage that night!

O, reader, dealing with the hard and the cold of thy fellow-men, remember always there is a "Well in the Rock," and kindly words and deeds shall open it, as Moses' rod d d the waters of Meribah.—[Godey's Book.

## Correspondence.

HOPKINTON, Nov. 18th.

MR. EDITOR: the subject of "*Organization*" among Spiritualists, is soon to be thoroughly discussed; though opposed to it, for all advanced minds, I fully believe in the utility of its discussion, and that the time has fully come for it. Of course, I and my friends, should not introduce it; but we most heartily welcome its introduction and defense, by al who desire to see it established among Spiritualists and Reformers. It is quite possible that the large majority of Spiritualists will favor it. This would be so, whether wise or unwise, from the fact that nearly all have just left some kind of an organization, and are not yet progressed out of it; the discussion will result in good, anyhow. If organization is wise, it will, and should increase, and confirm the believers in it. If it is unwise, it will increase the number of those understandingly opposed to it; and though the majority of Spiritualists may adopt it, perhaps it is even well for those to do so, who cannot appreciate the reasons and arguments against it. So in any event we welcome the discussion.

I see that you have commenced it in the AGE of the 12th of Nov. I infer from that article, that we are to have more from your pen, on the same subject. Allow me to ask—"Will you grant us a reasonable space in the AGE, to criticise yours, and to advance the opposite view?"

Taking it for granted that you will, I will notice yours of the above date. You confound "Order" with "Organization;" you make them synonymous. This is error—it was sophistry—perhaps not so intended. Do inform yourself of our position! Most all writers are, to some extent, guilty of the same sophistry when trying to defend "Organization." A fine writer, in the "Christian Philosopher," fell into the same error. We are none of us against *Order*, or what we consider Nature's Organization.—And we insist, that what we call Nature's spontaneous organization for material and spiritual purposes, will produce the most perfect order. The only question for discussion is *an organization*, which we insist, is not natural—is not spontaneous and always progressing. Long-spun discussions are not in harmony with this active and busy age. The only way to avoid them, is for each to understand the other, and to endeavor not to make the difference more than it is. If it can be proved that there cannot be a beautiful order—outward, practical, living order among men—advanced minds, without that which we consider as "human organizations." So far as such order has developed *in* the man, we will yield the entire question, and save our opponents all further labor. Or, if these opponents will tell us plainly that these organizations are needed from a *lack* of development *within*, and that they hope in this way to improve the inner man, then I, at least, will drop the subject, after adding an opinional doubt of its greater utility, even in such cases.

I state a fact—"About twelve years of my adult life, commencing 20 years ago, has been spent in a very close relation to a band of believers, of radical come-outers, of a goodly number, who never had a scrap of what we suppose our opponents mean by organization. I have never seen, elsewhere, such perfect and continued order, in spiritual and temporal things; much of this time, we met twice a week, and often without previous appointment—guided by the Spirit—by spirits and our inward life, and by all of these. We had no established order as to our belief or modes of worship. Nor could we have, (we had a harmony, without sameness) as both were continually changing. Yet I repeat, we had what our opponents would call order. A living and growing inward nature kept us in uninterrupted change, which was Nature's order, and Nature's organization in growth." Now, if in anything, we cannot understand our opponents, will they *define* their meaning, and so shorten the discussion.

AUSTIN KENT.

P. S.—Br. Chaney: please tell us whether you would favor organization in faith and faith-works, or simply in business and government. Let us, if possible, understand you, so that we may know whether, and wherein we agree, and wherein we may differ. A. K.

## LOVE.

Who can tell its meaning, who divine its secret workings in the heart, so inspiring, so fraught with godliness, that the angels of heaven would be as imperfect as we poor mortals without it?

Who can penetrate the mysterious depths of Love, and bring up bright crystals as memorials of success? Who can search the chambers of that Temple radiating in sparkling, glittering, light of heavenly hue, and tell me of one imperfection to be found there? Who can tell me of its pure, unsullied holiness? Who, in fine, from experience, will dare say that he has tasted its bounteous waters on this earth, so cold, so lonely, so friendless; except as now and then by inspiration, he catches a passing glance of the great Throne of God surrounded by that angelic host where Love reigns and rules in every soul.

