# THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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## Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

### GOD'S SHIPS.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

"Spirit conveyances are God's white ships to us who dwell inland?"

Our home is inland—amongst the hills—
Far, far away from the sea-girt strand,
Surrounded only by musical rills,
But aye and aye the ships come to land,
And aye and aye a musical band
The white ships bear to our high land.

They tune their harps to many a strain
Of melody pure and soft and sweet,
Until we forget there's aught of pain,
And hasten the ships of God to meet,
The passengers come with footsteps fleet
Their friends in their highland homes to greet!

Broad and white is their silvery wake,
Marked by the rays of heavenly light;
Heavenly love is the beautiful lake,
The ships bear through it their precious freight,
Morning and noon and desolate night
The messengers cross their lake of light.

In our home embosomed amongst the hills,
Our only beacon a lifted hand,
And a heart that looks above life's ills,
We beckon our Father's ships to land.
The angels clasp each trembling hand
And guide our souls to heaven's high land!

### THE BROOK.

BY TENNYSON.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by the shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

### A DREAM.

BY LUZENE.

"I had a dream, and dear 'twas not all a dream."
I dreamed I rode high up on the waves,
At sea; a storm set in, rough winds blew,
Our ship was driven fiercely 'gainst a rock
And went to wreck; and I, alone, was washed ashore on
Some dark and unknown Isle, uninhabited by man
Or beast, or any winged thing save the soaring
Eagle in his flight would sometimes lower for prey.
And there I lived, I thought, for months—
Worms and insects for my food. And yet I had
A hope in God for my deliverance. I prayed
By night and day to God, that I might live to see
My native land again. I prayed for a companion.
I prayed that a kind Providence might stop some
Voyager in their course, and thus relieve my anxious mind,
And body, worn and faint, and exhausted as it was.
The first ship passed me by, the second failed to
See my signal, and did not stop.

At last I saw two forms
Emerge from out the sea, and wander towards me.
They were my spirit Guides, they said, and led me
From this dreary waste across the sea, to its margin.
I saw the heavens now open wide and beautiful.
My prayers were answered. I passed from shades
Of night, to light of endless day. I heard the key
Of Heaven turn in its lock, I saw exposed
A flood of golden light, that shone around unseen
Worlds of spirits, and then I thought I was forever
Locked within the endless walls of the Holy City.
My Guides stood near me; below it was intensely dark.
Above me, as I rose, it brighter grew, until I reach'd
A place like perfect day. "This," said one my Guides,
"Is where doth dwell the inhabitants of the Seven Great
Cities—the highest of which, is where dwelleth the
Pure and redeem'd of God." They led me forth
Beneath wide forest trees, along a path that skirted
Silver streams, o'er arched by living trees and flowers;
Until I reached the golden street of the Third Great City.
On either side rose immense walls, built of gold and
O'erhung with choice flowers. Within these walls, dwelt
Beings pure and spotless, a flowers, and trees, and
Running streams. Ripened fruit was thriving there, and birds were
Singing sweetly. I felt alone, and yet around me throng'd
Innumerable bands of spirits. My heart grew light and free,
And I was happy. I did not care to visit earth again,
Or move on higher. For in the distance I could see
A world of bright lights, of ever varying brightness.
Here dwelt the Father, God, on His Great White Throne;
And this they called the Seventh Great City My Spirit Guides
Beckoned me onward, but a spell encircled me;
I was in darkness. I woke to live again in earthly form.
LANSINGBURG, N. Y., Nov. 26th, 1859.

### I STILL REMEMBER.

BY NAOMI GRAY.

I still remember where we met,
That early autumn night;
The sky with sparkling gems was set,
And Zephyr's breath was light;
The moonbeams fell so softly where
The dewy flowers slept;
Bending beneath the jewels fair,
Which evening's clouds had swept.

That spot I well remember yet,
The scene was not more fair,
Where Burns his highland Mary met
Beside the winding Ayr;
That dear old pine we loved so well,
Its watch above us kept;
The starlight and its branches fell,
And gently through them crept.

No sorrow had my bosom known—
My heart with joy was light,
When first you called me all "thine own,"
That night, that autumn night;
Time stole away those happy hours,
But still I love to twine
A wreath of memory's brightest flowers,
Around that sighing pine.

## Correspondence.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1st, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I trust that the article on slavery, under the signature of M, in your paper of the 26th ult., got there by mistake, and not with your approbation, and that you do not approve of such unprincipled doctrines as the writer advocates, nor the promulgation of such base slanders on a portion of your readers who subscribed for your paper in good faith, as a spiritual, and not an abolitionist paper. I use the terms slanderous and unprincipled, with a full appreciation of the terms, and feel that none milder will express the gross misrepresentation of slavery, as it exists South, and the slaveholder on the one hand, or of their approval and encouragement of bad and unprincipled men to murder and rob their fellow citizens, under the specious pretext of liberating slaves.

If you do so sanction and intend in future making your paper the exponent of such atrocious and infamous sentiments, which I trust you do not, for if you do, I do not wish you (as much as I should regret the loss) to send the paper to me. I could bear with misrepresentation, for that might be the legitimate result of ignorance of the subject he writes about, but not the endorsement of Brown's conduct, and encouragement of others to imitate his example. With a man possessed with such a spirit as your correspondent manifests, I can have no debate; but I beg to call *your* attention to one or two facts that will afford you a safer basis to reason about from, than the misrepresentations of others, who in turn form their estimates of the unfeeling cruelty and vileness of slaveholders, not so much from actual knowledge, as from their estimate of human depravity; each man or woman, as you are aware, form their estimate by a standard erected in their own dispositions and think because they would under such circumstances commit such acts, that others do commit them.

First, it cannot have escaped your attention that so far from the negroes flying to Brown for freedom, that he and his associates had to take them off by force, and that so soon as they were free to do so returned to their homes. If slavery was to them so terrible as represented, and they so eager to escape from it, would they have acted so?

Again, as the experiment of freeing the negroes in the British possessions, in South America and the West Indies has resulted in reducing well cultivated and productive fields into desert wastes, and partially civilized negroes into nearly their original state of barbarism. *What then can be done with the negroes that will not make their condition worse than it is now?* I have asked this question repeatedly, and never yet have received an answer. Now common honesty and humanity both demand that before we undertake to change the existing state of things that we can show that the change proposed will not make it worse.

I am not, and never was an advocate of slavery; not because I believed that their condition could be bettered by a change; on the contrary, I sincerely (with a knowledge of their dispositions) believe that their present condition is the best they are YET capable of maintaining, and that under it they develop more rapidly than in any other that they can be placed, but I feel that the relationship is not the best for the white race.

Yours Respectfully,
JOHN M. RAE.

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 1st, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—In this article I wish to make a contrast between the Christianity of the past—established by the early apostles of the great Nazarene—and what is called Christianity of the nineteenth century, and compare them both with the wants of the present age. More than eighteen centuries have passed since the great *medium* of Nazareth "stood up and spake as man never spake before"—a man approved of God, who was put to death for preaching what he believed to be the truth of Heaven. That there was a Christian Church established at Rome, I verily believe; and we must take the record in order to see what these followers of Jesus Christ believed.—Turn to Acts 2d chapter, and read, "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance."

I quote this to show that the early Christians were practical Spiritualists, and the most essential of all to them was the gift of the Holy Ghost, promised to them by their great and noble teacher Jesus of Nazereth. He said, "If I go away, I will return unto you" and "where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst of them." Nobly did they meet and worship the true God and when the Holy Ghost was poured out—verse 41st.—"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and prayers; and all that believed were together and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them, to all as every man had need." Thus you see to be a follower of Christ, was to observe these things. "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor and come and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And some went away sorrowful for they were very rich." This was early Christianity as preached by Christ and his Apostles.

We will now turn to the nineteenth chapter of Acts, 6th verse,—"And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them and they spake with tongues and prophesied." Acts iv.: 32.—"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And a Levite having land sold it and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles feet." These quotations I wish to show in order to prove what was Christianity eighteen centuries ago.

How grand this system of early Christians—a belief in spirits and angels. They met to heal the sick, strengthen the weak, to receive the gift of prophesying and the discerning of spirits. Br. Paul recommends us to covet the best gifts This was early Christian doctrine, as taught by the early followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene. I wish now to draw a contrast between theology now and Christianity then. That there are sects in the world who think they are Christians, I shall not attempt to deny. But are they such? Are they teaching the great principles taught by the great seer and prophet of Nazareth. What are organizations of to day, and what do they teach? take all the churches in Christendom, and what do they propose to do? Have they saved any yet from the passions that afflict God's earth-born children? Do they or have they saved man from the snares of licentiousness, or saved him from wronging his fellow-man or from any vice? All theology teaches Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men; and if you will comply with certain conditions laid down in the creeds of men, Christ will take you with him to "mansions eternal in the heavens."

What say the immortal Saviour and prophets of the past? Tell us, oh, immortals, if what is organized in our land is the true Church of Christ? Oh, Sectarianism, where is your Christ's authority? You do not, and cannot, give me the test of true discipleship; not one gift does modern theology pretend to have; they do not pretend when sinners are to be converted, that they must needs have a voice from the Spirit Land, saying unto them, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me!"—saying "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest!" The true Christian Church was founded on spirit manifestations, and Jesus could give to the wicked and undeveloped race a genuine spirit manifestion; and had not Jesus came back and spoke to Saul of Tarsus, Saul would not have been a believer in the religion that Jesus came to set up on the earth; for he told his disciples to "go into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature; go heal the sick, cast out devils, prophesying in my name, and you shall have all the gifts of the Spirit world."

But alas, alas! how diluted is the Christianity of the nineteenth century; it has become a trade and priests are hired for from one to six thousand dollars a year, teaching a theology selfish in its aims and aristocratic in its tendencies. Christianity diluted and misrepresented—robbed of all its spiritual manifestations until avarice, lust and drunkenness, with war and slavery are represented in its bosom. Oh, is it not time for the spiritual minded of our land to organize a true Christian Brotherhood on principles that will give to every brother and sister composing that Brotherhood their God-given rights. I have spoken in a previous article in relation to the organization of labor, and have given you some hints in relation to carrying out practical Chistianity on the earth. Altho' our Christian Brotherhood may differ somewhat from the early Christians in some respects, yet I trust we shall have all the good of theirs, and the wisdom and experience of more than eighteen centuries to aid us in organizing a true Christian Brotherhood on the earth. We have a ground plan given us that will unite all true reformers and spiritual-minded, practical Christians throughout the world, and we intend to show in this communication how the true associationist from the various schools of socialists can unite in one great Brotherhood and practically carry out Christian principles and establish a self sustaining association according to the Constitutional Compact of our Harmonial Colony Association. I will now proceed with that class who will wish to live in group neighborhoods, each family owning their own land and sitting under their own vine and fig-tree—cultivating their own soil as each one may think best—reclaiming the waste places of the earth, making it to bud and blossom as the rose. Each family will have all the advantages gained by the rise of lands purchased by the Directory of Association. Another class called the Joint Stock Corporation Company, or in other words Paulansterians, can adopt their own organization at their own cost, risk, and responsibility, provided they do not conflict with Christian principles; and each department can be represented by families; and here let me divide the three departments into three families, namely:—The Individual Families, the Joint Stock Families, and the Families that hold all things as one family. This organization or family can petition the Directory to set off in one parcel of land a sufficient quantity to accommodate this branch of the Brotherhood. And the system of commerce and education established and adopted by the whole Colony, will secure to each department a co-operation and union in interest, and the store-house or Entrepot spoken of in the Amendments will be the common property of the whole Colony.

Having spoken of the various organizations composing this Brotherhood; of their different modes and interests, I will now proceed to show the great benefit of education, that must be established by the whole colony; this we trust will be free for all—where all can be educated according to their organizations; and when all have been instructed and educated, we trust that none will be fully prepared to brave such an institution, until they shall be well qualified to fill all the stations in life; each one, male and female shall have a trade given them, according to their organization. I shall write more upon this subject at another time, and show the need of such an organization. Truly Yours,

D. C. GATES.

### HOW THE PYRAMIDS WERE BUILT.

A correspondent suggests that the mode by which the stones used in building the pyramids of Egypt were raised to their places was by piling up immense inclined planes of sand, up which the blocks were pushed on rollers. The statement, often repeated, on high authority, that the pyramids were built before the Egyptians acquired the art of writing hieroglyphics, proves, on closer examination, to be erroneous. The few hieroglyphics, however, which they do contain, do not convey that full knowledge of the state of the arts among them, at the time the pyramids were constructed, which is to be learned from the writings and pictures in their tombs and temples, in regard to the state of their arts at a subsequent period. But we have the less valuable authority of Herodotus, that the blocks of stone were lifted from one course to the other, up the steps of the pyramid. Remains of Cheops grand causeway, for transporting the blocks quarried from the rocks on the east bank, are still seen leading up to the great pyramid from the plain—a shapeless ridge of ruinous masonry and sand. According to Herodotus, it was 1,000 yards long, 60 feet wide, and 48 feet high, was adorned with figures of animals, and was a work of ten years. Some of the stones used for the coping over the passages, are seven feet thick, and more than seventeen feet long. Lifting these stones up the sides of a pyramid 450 feet high, was certainly a work of great labor, but as a feat of engineering, it was mere child's play, compared with some of the triumphs of modern science and skill—for instance, lifting the Menai bridge on to its piers, or raising on end, and placing on its pedestal, the monstrous monolith which adorns the city of St. Petersburg.—[Scientific American.

If thou hast a loitering servant send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

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

# DHOULA BEL:
—OR THE—
# MAGIC GLOBE.

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BOOK FIRST.

If scanty be my laud or praise,
And shallow critics call me liar;
Because my Book contains strange lays,
I will not storm, or burst with ire:

Let him who credits not these tales,
Travel as far as I have been;
Then may he tell if truth prevails
In what I say that I have seen.

*Translated from the Old French*

I triumph! I have stolen the golden keys of the Egyptians. I will indulge my sacred fury. [KEPLER.

**TO LORENZO M. TAYLOR,**

A good man and true, and therefore GREAT!—a man whose heart beats for humanity; whose spirit is almost too pure for earth; whose equal in spontaneous, genuine philanthropy—gentleness, christianity, and all else that goes to make up the PERFECT MANHOOD, is seldom to be found. One who forgave his enemies—for he was hated for his goodness;—one who gladdened honest poverty, assisted the weak, encouraged the wavering, reclaimed the vicious, and set a fair and bright example to all; and who proved himself the greatest, best, and noblest friend of the author, at a time when all the world looked dim. This work remains a monument of grateful memory.

