THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

A CLAIRVOYANT VIEW OF OUR DYING YEAR.

Our dear old year that brought to many peace,
Wrapped in historic mantle, sought release.
As I was watching on you crag of time,
At twelve precisely heard its last chime.
This good old year, with light and knowledge sown,
This dying year, saw golden prospects flown,
Thousands made happy, numbers called to mourn,
That glorious orb that shed his light on all,
Saw one exalted, saw another fall.
Our hasting sands to duty bids us haste,
Our highest interest, says—*no moments waste!*
Without convulsion, calmly passed away,
Old *fifty nine*, as if 'twas morning's May.

Patrons and Friends, with wallets full, draw near,
And from the lessons of the expiring year
Learn wisdom—instruction hold—never owe,
Practice the right—your patronage bestow,
That when the sun shall measure your decline,
You sweetly pass, as *eighteen fifty nine.*
And rise as he rose, void of sadness' tears
To drink the glories of the brighter spheres.

Charlestown. C. ROBBINS, M. D.

Correspondence.

NORTHAMPTON, Dec. 13, 1859.

EDITORS AND READERS OF THE AGE:—The snowy mantle of Winter is spread over meadow and over mountain top, and the merry ringing of the sleigh bells tells of bracing Winter fogs. The deep silence of the frosty night, the crimson pencillings of sunrise, and the golden lingering gleam of sunset, the pen-inspiring winter's breeze, all have their deep and beautiful and teaching significance. Grand and daring inspirations come to the souls of the dwellers of the bleak North; a poetry sublime and heaven-reaching uprises from the grand old hills, and the storm-defying pines; and so New England hearts, all wrong-resisting, tend towards the bright and beautiful future, and glory in the evergreen assurances of Immortality begun on earth.

It is a contrast indeed, the indolent charm of the Tropical landscape, the recollections of its dreamy life, and this wintry scene. There, the lulling music of rippling waves, the luxuriant fullness of of perpetual summer—gorgeous flowers and abundant fruit; the inactive life of ease, the rest from thought. There, the frozen streams and pending icicles, the virgin mantle of the winter's blessing cast upon the earth, the restless life of toil, the ever-aspiring, seeking, questioning mind, appealing to the revelations of each day. *This* is the life of advancement, moral victory and glorious achievment, despite the obstacles that line its path. It is the life of *spirit*, that life of dreamy indolence in Tropic bowers; it was the rest in flowery valleys that brought no gain. It was the life of uninspiring dreams, from which the soul awakens determined to conquer and to dare!

We have been favored with the visit of that true expounder of spiritual laws, Warren Chase. He gave three stirring lectures, in our Central Hall, and made, as he does everywhere, many warm friends, who gladly will welcome him again. That indefatigable worker must be strengthened from the source above, for he never seems to tire in mind or body, and everywhere the reasoning power, depth of argument and strength of principles manifested in his lectures, enchain the audience and arouse their thought.

On Friday, Dec. 2d, there was a large and enthusiastic meeting assembled in the Town Hall, and the bells were tolled in commemoration of the fate of John Brown, whom the civilization of the nineteenth century doomed to unmerited death. As a lover of peace, I deprecate the measures he took; but were they not almost forced upon him by the existing state of things? Was not his intention one of noble self-sacrifice, that of obtaining the sacred boon of Liberty for the morally and physically enslaved? Resolutions were read by C. C. Burleigh and adopted without one dissenting voice; several elegant speeches were made by gentlemen of the town and neighboring villages, and tears stood in the eyes of many, and hearts throbbed with the holiest emotions of humanity, as the tributes to the noble aims of freedom were enthusiastically given. One gentleman made a remark, so strong and true, it graved itself upon my memory, an indelible record of a truth that cannot be be refuted. He said, the feeling in favor of slavery existed not only at the South, it was equally strong at the North, where pride and selfishness sought constantly to oppress and enslave. This idea thus vividly brought before the people, will bear examination. How is it with the treatment of dependents, so-called inferiors among us of the anti-slavery North?—What is the freedom of the needlewoman in our large cities? what choice is there for them between starvation wages and a life of shame? Entitled lords and hard task-mistresses wield undisputed sway over hundreds of God's unprotected poor; through their enslaved bodies they reach their souls and bind them in a servitude as shameful as that of the southern slave.—The poor woman making shirts for six cents apiece, what is she but a slave to toil?—True, she is at liberty to leave her master and—starve! The poor hired girl, who is cook, laundress, seamstress, nurse, and chambermaid, looked down upon as a being of inferior mould, what is she but a slave, bound body and soul for a dollar and a half a week? Ah, friends of spiritualism! advocates of freedom and progression! these things need looking into. A spirit of oppression, a love of slavery, wide and ruinous, is broadcast over the land. It broods exultingly beside the fire-sides of our anti-slavery cities; it creeps into New England homes; it cramps the intellect of man and warps the affectionate soul of woman. It works in manifold disguises; satin-robed and jewelled, it says frowningly to the poor: *begone!* to the Magdalen: *I am holier than thou!* to merit, truth, humility and recollection, it bids farewell. Shall not holy and pitying spirits, inspiring, receptive minds and freedom-loving souls league themselves with men and women for the removal of this monstrous wrong, this oppression of the rich, this assumed superiority of the better dressed and fortune favored, for the redress of man and woman's wrong? Against this sphinx of slavery, this love of power, it behooves us, the instrumentalities of the spirit-world, to labor, to watch ourselves unceasingly, and warn others untiringly, that we and they fall not into the great sins of oppression, pride and selfishness.