None, none, I say, can be found. Pure Love dwells not on this earth: it is reserved for a higher, nobler existence when we shall have been all gathered together around the Throne of Him, who is just, perfect, and righteous. He will dispense to us such portions as shall be sufficient, and from His measureless, infinite bounty, He will give us an infinite share.

Who dares say that there is enjoyment on this earth except by those who love Him who created them? And is it not sufficient punishment for mortals to wander through this earth, coldly and indifferently, encountering the stern and sordid realities of life, constantly in torture, suffering the pangs of an approving conscience and almost overwhelmed by the enormity of their crimes without having hereafter to endure endless torments in the preached hell, so inconsistent with the laws of God and man?

Oh! God forgive the thought that I should have sprung from weak mind making Thy Kingdom a practical and accessible only to those who are chosen and elected.

We know Thou hast placed us here to live supported by Thy boundless care and mercy, and protected by Thy Love—and when we err a pang of regret shoots through us for doing you such gross injustice and making ourselves unhappy. But we know Thou wilt forgive us. Thy arm is ever stretched over us. Thy watchful care protects us and Thy infinite Love draws us nearer to Thee and teaches lessons of wisdom and mercy. How pleasing and refreshing the thought, that when we leave this mortal frame trusting and confiding in Thee we are to become inmates of Thy pure and holy kingdom. CARRIE.

A RUSSIAN HOT-HOUSE.—Bayard Taylor thus describes the magnificent green-house, which the Czars maintain for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants, amid the snows of Russia: "The Botanical Garden, in which I spent an afternoon, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 60 degrees, you may walk through an avenue of palm trees sixty feet high, under tree ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid orchards, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of these giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer and long dark winter of the north requires a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After this result is obtained it thrives as steadily as in a more favored climate. The palms, in particular, are noble specimens. One of them (a phœnix, I believe,) is now in blossom, which is an unheard of event in such a latitude."

"Are you the mate?" said an Irishman in New Orleans to the cook of a ship lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the mate."

## Interesting Miscellany.

STRANGE FREAK OF A WOMAN.—A recent suicide in Manchester, England, has disclosed the fact that a person who had lived in that town for upward of thirty years, who had been twice married, who labored as a journeyman and master bricksetter, who kept beer houses and served customers at the tap as a jolly landlord, built houses, and who had obtained a reputation of being the most skillful fire-grate setter and "chimney doctor" in the neighborhood, was in reality a woman.

This man-woman went by the name of Harry Stokes. Her habits were those of a man. She attended a daily ordinary in the town along with other bricksetters, drank, smoked and joked with the hardest, and joined in the evening carousals. Yet with all this constant and close intimacy with the opposite sex, this strong-minded woman contrived to keep her own great secret. Her real name was Harriet Stokes. She was the daughter of a poor bricksetter. Her early life was one of great hardship and deprivation. Ere many years had passed over her head, she was brought into acquaintance with some of the roughest and toughest work. Her lines had not been cast in pleasant places. She was ground to the earth by the iron hand at home, and her young soul revolted. The adventurous Harriet, when no more than eight years old, put on a tattered suit of boy's clothing, left her hard, cheerless, and hopeless home behind her, and went forth into the "wide, wide world." Arrived at the village of Whitby, she sought work of a bricksetter and procured it. Though somewhat under size, she appeared a broad-set, active, useful lad; and her first effort to please were so attended with success, she was soon taken as an apprentice.

For something like twenty years from this point, the connecting links of Harriet's history are lost. When she appears again it is as "Harry" Stokes, a broad shouldered, muscular, active, industrious, ingenious and daring mechanical laborer. Astonishing as it may appear this female "Harry" actually committed matrimony—not once only, but twice. On the first occasion she married a plump little widow, and it is not surprising that there was a regular row on the wedding night, which resulted in a divorce. She (or he) soon married another widow who was some twenty years her senior. Her connection with this woman, with whom she lived until she committed suicide, is the most mysterious phase of this mysterious history.