## INTRODUCTION.

A strange, singular, thrilling, and in certain respects, even terrible story, herewith goes forth to startle and amaze the world. Much of what here follows will astound, portions will challenge, and not a little of it will surpass belief. Indeed, I am free to confess that had I received it from any other than the source that I did, it would have required much argument to have made me credit some things in the ensuing pages. When a man in the full possession of all his faculties lays at the point of death,—a man, too, whom we have known for years, and who has ever maintained an unblemished character for veracity—I say, when such a man, under such circumstances, relates an incident or a series of incidents forming part of his own individual experience, what reason have we to doubt his word, even if he does relate things the rationality and philosophy of which lays beyond the scope of our mind? Evidently none at all.

Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:

"There are more things between heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreampt of in our philosophy!" Manifestly Shakespeare was right, and who ever rises from the perusal of the most extraordinary work here presented will unquestionably echo the trite observation of the philosophic Dane.

Many passages in this book will cause the hot blood to mantle the cheek with terror, and leave it again pallid as the marble statue. Passages there are that will make the reader's heart beat wildly, and the pulse throb quicker than its wont.

This story is entirely without a parallel in the annals of Literature. At the suggestions of numerous friends, though against my own personal views, I have consented that it shall go forth to the world as a Philosophical Romance. Such it is, and such it is *not*, at the same time. This is a seeming paradox. Let me explain: Such it is not, because it is *nearly* a true story from title page to conclusion. Nearly all that are here related are transcripts from actual experience, and no mere romance, or fictitious story that I ever read or heard of, can begin to equal it in power and thrilling interest. If it is a novel—a figment, all I can say is this—and every one who reads it will join me in declaring, that it is the grandest, wildest, most singularly magnificent fiction that ever fell from mortal pen—I care not what or who contests the palm. It may be called a "Romance," because an *allegory*, like a vein of molten gold, runs through the work.

It differs essentially from any story issued from the press during my life-that is, that I know aught concerning—and I am "fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf," and had ample means, disposition and opportunity to search the products of that mighty engine, The Press, for the purest and the best.

I am not unaware that some persons will pronounce this book the product of a vivid imagination. Some will call it a prose Poem—indeed not a few have already. Others will say it is a bold and hazardous literary experiment—a daring attempt to strike out a new path, and to wander through hitherto untrodden fields in Fancy's weird Realms. My private belief in the matter is, that aside from a little garnishing here and there, the work is the recital of an experience unparalleled—an experience mysterious as Fate, terrible as Death.

It is indeed a marvelous production. Not the least curious and remarkable thing about it is its wonderful reach of thought. If the author of this story—now alas! in his grave—did not come by his knowledge as herein stated, then he was one of the acutest mind, and deepest reasoners of the Century. His story tells of dark and ungodly deeds. Now it portrays gloomy horrors sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts: then it spreads pictures before the eye, of such exquisite beauty and finish, that the reader is charmed; then it describes scenes of such melting pathos that the willing tear drops on the open page. Indeed, if this work be a fiction, the reader cannot but be convinced that the investigation of—for instance the Problem of Evil, was made by a mind peculiarly adapted to such a work. But I cannot believe it to be a fiction at all, for even now my pulse beats quickly as I recur to the days not long since, when I, with a few friends sat beside the bed whereon lay the prostrate form of the singular being from whose lips fell all that I have here thrown together, nearly as uttered or read from his cypher notes—by us unreadable. These notes had been jotted down from time to time by him, as the events they recorded had occurred. Ah, too well, alas! had I reason to believe that he told his actual Past. It seems to me that even now I behold the sunken, sallow, care-worn, weather-beaten cheek of that dying youth—for he was but in the early dawn of manhood when he died. Well, too well, do I remember the emaciated, haggard figure, and the corpse-like and fevered lips, that spoke so many strange things. I can even now vividly recall to mind the appearance of that thin frame, shivering with disease—a disease contracted by exposure—yet a frame that neither disease, nor death himself could wholly conquer and subdue. For at least a hundred times, before his work on earth was finished, I have known his mind to rule and govern his body, by a single pulse of his Will, to an extent truly astonishing—sometimes almost enabling him to baffle disease and bid the king of terrors stand back till he (the Man) was ready for the final stroke. Truly it was a sublime spectacle, that of beholding the absolute and complete subjugation of Nature, by its miserable, but eternal master Mind!

Many of the characters of this drama are living to day. Names have been changed, and localities, but the portraits are so well drawn that they will at once be recognized. Those in the episode of the "Mediam Moor," are *all* real living characters, the incidents upon which it is founded really took place, and the author was, as therein stated, the victim of a deed so utterly inhuman, as to warrant a stronger holding up to human execration than the author saw fit to write.

My spirit leaps when I recur to the dreadful wrongs the unfortunate author suffered at the hands of those to whom he laid bare his very soul, and from whom he had a right to expect better—at least half-way human treatment. The only excuse that can be made in their behalf is, that they did not know the man—did not realize his value, nor even dream of the grandeur of the being they ferociously hunted, even to the brink of the yawning grave. They would have relented, could they, as I did, have beheld the sweat-drops of agony oozing from his throbbing temples, and witnessed the fearful energy with which he clung to life, till he could finish his story. Yes, even the bitterest foe the man ever had, would have softened could he have beheld the moving agony through which that heart-broken and dying one unburthened his mind of that, much of which I here give to the world in his very words.

It is proper for me here to state that I have as much as possible refrained from making the least alteration in the language of the author, hence to the hypercritical it may be somewhat faulty; yet the fact of its being so good and correct as it will be found, is itself a wonder—for the author was *totally* uneducated, save in what he acquired by random efforts without a teacher, and to his dying day was ignorant of even the rudiments of English Grammar; yet how vastly learned in ublimer sciences! All that I have done was to arrange the chapters, compose this introduction, add an occasional foot-note, and edit the work—the total proceeds of the sale of which will be religiously devoted to the use of and paid over to the surviving relatives of the author, who, taken altogether, was the most singular character I ever had the fortune to encounter. Most surely

"He had a fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted his puny body to decay,
And o'er it built a monument of clay."

I first met him beyond the seas, shortly before the occurrences, the narrative of which closes the 1st book in this tale. At the time when the work was begun—so far as I had aught to do with it, his strength was rapidly failing; and as the last, flickering light of life illumined his dark—deeply dark eye, I was compelled to employ a French stenographist, or short-hand writer, in order that nothing might be lost. This would not have been needful, had the notes read by the sufferer been decypherable by any one save himself. Portions of the story were written in Paris, London, Sorento, Naples, Madrid and Seville, and a few pages on the Bavarian Rhine, during the ten months in which he was under my especial charge as friend and physician. Sometimes we obtained ten or twenty pages a week, sometimes only two in a whole month. We felt anxious for the results, but forbore to urge or press him. I frequently moved him from climate to climate, hopefully, tenderly, regardless of expense or trouble, trusting that change of air would enable us to baffle disease, and keep grim death at a distance. But it was not so ordained, and at length he sunk gently asleep.—The last words he ever uttered I have transcribed, and he spoke them even as the distant death music struck upon his ear—"Tell the world I died as I have ever lived—true to myself, true to my highest interests at every moment of action. Grievously have I sinned against God, Nature and myself—perhaps against others—but I sinned unwittingly, believing all the while that I was right. And now, coming to me over the hills of Time, I hear a voice saying, 'Child of Mortality, thou art forgiven!' I believe that voice. Dying, I leave behind me 'foot-prints on the sands of Time.' I have revealed many truths—have solved the Grand Mystery! Many will read my book when I am gone to play my part in another drama, more fearful than that upon which the curtain is now falling. Some will understand it and me, when they read. Such will bless me. Others—thousands, will read the book for the story only. Such will thank and read it again—gleaming silver they will read again—and fine gold. I tell such, 'Read again—there's diamonds in the mine!' An hour more and I shall be—*Where?* and *What?* I have an assurance, founded in absolute knowledge, that I shall be winging my way to a better, through *three worse worlds, than this that gave me birth!*

"People who scorned me living, will love and justify me when I have passed beyond the veil. They will first begin to love me when the green grass waves over the soil where my bones repose, and the tiny birds sing gay matins as they pick the gravel from the sod that covers my coffin!—Tell, O, tell the Sabbath wanderer through the solemn church-yard, to pause a moment beside my tomb, and bid him drop one tear—only one little tear to my memory; and to think of me as one whose aim in life was, in spite of a little contrary-seeming, to *do good*. One who loved his species, forgave his foes, reverenced the right, and strove hard to maintain it—and failed. Tell him to remember me as a man who loved a woman with all a woman's deathless love—yea! till the chords snapt, his heart broke, but who bore that self-same love with him beyond the mystic veil!"

And so he slept.

Of the characters of this tale, Alaric the Gypsey, and Maurice the Hunchback, are perhaps the most artistically drawn. Everbody must perforce fall in love with little Winnie. The Tragedy of Gustave Grutier, the fate of poor Alline, the execution of the Barber, the picture of the fiend Dhoula Bel, the scenes at La Roquette, and on the Desert of Zahara, the events at the Hotel de Ville, the Baron's adventure, and the Vision of Justice, are specimens of word-painting never surpassed in any language. But I have said enough. Here is the Tale. Read it and then judge for yourself, dear reader, whether I am not perfectly justified in pronouncing it the most extraordinary production of the last fifty years.

THE EDITOR.

## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

### CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW.

It was on a dark and stormy night in December, 1827. The icy hand of cold rested on all animate nature, and whatever possessed sensation shrunk away, and sought refuge from the biting blasts of winter. The frosty mantle enveloped all things; even the very stones in the street looked cold and dreary as the light from the windows fell upon them. The hour was late—fast verging on to that mystic hour, when it is said the troubled ghosts of guilty men walk the earth to suffer and do penance for guilty deeds. The superstition itself is chilling. It may be true, it may be mere poetry, fancy,—who can tell? At all events, if a ghost had feeling, and were condemned to face the frigid blast of such a night, than which few more terrible for coldness are on record, there can be no doubt that every five minutes exposure would atone for more than one whole day of sinfulness passed ere the final divorce between man the mystery, and man the corporal part.

On this terrible night, a woman paced impatiently up and down the floor of a chamber in the house, No. 70 Canal street, New York City.

She was rather tall, slender, singularly moulded in feature; lines of intense care marked her, and a restlessness of movement indicated that a perfect sympathy existed between her soul within, and the raging elements without; yet there was this marked difference; namely, cold predominated in the outside world, but the short nervous step, the quick movements and suffused cheek of the daughter of Eve, told that the fierce volcanoes of strange fire raged beneath her bosom's surface.

She was no ordinary woman: that was no ordinary night.

Let us leave her awhile, and glance at her surroundings. In the Year of Our Lord 1827, New York was a far different place than we find it in these rapid days. Few of the stately buildings, and none of the magnificent palaces which now mark it as the first city of the age, were then erected. Edifices that were then thought palatial and stupendous, are now regarded as commonplace and diminutive. Union Park that is, was then but a dot in a sort of moor, and was a considerable journey out of town. Canal Street nearly or quite bounded the upper section of the city, for all beyond that was sparsely settled, and the buildings were few, straggling and of a mean appearance generally, when contrasted with the stately edifices that now adorn that portion of the great Metropolis—so called, and justly too, even at that early date. New York had earned the proud title of Empire City long previous to the date mentioned, in fair competition with Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newport and Boston, all of which flourising aspirants to the position of "First City in the Union" had unwillingly been compelled, after a race of half a century, to yield the palm, and the honor to the Island Queen. At the time of which I write, a large, unseemly and, in hot weather, exceedingly unsavory smelling ditch ran through the centre from end to end of the magnificient thoroughfare, which from that circumstance derived its name, Canal Street, albeit, at that time it was, compared to the same street today, a dirty, ill-paved, dimly lighted, ill-appointed roadway. I have already said that even then, New York justly claimed to be the commercial capital of the western world, and this claim had quietly been conceded to her on all hands.

This was owing, partly to the spirit of enterprize which characterized the goodly, Dutch descended citizens, whose mercantile and commercial instincts had been quickened into an active, busy liveliness by the contact of British blood with the dull, phlegmatic, Hanseatic, compound, tobacco-tainted, beer-flavored, venous article of the former residents, and original founders of the place; yet not to this contact and commingling alone must be attributed the marvelous growth and constantly increasing importance of the city, but mainly to the unrivaled geographical position,—to its mighty streams, its magnificent, island-dotted Bay, which is capacious enough to afford secure anchorage to one hundred thousand ships of war—aye, treble the number, if we regard the lower as portions of the upper Bay,—at one and the same time. It is mainly owing to these unrivaled waters, at the foot or confluence of which, like a Queen in triumph she sits, as if in conscious pride, looking sea-ward, lowly murmuring "By salt waters I thrive! by fresh rivers do I live!"

Gas-lamps—that great illustrative demonstation of the march of civilization and social progress, were, at the period here treated of, an unimagined luxury in New York, for even then the city, was as now, the worst governed city on the habitable globe, and in the year '27 the belated traveller was forced to depend either upon the light provided by our kind old mother, Dame Nature—the silvery moon and merrily twinkling stars, or else feel and grope his way along the ill-paved, and recklessly cared-for streets by the uncertain aid of oil-lamps—bad oil lamps—that is to say, bad oil and bad lamps—situated here and there upon the cross corners of the highway, which lamps, like modern preachers, seemed fearful of the consequences of letting their light shine before men, and consequently didn't to any great extent. In fact, they rendered the darkness still more gloomy, as the forlorn pedestrian, ennerved and inspirited by the faint, yet cheering hope of reaching his destination somehow, or at sometime or other in the course of human events, pushed ahead. Full of this hope, as old Boreas, ice-laden and chill-breathed, would permit him to be, the foot-traveller, with a sort of reckless bravery, plunged into the dim regions of darkness, the undisputed domain of which extended to within forty feet of the post, on the summit of which was placed that nondescript thing which the "City Fathers" in their rich exuberance of Aldermanic facetiousness—for which the whole genus are proverbially famous—chose to call "A Street Lamp."

City Fathers are ever and always the same. Every historical epoch boasts of its Aldermen. Contemporaneous Municipalities sound the praises of "The Board of Common Council"—which latter has by a transposition perfectly natural, been resolved into its original elements, and by the best authority been defined to mean "Common Scoundrel." The species are *sui generis*. Nothing like them existed in days of yore, nothing like them will exist in the good time coming. They pertain to the nineteenth century, and most, unquestionably are the cap-sheaf, the acme, the culmination, the *creme de la creme* of the Municipal ages. The Common Scoundrel man—I beg pardon—Councilman is an animal of peculiar nature; all other things change, but he never does. Aldermen are the same to-day as when Whittington was Lord Mayor of "Lunnun." He is without variableness, neither shadow of turning, and his ways are altogether past finding out—especially that whereby he manages to grow exceedingly fat on a very lean salary. Such they are, such they ever will be, till that glorious day in the vistal future, when the last shovel full of earth is packed around the cenotaph of the last Alderman!