Some time ago I read an able, truthful article in the Age, from the pen of one well versed in spiritual duties, our friend A. E. Newton. He spoke of the extravagant outlay in dress, assumed by some of our female teachers. I heartily concur with his benevolent views and outspoken sentiments. It is not necessary for the expounders of God's truths to be arrayed in the costliest fabrics, and a theatrical display of rainbow colors; fluttering laces and glistening jewelry are entirely out of place upon the spiritual platform. But let us not run into extremes; we can, without extravagance, be well-dressed; we need not outrage the love of the beautiful, inherent in every woman's heart, by wearing what our age disdains as unbecoming. Two or three suitable dresses, unflounced unfurbelowed, of becoming hues and texture, that will bear the fatigue of travelling; a becoming arrangement of the hair, and the least possible display of ornament, I consider all that is requisite for a reformer or public teacher. But, let us not be confined to *calico;* it is inconvenient, easily rumpled, and would not look tidy unless smoothed over every time it is to be worn. A black silk is economical, becoming, and made plainly, is not expensive. It is the ribbons and trimmings and fixings we women overload our dresses with, that render them expensive; there is a way of rendering homage to the beautiful, that detracts not from the claims of benevolence. If every lady in the land were to deprive herself of the accustomed superfluities in useless ornamenting, in overloaded trimming, in the unhealthy practice of offering refreshments to her evening guests, she would be astonished, at the end of the year, to find the sum that had accumulated for benevolent purposes. Ah, short-sighted humanity! feasting well-fed friends and acquaintances, making them the victims of dyspepsia and headache by late suppers; and denying the hard-working washerwoman the gift of a sixpence above her labor. Three or four dollars for ice-cream and cakes, wherewith to regale friends, a few hours before filled to satiety with a plentiful repast, and yet bargaining closely with the poor creature who has done the drudgery you cannot and will not do, for perhaps three cents' change!

We are standing upon the threshold of new, grand, and beautiful revelations from the land of souls. Boundless, varied and glorious that infinite realm unfolds its laws; shall we still cling to the miserable bagatelles of the outward with such a tenacious grasp? When the relinquishment of a bauble, a useless ornament, can aid the material wants of the hungry and the freezing, shall we not deny ourselves? knowing that by the timely aid thus given we have with the firelight and mantle bestowed, brought faith and a gleam of heaven to despairing souls. With the gift of provision and the words of sympathy, we have to some extent appeased the heart-hunger and the heaven-ascending cry for help!—Between a glittering bracelet and a deed of charity, a dress, or a gift to the needy, what true woman's heart will waver? It is natural for us to love the beautiful, in texture, color and adaptation, and the eye of the wearer and the beholder can be pleased without extravagant outlay in dress. I hope to write more upon these subjects, for they often occupy my heart and brain, and my pen runs away with my time, and the space of my friends, the Editors, as it has done to-day.

I must not forget to mention, that on the evening of Dec. 2d, a meeting was held in Florence, a thriving village near this, for the same purpose as that convened at the Town Hall. At both places contributions were taken for the bereaved family of Brown. Some fifty dollars were collected, and it speaks well for so small a community.

Not all the good and true mediums have justice rendered them. Some are unknown to the great world, and remain so, long, partly because of their own diffidence, and dislike of notoriety. Permit me, through the means of your far-reaching paper, to call the attention of your readers to Peter J. Ballard of Marblehead, Mass, a healing medium. He helped an intimate friend of mine in Phila., of a disease of thirteen years standing—almost cured her. He has cured fevers and various other human afflictions. All that he requires is the name of the person, the number of the house they live in, (if in a large city) and the locality. In an entranced state, he makes the examination of their complaint, sometimes personating the individual, and describing all their symptoms and sensations. He then gives a prescription, generally of botanic medicines, herbs and roots, which any one can prepare for himself at a trifling cost.—Mr. Ballard makes no charge; he leaves the matter of compensation to the good-will of his patients. He follows an humble avocation, and leaves it whenever called to give personal attention to the sick. Spiritualists in Salem, Danvers, and the vicinity, have given me their testimony of the relief obtained at his hands. Will those at a distance, suffering from ill-health, apply to this good man? And will those who are blessed with this world's golden favors, please remember that he makes no barter of his healing powers, but that his time is valuable, and that his family are dependant upon him for support? and those who can, will they not reward him liberally? Unknown to him, and unasked by any one, I take the liberty of anouncing him through your paper, hoping it will do much good.—Any letter simply directed to Peter J. Ballard, Marblehead, Mass., will reach him safely.

Without apology for this long talk, for my pen *would* run on, and I couldn't stop it, I am, friends, and readers of the AGE, ysurs, ever for truth.

CORA WILBURN.

The Red brother who was once an inhabitant of this country; who roamed with freedom its pleasant hills and valleys; who loved its hunting grounds and its wild chase; who sported in all the wild beauties of his nature; who loved, and erected his wigwams, and cherished there its loved inmates; alas! where is he; where is the strong, athletic form with the bow and quiver, that chased the wild deer and subdued the animals of the forest?—Where are they that loved the hunting grounds of America? Ah! did not the invading white brother trespass upon the red men, and drive them from their homes and all that memory held dear, and kindled in their uncultivated nature the fire of revenge, and by taking up arms of defence have almost become extinct in the form? But thanks to the Great Spirit he has endowed us with faculties alike with the white brother, that we can learn the laws of love and peace, and war no more with brother man; and in this bright land of peace the red man can roam unmolested, the beautiful hunting grounds of the spirit land, where all the beauties of nature open in a more developed condition, and sweet harmony pervades the spirit of man; where the white and red brothers can walk hand in hand, and there seek bright treasures unfolded to our view. But yet our hearts turn with sympathy to the red brothers of earth, who know no abiding place secure from their persecutors. We feel and know their wrongs, and too, we realize their uncultivated condition, and angels sympathize, would enlist in their behalf, and would be glad to instruct them in the holy truths of the Great Spirit. And, also, would we reach the minds of our white brothers, to give them a peaceful home, which the Great Spirit gave to all.

A combined influence. Medium, C. L.

Raleigh, Dec. 19th., 1859.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson delivered her twenty-seventh lecture at Raleigh on Sunday evening, Dec., 18th, 1859. which concluded her labors in this place. She is to leave to morrow morning for the North, she has been with us ten weeks and has given general satisfaction in all of her lectures; she has not failed to call out large and attentive audiences. Her visit to the South, under all the circumstances, has been pleasant, profitable and satisfactory. Several of our citizens have attended our circles and have been influenced, and are now strong believers in Spiritualism. Mrs. Thompson has delivered lectures at several places in the country to large and attentive congregations, and had it not have been a time of great excitement in our State, she would have been invited to lecture in all the surrounding country. With a few exceptions, we have had a quiet and pleasant time at all of our appointments. Many who are not believers in the doctrine of Spiritualism, have spoken in the highest terms of the ability of the speaker. Mrs. Thompson has made many friends in this community, and has left a favorable impression on the minds of her audience. May she have a pleasant journey to her native land.