It is suggested by the writer of this narrative that Stokes and his wife came to a mutual understanding before the farce of a matrimonial union was enacted, and that the union was formed to shield Stokes from the persecution to which he was subjected.

At last he died, and by his own hand. Increasing age and poverty are given as the causes which led to this rash act.

Many "large theories" have recently been advanced in respect to ballooning; but we think Prof. Wise bears off the palm:

The air is so subtle and mobile that it requires a long and close study of its elements and characteristics before we can appreciate its capacities, powers, and offices fully. That a cubic foot of this invisible fluid should weigh 1 1-4 ounce, nearly, is of itself a wonder.—Displace a bulk of it equal to a balloon of 200 feet diameter, and we gain a buoyant force and uplifting power of 157 tons. Now, to make a balloon of that size would be no difficult task, or even one of 400 feet in diameter, which would have a lifting and carrying power of 1,256 tons. A balloon of such dimensions would have a superfice of 502,656 square feet and if made of sheet copper, weighing one pound per square foot would have a lifting and carrying power of over two millions of pounds capable of transporting at a mile per minute speed, allowing for weight of gas, ballast, provisions, &c., ten thousand human passengers.

TWO THOUSAND ACRES OF FLAME.—We learn from a gentleman who has just returned from a deer-hunting expedition in the vicinity of Bowlesburgh, on the Baltimore and Ohio rail road, that the neighboring mountains are on fire. Our informant saw, night before last, not less than two thousand acres of solid flame, affording one of the grandest sights he ever beheld. In one place, on the top of a peak, the flames stretched up to the height of the loftiest trees, flapping their red and glaring wings in the most terrible manner. A great deal of timber and tan bark that had been hewed and prepared by the mountaineers is being destroyed, and the fire has already eaten its way through the mountains a distance of twenty miles. The mountaineers drag the burning leaves away from their cabins and suffer no personal injury beyond an uncomfortable warmth. The first good rain that comes will put the fire out. The fire in the mountains, from its frequent occurrence has ceased to occasion any great degree of alarm.—[Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.

A HIGH BRIDGE FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.—This magnificent project is being seriously entertained among engineers and men of science. There have been equally as wonderful things effected in our day. The English papers have published some of the details of the plans for uniting England and France by a gigantic tubular bridge across the channel between Dover and Cape Grinez. In order to afford a passage to vessels of the largest size, the bridge would rest on the one side on the cliffs of Dover, and on the other side on the cliffs of Cape Grinez, the French abutment being raised one hundred and fifty-three feet higher than the English, to compensate for the difference of elevation of the cliffs. The bridge would be supported by one hundred and ninety towers, at a distance of five hundred feet apart, each having a light to guide vessels at night, and an alarm bell for warning in fogs. The greatest depth of the channel on the line proposed, is one hundred and eighty-six feet. The bridge would have two or more railways, which, it is estimated, could be traversed in twenty minutes; and it would be so built as to admit the light of day—being lighted at night by gas. In order to prevent all fear of invasion, the projector proposes that each end of the bridge shall be commanded by a strong battery. The towers, which would be one hundred feet in diameter, and two hundred and sixty feet high, would rest in colossal bases, three hundred feet square at the bottom, one hundred and fifty feet square at the top, rising to a height of forty feet above the water, formed of blocks of granite united by iron bars. The elevation of the tops of the towers would thus be three hundred feet above the surface of the water. Mr. Boyd estimated the utmost possible cost of the bridge at £30,000,000, but thinks that it could be built for half that sum, and that the whole cost would be reimbursed to the company in eight years.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia News, writing from Litchfield, tells a good story of the Doctor out there. A party of wags got him out one dark, rainy evening, "to visit a child, dangerously sick," some five miles off. On arriving at the place designated, instead of finding anxious parents watching over a dying child, the doctor was considerably astonished to meet the "boys and girls" all there, having a particularly jolly time! He acknowledged the corn, and join heartily in the festivities. In the course of the evening, however, he quietly slipped a huge dose of physic into a bottle of choice spirits, which the boys had in a snug corner, for their private enjoyment. The boys imbibed freely, and before either the liquor or the evening was half gone, they were running hither and thither—seeking rest and finding none, and cursing the liquor—while the doctor enjoyed himself with the ladies, who often wondered, "Where's Charley?" "Where's Jim?" etc.; but Charley, Jim, and the other boys did not appear—the joke and the physic both worked well!