Perhaps I am uncharitable. With plenty of good green turtle, and—"only three thousand a year, Billy Grey"—to attend to and discuss, what time have Aldermen to consider or attend to the condition of lamps or lanes, streets or pavements? Evidently we ask too much. What concerneth it them if people go stumbling along and break their limbs, or dislocate their cervical vertebræ in the dark? Have they not eyes to see, hands to feel, ears to hear, noses to smell and instinct to avoid danger? Were not the senses given to enable men to escape difficulties? Would it not be doing wrong should they make things better?—Were they to repair and light the streets, would it not prevent the proper developement of the human faculties, by lulling them to rest under a sense of safety? Manifestly it would. How can it be expected that the poor officials, then or now, could or can in comfort and peacefully digest their turtle and the last new scandal, discuss rump steak, and the merits of the latest ballet dancer? How can or could they spend their salaries—and "Pickings," drink wine, wink at the new Prima Donna—and rascality at the same time; how find employment for their friends in the City Offices, and attend to such trifling affairs as broken necks at the same time? The thing is, was, and ever will be impossible, and none but your tax-paying malcontent, who insanely objects to being muleted over twenty-five per cent ad valorem on his property for the support of—Aldermanic boards, and Common Scoundrels, would ever think of asking such a preposterous thing, or madly expect that taxes should be devoted to any other than the legitimate purposes for which taxes were established, namely the sustaining of Aldermanic dignity. Surely none but the veriest jackanapes of a grumbler would ever think of getting any other thing at the hands of the poor, dear, fat ducks of "Common Scoundrels." How can they help it, if little children will persist in getting drowned in the mud-puddles situated in the middle of the streets—miniature Black Seas, whereon Young America seeks to acquire the sublime science of navigation? Is it the Alderman's fault, O, grumbler, if assassins waylay and murder people in places exactly adapted for such purposes, and for the exercise of their Thuggish talents? Places left as they are for the simple and best of all reasons, that the City Treasury will not, cannot supply the funds necessary to plant more and better street lamps, and at the same time furnish oyster suppers, and green turtle, fresh from the Bahamas for Municipal consumption. Avaunt the thought! How can it be expected? No indeed? To live, or not to live! That's the question. Your official is a holy man, and most religiously does he obey the great fundamental precept of Nature "Look out well for Number One!"—Heroically they follow it out, and resolve to live—on turtle at the public expense, in defiance of broken necks, and dead babies, midnight murder, robbery, taxes, tax-paying grumblers and unchecked assassination! Bravo! ye Aldermen!

In the days of 1827, if the traveller had neither lamps nor moon to guide him, as

was very apt to be the case, no other alternative remained, but to invest seven and sixpence in the purchase of a lantern, candle and brimstone matches, tinder-box, tinder, flint and steel; for at that time, friction, or as then called—loco-foco matches had not yet blazed, or rather fizzed forth their triumphs to the world.

Such was the condition of things at the time I have chosen to introduce my readers to the Shadow. On that cold and stormy night, I have already said, a singular looking woman was walking up and down a poorly appointed room in the house No. 70 Canal street. She was evidently in a perturbed state of mind.

The chamber was an upper one of a large, angular, red brick house, such as may still be seen in Madison street, and that part of the city known as Greenwich village. The house stood out by itself, like a giant among pigmies, for its third story overlooked the roofs of every other building within twelve hundred yards. In this room on this third story, the woman had her humble home.

Reader, I call your attention to these facts for a purpose hereafter to be made apparent. People in those days, as at present, were given to practical joking, and I desire to show that none of the astounding occurrences that took place some hours later in that room and that house, owed their origin to that or any similar source. No other house leaned against the one I mention; no tree stood near it. Bear these facts permanently before your mind, while I proceed to relate what follows.

The woman was apparently of middle age, and the general cast of feature seemed to indicate an oriental origin, or rather extraction. A brief description of her mind and person will be useful to the reader, inasmuch as thereby an idea or notion may be had of the singular workings of that great principle of Nature, and primary law of development—hereditary descent; for in the course of this history, the wonderful bias imparted by parent to child will be clearly seen; and the reader who attentively observes what therein will be written, cannot fail to be struck by its stupendous effects; as well as importance; and hence, perhaps, one soul, one man, woman or child may, in the coming time, be saved from the wretched fate resultant from the infraction of this great law of Nature—a fate wretched indeed, and one that will inevitably be incurred, unless it be attended to and obeyed in such a manner as to promote the normal and healthful development, not only of mind, but of body also. For the better illustration of our meaning, it is deemed wisdom, here at the outset, to portray a few of the marked characteristics of the woman—a few of the leading traits and dominant tendencies of the mother, in order that the peculiar idiosyncracies of the child may be accounted for, and credited to their proper and legitmiate source. We religiously believe that God never spake a truer sentence or surer decree, than when he declared that "The sins of the fathers should be visited on the children, to the third and fourth generation, of them that hated him," by which we understand those who failed to observe the law referred to; for it is clearly demonstrable that on its due observance depends the weal or woe of countless myriads of the human race. We are, in the same chapter of the Bible whence the above extract is taken, assured that "God will show mercy to thousands that love him and keep his commandments." Let this ever be held in remembrance and with it this other truth, that God is not a man, nor His laws human, that they may be trifled with; for whosoever disobeys the cardinal laws of Physical being *must* suffer the consequence, and that, too, in direct ratio, proportion, and intensity to the degree or amount of the disobedience; besides, and in addition to having to pay the penalty of a like infraction of the great law on the part of those to whom he, she or they owe their physical being on the earth.—True, the punishment may be withheld for generations, but it *will* come at last, and when it does, woe to whom it shall fall on; nor is there any way, method or means in the entire universe, so far as human knowledge extends, by which it can be evaded or its stings avoided. Seven tenths of the faults, vices, eccentricities and virtues of each individual member of the human family, are most justly attributable to those who sustain the relation of parents. This cannot be denied, nor indeed will any sound thinker pretend to. The other three tenths of human manifestation are referable to circumstance and to social condition and position, and even these owe their origin to the same fruitful source—fruitful alike for good or evil!

And yet, strange as it may seem, while everybody without an exception almost, admit most fully, the force, truth and beauty of this theory, the very same persons, in the *practical* philosophy and affairs of life, utterly ignore the facts, deny them, and practically cast them aside, if indeed they are noticed at all.

The most pithy and profoundly philosophical resolution ever passed in solemn conclave by any body of men, was that presented to, and voted by a convention of Reformers which met in a city in the heart of the great State of New York, a few years ago. The first part of the "resolution," and which admits of discussion, reads thus: "The human mind is the master of one set of circumstances, but is no less the subject of another." The remaining portion, and for which we claim particular study and attention, reads thus: "Man is formed favorably or unfavorably in exact accordance with, and correspondence to, the nature of the influences which surround and act upon him, both *previous* as well as *subsequent* to birth; consequently, individual redemption and reformation from imperfection is impossible, except through the instrumentality of an improved social construction which shall destroy existing antagonisms between producer and consumer, labor and capital or machinery, interest and duty; and which shall provide with equal and exact justice for the proper education of every son and daughter of humanity!" This was the "Resolution;" and no one will question that it points to a "consummation most devoutly to be wished," but that ever such a state will dawn on Time, or ever be actualized by mortals here on earth, while the race possesses its present organic characteristics, may well be doubted, for the very potent reason that human nature is sharp-set, selfishly made up, most villainously compounded of prejudices, passions and penchants piggish-ward; is full of angles; and while the words "mine and thine" constitute so large a portion of the *vocabulaire practicale*, the dreams and hopes of these "Resolvers" will never be realized. The Human and Social constitutions, unlike those of Governments and States, cannot be amended by even a "two thirds vote;" the whole thing must be taken to pieces.—If the political doctors will but let it alone long enough, it will not fail to become so deliciously ripe that it, like a whitlow, will fall to pieces of its own redundance of horrible sappence; it must be refounded, and that's the long and short of it!

As we have already remarked, the design in describing the woman Flora, for such is the name by which she will be known in these pages, is, that by so doing a few of the recondite causes may be seen and comprehended which were engaged in producing and developing the extraordinary being, a portion of whose history we are about to depict; and that the fountains of her singular gifts may be glanced at.—Gifts, wild, wierd, and passing strange were they, and which were alike, and at the same time, paradoxical as it at a surface glance may seem, the greatest blessing and the foulest curse that ever fell to the lot of a human being on this planet. Flora Beverly was no beauty, that is to say, when judged by the modern standard, and yet, to an eye accustomed to look for comeliness of *expression*, rather than for lines of *physical* perfectness, her features were not unbeautiful, but bore the stamp of a nameless grace; but when at times her soul was up and when it gazed impatiently forth from its prison house; when it shot forth its divine fire-bolts through her luminously jet black eyes, then, there was something seen and felt by the observer that was instinctively acknowledged to be somewhat akin to the sublime, for it was more than beauty; it was grandeur, majesty, energy and power all combined. She differed in all save two points, from all other females, and these points were simply sex and a capacity to *love*; and such a love! compare it not to the sentimental, soft-sighing, rose-culling, lavender-flavored, Miss-Nancyish emotion woman usually feels and manifests everywhere except in novels and on the stage. Measure not her boundless ocean of feeling-power, in the heart-measures of peach-blossom cheeks: No, do not this, I beg you, for it requires a higher standard by which she must be judged. Her heart was a volcano, whose fires welled up in bright flames, akin to that which moves the boundless universe of seething elements, whereof the immortal gods manufacture worlds!—Her soul was an ocean of fervent love, too pure for earth; too mighty in its intensity for woman; too holy and mysterious for man; and that overflowing soul she poured forth in one ceaseless, unbroken stream into the spirit of the child she bore, which child now lay quietly slumbering in the bed. The husband of that woman had deserted her about one year previous to the birth of the child now sleeping before her. Deserted in circumstances most distressing, she had been relieved by one distantly related to the family of her husband. She was poor, he rich, freely he gave of his abundance. Pity and gratitude begat sympathy; sympathy grew, and changed to something warmer, and the result now lay sleeping on the bed, in the form of an infant not yet two years old.

Sudden death of the father plunged the mother and her child once more into galling poverty. No one knew her secret, not one, not even the man who called her wife, when subsequently he returned from doing worse perhaps—far worse than she had done. The husband, and the father of the babe were of the same lineage, the same blood rushed through the veins of each, and both bore the same proud name—a name inseparably connected with the history of this Great Republic. There was but little in common between her and the world, nothing deeper than a social sanction between herself and husband, but a love deep as the grave between herself and child—the youngest one.

As hath already been remarked, there was a kind of intractable wildness—a sort of untameableness about the woman Flora, which was *sui generis*, and peculiar to herself, and this marked characteristic, she imparted in all its fullness to her son. This trait it was that frequently attracted to her side, persons of her own, but especially of the opposite sex;—a weird-like, and exceedingly powerful attraction which had neither love, friendship nor lust for its basis, but which was founded on something wider, higher, deeper than them all combined. Its peculiar and strange nature will shortly be explained in words as they fell from the lips which alone had a right to utter them. This attraction was strange, and while it drew people of the opposite sex, it, at the same time repelled and held them revolving under a magnetic spell, at a distance proportioned by the amount of soul in the attracted body, just as in the solar world. Hundreds with whom the hero of these pages came in contact, will remember with a shudder, the awful fascination with which he bound them unwillingly, undesignedly on his own part, and how he shed bitter tears, as his mother before him, that such was the case.

Reader, have you never been in company with persons, for whom you at first had no great liking or regard, and whom after a short acquaintance you were compelled to love,—no not that,—but whom you clung to with something deeper and far more dangerous than love, in spite of yourself, and even when, and while a strict analysis on your part was totally inefficient to the discovery of any quality, abstract or concrete, single or combined, capable, reasonably of inspiring so tremendous a passion, for in its effects and results it is indeed so, as thousands may be able to testify!

Have you never seen persons of a certain nameless, fathomless quality, which without effort on their part, called forth your deepest affections, against all your struggles to prevent it? Have you not felt the magic spell of a single glance resting on you for years, even after the eye which cast it, was closed and barred by death? Have you never fell beneath a potency which I name, and which your intellect could not account for, and that your reason told you was real, fearfully real, but abnormal—unnatural, by reason of its fervor—its madly burning, fiery fervor; untrue, yet a fact, because of its wildness,—its consuming, heart-breaking, blighting, soul-withering power? Reader, have you never felt your soul's sweetest essence gushingf orth spontaneously in one full, rich stream, you knew not why, when in the presence of particular persons, and which kept you exhausted, and in a longing, restless, unquietable condition in their absence, but without the pure, sweet joy of a natural and reciprocated affection? Have you never felt a nameless, indescribable thrill pervade your being to its very centre, when some strange-featured one crossed your path, and whose influence sternly refused to leave you?

If so then you have an imperfect idea of the sort of attraction unconsciously exerted by the woman Flora; albeit, until I shall have made one most important explanation the judgment reached must of necessity be erroneous. The explanation consists in this: which I have translated rom the Persian of Meerza Bedjik Khan, who wrote 559 years anterior to the Christian Advent. He says—"There are two deep passions known on earth which closely resemble the sentiment or affection of love, yet which are nothing akin thereto, being far more overwhelming in their effects. It is only once in a great while, and in persons of a peculiar organization, that these passions develop themselves. The first which I shall describe and define, was known to the Magian priesthood as Rypmave, and its producing causes are as follows: When a woman with a great nature and a full soul and well constructed body, gives birth to a child, the father of whom she hated, and the maternal office hence was unwillingly sustained throughout; then the child so born will have a fine organization, much resembling that of the mother; but whereas the mother has not loved the child, while yet she bore it in her bosom, then that infant will have no love crystalized in its little spirit, while at the same time, it will have a most wonderful aptitude and capacity for loving; hence, it will forever crave that which it feels to be its greatest need. Now love, like water, seeks its level; and there being a great want, and likewise an attractive power in the soul of the being thus unfortunately organized, it follows that he will continually, not of will, but of necessity, make draughts upon every human being, male or female, with whom he comes in contact. So that whoever stands near him will feel *the virtue* going from them to the Rypmave, and will experience an attraction, and feel an exhaustion totally unaccountable. The Rypmave lives upon them. When the Rypmave gazes upon any one, there is a fascination about him that spontaneously draws out the soul-essence, the love, the desire, and affection of all upon whom his vision is directed. This is the EVIL EYE, or Mal Occhoio. Such fatally gifted persons easily acquire the mastery of others, but whosoever loves a Rypmave dies, because he has no love to return, nor when he gets it from others can he retain it, because there being nothing in his nature for it to cling to, he consumes it, and like a voracious monster is never satiated, but constantly demands new draughts from the same fountain. Any person meeting a well attested Rypmave should instantaneously fly from, or slay him or her, as the case may be, on the spot.