J. P. NERILL.

Galignani says: "Dr Hartieng has successfully applied citric acid to the cure of rheumatism. Lemon juice has been recommended by Drs. Rees, Dalrymple, Perkins and others; but that remedy is much more costly, whereas 20 grammes of citric acid, dissolved in 250 grammes of water, sweetened with from 75 to 100 grammes of syrup, may be administered in the course of from 15 to 36 hours, the affected part being wrapped up in waddling, and the patient being allowed to drink fresh water at discretion. A complete cure is generally obtained in the course of from ten to fifteen days.

An old man, named Quinn, who many years ago was pastor of a church in one of the villages of New England, and much respected and esteemed by all for his good qualities, was recently sentenced to the chain-gang for thirteen days, by the Recorder of Memphis, Tenn., on the charge of habitual drunkenness.

Florida has about 850 miles of railroad graded and about 280 miles of rail laid, upon which the cars are running daily, and the iron purchased to complete the balance of the roads graded. The roads completed are exerting an important influence in developing the resources of the State.

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.

CHAPTER IV.

"Old gossips love on winter nights to sit
Close to the cheerful hearth, telling strange tales
Of moor and fell, haunted by spectres grim—
Of murder wondrously brought to light,
And wrong made right at last."—Old tale.

* * * * * * * *

"Ten thousand souls are lost,
For whom we mourn no more
Than we regret the rustling leaf
When rattling thunders round us roar."—Anon.

Scarcely had she repeated these words, "I am ready, lord," than a voice, soft as the expiring breath of innocence, and sweeter in its cadences than the south wind playing fairy music among the pinelets of the forests, whispered in accents that thrilled her very soul; for they fell upon her ear like the liquid melody of Heaven, though mingled at the same time with a terror-sense nigh akin to fear itself, and which sprung from the awful consciousness that the utterer of those soft sounds was not of this world, but a dweller in regions blest or accurst, she knew not which. "Daughter of Time," it said, "child of the Mist, thy prayers have been heard, and"—"answered at last," interrupted the woman, "for which favor, O Lord, I thank thee!"

She could say no more, for at that moment a bright and fiery spark of light darted across the room to an angle formed by the junction of the walls, where it ceased its flight, and stood perfectly still, save that its dimensions gradually increased until it bore the semblance of an eye of flame. At the same instant that this startling phenomenon occurred, both the candles upon the mantel went out as of their own accord, and left the room illumined by the eyelike flame, and a sort of dull, red glare, which proceeded from burning paper on the floor at the foot of the bed.

The woman turned instinctively towards the shelf, as if involuntarily seeking an explanation of the circumstances, but none being suggested, she again directed her attention to the corner where a moment before the bright flame hoveringly floated.

It had entirely disappeared from view; not a spark indicated where it had been; but in its place—on the very spot, she beheld a sight that might have appalled and struck terror to the stoutest hearts, for, standing in the midst of a wide, phosphoric luminescent sphere, her eye fell on the figure of an old, gray-haired man, clad in a style strange, unique, yet picturesque; and this figure gazed upon her in return, but with a calm, pure, fatherly and benignant gaze.

For full one minute their eyes met; and in the deep stillness that pervaded that chamber—rendered more deep and solemn by the consciosness of the fierce elemental tumult without, the heavy throbbings of the woman's heart sounded like tollings of a death-knell, heard from beyond the grave.

At length Flora seemed to regain her self-possession, and by one mighty effort of will to have conquered her scruples and fear, for at the expiration of the time indicated she advanced one single step toward the spectre, if indeed it was such, and stretched forth her arms in a supplicating attitude, half of doubt, half of hope. She endeavored to speak, but the intensity of her surprise and emotion prevented, and for a moment she reeled under its influence like a drunken man, then staggered and fell upon the floor in a swoon; as she did so her forehead struck the bedpost, and received a wound, the marks of which she carried to the grave.

What took place during the next half hour no mortal knows, but when Flora's senses returned she found herself seated in a large easy-chair by the bed-side, upon which her child slept soundly as before, and he still dreamed, for ever and anon his joyous laugh rung out clear and shrill as the clarion notes of the morning bird. On the mantle the candles re-lit burned brightly, as if the concretions of the wicks had just been removed, or rather as if they had been exchanged for others of a better quality. The shutters of the windows had been closed, the smoke dispersed, and the fire on the hearths replenished. There was a third person in the room; not as the reader might expect, a goblin from the charnel-house, a ghost from the church-yard, or a spectral skeleton fresh from Tartarus. Far from it. This third person was a perfectly natural-looking, staid, sober, white-haired, venerable-looking man of apparently four-score years. This man, if such indeed the being who stood smilingly before her was, exhibited in his face the marks of intense mental energy; there was a look about him that betokened, whether man or devil, that he was one from whom the world or the universe held but few secrets, and that what he did not know was not worth investigating. He was clad in a style seldom seen, and which was most strange and unique. Over his neck and shoulders was cast a robe, or mantle-sack, seamless apparently, like the garment Jesus wore, and for which the Roman Soldiers are reported to have cast lots. Its color was a bright crimson, as if it had been lately dipped in human blood, whose sanguine hues it yet retained in all their freshness. His nether garment was of the ancient Saracenic cut and style; was loose and flowing, being neatly gathered about the ancles; its color was a dark, deep red. On his feet he wore a kind of sandal-shoe, laced over the instep with small brass or golden chains. Sleeves there were none, but the arms were partly covered with bands of alternate green and scarlet leather. His head, which was uncovered, displayed a profusion of long and silky white hair, almost rivalling the snow in its purity of tone and color. About his waist was tied a girdle of serpent skins, stuffed so as to give the impression of life, and the fanged heads of which hung down nearly to his feet. In his left hand he held what appeared to be a roll of musty parchment, and his right, which rested kindly on the head of the sleeping babe, displayed three rings of massive dimensions. That upon the middle finger was of gold, and in its center blazed a magnificent and costly diamond; on the forefinger was a ring of iron *a la Bergerin*, upon which in high relief was cut a death's head and cross bones, and two glittering gems of green arknite served as eyes to the hideous ornament.—The ring on the little finger was of white metal, either platinum or silver, and its setting was a magnificent ruby cut in anchor form, with a winding cable composed of minute diamonds and spiculae of granite and topaz, set in the costly material; the whole exhibiting great taste and the most exquisite workmanship. The long silvery locks of this strangely clad man gave him a singularly sage and venerable appearance.