THE ASTRONOMICAL MUMMY.—The following extract is taken from a report of one of Professor Mitchell's lectures on astronomy, in the Philadelphia *Press*:

"A very remarkable fact was here related by the lecturer, who had said that he had not long since met, in the city of St. Louis, a man of great scientific attainments, who for forty years had been engaged in Egypt in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the ancients. This gentleman had stated to him that he had lavely unraveled the inscriptions upon the coffin of a mummy, now in the London Museum, and that in which, by the aid of previous observations, he had discovered the key to all the astronomical knowledge of the Egytians. The zodiac, with the exact positions of the planets, was delineated on this coffin, and the date to which they pointed was the autumnal equinox in the year 1722, before Christ, or nearly thirty-six hundred years ago. Professor Mitchell employed his assistants, to ascertain the exact position of the heavenly bodies belonging to our solar system on the equinox of that year (1722 B. C.) and sent him a correct diagram of them, without having communicated his object in doing so. In compliance with this the calculations were made, and to his astonishment, on comparing the result with the statements of his scientific friend already referred to, it was found that, on the 7th of October, 1722 B. C., the moon and planets had occupied the exact points in the heavens marked upon the coffin in the London Museum."

SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that, after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap therein and wash. One immediately obeyed, and came from the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap in until the water had become slightly muddy, and when he had bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages of bark, and bade them choose; and, out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and, having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike aparatus; the third gave to the white man pens, ink, and paper—the engine of the mind—the mutual, mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

SHARP PRACTICE.—A distinguished railroad financier, banker and member of the church, in getting up a bank in one of the Western cities, invoked the aid of the Bishop in making subscriptions to the capital stock, by asking the loan of his note on a time for a few thousand dollars, telling him it was a mere matter of form—that he would not be obliged to pay it, &c. The Bishop complied, and not being a person that gave any great deal of attention to temporal affairs, and not over-burdened with the "ready," his note having been passed to the hands of a brother financier, was as a matter of course protested for non-payment when it became due. Our financial friend, who had kept watch on the note, now goes quietly and with much apparent secresy to a brother member of the church, and with benevolence beaming on his countenance, informs him that the Bishop's note is lying at the bank under protest. "This is too bad," said he, "*but nothing must be said about it*; we must take up the note, and I will head the subscription with $50." The requisite amount was soon raised and the Bishop's note paid. The financier made his bank stock clear at a cost of $50 only, and at once took a position in the opinion of his fellow members, as a pillar of the church.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.—The most remarkable among the many remarkable advertisement which fall under our notice, in hundreds of exchanges from every section of the country, is the one below:—

"A pew is for sale in the meeting house of the first parish in Amherst. The man that owns the pew owns the right of space just as long as the pew is, from the bottom of the meeting-house to the top or roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man buy my pew, and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven, if God lets him go. Let a man start from the right place, let him go right, keep right, do right, and he will go to heaven at last; and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

DISCOVERY OF MAMMOTH TREES.—A grove of trees, even larger than those of Calaveras, which have become so celebrated as California wonders, has been discovered in an unfrequented part of Mariposa county. The largest tree in the Calaveras group was one hundred and five feet in circumference. In this more recently discovered grove a tree was found measuring one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference. The grove contains six hundred of these monsters, none others of them perhaps, quite so large, but all of them of approximate proportions. These trees grow on the south fork of the Merced river, about thirty miles southeast of the town of Mariposa. One of the trees, one hundred feet from the ground, has a circumference of sixty-six feet, and a branch measuring eighteen feet in circumference.—*California Paper.*