"The Rypmave is always miserable; his disease is in the soul, so to speak, or rather in the center of his nature, and can never be eradicated. Whoever he loves loses. His condition and passion is *a total want of Love*, which can never be supplied, because Nature has made no provision to supply such an unnatural demand."

This author has not described the woman Flora; but I doubt not that the reader has an acquaintance who corresponds essentially to his definition above given, of a class of persons more sinned against than sinning. He goes on to say:

"Different from this class is that of the Erypmaves. But these last are, if such a thing be possible, more miserable than the former, inasmuch as they not only suffer on earth, but also after death, for a period of time and for a variety of reasons, the principal of which I will point out. The origin of the Erypmave is identical with that of the Rypmave, inasmuch as both are born of highly perfected females, and each alike is the offspring of anything but love or affection. A woman of a highly sensible and sensitive organization has a child by a man she hates, or only endures, because there is no help it. This woman, however, unlike the first described, loves her *unborn babe* with a devotion that leaves nothing for the world beside. She pours into its tiny soul all the rich fullness of her entire nature; the consequence of which is that the child is ushered on the stage of life with an *excess* of that whereof the other was entirely deprived. The Rypmave can never be immortal, the Erypmave is always such, because his love is so great, that earth, large as it is, is far too limited for its exercise, and too gross for its continued offices; hence the Erypmave is from birth a magician, a magian, and a mystic, at whose mandate the gates of the grave fly open, and reveal their mysteries to his expectant gaze. He loves all things, all beauty, all goodness, with a fervency unparelleled by any save an Erypmave, but is miserable for the reason that his love, owing to its ceaseless tide, can never be responded to. Like the Rypmave he fascinates all who come within the magic circle of his sphere, but he always carries a broken heart in his bosom. The children of the Erypmave are always tender blossoms, who live a short life filled with misery, but in a less degree than their unfortunate parent.

"Now I stated at the outset that these two developments were unnatural, and that neither could properly be called by the name of Love. In the case of the first, it is love's supreme *negation*, (Hate is Love's supreme inversion,) while in the case of the last, it bears the same relation to love that steam does to ice, or the perfume atar gul does to the gulistan.* He is always sorrowful, sensitive, aspiring and dissatisfied with life, and only after a grand cycle rolls by, can he meet his full and responsive mate in the divine city of purified souls.. Such in brief is the Erypmave!"

Our oriental author goes on to give a description of the powers and characteristics peculiar to each; but as this would not interest the reader, we forbear to translate them. Flora Beverley was an Erypmave; and even to a yet greater degree was the son, whose fate this story records. She loved God, Nature, and Humanity, with a full heart; she was drawn to all who expressed by word or look, the slightest interest in her, and like all trusting, honest, upright souls, she was both misunderstood and basely betrayed; for where she asked for love, and gave of her own rich store, she received mockery, contempt, and not unfrequently insult. Hence she wore mourning weeds on her soul from the cradle to the altar, from the altar to the grave.—In person she was slenderly built, which gave her the appearance of being taller than she really was. Her complexion was a light and beautiful olive, and there was in each cheek a dash of peach-blossom, which in youth must have rendered her countenance peculiarly chaste and engaging. Her age was about three and thirty, and the development of her chest, the prominent throat, and the clearly marked muscles of the neck, indicated the possession of an unusual amount of physical vigor, and capability of endurance, whenever circumstances called for its display and exercise. Her eye was blacker than the noon of night, and shone with a brightness, a softness, yet with a penetrating power of a very peculiar nature. It was a near approach to what the Mussulmen, Turks, Egyptians and Moldavians call the

*Otto of Roses to a Flower Garden.

(Continued on 6th page.)

# The Spiritual Age.

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

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SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1859.


"DHOULA BEL: OR THE MAGIC GLOBE."—We devote an unusual amount of space, this week, to the opening chapters of this singularly bewitching story. The history of its origin and authorship is a most remarkable one. Its author is perhaps the most brilliant, and at the same time most erratic, among the many powerful minds now enlisted in the cause of Spiritualism. He is a constant wonder and surprise even to his most intimate friends, and a very sphinx to his enemies. We beg those of our friends who are *not* in the habit of reading the trashy "Leuger" stories of the day, not to pass this by as belonging to the same class. We *know* its author to be one of the profoundest and clearest thinkers of the age, with a power of expression seldom equalled. To the *thinker* especially will this wonderful story have peculiar charms, for it is the production of a thinker. To the lovers of the marvellous it will be a rich repast; to the idealist a deep study. If it does not eventually create a sensation in the literary world, then are we no judge of works of fiction.

## DICTATION.

Some of our good friends seem to be strangely troubled in spirit by and apprehension that the undersigned is desirous of assuming the position of Dictator, Pope, or something of the kind, among Spiritualists, or is in favor of organizing a sect for the purpose of establishing a new sort of spiritual despotism in the community

One kind brother earnestly expostulates with us, in a private letter covering eleven pages, against attempting to "dictate, individually or collectively, what shall be the formal duties of any one, much less his theological ideas." We trust our anxious brother will be quieted by the assurance that we never dreamed of such a thing, any more than the people of the Northern States dreamed of a warlike incursion into Virginia when her brave citizens were so fearfully alarmed at the voices of the nightingales. The whole spirit and tenor of our inculcations, ever since we became a public advocate of Spiritualism, have been in favor of the utterest freedom of individual opinion and action. Not one word have we ever written or spoken to the contrary. If we have been so represented by others, we have been *mis*represented.

True, we have our own opinions, and are accustomed to utter them, frankly, and with as much force as we know how to.—And we are in favor of all Spiritualists doing the same, both individually and collectively—in public Convention, as well as in private intercourse. We have advocated the holding of Conventions by Spiritualists for the purpose of declaring their true position before the world, and thus ridding themselves and the glorious truths they hold from any responsibility for the follies and vagaries of individuals which an unfair opposition has sought to fasten upon them. We are also in favor of acting together fraternally, for any common end that may be mutually deemed useful. But we have an utter aversion to anything like dictation or control over the beliefs or duties of others. We are so visionary as to believe that people may sometime so understand their relative duties as to be able to associate and co-operate, for proper ends, without seeking to dominate over each other or the outside world. When they associate properly, they will do this; and we advise them to keep apart till then. If our well-meaning correspondent had taken pains to inform himself of our real opinions, he would have been saved all his anxiety.

Equally mistaken was our friend EVERTS, of Springfield, Ill., whose communication on the "Dress Reform" appeared in the AGE a week or two since. He "respectfully asks," "why not, Mr. Newton, let every person choose for himself, or herself, what they shall wear?—Do you not suppose they are wise enough to make a choice?—Let not you or me dictate as to what they shall do. I suppose that Mr. Newton don't mean that people shall wear silk, or whatever they have a mind to; and he seems to think they ought to be brought under the restrictions that associations may adopt," etc.

Now, if Bro. Everts will recur to the article on which he comments, he will see that he has no right to "suppose" any such thing. We advocated nothing of the kind. We merely presented certain reasons which we thought ought to induce sensible people *to choose* for themselves, as individuals, a plain dress for public religious assemblies—saying nothing of their costume on other occasions. We expected no one to adopt our suggestion, unless he or she was convinced of its propriety and desirableness, and so "*had a mind to*," and we said not one word about "restrictions" by "associations," nor anything that could be so construed.

It is true, as our friend remarks, that everything in nature chooses its own garb, according to its internal qualities and needs. The great misery of our present customs of dress is, that people, to but a very limited extent, *venture to choose for themselves*. They suffer Queen Fashion, or her vicegerents, the French *modistes*, to choose for them! Hence our customs are unnatural. If men and women would achieve their independence in this regard, and follow the dictates of their own judgments, a reform in dress would be enacted right speedily.

It is also true, that, so far as people do choose for themselves, their choice indicates their personal qualities. Hence it is easy to read the language of vanity, pride, subserviency, would-be-aristocracy, etc., as well at that of modesty, humility, real *independence*, and true gentility in the garb of the public assembly. A. E. N.

## BEECHER'S SPIRITUALISM.

The question whether Henry Ward Beecher is a Spiritualist has been considerably discussed in the newspapers. He has repeatedly felt called upon to say something himself on the subject, but so far as we have seen, usually of so equivocal or unexplicit a character as to leave the matter in doubt in some minds. Now, however, it may be considered as definitely settled, from his own lips. In a recent sermon, reported in the N. Y. *Independent*, he uses the following unmistakeable language (we italicised a few sentences:)

"Christians have earnests of things spiritual and invisible. Ordinarily we are under the influence of the things which are seen. In our lower life we must be under the influence of sense.—But now and then, we know not how to rise into an atmosphere in which spirit-life, God, Christ, the ransomed throng in heaven, virtue, truth faith, and love, become more significant to us, and seem to rest down upon us with more force, than the very things which our physical senses recognize. *There have been times, in which I declare to you, heaven was more real to me than earth; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with me; in which the blessed estate of the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, seemed more real and near to me than the estate of any just man upon earth.* These are experiences that link, one with another and a higher life. They are generally not continuous, but occasional *openings through which we look into the other world.* I cannot explain how or why they come.—They may have a natural cause, though we have not philosophy enough to find it out. But there are these hours of elevation in which the invisible world is more potent and real to us than the visible world; in which our mind-power predominates over our flesh power; in which we see through the body, and discern the substance of eternal truths. Sometimes these hours last for a considerable period. Sometimes when the first fever of sickness has passed away, and left the brain in an excited state, it seems as though all heaven was standing before us in a quiet and abiding vision. Do you suppose these things mean nothing?

"A mother says to a skeptical doctor, 'My child has had such and such spiritual visions.' The doctor feels its pulse, and says, 'They are the effect of disease, or unusual excitability.' Now, if he had said that unusual excitability might damage the health of the child, he would have been right; but when he said that that excitability which is favorable to the seeing of spiritual visions was a disease, he was not right. Sometimes, in such periods of excitability the spirit mounts above the physical form, and we see more of heaven in one hour than in our ordinary condition we see in months and years. It sometimes seems to me that the things which men see and think when they are the craziest, are the only sane things they do think and see!

"There is an atmosphere of the soul as well as an atmosphere of nature. I dwelt last summer on a spot which overlooks a great variety of scenery. Hills, mountains, valleys, and forests may be seen from almost every part of it. There were times when a thick haze so prevailed that all the glory of hill, river, and mountain were hidden. At length would come up a storm; a plunging rain, sweeping winds, and cleansing commotion. The storm brought light, and turmoil peace. For that past, every tree stood forth in every lineament clear against the horizon, every line and furrow and scollop of hill was distinctly visible, and the mountains not only appeared in their proper shapes, but were out so plain that forty miles seemed scarcely four; and things before quite beyond the vision were advanced almost to the very gates of the senses.

"And so, in the atmosphere of the soul, God sometimes brings down the divine landscape, heavenly truths, so clearly that the soul rests upon them as upon a picture let down.

"These things are not insignificant. Let men call them fantasies and imagination who choose. As if imagination could not speak truth as well as fiction! I do not know the natural laws which govern them, but I believe that they are hints, glimpses, foreshadowings, earnests, of a coming possession."

If Mr. Beecher believes what he affirms, he is, to all intent and purposes, a modern spiritualist—that is, he believes that disembodied spirits manifest themselves and communicate to those who are in the body; for this is the only point which Spiritualists profess to hold in common. His experience, as above described, is precisely parallel to that of hundreds and thousands of persons, who, among modern Spiritualists, are usually termed "mediums"—though few of them are known as such beyond the circles of confidential friendship. If, as Mr. Beecher represents, such experiences are a high Christian privilege, then in what body shall we look for the largest number of true Christians?

From the same discourse, we clip the following significant passages on spiritual intuition:

"Thus out of the dust and din and mist and obscurations of life, there come moments when God permits us to see, in a second, further, wider, and easier, than by ordinary methods of logic we can see in a whole life. Do I undervalue logic when I say that it is inferior to intuition? Intuition, when at white heat, teaches a man in one single moment more than logic ever teaches him. Logic constructs the walls of thought, throws up ramparts, and lays out highways; but it never *discovers*. Logic merely builds, fortifies, demarks The discovering power is intuition. There are certain times when parts of the mind lift themselves up with a kind of celestial preparation, and we see and think and feel more in a single hour than ordinarily we do in a whole year. And however useful and needful reasoning may be, as compared with these sudden insights, it is scarcely to be mentioned with respect.

"Have you never had them? Have there never been times when you have thought, and thought, and grown feverish with thinking, over some problem of life, and gone to sleep careworn and troubled, and slept sweetly, and awoke in the morning, right into your mind sailed the very view which had eluded you, and now so clearly and completely that no doubt or uncertainty was possible!

"It is wonderful to conceive what is to be our state when this shall not be an occasional, but a perpetual experience—when our spiritual vision shall no longer be obscured by our physical nature, and something of those lightning glances which make God the all-knowing One, shall be imparted to us. These glimpses of the future state are a great comfort and consolation to all those who are looking and waiting for that development of perfect manhood."

A. E. N.

## MRS. SPENCE.

We had the pleasure of listening to a discourse through this lady on Sunday evening, 4th inst., at Ordway Hall, under the management of Dr. Gardner, and feel no hesitation in pronouncing her one of the most powerful speakers in the spiritual ranks. There is a strength of both reason and logic in what is said through her, which will compare favorably with the most distinguished debaters and speakers in this country.

## RIGHT CONCEPTIONS OF GOD ESSENTIAL TO A TRUE RELIGION.

I think your errors may be traced very much to one source,—unjust and unworthy views of God. This is the great spring of corruption in religion —The great controversies in the church may be resolved into one question,—'IS GOD INDEED PERFECTLY GOOD?'—[Dr. Channing.

SHALL MORTAL MAN BE MORE JUST THAN GOD?—[Job.

Our religious opinions must take their hue and character from our conceptions of God. In a true knowledge of Him does our salvation consist. It seems to have been a prominent object of the mission of Christ to establish in the minds of men truer and more exalted views of God. He saw and felt how greatly the infinite Father's character had been misapprehended by His finite children, and how impossible it would be for them to be spiritually elevated and redeemed while under the influence of such monstrous and barbaric deific impressions. He therefore sought to draw men's attention to Himself as the Father's representative. "I and my Father are one," said He. He would vindicate the ways of God to man, by His tenderness, His purity, and by His disinterested and persistent goodness. In this way could He most clearly reflect the true and Infinite God. He could shadow forth the Father only by "going about doing good." The Father is good, and only good, and the Son could truly represent Him but by continuous deeds of the most unfeigned love. God is love, and only love, and could not be reflected save by a most loving and loveable life. To be the "brightness of the Father's glory," in any approximate sense, Christ knew, and felt in his heart of hearts, that His life, as well as His words, must be a perfect expression of love. In a word, Christ's aim was to redeem men by acquainting them rightly with God. To know Him rightly was to know the truth, and to know the truth was to be free indeed, and to have life eternal.