At the foot of the bed, and directly over the ashes of the burnt pictures stood an object which an hour previous was not in the room. This article was a tall tripod of ivory, the limbs of which sustained a large terrestrial globe, on which was marked the boundaries of the several countries of the world we live in. The grand divisions were indicated by broad, curiously-drawn, light-colored lines, while those which indicated the lesser divisions were dark blue and other less-toned colors.

How came this globe and tripod in that room? Who was this man? Whence came he, and how gained he an entrance? Not by the door, certainly, for that was not only locked, but doubly-locked besides. Nor had it once been opened since the sun had sunk to rest! He had not entered by the window, for that was at least fifty feet from the ground, it was nailed inside, nor was there any way of reaching it save by ladders, and of these none were used on that eventful night; yet the man, or whatsoever it was, was there, in that room, partly seated, partly standing at the bed-side, perfectly nonchalant and quite at ease.

"Daughter of earth—child of the myst," he said; "I speak the decrees of Fate! Thou hast been faithful, though sorely tried through many a long and weary year.—Thy prayers have reached Valhalla's throne, and I have come to cheer, and reveal to thee what the future times will bring to pass on earth, after thou art gathered to thy fathers. Vengeance belongeth not to man; prescience only to the light beyond the shadow, and peace only in the end to those, who like thee, have done the work assigned—fulfilled the task fearlessly and truly which the hand of the POWER layeth out! I shall this night require much of thee, and on another will reveal to thee mysteries; and how the rich guerdon of thy toils hath been decreed, and thou and thy son after thee—this sleeping, innocent one is henceforth reckoned among those who are, my daughter, accounted a race of powerful potencies in the mighty regions beyond matter and its accidents; and whereof the Invisible reigneth supreme monarch and mysterious king. Grievous wrong hath been done thee, daughter, and shall be after thee to thy son, yet out of all shall right and good, love and justice, truth and beauty, peace and fervent joy, spring and flourish like the swelling bud in the rich bosom of the fertile soil! Aye! like unto the acorn's germ, which becomes the giant oak, laughing whirlwind, tempest and hurricane to scorn! Yea, daughter,

"Fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how divine a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!"

Yea! thou shalt wax mighty, and thy soul shall be made fat and joyful, and cease to groan in misery. It shall be made glad, and the courts of thy spirit be made to echo with harmonies unknown to base souls and time-serving, gold-maddened mortals, if thou art ever in the future true as in the past. Dost thou comprehend, daughter of the Coorabi? *"

He ceased to speak, and the woman answered, saying, "Yea Lord, even as I unto this hour have been true,—albeit to be so *has cost me dearly*, even so will I remain, though the struggle break my heart-strings; yea, I will be true to my plighted vow until the hour of death,—and *after that*,—" A shudder ran over her as she spake these words: her lips quivered, and her cheeks blanched; not from fear of that strange "hereafter," but because of the memories of the past—of the bitterness of by-gone hours, and the fearful price at which she had purchased the present visit of the mysterious being beside her. "And after that," said the man repeating her words; "a rich reward shall be thine, and thou, my blessed one! shalt receive the full and only reward which can accrue to intelligent beings—Justice!—but of a sublimer kind than mankind dreams of! This will be thine from its own sweet fountains.—All thou hast suffered is accredited to thee on the Book of Fate. All is for the best,—for the ultimate good of the coming man, and all who will be, but are not yet!" She answered in a tone of voice whose modulations indicated that the words welled up from her heart of hearts, from her spirit's depths; revealing more by their sounds than the frames the thoughts took in,—telling more of the intense action of the mind by their cadences of pathos, than any mere words possibly could, for words tell of intellect, but sounds speak of heart and soul. They revealed the fact that the occurrences thus taking place were the realizations of an age of hope; and that the passing hours were heavily freighted with consequences, the ultimations of which no human tongue can tell; no inspired seer divine. These results might be the phantom, Happiness, at length substantialized, or they might involve the fortunes of souls beyond the grave. There was a sharp intenseness, and at the same time a pathetic depth in the sound of her voice, that told of long years of impatient waiting for the hour which had come at last; told of hopes deferred, which ever sickeneth man's soul, at length realized; and yet there was a shade, an indefinable intonation, which indicated the existence of what might not inappropriately be termed fear; certainly not that feeling usually so called, but a deeper dread lest the bud of hope should be blasted ere it bloomed, a fear that something would arise even at the moment of triumph, to bar her passage through those mystic portals, to enter which she had toiled thro' long and woe-stricken years, and for the sake of which she had consented to an act which at that very moment with an anguish bitter as the apple which grew upon the borders of that sea which the Almighty One in his tremendous wrath hath cursed forever and forever.