THE DEAD HOUSES OF EUROPE.—A correspondent of the Troy *Arena*, says:—In Frankfort-on-the-Main and in Munich are dead houses to which bodies are sent previous to burial where they are kept for two or three days, for the purpose of ascertaining, whether life has become extinct or not. On the fingers of the corpses are placed thimbles, which are attached to a cord communicating with a bell. The slightest movement of a finger rings the bell, and thus, in cases of suspended animation, efforts are made to restore the body, instead of burying it alive, as, no doubt, often happens in this country. In Munich it is compulsory on the friends and relatives of all, whether rich or poor, to send the body to the dead house, and allow it to remain a certain number of days. In Frankfort, I think, it is not compulsory, but it is, nevertheless, a custom very generally followed.

The valet of Hon. Grantley Berkeley, the modern mighty hunter, passed through Pittsburg, Penn., last week, and gave himself out as his master. Several Pittsburgers politely called on him and paid profound deference to his remarks.


# Advertisements.

**MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.**

**Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE,** Trance and Test Medium. Examinations and Prescriptions given in an accurate form. Rooms. No 11 La Grange Place.
Hours, from 9 A. M., to 7 P. M. n11 3m

**J. V. MANSFIELD,** Medium for answering sealde letters, will visit the principal cities South and West, during the fall and winter. Letters addressed to him at No. 3 Winter street, Boston, will receive his attention as heretofore.
TERMS.—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*
☞Mr. Mansfield will act as Agent for the SPIRITUAL AGE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TERMS—For examination of patient, $1,00
1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

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

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

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

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE**

(For pupils of both sexes) 69 W. 19th st., N. Y., reopened Monday, September 5th. Two boarders can be accommodated in the family of the Principal,
3—2t, A. T. DEANE.

**Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial;** being a Detailed Account of Overwhelming Testimony, given by Sectarians against all leading Reform and Reformers; with the Summary Proceedings on the part of the Prosecution, aided by several Respectable Citizens, after an Irregular Rendition of the Verdict.—Conservatives versus Progressives.—Photographically Reported and Prepared for Publication by Philo Hermes. Price 15 cents per copy, and sent to any part of the United States free of postage. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent to order. Address the Publisher, Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

All the Books and Pamphlets of Theodore Parker, the works of A. J. Davis, and all other Reform Publications, for sale as above.
Sept. 24, 1859. tf

**SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,**

CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 664 Washington street, under Pine St Church, Boston.
All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above.

**TO LECTURERS.**

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentlemen who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by
B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

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**S. T. MUNSON,**

Having removed from No 5 Great Jones street, is now located at 143 Fulton street, where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphlets, &c. He is also prepared to do a general Agency business and solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. S. T. M. is the sole agent in New York City for Mrs. METTLER'S invaluable medicines. Restorative Syrup—Qts. $2.—Pints $1,00.—Pulmonaria $1,00 per Bottle. Neutralising Mixture 50 cts.—Dysentery Cordial 50 cts.—Elixir 50 cts.—Liniment $1,50.—Healing Ointment per Box, 25 cts. These medicines will be carefully packed and shipped to any part of the country.
General Agent.—S. T. MUNSON, 143 Fulton street, N Y
n7tf

**DR. J. ESTES,**

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN and HEALING MEDIUM, No. 7 Elliot street, Boston.

# Bela Marsh's Advertisements.

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

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

**A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!**

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

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

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The publisher has recently issued the Fifth Edition of the above popular works of Mr. Davis, and is ready to supply all orders promptly, either at wholesale or retail.
Address BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.
B. M. has also published new editions of the following excellent works of Mr. Davis, viz:—
*The Philosophy of Special Providences—A Vision,* Price 15 cts.
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*The Penetralia;* being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions, $1 00
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A liberal discount will be made when taken in quantities.
18tf

**FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.**

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

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

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31—tf

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

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

**THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER,**

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

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# Medical Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

**AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.**

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

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

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

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

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




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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.