From both the verbal and practical teachings of Jesus Christ, in whom we think was incarnated the best human ideal of God, we may learn the vast importance of a just and true knowledge of Him. The character and teachings of Christ are chiefly valuable to us in that they give us proper and true conceptions of our Heavenly Father.

But notwithstanding the lucid reflection we have of God in the character and teachings of Christ, men and women still cling, with a surprising tenacity, to the old heathen, barbaric notions of Him;—and in this we see the cause, rather than in the radical depravity of our nature, of the faulty and barbaric character of our civilization. With unworthy and logically defective ideas of the Infinite One, we cannot "go up higher." Our conceptions of Him, must give character to our religion,—which religion, in its turn, will, to some large extent, determine the quality of our deeds.

The worst feature of all in these darkening errors, is, that they have been crystalized into the form of almost adamantine creeds, and sanctioned by the terrors of the false God they enshrine. Men can have no motive to transcend, in the temper of their minds, the God who, they suppose, created them, and whose image they are persuaded they bear. They deem it the end of their duty to be perfect AS *He* is perfect. They are called upon to be perfect after the God-like pattern. If it be possible for *Him* to hate; if it be possible for *Him* to inflict eternal torture on any of the beings He has created, they, who should be His faithful followers are under a logical necessity if hating jointly with Him, and, at least, acquiescing in the dreadful God-awarded doom of their human brethren. Well may they ask with Job, "Shall mortal *man* be more just than God?

Wicked presumption would it be for poor erring man to attempt it! If there be any attribute in the God of our conception that permits Him to outrage, in his dealings with us, our human instincts of love and justice,—instincts He Himself has implanted,—what shall be done? One of two things: We must either distrust our theological estimate of God, and modify it to accord with the standard of our higher instincts, or we must crucify the latter to the standard of our theoretic God! We must be in harmony with the author of our religion,—or at least, this should be our chief aspiration. It is quite natural that our lives shall, in some measure, conform to the character of the God in whom we sincerely believe. This is inevitable.

Men, in whose creeds are embodied views of God inconsistent with our natural love, and sense of justice, have sought, and still do seek, to evade conclusions fatal to those creeds, by incomprehensible metaphysical involutions. They have sought safety in scholastic mystification. But their day of skulking triumph is about over. The Nemesis of a fundamental, eternal logic is after them with a very "sharp stick," and they must either accept the odium of their essentially devilish creeds, and directly and openly advocate them, or they must entirely abandon them, and adopt higher and more beneficient views of the Eternal One, and human destiny.

We cannot doubt that those religious creeds of men, which contemplate the eternal damnation of a vast portion of the human race, through the justice of the God of these creeds, have, in some large sense, arisen from the lower passions and instincts of man. They are based on hatred and malice, and not, as is contended, on "God's immutable justice." "God's immutable justice" is one with His unchanging love, and would compass the same great benevolent end. Whatever is inconsistent with infinite and immutable love, would ill accord with justice. There can be, as is self-evident, no separation of the two attributes. No,—these damning creeds had their origin in darkened human minds,—minds as yet unillumined by the divine rays of God's eternal, loving, providence. Theologians of the murky past fashioned their God after their own image. They

"Set Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
And thought their Maker's temper like their own."

The true God had not then been revealed in the temper of their own spirits, and hence they did not embody Him in their religious creeds. It is true, in a given sense, what the poet has said:—

"Unless he can above himself erect himself,
How poor a thing is man!"

Unless God is revealed to him through his angelic nature—or through his higher reason, he is poor indeed,—spiritually naked, blind and starving—without hope, and without God in the world.

We can, therefore, see the fallacy of attempting to redeem man religiously until his false conceptions of God are rectified. No matter how tender may be a man's piety—how all-embracing his sympathies—if his theoretical notions of God's goodness do not inconceivably transcend *them*, he can never have spiritual freedom himself, or be greatly instrumental in redeeming others.

Our God must furnish our authoritative ideal of life and thought, if we sincerely embrace Him. Our views of God should, therefore, be without spot or blemish—be everything that our noblest possible conceptions of good can reach. Even then, we shall doubtless fall far short of the, to us, unimaginably transcendent standard. We will not presumptuously think that God's thoughts are like our thoughts, or that His ways are as our ways. We know that our finite conceptions cannot measure Him; but so far as we *can* comprehend Him, in the light of our highest thoughts and aspirations, let us be content to do it. God most truly reveals Himself to us in our noblest intuitions, and shall we ignore these at the bidding of any creed or creeds in Christendom? With false and unworthy views of God, we can never progress in virtue. Our conceptions of God must furnish the initial-motive of life's conduct. All hortatory efforts to improve individuals, and society, that are not based on noble conceptions of the Divine Being, will, as they have done, prove abortive. Our conceptions of God must accord with the aspirations of our broadest, highest, most disinterested benevolence, or we labor in vain. All noble, human effort must be based on a boundless and unfaltering trust in God, from whom all our tenderest wishes, all our mounting desires, and all that is good and true in us is desired.

## THE DIFFERENCE AGAIN.

We recently gave two or three illustrations of the difference in treatment, by the public journals, of cases of moral delinquency, misfortune, etc., where Spiritualism is involved, and where the popular religions are concerned. Another notable one has since transpired, where the contrast is still more vivid.

A Reverend Divine of Boston, of most orthodox professions and associations, who has for years filled a position of the highest honor and trust in the gift of his brethren, has been detected in practices which show him to be "a man of like passions with others," and which have been long kept from public exposure only by exceedingly liberal applications of "hush money."

But instead of attributing this startling and melancholy dereliction to the *religious faith* the delinquent has professed,—as is the invariable custom when a Spiritualist falls,—poor human nature alone has to take all the blame. We copy the following from a prominent secular journal:

"It is true, the hardened and depraved will make such an event the theme of mockery at religion. But they know in their hearts that they are only trying to seek a poor relief for their own sins by exposing those of others. Sectarians may inwardly exult; but it will be merely the giving of a particular expression to that inherent uncharitableness which is relieved rather than aggravated by giving it tongue. But sensible men of all ranks and views will see that no argument can be wrenched from such an instance of personal weakness. *They observed the same thing sullying occasionally every cause, every system of religious belief*—and they trace the phenomenon of dereliction from moral duty back over the records of time to the very circle of the Apostles who were chosen by our Lord himself. Whatever, therefore, Dr. Pomroy may be guilty of, no substantial discredit attaches to his religious denomination, nor to the cause of Missions with which he was officially connected. His associates have acted with becoming promptitude, and he now stands before the public like any other private man. The lesson of his fall concerns the community more than anything else; and we believe it will inspire every rational man with a higher sense of the necessity of pure thoughts and circumspect behaviour, and will lead the Christian to prize more than ever those divinely taught words 'lead us not into temptation.' "—*Boston Journal.*

If the *Journal* will be equally "sensible," when a believer in Spirit-communion falls a victim to "personal weakness"—should such an event happen—we shall have no cause of complaint against it.

A. E. N.

## EDSON'S PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING STREET SWEEPER.

We have seen a beautiful model of a Street Sweeping Machine, invented and patented by our good brother Spiritualist, Jacob Edson, of this city.

The brooms are arranged like the arms of a propeller, forming a five-threaded screw, each independent of the other, and so hung as to be held by a spring that is self-adjusting, and will consequently sweep an uneven surface as well as a level plain.

The machine has an endless screw by which the operator can raise or depress the brooms as required in light or heavy sweeping. When in operation, it is a *spiral wipe* or *advancing rotator*, producing a clean sweep.

As the intelligent reader will comprehend, this machine possesses many advantages over any hitherto invented, and we venture the opinion that it will supersede all others. In conclusion, we think no city where the streets are swept, can afford to do without the machine.

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To Cure the Appetite for Tobacco.—A clergyman who for many years was addicted to the chewing and smoking of tobacco, but who has entirely abstained from the weed for over thirty years, communicates to the *Independent* the method of cure which he adopted. We copy it, hoping it will prove effectual in many other cases:

"I had a deep well of very cold water, and whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued to hold water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls, until the craving ceased.—By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month, *I was cured;* and from that time to this have been as free from any appetite for tobacco as a nursing infant. I loathe the use of the weed in every form, far more than I did before I contracted habits of indulgence."

## "THE CALUMET."

Mr. John Beeson, known to our readers by the several articles he formerly contributed to our paper in the advocacy of the rights and interests of the Indians, is still in the same field of labor, and we are glad to see that his progress in so good and benevolent a work has been considerable. The story of the wrongs of that haunted, abused, and almost exterminated race has never been properly told; and any judicious effort to make known their claims, and to mete out to them that justice which the selfishness and cupidity of the "pale faces" has hitherto denied, cannot fail to meet with the hearty approbation of all good men and angels. For the further promotion of the cause in which Mr. Beeson is so zealously engaged, he now proposes to establish a monthly publication, to be entitled "The Calumet;" and the special object of this paragraph is to call attention to the Prospectus of this proposed work, which we have not room to insert this week entire. Through this publication it is proposed to set forth the facts in relation to the condition and claims of the Indian, and to indicate and urge measures for their improvement and elevation. It is proposed that each number shall be embellished with a portrait and biographical sketch of some distinguished Indian. Mr. Beeson says, in his Prospectus of this proposed work:

It is not intended as a private speculation, for neither the Editor nor any concerned in its management, will receive more than an equivalent for services rendered. The names of donors and a general statement of the enterprise will be published monthly, and all monies which accrue will be faithfully appropriated to circulate the best thoughts of the best minds, and to indicate the best conditions for a true civilization. The subscriber is sanguine in the belief that, with the co-operation of the thousands of his fellow citizens who long to see justice reign, he will be able to scatter the Calumet broadcast over the land, and by the facts thus brought to public view, such a genial change will take place, that by the Fourth of July, 1850, the red man and white may rejoice together in the certainty of a common heritage in peace and freedom. He therefore asks for means to circulate freely at least one hundred thousand copies.

The Calumet will be issued simultaneously at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia (monthly,) at $1 per annum, the first number to be issued on the first of January next. Donations and letters on business should be addressed to the Editor, No. 55 Broadway, New York; or to John P. Jewett & Co., publishers and booksellers, No. 20 Washington street, Boston.

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☞A lady friend in Granville, Ohio, in sending for the Age on trial, thus relates the manner of her conversion to Spiritualism:

"I have always opposed Spiritualism heretofore, for the same reason that thousands of others do, *because I knew nothing about it*, but being in Boston a few weeks since, I was induced by a friend to investigate the subject.—I visited Mr. Mansfield, and received through him a most beautiful letter from a dear sister, long since in the Spirit Land. I also heard repeated through Mrs. Clough of Charleston, the last words uttered on earth by another dear departed one. I listened with intense interest to the most glowing discourses by Mrs. Hatch, and heard such prayers as no mortal ever uttered, besides saying and hearing much else of what is called Modern Spiritualism. The result was, I felt and still feel that it *must* be true. I cannot have it otherwise than true. I think the Spiritual Age is just what is needed to disseminate the truth, and would like to have an opportunity of reading it for a few weeks, that I may judge of its merit before becoming a subscriber for life.

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The first steamship which made the voyage under steam throughout, across the Atlantic, was the *Royal William* in 1833. This vessel was of 180 horse power, and 1,000 tons burthen, and built at a place called Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, in Canada. The voyage was made from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Cowes, Isle of Wight.

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"Will you open the services?" inquired a deacon, of a brother, who was an oysterman by trade. "No, I thank you," said he, half waking from a doze, "I've left my oyster-knife at home."

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☞We condensed an account, a few weeks since, of the recent visit of that remarkable medium, S. Jennie Lord, of Portland, Me., to Manchester, N. H. It should have been *Winchester*, instead of Manchester.

[From the Spirit Guardian.]

## THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

Matters of Religion, as well as every thing else, are made subject to or used for speculative purposes, thus defeating the very purposes for which they were designed, and robbing humanity of its due.—On this particular point enough has already been said, therefore, we will not go into detail, but proceed with the immediate subject in hand.

The idea of a Judgment Day when all people, nations, kindred and tongues should assemble at the bar of God, to listen to the final sentence uttered by Him, is quite extensively believed, or pretended to be believed throughout civilized Christendom. Ministers and men everywhere from time immemorial have expatiated and dwelt eloquently upon the subject. It is, in short, one of the principal pillars that upholds the fabric of popular Christianity. This structure though a stupendous one, is very imperfect and uncomely in all its parts, built after the style of its prototype, the Jewish Government. The whole plan of salvation was drawn from the literal form of Government, which was revised and improved upon as often as they had occasion to alter or change the laws or improve the forms of Government, is proven from the parallel which the one holds to the other.

The idea of Heaven and of God which possessed the Israelites was strictly in conformity with their mode of living, even in their earliest history as a distinct nation or people. They placed the first parents in a garden, or vinery, where they took refuge from the heat of the sun and the dews of night beneath the shade which they afforded, and as they grew in knowledge, their idea of God and Heaven expanded accordingly. As they left the wilderness, bowers and groves of fruit and vine clad plains, for the tented fields of husbandry, as they merged from these into towns and cities and municipalities and governments, their ideas of Deity and their veneration for a Supreme Being grew in the same proportion, and they conceived of Him as being a great King whose kingdom extended over the world of His chosen people, which embraced the twelve tribes of Israel. Their contracted views of Deity led them to believe that the Almighty Father's protecting care was confined to them alone—that all other nations were the enemies of God as well as of themselves, and God to sanction all their acts of vengence and blood against them, by attaching to every mandate a "thus saith the Lord."

When a king was selected and a kingdom established, they imagined that they had reached the very apex of civilization, and a form of government similar to that of Heaven. Because they had a Sanhedrim, to deal out earthly justice to mortals, they supposed God also had a bar or court to judge the immortal worlds. As animal sacrifices were instituted and consumed upon their altars as the only atonement and propitiation for sin by them, as pleasing in the sight of Heaven; so those who came after them, even down to the present time, have supposed that not only animal sacrifices were necessary, but even human sacrifice was indispensable to appease God's wrath; and, therefore, He whom the Jews through malice and envy had slain, is considered *that* sacrifice, and on His death hang their hopes of salvation. This was indeed a happy hit, a scape goat on whom the world could cast all their iniquities, and walk into endless bliss without an effort, as he had become the end of the law. O, Jesus of Nazareth, if thou shouldst fail to meet the expectations of this people, what will be their disappointment, their chagrin, their confusion!