"I have prayed long," she murmured, "to thee, Oh, how long! yet until this hour my prayers have been as the wind that bloweth! Shall my dreams be realized at last?—prayers which I uttered in the city by the sea; dreams that have haunted me in sleeping and in waking hours through long and dreary years! Thou art the only one who can grant them, and from the land of Shadows thou hast hither come to answer by thy kindly deeds!" That she labored under the apprehension that her strange visitor was an immaterial being, was clear, from the tenor of the words she uttered. He evidently saw this, for as soon as she ceased speaking, he stretched forth his hand and touching her forehead said,—"Daughter, thou art mistaken; I am not the terrible one thou takest me for. He is Spirit, I am, as thou seest, mere flesh and blood like thee!" The touch and the tone acted like magic on the woman; and with a frenzied eagerness she grasped his hand, and felt his face. It was plain she had thereunto taken him for a *Spiritual* being, and when by the testimony of the touch, she became convinced of her mistake, the revulsion of feeling was instantaneous and startling. "And who are you then, whence came you, and why are you here," she demanded in tones of indignation, for it occurred to her that she had seen a vision, and had fainted and that in doing so must have screamed, and thus attracted him—a passer-by—to her assistance. At that moment she forgot several things, such as his knowledge of her past—that her door was doubly fastened on the *inside*—that she had caught sight of him *before* she swooned—the spark—the smoke—the extinguishment of the lights—all these things, she, in the confusion of her supposed discovery, entirely overlooked. The singular garb of her visitor, had, on her revival, at once convinced her of his supernatural quality, nor even now could she divest herself of the semi-belief that he was so. She remained in perplexity but a very brief space of time; for a woman's perceptive faculties are very acute, and her intuitions quick as the lightnings flash. In less time than it takes to pen this sentence, she had come to the conclusion that on such a night no mortal being would be likely to walk the streets in such a garb, by reason of its thinness, and the severity of the weather; besides which its quaintness would subject him to arrest as a lunatic, should he be encountered by the guardians of the night. She was not aware that all watchmen and police in cities are warranted to be both blind and deaf after 9 o'clock. She conjectured that by some singular process the person before her had gained an entrance to her house—how, she could not imagine. Gradually, she remembered what had passed, and settled in her mind that in some way he was connected with her fate, and equally so with the mystical being whom she called "Lord."—For a while she stood, silently gazing at him, and then broke the somewhat oppressive silence saying, "I have erred in thinking you and the Prince of Power to be the same. But tell me truly, are you really flesh and blood?"

He replied, "Touch me again and satisfy yourself."

"How did you get here?"

"I cannot make you comprehend the method or the means employed."

"Then you did not come by the door or window?"

"No, I did not."

"Are you a supernatural being?"

"There is nothing supernatural; everything that is, is in Nature, and nothing can be above it, as that senseless term implies."

"Are you a genii?"

"No."

"An angel?"

"In the sense of a being superhuman, no, in the sense of a messenger, yes."

"Are you a spirit?"

"Feel me again."

"You are, not a man—then in God's name *what* are you?"

To this he replied, "I am what I am, and there is no help for it; but of one thing rest assured my daughter, I am your friend, and one of those beings in whom the people of the nations will not believe—and why? Because men idly dream that they, themselves, are the beta and epsilon of intelligent beings, acknowledging only God above as Alpha, and the beasts as finishing the downward scale. They accept these dreams as realities—*and are mistaken!*—Science hath not demonstrated us—books give no account of us; therefore traditions of us are unworthy of credit, ergo, we have no existence. Fools! They know not that the Universe is all life, nor that myriads of intelligent beings exist, who are, and yet are not kindred to them—the doubters and the dreamers. Men believe, yet doubt the Universe to be one gigantic, sliding scale of intelligences. As poetry they accept; as a literal fact, deny it.—Why should there not be as many kinds of intelligences as there are of men on earth? Why not beings composed of different materials from many constructed according to different principles—subject to different laws—surrounded by different conditions—endowed with different faculties, and possessed of different powers? Man cannot answer! He must be dumb. I aver there *are* such beings—beings who defy matter, laugh at, yet pity man; who have greater powers in *some* respects than he; and who never taste of death; because death can only affect material substances; therefore, can have no effect on those who are not dependent upon matter for being or subsistence. I may not tell you that I am of that great order, for you will have already divined that such is the case. Suffice it to say that I am of a class who, save on one subject, and one point are endowed with the faculty of memory. Of the past we are utterly ignorant on all but one single thing, and know absolutely nothing of whatever else transpired prior to the conscious present. But we know everything of the *Future*; in which we are the exact antipodes or opposites of man, who knows the entire past, but nothing of what *is to come*, save one thing—death. We know nothing past but *one thing*—man naught of the future but *one* thing. We are therefore equals so far, and can mutually assist each other.—Just now, I seem to fancy that I once was like men, and I led a mighty army on the earth. Perhaps it has been so—perhaps it yet may be; albeit, as yet I see it not, for we can only look ahead a certain distance of space and time. I am here to-night by command of a Power not to be withstood, for a particular purpose. To-morrow I shall forget, perhaps, that I have beheld you, unless, as has been the case partially, to-night, I be permitted to look through the awful veil that shrouds the past, and read the scroll of things and days now gone by and fled forever and forever. We are always on the alert to know what has been, and man is ever curious to know what will be. We can sometimes find out what *has* taken place, by reading men's memories, and as an equivalent we reveal secrets of the coming time to him. This much I can safely tell you—and also that we visit earth for various purposes, and our knowledge of, and mastery over the elements of substance enables us to assume forms tangible, but unendurable, for we can seldom retain them longer than six hours at a time, * when they dissolve away and we return, if we so elect, viewless, to our home on the borders of the vast Ethyllic Ocean, Zeldos Barok, across which we are permitted to go but once in a century, to visit the wonderful creations which lie outspread in ineffable glory beyond. At other times, when the hand of Fate rests lightly on us, we approach the abodes of men, assume human forms, walk your streets and determine the course of your affairs, unsuspected, unrecognized, unknown. We sit upon the walls and sing, or assume the form of man's acquaintances, and the burden of our strain is

"Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses,
Of the times what do the people say?"

You may generally know us by our insatiable anxiety to know the passing tenor of the age and day. This thirst for knowledge of the past is terrible, and unless it be slaked by the person asked, woe be unto them! On the contrary, whoever gratifies this curiosity, will be remembered favorably in the hour of his greatest need. I have much to say to you, but ere I speak, must first hear the tale of the years gone by, and afterward will I reveal the message I bear from the courts of the realm of Mystery, Majesty, Power and Awe!"

The strange being ceased to speak, and Flora gazed on him with a feeling half dread, half respect, not unmingled with curiosity, anxiety and doubtful suspicion. The struggle in her mind was severe, but brief; for as has already been intimated, her mental operations were remarkably quick. The result was that she concluded to brave every danger, if such really existed, "for," she reasoned, "if the being, man or demon, choose to injure me there is no help, no assistance at hand, and being in his power, I may as well make the best of it."