(Continued from 1st Page.)

been manifested in the more advanced societies, as seen in their legislative enactments: these frequently have reference to the existing evils although perhaps they as frequently aggravate as ameliorate them. But in this endeavor for improvement where the people themselves seek it in this manner, we perceive the instinctive desire, unconscious as it may be to the great mass, for social progress and improvement. If, happily, this indication could be carried out with an investment of governments in the hands of the wisest and best, and incalculable advance might be secured in the required end; but governments are notoriously corrupt and no sane mind expects to witness any improvement by their agency except indirectly by the precipitation of already disordered matters, by their wickedness and folly, to their worst consequences, when revolutions step in and evoke a change in a new direction. We cannot look to governments *at present* for the amelioration of society except in accidental cases and then to a limited extent infinitely short of the demands of the case; these political institutions like all other controlling potencies are in the hands of the cunning and the strong who seek by their means especial and partial advantages rather than the common-weal. Other agencies for the work must be sought and the guarantee that they will be found is as certain as is the fact that they are needed. In that more sensible and lively consciousness of the necessity of reform, accompanied with a desire to engage in it, as manifested by philanthropic minds, is indicated an indubitable sign of promise and encouragement that such agencies will be found. A perception and knowledge of our social diseases, however dim and feeble this consciousness may be, must be considered to a greater or less extent an indication that a hopeful treatment is possible and by the hands of those who have the wisdom to make the discovery, provided their intuitions are faithfully followed up.

To this writer it appears that Spiritualists, of all others, have been impressed with the profoundest convictions as to the actual condition of our social relations, its menacing tendencies, and the need of correction, and by virtue of this position in regard to the question they are called upon to assume the duties of pioneers in the work of reform; if this view be correct, upon this class rests the responsibility of moving forward and meeting the demands of the case. They, of all men claim to be more deeply and truly initiated in the knowledge of the relation of the present to the future, and the necessity of so shaping and directing the elements and circumstances of the hour that they shall yield in coming harvests their best fruits. As humanitarians, as "harmonialists" as some of them call themselves, they profess to have advanced beyond other men in the true perception and significance of progress, of brotherhood of the race, and the conditions upon which its destiny depends, and as its teachers and guides as they are called upon to become, they cannot remain indifferent or idle to the duties before them; the times call upon them to be up and doing, or failing therein, the providences of God thus wasted upon unfaithful stewards must wait for further appropriation by truer workers. That Spiritualists have already stamped their influences upon these days, by their dissimination of new ideas, and thus have made a certain impression in the right direction, needs not here to be spoken of their power and position for following up this preliminary operation by a more practical work will be discussed at greater length in the sequel, but it seems necessary to enforce to the utmost the conviction, that having been the instruments for introducing the work, they stand further committed for carrying it forward.

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DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—This distinguished gentleman died at his residence at Sunnyside on Monday night. He was born in New York city April 3d, 1783. His father was a Scotchman and his mother English. He was one of the most pleasing and graceful writers of that school of which Sir Walter Scott was at the head.

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☞Look out for the new story next week.

## PUNISHMENT.

We are of opinion that all science, all art, all government, all human institutions, are just, true, and durable precisely as they are in harmony with, and based upon the unerring laws of the universe. And the same is true of all social regulations, all moral precepts, and all criminal codes—all laws, customs, penalties, and punishments.

The *nature* of punishment seems to be but poorly understood by the majority of those in authority, who have the making of our laws and the administration of our criminal jurisprudence. Almost everywhere it partakes more or less of the spirit of vindictiveness, or retaliation, of an eye for an eye, of evil for evil.