Jerusalem was considered by the Jews as the very City and Zion of God on earth, which represented the Heavenly City whose streets were paved with gold, and whose gates were made of pearls and precious stones or metals, and would be inhabited by the few chosen ones who had left Egyptian bondage. Hence, on this narrow ill-begotten views of the Deity and the eternal world, the Jews predicted their faith and belief in the future of man. All the forms of earthly Monarchy were attributed to the Sovereignty of Heaven. Hence a judgment day, to sit out the banquet of forms and ceremonies, with all the trappings of Judaism was indispensable.

A few centuries after Jesus figured in Judea, the same ideas, promulgated by the prophets, priests and wise men, were caught up, and, after passing through a labyrinthian course of priestly direction, have reached us in this nineteenth century, though Jesus himself did not teach them, but most strenuously denounced and denied them throughout his life.

Candid thinking and reasoning will most effectually annihilate the idea, or the dogma of a General Judgment, if faith does not. Without this plank in the platform of creeds, it of course would be imperfect and incomplete; therefore, to make this windy air castle of apparent perfection, it was necessary to inaugurate it.

Supposing such a thing was to take place, that the dead of assembled worlds should meet in one concourse, as it is alleged by sectarians, where would they meet, as they say they will arise bodily each one and come forth from their graves. Where could they be convened? Where is the world so spacious? for

> They that walk the earth
> Are but a handful to those
> That slumber within its bosom.

Where are the souls of men during the long interval that awaits the resurrection?

None can be in Heaven, none in Hell; for if each went to his place before hand, what need of a judge or judgment day? would they not be already judged?

Let those who are quietly sleeping upon the brow of priestly injunction,

*"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"*

# Correspondence.

## STEPHEN AND SO FORTH.

An amusing, and at the same time, ridiculous instance of real old-fashioned, genuine, unmistakable Puritanic Bigotry lately came to our notice. There is a wise old saw to the effect that "all the fools are not defunct," and we have come to the conclusion that there is more truth than poetry in the wise old saying, and likewise that not a few of the genius "still live," or, to quote the "Razor Strop man" "there's a few more left of the same sort." The last and most perfect specimen of the article is an exhibition in the beautiful village of Randolph, Massachusetts in the presence of Mr. Stephen Brown, who has such a holy horror of Spiritualism that for neither love or money could he be prevailed upon to permit even his printer's devil to strike off a few bills announcing a Spiritual lecture recently given in that place. He would no sooner allow *his* press announce such a thing than attempt to fly. Mr. B's reposal did not prevent the lecture being given however, nor a goodly company from assembling to hear it, and what is more to the purpose the Sun had the impudence to rise next day without asking leave of Stephen, for whose benefit we quote the immortal words of the "Poick,"

"Oh! Stephen, Stephen, cut it more even"

and draw it milder in future. We can't help pitying those poor little fellows, who think the world ought to stop revolving unless permission is asked of them; but we by no means deprecate such wrath and bigotry, but advise them to keep it up, don't print Spiritual handbills gentlemen, don't, for if you do, there's no telling what dreadful things might happen, keep it up; brothers, keep it up! There's nothing like pluck!

While we were penning the foregoing lines, we were visited by the spirit of Phun—a very ancient Spirit who proposed to write through our hand the history of a certain Stephen, nearly, if not quite as wise as him of the beautiful village. Phun calls his lines

STEPHEN &c.

The season was dull,—in fact, such a day—
Unsuited to curing and carting of hay,
So Stephen bethought him to take a tripdown,
And bring this thing, and that, and the other from town;
And he harnessed the horse, and proceeded to go forth,
With a pail of pale butter, eggs, berries &c.

Now it happened that Stephen (&) came down
On the day that the Show was to enter the town,
And into the village he chanced to come forth,
As the "caravan" entered the town from the North,
(A wonderous collection they proposed to show forth,
Elks, elephants, bears, tigers, &c.)

And Stephen arrived opportunely I ween,
For never had Stephen an elephant seen;
So he with "old sorrel" fetched up by the fence,
To see, without paying the twenty-five cents,
And soon came the critter, and uncouthly and slow forth,
With tusks, and with trunk, blankets, ribbons &c.

But scared at the sight, or the scent, or the sound,
"Old sorrel" turned quickly and shortly around,
And in turning so quickly and shortly about
The wagon turned over and Stephen turned out!
And into the gutter the berries did flow forth,
Together with Stephen, eggs, butter &c.

Quoth Stephen aloud, as he rose on his pegs,
"A fig for the berries &c, and eggs,—
But henceforth I never can say it of course—
That I've not seen the elephant—or can the horse,"
And back to the homestead, "old sorrel" did go on,
Leaving wagon, and Stephen, and so forth and so on.

P. B. R.

## TO THE SPIRITUALIST.

BY MAUD.

How wearied, often, art thou in thy searchings for light from the spirit-land. How discouraged by the obscurity of teachings thence. How saddened by the triviality of those who believe in the realities unseen; even of those who feel the touch of the spirit-spheres, and through whom comes their revelation to the world. How worn by persecution and toil for that which seems to thee, at times, not quite so much as once thou deemedst. Now, perhaps, thou lookest coldly on those manifestations of invisible presence which once thrilled thine inmost soul, as thou didst recognize thine immortality and love, which the cold waves of death had no power to chill. Doubt and darkness come over thee. But arise from thy dejection, nor thus let apathy destroy thy finer sense of that which thou first didst hail the dawn of Earth's communion with her spirit realms. Were this blessed mingling of the spheres to prove only a dream of the night:

> Ah! were it but a dream, which from thy sleep
> Awaking, thou should'st find no more, and weep;
> Too sweet, too pure, too heavenly to be
> In this drear, frozen clime—reality.

Lost every trace of all those tokens of the existence of angelic beings; those tender messages from the departed; those words of inspiration; those visions of the entranced, which to thee had been so precious. The face of the world still the same as when it was deemed superstition to believe that the dead ever held converse with the living.

How could'st thou bear it? Cold, though thou art, would'st thou not rather have lost all earthly good; rather have found that the things of the life which now is, were but fleeting shadows? Clasp then thy treasure! It is a reality, and others live in it with thee. Be not sad for what is not, though it shall be.—Receive what now is thine; proven immortality and the presence of the ascended. Thou canst not recognize thy beloved as thou wouldst, but thou hast had proofs of their existence and nearness which thou wouldst not exchange for the kingdoms of the earth. To thee, all too dear to lose for what the world calls real, is even the shadow of a possibility:

> That, to thine heart the lost are close again!
> That yet they live, and love, and know thy pain,
> And do, in their sweet bliss, forget thee not;
> That from thine heaven the stars did not go out,
> But fixed and holy as devotion, shine
> With changeless radiance, in the calm divine
> Of love's ethereal deeps; for God and thee;
> Beyond the gloom of thy dark destiny,
> And spent its force or overcame its ill,
> In some far time shall make thine heaven still.

Clasp then thy treasure—and more closely. Fearest thou not that though now a reality, this daily intercourse with the beautiful land of shadows may pass away; whose soul so fair an abode that the immortals may care to linger? Is not this atmosphere too dark and heavy for the winged ethereal? May not the faithlessness and unholy lives of those who entertain the sweet angelic visitants, bar again those gates which open on diviner ways? Hasten then with the faithful to fulfill wisely those conditions on which higher beings can approach the sphere of mortals; on which they can alone abide, and communion become more open and tangible. Unfold thine own nature, that thou mayst feel thine angels near, and be inspired with thoughts of peace to a world, weary of its sufferings; and to wise labors, that its heaven so long delayed, may come.—So shall spirits depart not, but come nearer.—So shalt thou be blest; and if more blest those who come to earth after thou hast gone, still blessed thou, for thou shalt come again!

> Again: no shadow o'er thy glowing way;
> Immortal youth fresh springing in thy soul;
> Thine heart unfettered as a tropic day,
> Escaped forever from earth's rude control.
>
> Again: to love and bless, nor fear to see
> Great walls of adamant opposing rise;
> Again: for thy loved planet's fairer destiny
> To work, with saints of earth and paradise.
>
> And yet to thrill, thou who hast felt her woe,
> With those deep, blissful, Eden harmonies,
> Which long-enduring earth must one day know,
> Or fall from out her pathway in the skies.

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"And My Heart Too."—A few years ago when it was the custom of large girls and larger boys to attend district schools, an incident took place in a neighboring town which is worth recording. One of the fairest and plumpest girls of the school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master, a prompt, energetic fellow of twenty-five, summoned her into the middle of the floor. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master took a ruler and commanded her to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master thundered out, "Will you give me your hand?" "Yes, sir, and my *heart*, too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master, and eyeing him with a cunning look. A death-like silence reigned for a moment in the school; a tear was seen to glisten in the master's eye. The ruler was laid on the desk and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, *but to remain after school was dismissed.* In three weeks after school was finished, the teacher and the girl were married.

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In Duxbury, Massachusetts, lived Bill Hoeboy, as he was called, the ugliest-looking loafer that the town ever had. Bill got awakened in a time of great religious excitement, and one day at a crowded meeting, when the people were standing around the windows unable to get in the house, Bill was telling his experience.

"My friends," said Bill, "for fifty years I have carried the devil on my shoulders." At this a voice in the window cried out,

"If he had looked you in the face he would have dropped off in a hurry!"

Bill was bothered, and reserved his speech for another occasion.

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Patience.—"You can do anything, if you only have patience to wait," said an old fogy to his son. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can wait." "How long?" queried the son, an imprudent and impatient Young America, who could hardly wait for the old man's obituary. "Till it freezes!" coolly replied the old fogy.

*(Concluded from 3d page.)*

Evil Eye, yet differed therefrom, inasmuch as instead of the ill glare, there was a delicate softness—a deep pathos which melted while it fascinated you. In a word it was what the Greeks call the "Mournful Love," the Hindoos, Moors and Persians "Hasheed Peerivi" or the "Eye of the sacred and well beloved." Persons having this peculiarity, are among the nations specified, looked upon as something out of and beyond the usual line of humanity; and so they are. "Whoever hath the sacred glance," saith Neraji Bheran Shah, "is in communion with three worlds at the same time!"

All know that the Universe is a vast volume, not a page of which has been, by the mighty cryptographist written in vain. Not a sentence but is full of deep meaning; not a word but is richly freighted with information to him who can read and readily comprehend. This truth is perfect. The wildest vagaries of a Budhist priest; the most incoherent ravings of a poet, mad with the inspiratiens of gin or the nine muses; the most abominably absurd superstitions of Kalmuck, Indian, Goopher, Fetish-man, or Dervish, are, one and all, near relations to probability, and cousins-german to Almighty Truth herself, as Science has sometimes proved. It may be, therefore, after all the sceptical sneering of would-be Philosophers, that in spite of all our Anglo-Saxon, Germanic, and American civilization, and the boasted perfection of modern logic; it may be, we iterate, that the children of the wild-woods—the dwellers beneath the sultry dome—the unsophisticated wanderer over trackless wastes, is in possession of deeper secrets, and in the enjoyment of profounder knowledge of *Arcanum Naturum* than ever was imagined possible by the philosophers of Christendom; and that man, wild, uncouth, rough as his native rocks, may have established a more intimate rapport with Dame Nature than the civilized can ever hope to attain. Hence it may be that the Hasheed Peerivi, and the Evil Eye, do result from causes perfectly extraordinary, and that they are the signs of power in their possessors, of a strange, weird nature, and that such persons have an actual connection—sustain intimate relations to, and correspondence with the living, the dead, and with *those who never die.*

Speaking with Professor Lefevre, of the University of Paris, while preparing this tale, portions of which he read with astonishment and satisfaction, he observed to me: "I admit the force of Hamlet's speech to Horatio, for I have often noted facts, which all my knowledge of science in its application has failed to give a satisfactory account. Science can take no notice of a ghost, yet ghosts there are indubitably. We must either admit their existence, or settle it forever that human testimony is not wor h a straw, and for this reason, although I find it hard to give full credence, yet I cannot assert, as an honest student of Nature, the falsity of the legend of Zhaazteel;* nor dare I say that the terrible legend of the old stone mill, is not a recital of by-gone facts, exhumed most extraordinarily from their long, deep tomb.

Scientists tell us that since the creation not one particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into countless new shapes, or have floated away in smoke or vapor, but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dew-drop on the grain; it will spring up in the fiber of a plant, or paint itself upon the delicate petals of the lily or the rose. Throughout all space, all time, it exists still. So may man; for the same laws that rule matter, govern mind, with the difference of intensity only proportioned to their respective positions in the universe. Most of the doors of this universe are locked until science fabricates a key.—How dare I then assert, that some favored mortals may not have entered the labyrinth of Mystery, and given the results of their observation to the world, like the chemist who turns out a new compound for the inspection of the world; men use it, admire it, but not one in ton thousand understands its powers, or could perform it successfully if they did. Nature is like a cow who will let only a favorite one milk her, or if others try to force her, will only let down her milk when *she* likes. If she is forced, she generally kicks over the pail, and the ambitious milkers have their labor for their pains. In the olden time there may have been a knowledge by which men may have gained access to the inner, the upper, and the lower worlds. If so, it is not yet dead, it only sleeps.

*See sequel.

Knowledge in man, or in the world, may slumber in the memory, but it never dies, for its nature and characteristic is utter imperishability. It is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring. It is like the life-germ in the soul; it is like the sweet melody of the flute that waits but the breath of love to call it into harmonic life; it is like the rich music of the harp-string, that waits but the master's touch to wake it into sweet and holy utterance. It cannot, will not die. Knowledge lives on forever and forever. It perisheth only in its shadow—the substance still exists. Whatever hath once existed hath written its own history. May we not hope to attain the same knowledge by which the ancients indisputably were guided in their researches into the hidden and the darkly mysterious? I do most certainly believe it possible! And in reference to the connection between the living and the dead, may we not hope yet to establish a like communion? May it not be, that in the early youth of the world, tens of thousands of years ago, that this earth was peopled with an order of beings, half man, half arsaph? If so, may not there still be lingering specimens now on earth who partake of the double nature, by reason of a compliance, ignorantly it may be, with certain occult laws by the parents of such persons? The idea seems a valuable one, and the hint thrown out may possibly lead to an investigation of the subject!"

Such were the words that fell from the lips of this great man. Certain it is that had Flora lived in Greece or Persia, she had been a priestess, for her peculiarity was of the kind that characterized the heroines of the tripod at Delphos and Delos. Such was the, at times, unearthly expression of her eye, deep, large, and black as the raven's wing, piercing as light itself, that it seemed, to use a very expressive phrase "to look you through," and reached at once, not only the centre of your present thought or dominant idea, but dived to the very courts and inner temples of your spirit, and thence wrung out, and brought up in exultant triumph the very secrets of the soul itself.