She was mistaken; God never suffers his children to be alone. Other agencies were there, from other and widely different realms, beyond the starry veil; but she saw them, heard them, felt them not. She knew not what to think, the whole affair was so strange. At times the voice of the intruder and his manner assured her that he was of the Heavenly side; but scarcely had she seized upon this hope, this notion, ere she saw, or thought she saw a slight, a very slight scowl of malignity, flit like the lightning's flash across his brow, and then again all became calm, quiet, reverend and serene. She was right, fancy had not deceived her! In that room, standing as spectators of the drama then enacting, were three other personages, invisible to mortal eye. Two of these light and airy forms stood together at the foot of the table, in the southern corner of the room. There was an inexpressible air of benignity, majesty, pity and power, written on their features. Their arms and necks and feet were bare, and purer in outline, contour and color, than anything on earth to which I might seek to compare them. Over the right shoulder was thrown a long, loose scarf or robe, which was gathered up under the left arm pit, whence it fell in voluminous folds nearly to the feet. It seemed to be woven of finest gossamer. Their hair was thrown back in a profusion of wavy curls, behind the ears and back, and was there kept by a bandeau of cerulean *ashtaff*, † in the centre of which shone a brilliant spot like unto a miniature sun, surmounted by a radiant sixteen-pointed star. In their hands each held a slip of parchment, and as they gazed alternately upon different parts of the scene, their countenances indicated their varied feelings and emotions.—When they looked at Flora, pity predominated; but when they gazed at her companion a smile illumined their faces, which smile was instantly answered by him—for they were not invisible to the intruder—with a vindictive scowl, and this it was that Flora had, more than once caught.—The third invisible was very unlike the two Arsasaphs. His prevailing expression was a consciousness of Power. He was seated upon the edge of the bed, and his left hand rested on the brow of the infant. In his right, he held a wand or sceptre; he was dressed in flame-colored vestments, and on his head wore a coronet of blazing jewels, the insignia of which was the same as that upon the iron ring of the first and visible visitant, namely a death's head and cross bones. He appeared to care but little for the other three parties, but was altogether taken up with the child; and as he gazed upon it, a strange fire lit up his whole being and gave him an expression of terrible majesty. Occasionally he deigned to glance at the two bright ones opposite him, and then the frown of hell itself seemed to gather on his brow! This was the position of all in the room, and each party seemed intensely interested in the scene.—The bright smile that played like a sunbeam

* From the ancient Sanscrit, signifying earth.

*The method by which this miracle is said to be performed, is one of the secrets of the Royal Order, and will be revealed in a subsequent work by the same author—a sequel to this, called Dewamekh. EDITOR.

†Coptic. There is no word in English to convey its meaning, it signifies a band of congealed prismatic hues—the frozen colors of a rain-bow. EDITOR.

on the lips of the child told that he, alone, was perfectly happy. Flora signified her readiness to recall and relate the events of the past to her strange interlocutor; and her story I shall repeat just as it fell from her lips on that dark and stormy night.—She drew near her child and seated herself upon the side of the bed. The other visible person did the same, while the rest slightly changed their positions, and awaited the coming events; and all seemed to take a profound interest in the forthcoming tale, if the expression of the countenance conveys correct intelligence.

FLORA'S STRANGE NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER V.

THE PAST.

"A stifling horror fills the air; Death stalks abroad to-night;
E'en angels shudder in despair, and seraphs feel the blight,
While fiends walk proudly o'er the earth,
And Chaos hath a second birth!"—P. B. RANDOLPH, *Epic on Common Sense.*

"In the dim distance of the days gone by, O being strange, I remember myself as a child, a girl just budding into womanhood, spending many a sunny hour dallying with the flowers, violets and hare-bells on a beautiful emerald-tinted meadow that stretched away before a mansion, stately, gloomy, grand, yet picturesque. A building in a style of architecture, strong and massive, now long since passed out of date, and which forcibly reminded one of the feudal castles of the middle ages, wrecks and remnants of which, have often been the cause of strange reflections in the mind of the modern European tourist. My companion was a pet lamb, the treasured memento of a dearly-loved and lost one, who is now dead, and in the land of perpetual rest!" "Indeed," said the strange man, "and where may that delightful place be situated?" At this expression of doubt, and the question asked, the woman half-shocked, turned an enquiring gaze upon him, as she said, "do you not know, then?" "I know," he replied, "for I read in your mind that Job, the man of Uz spake of such a place, and that most people credit his sayings as literal facts; I dare not deny them, but it really seems to me there can be no such place as you speak of." "And why not," demanded Flora.—"Because," he answered, "in such a place there could be no happiness, because there would be no contrasts,—no badness,—no antagonism, and for the same reason, no good, no excellence; for good and excellence; for good and evil, grief and joy, pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, are not absolute, they are only resultant conditions of specific actions; they are the movement of mind to the right or left, so to speak, of a line perfectly neutral, like the point in mathematics. Good and evil, being the result of action, will therefore be universally developed; for the reason that these conditions are relative one to the other, for perfect and imperfect, high and low, developed and undeveloped will forever exist as land-marks or mile-stones on an eternal plane: consequently the wicked will never cease to trouble, and thereby stir up the saints to action—and the weary will only rest to get tired again, and again, and again! If it were as you say, my daughter, it seems to me that heaven would stagnate, and the faculties of the immortals grow rusty for want of the right kind of exercise! The wicked have never yet ceased to trouble. Evil crept into Heaven, somehow or other, else it was developed there; and so rapidly did it spread itself, even on such *good* soil, that a leader succeeded in enlisting an army from among the very angels, strong enough to withstand all Heaven three whole days, and was then only beaten by the dint of numbers—two to one; for when beaten he carried one third with him over the parapets of Paradise! The defeated party were not annihilated, but afford constant employment to those they left behind; and this being the case, I cannot see how your friend can be 'where the wicked cease to trouble.' There is no such place that I can fathom or believe in. Still there *may* be!"