The law of punishment in the universe seems, very clearly, to be corrective. It is remedical.—It is what disease is in the organic domain—an effort to get rid of the wrong condition and restore the normal relation. God does not afflict His cretures simply because they have done wrong; but to lead them to right action. Penalty is made the necessary consequence of transgression, so as to protect and preserve the sinner by guiding him back to truth and right. Nature does not visit the transgressor of her laws with penalties arbitrarily. She does not inflict pain because the ignorant or wicked mortal has done wrong; but she makes suffering the consequence of wrong-doing, with the view of reforming the wrong-doer. Thus punishment in nature, as well as with Deity, is the highest possible evidence, and the more glorious manifestation of disinterested benevolence.

It should be so with human beings in their dealings with each other. If the sinner is so incorrigible that he can not be reformed, it is mercy and benevolence to him, as well as protection to others, to cut him off from society. This would be rendering good for evil, just as God and nature always punish. But if he be reformable, all the pains, penalties, inflictions, and evils brought to bear upon him should have that end and aim in view. Thousands of our criminals are punished into hardened and hopeless wretches. In our large cities swarms of juvenile offenders, who, by a little judicious instruction and kind treatment, could be easily put in the way of becoming repentant, virtuous, and useful citizens, are now, by harsh usage and vindictive punishment, urged on to deeper vices and more outrageous crimes. As we have often had occasion to say, it costs us vastly more to punish our criminals than it would cost to prevent them from becoming such.

The principle we are endeavoring to advocate is well illustrated in the doings of the New York Prison Association. The efficient agent, Mr. Abraham Beale, visits the prison, and attends the courts of justice, and ascertains the various circumstances which have led the different prisoners to become criminals; and the result is, that when a disposition to reform is manifested, they are provided with places where they can earn an honest living, and be surrounded by such associations as will counteract instead of aggravate the unfortunate propensity they have acquired to do wrong. The Association also makes, according to their means, the same provision for discharged convicts, who have served out their term of punishment; and thus thousands are prevented from relapsing into crime because society treats them as vagabonds and outlaws.

This plan is the right one. It could be extended, and should be, so as to embrace within the scope of its operations and influence all the evil-disposed persons in the land. When will society be wise enough to protect itself in the easy, cheap, and Christian-like manner of doing unto others as it would like to be done by?—[Life Illustrated.

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☞Let your wits be your friend, your mind your companion, your tongue your servant.

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### MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium.
Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium.
Mr. A. B. Pierce, Belfast, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Gibson Smith, Camden, Trance-Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium.
Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.
John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium.
Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
G. B. Hopkins, Oldtown, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Rosan M. Smith, Hampden, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Susan W. Jackson, Hampden, Rapping, Tipping and Healing Medium.
Russell Soverence, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium.
Miss Emeline Cunningham, Bradford, Trance-Speaking and Prescribing Medium.
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For three dollars the subscriber, publisher of many valuable Spiritual Reform works, will send at retail prices free of postage or by Express, three dollars worth of any books published by him, and in addition thereto, either the Spiritual Age or the Banner of Light for six months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who want to purchase an assortment of the above at reduced prices. Address BELA MARSH,
14 Bromfield street, Boston.

☞Send for Catalogue.

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


## Announcements.

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

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Putnam, Ct., the first two Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of Dec., and the first two of January. Address "Willard Barnes Felton, Putnam, Ct., until Dec 10th—No. 12, Lamartine Place, 29th street New York until Dec. 20th, and 510 Arch street, Philadelphia until January 10th. n15 tf

Mrs. R. H. BURT will give lectures on every thing pertaining to Spiritual and Practical life, Religion and Metaphysics under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2, Columbia street, Boston, Mass. 15 tf

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 i 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

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 ast 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 during her present state of health, which is exceedingly delicate, will be gratefully received and let those who can send any message from the spirit spheres that may aid to cheer and strengthen her.

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 Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire.—Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞She will also attend funerals.

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

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

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

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

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

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DR. J. ESTES,
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## 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 desirious 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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### BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

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

### 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,
CHAS. WALKER,
SAML. B. NICHOLS,
A. E. SIMMONS,
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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.


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

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

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### DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.

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.

n14tf

### 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 49 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

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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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