You, reader, may not, but the writer of these lines hath often seen persons, a glance from whose eye sent a thrill through the whole being of those on whom it fell;—glances which make you quail, you know not why; eyes from whence the soul's bright lightnings leap, in flames that either melt you down in love's softest fervor, or that burn or scorch the very constituent elements of the heart itself, and which, holding you unwillingly captive, either fed your spirit with sweetest ambrosia, or bade you mockingly escape their basiliskian spell—if you could;—eyes and glances, the memory of which clings to you like the miser to his gold, the sailor to his plank, or the felon wretch to life, while the scaffold on which he stands trembles beneath his feet, in its seeming exultation and delight at the prospect of another dangling form—another human being *choked to death*—another soul horror-sent to explore forbidden mysteries, in strange and mystic regions, and that too by the fiat of Human Justice under the dispensation of *Christian Charity.* Heaven save the mark! If you have seen such an eye, then you have seen that of the woman Flora. The lashes which shaded those strange orbs were long, and, like the hair that hung in rich clusters of curls down her cheeks and back, as well as the brows which overshadowed them in a double arch, were of jetty black. The garb she wore well befitted her, inasmuch as that its oriental character gave her more the appearance of a priestess of Isis and Osiris, than of a denizen of New York in the nineteenth century. Her dress consisted of a long and flowing robe open from the neck downward, with short, slashed sleeves and worn *sans jupe.* Her robe was fastened to the waist by a girdle of red silk, edged with black and quilted. The under garment, richly trimmed and ornamented with point lace was of an elegant purple stuff, faded somewhat, yet still rich in its effect, occasionally disclosed itself as she walked across the floor. Her foot was small to tininess, and was encased in what had once been a white satin slipper. Her high forehead, firm-set and beautifully white and even teeth, the taper fingers, whose nails were pearly white, with just a faint blush of scarlet on their surfaces; her compact form, her somewhat haughty mien, air and gait, told at once that she was born to better things, and had seen fairer days; and her manner, as she walked the apartment, told the tale too plainly, that her proud spirit chafed bitterly under the restraints put upon her by the hand of gaunt—I had almost said—accursed Poverty. For she was poor; she, who had no right to be so. Poor! Heaven! How much that little word contains! That one word of only four letters! What mountains of misery, what oceans of tears lie concealed within its volume! Flora, as may have already been surmised, was not of pure blood; but was an amalgamation or rather concretion of several separate and distinct races. Thousands of such are to be met with in the world, yet seldom of her class. In the Western world particularly is this the case; because Political Liberty—so called—and there she is indeed "Politic"—stretches forth her broad arms and invites to her broad acres, the political refugee of every land and clime, provided his hair is not curly, and his skin not *too* black, for it altogether depends upon the character, not of the man, but of the *rete mucosm*, whether he may avail himself of the invitation or not. People from all climes, therefore meet on her soil; they intermarry, and consequently the Yankee represents every nation under Heaven; has all the vices of each and a few of their virtues; still it is to be hoped he will outgrow his imperfections—sometime or other. Through such means it happened that the blood of the fiery Spaniard, met that of the cold phlegmatic German; that of the volatile Gaul with the purple streams of the staid and sturdy Briton; the Indian's enduring stamina, gave strength to the Oriental fervor of the Persian; while the Hindoo and Moor spirit all met and blended in the veins of Flora Beverly. All these had mingled two and two and she was their culmination.—Is it to be wondered at, in view of facts like these, that she differed from nearly all of her sex, or that the marked characteristics and traits, which in subsequent years in the person of her boy became the prolific cause of so much pain, and angry feelings, pleasure, grief, joy, love and hatred, were manifested by her? Many, aye! many, have shrunk aghast, with something akin to horror, at the recital of deeds which had never been enacted on the broad stage of the world, if this woman had slept in an early grave; and conversely hundreds of others had not tasted an almost supernal bliss and mental joy had she not had a being, and have performed her part in the great drama of existence.

The influence of parent on child is so certain, of so mysterious a character, yet so vastly important, that no one is justified in neglecting its study for a single day. In the case before us it amounts to a demonstration absolute of what I may call an established law, namely: that "Destinies depend on organizations."

As she walked across the chamber, she ever and anon cast her eyes upon the neat but humble bed, whereupon reposed her babe, of something over one year old; and as she did so, a sigh, deep-drawn, and coming from the very bottom of her proudly-swelling, but deeply-sorrowing, yet independent heart, escaped her lips. Indignant, because she was deserted by one, sworn to protect and cherish, and who so far forgot common humanity as to act like a wretch, and pursue a line of conduct that would put the devil to the blush.—Deserted by one, her beauty attracted another, who taking advantage of her poverty sought to destroy what he could never reach. Like a true woman she spurned the reptile, and chose rather to dwell in poverty *with* honor, than in a palace *without* it, even though surrounded with tinsel affluence and unbounded wealth.

For some time she had been sustained by the hand of one unseen, acting through an earthly instrument. She only knew this invisible friend by the appellation of "The Stranger." But even this mysterious personage had fled and left her alone, and uncheered in her misery, want and affliction. Truly was she sorrow-laden, for there was a canker-worm gnawing at her heart's deep core, which the world knew not.—Aye! a worm that knows no death; and it was daily, hourly, continually preying upon the substance of her spirit. This potent grief was occasioned by the absence of the only being who really knew and—loved her—not with the low and base passions which seems to be the heritage of mortals, but with a purity beyond aught earthly—a feeling and sentiment such as angels entertain, and seraphs interchange and reciprocate with one another. This woe it was that had fallen upon her, and shrouded her with a gloomy mantle, and which by slow, but fearfully certain steps was undermining the citadel of existence, and paving the broad way to the grave.—This it was that daily fell upon her being and consumed the frail bond—the already slender thread that holds the tenement of the soul, and the divine immortal spark within it, in that mysterious union which men designate as life, just as if the possession of the quality of movement and faculty constituted life. Life indeed! Who talks of life? Who knows what it is? Who lives? No one yet. Man only stays! Life is something more than to the majority of minds is conveyed, or even implied by the term. It is more than the sound to meet ears convey! Life! term oft used, but seldom understood! The vast mass of human beings merely exist—vegetate, they don't live; for to *live* is to *love*! and who loves in these days? To love is to enjoy the sphere in which we happen to be placed. And who does this? We cannot, as times go! How many on earth enjoy their existence thoroughly? Not one in a thousand; scarce ten in a million! What a pity, yet 'tis true. Is it not?

To enjoy is to be free; and where Freedoom is not, there is Slavery—not the bond which chains the serf to the tyrant; but one worse, far worse—the bond of Conventionalism—the hoary phantom *Usage*! I hold it as an incontrovertible truth, indeed I may say, an axiom or postulate, that no man can love and be a slave, either to tyrant, master, society, or his own appetites and passions; the two states are incompatible with each other, if not absolutely antagonistic. Love in slavery of any kind will not bear too close a scrutiny, much less a severe analysis; and among the mass of men, scarce ten in a billion could be found who are not the veriest abject slaves to one of the three powers I have just named, or who are not victims to some sort of thralldom. Life indeed!—Why, to live, man must free—free of ill, of wrong, of sin, disease, prejudice, hatred, envy, sectism. Free as the air he breathes—as the sun-ray that lights and warms him, fructifies his soil, ripens his fruit, and gilds his pathway with molten gold.

Aye! he must, to properly live, be free as the water that ripple and murmur past his cottage door; free as the bird which sings its matin lay in the tree-top in the lane; or as the mountain-wind that sweeps the gorge, and from the branches strips the leaves, all golden and sere, and scatters them in playful eddies broad-cast over the bosom of our common mother earth! He must be free as his own sleeping thought.

> "Go, let a cage with bars of gold
> And pearly roof the eagle hold:
> Let dainty viands be his fare,
> And give the captive tenderest care;
> But say, in luxury's limits pent,
> Find you the king of birds *content?*
> No! Oft he'll sound the startling shriek,
> And dash the grates with angry beak:
> Precarious Freedom's far more dear
> Than all the prison's pampering cheer.
> He longs to see his eyrie's seat,—
> Some cliff on Ocean's lonely shore,
> Whose old bare top the tempests beat,—
> Around whose base the billows roar,
> When tossed by winds they yawn like graves,
> He longs for joy to skim those waves,
> Or rise through tempest shrouded air,
> All thick and dark with wild winds swelling,
> To brave the lightning's lurid glare,
> And talk with thunders in their dwelling?"

Aye, indeed! Man should be free as the bird of Jove, who, from his home among the rocks, scans the mighty expanse of the Ocean, and, elated by his own deep sense of liberty, takes wing, and as he does so, screams forth a defiance to the spirit of Bondage; another to civilized man, and to all that swims the sea, creeps upon the land, or mounts the upper air.—Glorious Eagle!—who, as he unfolds his pinions, and sails in glory over the dark blue waters, and through thick, somber clouds, into the pure broad sunshine beyond, feels his great heart—nay his very soul expand, if soul he have, and who dare affirm God has denied him one?—feels his spirit leap with strange pleasures, as the full, deep inspiration of great Nature fills up, and enthrills his very being. Noble Eagle! as he darts through space, the airy vault echoes and sings again with the glad sound of his exulting voice! He cannot but feel contempt for all other things beneath him, for he feels that he is indeed "every inch a king!" Man is much less than the eagle in many things; but mainly in that he is a very slave, while the bird is very free. Man aspires to fly, but forgets that habit has clipped his wings. He would be a god, and remembers not that he must first become a child of Truth.—Without this deeper sense of Life's significance, which alas! is but too seldom formed, he cannot live, he only stays! Earth-life is his winter; he hybernates and sleeps his season. By and bye Death's electric rod will touch and rouse him from his lethergy; will first transfix, then change; and wafted on mystic pinions, conducted by a strangely-gifted guide, drawn by invisible cords, attracted by a strangely-mysterious magnet, whose potency is its least curious part—bouyed up by unseen, unknown barks over that tideless waste of night that intervenes between his present dwelling, and divides it from that wonderful land that shiningly bounds the mystic seas. The mists which now obscures his vision, will perchance—for at the best 'tis nought but mere conjecture, prophecy and hope—be dispelled and scattered by the sun-rays of *certainty* and *life*—tremendous word! be exchanged for Perpetual Being—stupendous thought! for Happiness—extatic idea!—an existence, wherein man shall first learn what it really is to BE!

## CHAPTER II.

Let us return to Flora.

"I can scarcely understand," said she to herself. "It may be of some importance, yet of what, I cannot imagine. This manuscript is of a singular character; whether it is all an imaginary sketch, or a recital of real events, I do not know; yet I found it so strangely, it came here so mysteriously—being left upon my table while I slept, and when the doors and windows were all fastened, that I am half inclined to believe—but never mind. I'll take it out and read it once more; perhaps it will divert me. At all events, as it takes but a little while I'll read it again." So saying she went to the mantel, from which she took a small brass-bound ebony box, having opened which, she took therefrom a small roll of very yellow paper, seemingly as old as she herself. This paper was in one continuous sheet, and the writing thereon was in the English tongue, but in the old Saxon letter. Seating herself by the side of the little grate, in which the hard stone coal was dimly, yet pleasantly burning, she unrolled the manuscript, and read aloud, as follows:

### "THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME.

'Princes, Potentates and Powers of the air!—*St. Paul.*

And there are superior orders of Beings, above men, and yet who are not human; they are the Genii, and they alone know the GRAND SECRET.—*Rabbi Moses.*

Think not man, alone, has intelligence; there are FOLI in the middle spaces; there are hosts of Neridii amongst the star ry islands, "*Dhoula Bel.*"

"Woman of the strange soul, read ye this!—I, the unknown stranger, bid ye read and fear

not. There is a grand mystery, which through thee and thine must be given to the world of men. There are two lesser ones clinging to the first. Be attentive! Sound the clarion of the skies, and let the hosts of Aidenn hear!' thus spake a mighty voice! And the mandate went forth on the fleecy pinions of the potent wind-kings of the mystic realm that lies beyond. The Cherubims, Seraphims, Arsaphs and the myriad inhabitants of the vast expanse, heard the summons, and straightway flew on lightning wings to the council of the arching skies. The assembling hosts gathered around the Throne, and anxiously awaited the auspicious time when the GOOD ONE who dwelleth in mystery should make known his August Will.

"All the winged Hours, the fleecy-pinioned Minutes, the lightning-lifed Seconds were there, while from afar a vast throng of hoary-headed Years, marshalled by the ghosts of dead Centuries, slowly wound their way toward the mighty Council Hall—a hall whose foundations were deeply laid in the solid ground of Past Eternities, whose walls were builded of Truth-stones, cemented together with the Mortar of the Ages, whose roof was the Cerulean, and whose fret-work was the starry firmaments. Still beyond! A Time, and Times and half a Time had elapsed since that great host had met before, and now the congregated powers evinced great anxiety concerning the purpose of the present Summons.

"Had the waters of oblivion been stayed? or had they rolled back their Lethean tide upon the ragged shores of Time. Had the genius of the PRESENT refused to move, and to perform the allotted task—the bridging of the deep gulf which separates the PAST from the FUTURE? Had Eterne, the solemn monarch of the Hours, ceased his circling round?—Were the soldiers Phylagmia grown weary of the warfare on the Planet Orbs of the Western Dome; or had the warriors of Plutemus again attacked the awful power, at whose hands they had before suffered rout and confusion; had they once again raised the standard of rebellion against a potency whose overwhelming force they had often marvelled at after their own defeat, total, disastrous and ruinously complete? Had the vortical furnaces, wherein matter itself was forged, and the substance of uncreated worlds is prepared, become exhausted and given out? Had *this* universe of material globes at last fulfilled its mission, and accomplished its destiny? Was it about to give birth to its last offspring, and then forever cease to be? These and similar, were the questions each member of that mighty army asked themselves and each other; but without eliciting a satisfactory response. Alcyone shone brightly* that auspicious day on the Island Sea of Worlds that owned his mighty sway.

"Well might he shine and diffuse his glory, for the mystic being who dwelleth in his diamond courts had sent forth his Voice through all the corners of that vast realm whereon fell the brightness of the Outer Sun. No eye beheld the form of the great Monarch, yet all acknowledged His influence, and all heard the Voice from out the Veil; and as it rolled forth an ocean of supremest melody, every deathless being within the limits of that magnificent sphere, heard the sound and straightway bent the knee in homage and adoration. The Hosts were gathered on a wide, extended plain, in the centre of which was a vast temple, from whence the Voice proceeded.