To this Flora made no reply, save merely remarking, "I have been taught a different doctrine!" she proceeded: "As I lay upon the tufted grass wreathing pansies for the neck of my pet, I heard a footstep. I turned my head, but could see no person near me. Thinking I had been mistaken I listened attentively, and again heard the footfall, but this time it appeared to be close beside me. The lamb also heard it; became wild; and breaking from me, precipitately fled toward the house. Too frightened to move, I fainted senseless away, and when I revived found myself in the house, and the people busily engaged bathing and chafing my temples. I could give no other than the real cause of my swoon, the strange noise. Everybody laughed at my story, called me a silly child, and there the matter dropped with them; bus as for me, I never lost the recollection of the occurrence, but regarded it as a warning for me to prepare for what has since come to pass; events of which I should judge you to be well cognizant, were it not that you aver no knowledge of the past, therefore I will tell them to you. This circumstance was the first of my experience of anything beyond the usual and common-place; I ever believed that footstep to be of unearthly origin—the tread of a being from beyond the cold dark grave. The same thing took place thrice in succession; I was too young to reason profoundly upon it, yet I knew that the circumstances under which the visitations occurred were such as to forbid entirely the suppositions of fraud or fancy.

"A few years after this I was one day wandering by the sloping green banks of a beautiful river; I was perfectly awake and in my proper senses; yet in a position where no such thing would likely be found I saw a beautiful, golden-haired child, for all the world like—" The sentence remained unfinished; for at the moment she uttered the last word, and pointed to her child upon the bed, the infant turned upon its side, smiled as if elated, stretched forth its tiny hands, gazed directly into her eyes, and said distinctly, "Yes! me! me!" Then closing the eyelids let fall its arms, and in a moment slept; in the next its joyous laugh was ringing clearly. *It dreamed again!*

At the moment it seemed as if the word "like" absolutely choked her utterance;—for, as the remembrance of the past incident flitted across her mind, and she was about to compare the sleeping babe to the one memory called up, the former woke and acted in the manner recorded above; and, as it did so, the astounding fact struck her soul, that the child of her body and that of her vision in years gone by, were the exact and unmistakable counterparts of each other. So identical was the likeness, that it would have been impossible, had both been present, for her to select her own flesh and blood with certainty. The resemblance was perfect even to a mole upon the left cheek which she remembered having noticed upon the phantom child also. A mark upon the right side of its neck was also duplicated on her infant's. The features, form, color, skin, eyes, in short every characteristic of her own babe was a facsimile of those of the shadowy creature of the days gone by.

A cloud of memories rushed like whirlwinds over the mind of the mother;—memories of whole years were crowded into a single moment, so wonderful a thing is a soul! strive with might and main to recall a forgotten date, circumstance or name, and ye may strive in vain; for the treasurer will not give up the coveted jewel; yet at other times, un ought, unasked, he throws open the doors of the spirit, and reveals all the accumulated incidents of a lifetime.—Flora pressed her throbbing temples, as if to prevent their bursting, as the events of the early times swept along, and the entire past stood gathered up before her mind's eye, as if for a grand review. It seems strange, yet it is true, that man seldom knows the value of a given deed or word until the gap of years stands between his soul and it Seldom *then* are they productive of aught but remorse and deep regret,—sometimes pity for his by-gone folly. The woman's pulse beat quick, and as the eyes of her child closed in its mysterious slumber, her own lids dropped, and that strange clairvoyance of retrospection, which in a moment carries us down the dim vale of years now fled,—and over our long since trodden path of life, came over her, and bore her back down the dim alleys of the ghostly months, and a light was shed around, whose plenitude enabled her to scan at one glance the entire arena in which she had acted her unwilling and ungracious part.—Ah! What a wonderful panorama was that! What seas of thought rolled over her soul! What conflicts she again passed through! What hopes and fears, what griefs and tears were hers again, as she sat and gazed upon the long written pages of the Book of Life and Experience! She saw the web, the warp and the woof of what men call Fate and Destiny! two little words, but big with mighty meaning. The one importing what may be endured and probably achieved, the other, that which must inexorably take place. The first is fate, the last is destiny. The one the result of circumstances, the other of organization. The one *may* alter, the latter *never!* Fate affects man in his outer life, affections and existence here: Destiny determines his lot—the fortunes of his soul on earth, in death, and forever and aye!

As Flora spoke, the tones of her voice were soft and low, and her visible auditor smiled as the pictures rose before her mind and as she arrayed them in word garments. Once, for a moment, while she was in deep reverie, the smile was changed into a dark and sinister expression, and he glared for a single flitting instant upon the mother and child, with what appeared to be the concentrated malice of a demon fresh from Hell. It was for an instant only and was occasioned by the approach of the two angelic looking beings, upon whose crested foreheads shone the Star of Promise. The frown soon gave place to his former bland smile, which was such as is worn by the golden-winged seraphs of the Morning Land, when Right triumphs over Wrong, and sin-sick souls turn from Evil unto Good. Any observer would have sworn, so sweet was the smile he wore, that no dark passion, no withering hate, nor hideous scowl or deforming emotion ever marred that brow now crowned with garland wreaths of Pity, Love and Kindness. A true picture of Sin, is it not? But let us return.

When Flora recovered from her abstractness she turned to the bed and as she gazed on the babe muttered "Merciful heaven! how like him! so very like, that I wonder I never saw the resemblance before! Perhaps—but no! that cannot be!" "And why not?" said the man, as he read her partially uttered thoughts. "Why not be the selfsame babe? It may seem incredible to you that two children should be one and the same,—that you should clasp both in your arms, *as* children, and yet a score of years intervene between the separate embraces, no doubt! Yet who can confidently declare such a thing impossible to those powers who perpetually perform still greater miracles? I do not say that such is the fact in this case; I only suggest. But I can affirm a thing of which most men are ignorant; which is, that Nature *never* produces single specimens; she always brings forth couples, dualities, equilibrieties; for not only does globe balance globe in the ethereal vault of space, mountain balance mountain, and sea answer unto sea, river to river, and land correspond to land; but each thing upon this and all other earths hath its duplicate in all respects. Not a creature lives; not a man or woman exists on earth but there lives at the same time, somewhere, an exact likeness to it or them;—a *double*, having the same ideas, manners, habits, stature, color, form, emotions, marks, feelings, sensations, aspirations, hopes, loves, and fears. In the case of man it sometimes happens that the twin portraits meet, and when they do great convulsions and revolutions in the universe take place, for the reason that the balance of power between good and evil is then disturbed. If the twain are good, then good rules; if they are bad, then evil reigns; in both cases until another meeting of two copies whose tendencies are opposite to the last twain who met. However distant they may be apart, two duplicate beings feel each other's being perfectly.