"Short was the lapse of moments ere the fleet Wind-Kings and Lords of the gales returned and spake toward the veiled throne, saying, "it is done!" And then the voice of August Majesty said, "proclaim stillness!" And silence reigned in Aidenn. Again that ocean rolled forth its melodious waves of music-clothed sentences; and this is the translation thereof:

"Powers and subjects of the Dome—the realms whereof ye are the principles, hath again been disturbed by our antagonists of the SHADOW. Our worlds are unbalanced; the Angel Virtues sent to guard the children of the Planet Earth, have been driven forth by force and guile, and their places have been usurped by those, who, wearing raiments of light, singing sweet music, teaching captivating fancies, lead Earth's children from the true Day, and but too surely plunge them into the deepest Night. The Hours have marked the receding steps of Time; Eternity is big with Truth, pains to be delivered, and lo! so wedded to the Night are those of Earth, that the Future is yet unveiled mystery, and none are ready—no, not a man on all the earth to welcome the newly-born truth, when the fulness of time shall usher it into actual life!

* Alcyone is the mighty star which constitutes the pivot around which the majestic cluster, (*Via Lactea*) Milky Way, of which our solar system is a constituent atom, performs its tremendous revolutions. The distance between it and our Earth can not be comprehended by finite minds, for it is expressed, and thus only, approximately, by the figure 9 at the head of a row of eighty nine thousand cyphers, not of miles or even leagues, but of *millions of Leagues*. Our sun is supposed to rotate completely around Alcyone once in two hundred and ninety-seven billions of years. What a year! This star is supposed to *be* the centre of the starry system which meets our gaze above, and to be the seat of the Congress of the Destinies.
NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Many centuries have marched along since the work of disaffection began, and now ye are marshalled to the rescue of the Human from the power of the *Shadow*. Agents of the *Light* we charge ye to retrieve what hath been lost; restore the virtues to their office on the earth, and over man: We charge ye to purge the earth of our foes, and drive the soldiers of the *Shadow* back to their proper home. Go forth and reclaim the recusant globe! Go cheerfully, select suitable instruments to illustrate new meanings to the words, "*To Be*," and impart to Human kind the *Reason Why* of certain unestablished and frequently guessed at truths; that seeing, man sin no more in ignorance. Go forth and scatter light where shadow reigns; disperse the lowering mists of folly, and cause the beams of Wisdom to illume and fertilize the soil of Human nature; inaugurate the reign of Knowledge; proclaim to the wandering multitudes that there is a sure and certain haven of rest for all alike, if all alike shall choose the avail. Darkness is more dense on earth when man thinks he has the greatest light! He beholds fancies, and continuing so to do, comes at last to regard them not only as fixed principles, but as the only truth. He boasts loudest of his vision when the heaviest blindness afflicts him most! He thinks, in the fullness of his twilight wisdom, that he beholds the vast reality of all by which he is surrounded, not once dreaming that he hath only surmounted a few small boulders on the hillside of *What is*. He is grovelling in the dust of his own raising, but thinks that he is flying. Go whisper these things into his ear, and through proper means inform him of the Double Destinies. Teach him that

> Theories which thousands cherish,
> Pass like clouds that sweep the sky,
> Creeds and dogmas all must perish;
> Truth herself can never die.

Go thou therefore down to earth, and there proclaim the approaching jubilee; win man back to virtue; slay the horrid demon family Lust; place Love on the throne of each human heart; unstop the ears of the deaf, that they may catch the echoes of the celestial harmonies; cleanse the human understanding;—open the doors that the sacred inspirations of pure and holy truths may flow in and overflow the hearts of mankind. Thou art charged to heal their vision, unseal their eyes, and point their benighted souls to the better way which leads from vice to virtue; unbar the gates of excellence; induct them into the outer courts of goodness and of beauty! Teach them that every virtue hath its God and shrine, every charity its proper temple, and that not a soul existeth but is measured with an eternal rule of right, and judged by what its aspirations are—by that which it inwardly and most strongly desires, and not by the standard of that which it may be able to perform;—for it may be impossible to *act* but never to *desire!* Men must be taught that evil hath an existence as well as good, but that they both differ from what at present is believed in regard to either. Man must learn that mere intellectual power is not knowledge, nor knowledge wisdom, nor wisdom always good, as many now imagine; for it may be wisdom in a general to Poison the waters which a hostile army may be compelled to drink; it may be wisdom in the malignant assasin to postpone the contemplated crime until a more favorable opportunity shall be a guaranty against detection, but although wise movements, these actions are far from being good. Repair to earth O ye Sciences, and tell man of his nature, origin and destiny, and hereby quell the false, and at the same time that ye enkindle his true pride; arouse his emulation, and strengthen him for the inevitable contest which he must sustain, alone, and unaided, (save by suggestion,) by any except his own innate force and energy, against the combined forces of his own ignorance, material circumstances, and the invisible foes which surround him at all times, and act upon him with greater or less effect and success.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KEEPING PROMISES WITH CHILDREN.—A gentleman of nervous temperament once called on Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College.—One of the Doctor's boys was rather boisterous, and pestered the nervous gentleman somewhat, whereupon he said to him, "My boy, if you will keep still while I am talking to your father, I will give you a dollar." Instantly the boy hushed down gentle as a sleeping lamb.—At the close of the gentleman's remarks, he attempted to leave without giving the boy a dollar; but Doctor Dwight was too fast for him. He put a dollar into the man's hands, saying, "You promised my boy a dollar *for* good behavior. Give him that, as you promised. If, sir, we lie, our children will be liars also."

It is said that a native of New Zealand once claimed title to a piece of land on the plea that he had *eaten up the other*. Are there not men in our own community who often acquire title to property in much the same way?

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Mrs. BEAN, Writing, Trance and Test medium, will continue to give sittings at No. 30 Eliot street, Boston.—Special attention given to clairvoyant medical examinations. n16 tf

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

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Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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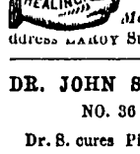
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## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

FROM CALVIN SIMONS.—I passed away between eight or nine years ago. I have a father and mother living, in Alexandria, N. H., quite aged; when my spirit visited him last in Sept., I found him lying on a sick bed. I have a brother, a sea captain, by the name of Warren Simons; he makes it his home when on land in Peru, far over the blue waters. I had a brother by the name of Clark Simons. I have a sister married in Hill, N. H. I want to send a word to my friends. Oh, dear mother, I know you still live in hopes of meeting with your prodigal son; but I am gone to that bourne which no traveller ere returns in form; but now whilst my form lays mouldering in a stranger's grave, my spirit is soaring in this little circle, trying to send a word what has become of your doting son, and then I must return back to the spirit land to welcome my dear parents to their long home, for mother, you well know that you have nearly accomplished your work on earth, and will soon join me in the holy bands where friends together meet, where sorrow is never known, and the Guardian Angel will say "come to me thou faithful servant" Mother, I started in life with as fair prospects as any young man, but my hopes were blasted and I was cut off in the bloom. Not being of a strong mind, I lamented in my downfall, and it affected my heart and brain. I would often, when lying on the bed of sickness, wildly exclaim, and curse the hour that I was born Some said I was insane, but I was not; I loved and doted on one and cast my love where it was not appreciated—one that promised to be my companion through life, and when the time arrived for those sacred vows to be acknowledged—at that hour—she, the pride of my heart, forsook me; and from that hour I became a wanderer from my father's door, and dwelt in the land of strangers. In a short time my form was laid in a stranger's grave, no friends to weep over me, no mother or father to shed a silent tear over their doted son—no stone to mark my last remains; but a green mound that is a mark for all that lays under the sod. The passers-by that live in the village where my form now lies, will oft be heard to say, "there is a stranger's grave." My remains lie buried in the Western States, but my spirit is at rest in the spirit land—free from earthly gross—where flowers bloom and never wither, the Great Creator having been pleased, out of his tender mercy, to call me home to the spirit land, from the cares and trial of a transitory existence, to a state of eternal duration, and thereby to weak the chain by which we are united. May you anticipate your approaching fate, and be more prepared when your guardian spirit shall come to convey you home. Mother, improve the short space allotted to your present existence, that you may usefully and wisely improve your time and reciprocal intercourse; in kind and friendly acts mutually promote the welfare of one another. I will close by saying that the great light of Spiritualism will guide you—it will direct your paths to the seat of happiness, and point out to you your whole duty. From your son Calvin Simons, when in form from Alexandria, N. H.

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Dear friends, can you give me a permit to send a message to my friends? I have a great desire to have my friends know I still live, and watch over my brethren with great love and charity. I was a Free Mason when in form, and I was an ordained minister of the First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I., and was their pastor for many long years. My church now stands on North Main street, where it did when I passed away; opposite the Earl House. I would say to my brethren, I am happy in the spirit land; I have no one in particular that I wish to speak to, for I learned whilst in the spirit land, to have no more respect for one than another. Dear friends, it is impossible for me to describe the spirit land; the reason that I have not told you of this wonderful mystery before was, I had not a good channel to talk through; the most of the mediums say that evil spirits do come and communicate through them. I cannot perceive that, nor believe it, as they do not from my sphere. Medium, as I passed away before you were born, and you not being able to sanction all I say, I presume you do not think I ever was in form; but I was, and now I will rehearse one of my prayers, and by chance if one of my brethren happens to be in this circle, he may recognize me. "Most glorious God, Author of all good, and Giver of all mercy! pour down Thy blessing upon us, and strengthen Thy solemn engagements with ties of sincere affection. May the present instances of mortality remind us of your approaching fate, and draw our attention to Thee, the only refuge in time of need; that when the dreadful moment shall arrive, that we are about to quit these transitory scenes, may the enlivening prospects so remind and dispel the gloom of changing our forms, that when you come to the home of the blest where there is no more parting, that you may be received in that everlasting kingdom, to enjoy in union the spirits of your departed friends. May the peace of God be with you—Amen. This is from Elder Gammon, from Providence, R. I., when in form.

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A little plant is found upon the prairies of Texas, called the "compass flower," which under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flower towards the North, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveler who unaided by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

VANITY IN THE PULPIT.—Several years since, on a warm Sabbath morning while the Rev. Dr. B——, of a well known fishing town in Massachusetts, was holding forth, a tame crow, which had been taught to utter one expression only and a wicked one, flew into the church, and alighting on the pulpit, saluted the minister with, "damn ye!" whereupon the frightened as well as horror-stricken parson "drew off" and gave "the gentleman in black" a winder that sent him to the floor. Nothing daunted by this, however, the crow was soon on his pegs, and looking up to the reverend gentleman, repeated his salutation with an emphasis that he took to his heels, and, together with his congregation, who were as much frightened as their minister, scampered from the sacred edifice in double quick time.

One little woman whose seat was in a corner, did not see fit to follow the example of the shepherd or his flock, but firmly kept her position; upon seeing which the crow advanced to her, again giving vent to his favorite expression. The old woman, not a little astonished at this impudence, and evidently taking him for an evil spirit in the form of a bird, yelled forth at him:

"What do you damn me for? I don't belong to this church!"

And giving him a wipe with her umbrella, she cleared the coast, leaving the church in silence and to the crow.

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EXCESSIVE CLEANLINESS.—Even cleanliness can be exaggerated as in the case of the Pharisees, and the late Duke of Queensberry, who would wash in nothing but milk. Our own Queen uses distilled water only for her toilet; but this is not a case in point, since it is for the sake of health, I believe, with her. A sad case, however, was that of the lovely Princess Alexandrina of Bavaria, who died mad from over-cleanliness. It began by extreme scrupulousness. At dinner she would minutely examine her plate, and if she saw the slightest speck on it, would send for another. She would then turn the napkin round and round to examine every corner, and often rise from the table because she though she was not served properly in this respect. At last it became a monomania, till on plates, napkins, dishes, tablecloth, and everything else, she believed she saw nothing but dirt. It weighed on her mind, poor thing; she could not be clean enough, and it drove her to insanity.—[English Handbook of Etiquette.

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AN IMMENSE ICEBERG.—Capt. Kirby, of ship Uncowah, at San Francisco from New York reports that he passed an immense floating island of ice about fifty miles south of Cape Horn, on the 9th of August. It was eight or ten miles long and very high—a solid mass of ice, against which the sea broke, as upon the iron-bound shores of a continent. At four miles distance, the water about the ship was agitated with eddies and ripples caused by the opposing presence of so large a body to the usual ocean currents. The sides along which the ship passed appeared to be precipitous for more than a hundred feet up from the water, when they broke up towards the peaks in the interior of the island; and down the steeps the spy-glass showed the existence of great gullies and water courses. When the sun shone full upon the island it reflected the light with great brilliancy. It was a majestic specle.

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PRESERVED SUNSHINE.—It had never occurred to us that Nature packs away sunshine to be kept till wanted, until we saw a remark by a correspondent of the Transcript. Travelling in the White Mountains, he came to the tavern in the "Flume," at evening, and he says—"We stepped into a parlor glorified and with the sunshine of a generation unlocked by a blazing, crackling fire from half a load of wood where bountiful nature had stored it."

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### MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

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NOTICE.—Persons visiting Boston for a few days or longer and preferring a private house to a public hotel, can find good accommodations at No. 5 Hayward Place, the most desirable part of the city.

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


## Announcements.

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

MRS J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 11th; Lawrence, Dec. 25th, and Jan 1st.; Huntington, 8th; Moodus, Ct., evenings of 10th & 12th; Chicopee, 15th, 22d & 29th; Putnam, Ct., Feb 5th; Foxboro, 12th & 19th; Marblehead, 26th. She will speak evenings, in the vicinity of the above places. Address, Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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 in Bridgeport, Ct., every Sunday in January. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address at the above places and dates.

Miss ROSA T. AMEDEY will lecture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st, prior to Dec. 20th and during the month of January, in care of L. 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 last journey in Michigan. He intends to spend the latter part of Jan. and Feb in Indiana, and March and April in Illinois and Iowa, from which last three States letters may be directed to him, care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

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

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

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE can be addressed at West Winsted, Conn., during the winter, and any friend communicating to her 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 33 Allen street, Boston. ☞She will also attend funerals.

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

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

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

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

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

## Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

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,
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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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n13tf

### SPIRITUALISTS,

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

The Bethesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Room are also designed as a central resort for those in the city or from the country, where intelligence regarding spiritualism, mediums, &c., may be obtained. All the spiritualistic periodicals and papers will be kept on files at the Institute. Also, the names and residences of all the principal mediums in the city and country so far as known. The Reading Room will be sustained by the gratuitous donations of the friends of pure spiritual philosophy, who may visit them or remit what they may think proper. *Circles* every evening excepting Saturday and Monday, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at which a greater variety of medium power will be manifested than ever before witnessed in any public circle in Boston, to which a small admission fee will be charged The rooms are to be located at 49 Tremont st., (up stairs.)—Room No. 6.

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### MRS. B. K. LITTLE

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