Most men are born with proclivities to good or evil, and but seldom are persons found who occupy a neutral ground, and are naturally neither one nor the other, and it is only when two such meet that the balance I spoke of is disturbed; those who are as I stated perfectly neutral, are easily swayed by foreign influences either way; and on such persons depend the status and conditions of the moral universe in a manner I will relate to you. When two such persons exist they feel each other's sensations to a wonderful degree, notwithstanding seas and oceans separate them. As I said before, it is only once in a long lapse of years that neutrals are born; but when such is the case, the two great powers of the Universe seek by every available means to influence *one* of the parties, and to gain the mastery over his mind. It is a law of nature that such neutrals *must* meet; they are drawn together by an attractive magnetism, stronger than circumstance, Passion or Poverty. The powers of the Light and the powers of the Shadow are two opposite and perfectly antipodal orders of immortal beings, who come in direct conflict whenever two perfect neutrals are born. At the moment the attraction begins to operate, each party tries to secure the neutral; if they do, the others are defeated, and must remain subject to the victors. When the conflict begins, the neutral must be informed of what is intended with regard to him, or his parents must be, and that is the reason why I am making these revelations to you now; for I am compelled to warn you, so that you may warn the child on this bed, who is the first neutral that has existed since billions of human beings have been born on earth. Another law is, that when two such persons meet, one must inevitably die, and his soul does not, like that of other mortals, go to the land of spirits, but is absorbed by and becomes an integer of the soul of the survivor, who lives on as long as he likes, the master of myriads of invisible beings; the possessor of enormous power, for good or ill, as he may chance to be; and he lives supremely happy and blest, or becomes a Vampyre King. And now I am compelled to disclose to you another mystery, which has puzzled man ever since he began to think and arrange ideas; and this is the origin and genesis of the Immortal Gods. I have already told you that Nature is one vast circle; and that the battle-ground whereon the combat takes place between the Light and Shadow, or what men call good and evil, is generally the souls of mankind, but especially those of the Neuter-homos. I now tell you that Uralmia, a star of vast magnitude, the direct light of which will never reach your globe by reason of the incalculable distance of the two orbits apart, and which will only illume the space through which your earth shall have passed millions of centuries after the latter orb shall have finished its mission, performed its work, and accomplished its career; this star, this sun, immeasurable, awful, stupendous, is the center round which the material and the spiritual universe revolves; and is, consequently the first great vortex, center of existence and source of power.

All things revolve about as well as emulate from centers. Myriads of Astral and Stellar systems revolve around Uralmia; each of these Stellar Systems is composed of innumerable Suns, every one of which is the center of a vast System of Planetary and other Secondary bodies, and perform their allotted orbits. One of these Suns is known by the name of Alcyone, and being the center of a Stellar Universe is hence the dwelling place of a God, who sustains the same relation to the great central Power that Alcyone does to the great parent Orb round which he rotates. The Earth with its Sun revolves about Alcyone in 25 million 700 thousand years; and Alcyone himself performs his revolutions in company with other Suns around Uralmia in as many years as there are seconds of time in the revolutions of the Earth around himself—which is one grand Cycle or Eternity—and and the whole revolves around a center vaster still; I mention this for the reason that I desire you to understand that all things revolve or circulate about a center; Jupiter around the Sun; his moons around Jupiter; Luna revolves about this Earth; the Seasons revolve around the Winter, Governments around the king or chieftains; the mind around an idea; the Soldier's center is glory; the Statesman's fame; the miser's gold; even the brutes observe the law; ants have their king; bees their queen; in a word all things whatever follow the same law. Indeed the life of every human being—its pleasure or its woe is determined by a pivot. One man has love for a center; another hatred; a third, wealth; a fourth, fame; and so on to the end of the chapter; observing, *en passant*, that each center, its nature and force is determined by organization primarily, but more or less modified by conditional circumstances. The law of revolution or centers is true of mind and of spirit as well as of matter. Whenever therefore two duplicate men of the neutral order exist, one dies and in essence they become one, and thus is created a new center or pivot of being. There is but one queen bee in a hive; one great chief in a nation; one great poem in an age; one great historian in an era; one great event in a reign. All men cannot become kings, poets, priests and statesmen; and there are but two duplicate men in an epoch; your child is one of the last.

"Now as I before observed, I am compelled to inform you of these mysteries already explained, but this is not all. There is a more wonderful secret still untold. I have related to you how there is now in existence two human beings who are neutrals: I have stated to you that both these beings are so exactly like each other in all respect that no person could tell one from the other, if both stood before the person selected to choose between them. I have told you that there are two diverse and mighty powers in existence, the one called the LIGHT, the other called the SHADOW; and that a terrible strife exists between these two as to which shall secure the neutrals. There is one mode only, by means of which either neutral may escape or rather avoid either destiny, and live and die like other men, which can only happen in this wise: A woman, beautiful and intelligent, must meet and love the neutral man perfectly, and for himself alone. This love must be reciprocated in an equal degree, and when this takes place he becomes free, and can thenceforth snap his fingers at fate.

"This that I have just revealed is a great secret, but not the most important: That concerns the sleep of SIALUM BOOGHI.—This is a slumber into which either neutral can fall at will—and only of his own will. During its continuance he becomes body, as one dead, but in regard to other portions of his nature, exceedingly *vive*, or awake. for in it, his soul becomes entirely free from all of earth, and roams at will through the maziest labyrinths of space and mystery. Now if when he falls into this slumber he happens to be surrounded by the authority of the Shadow, then the Shadow can exert an influence upon his body which, when his soul returns to it, will exert such a force over his nobler part that not all the powers of the Light can avoid to defeat the ends of its adversary.

If, on the contrary the powers opposed to the Shadow, attain an influence over the Neutral's body during the sleep of Sialum, then all the efforts of its opponent must necessarily fail—the Neutral goes to the Light, and nought can stay him. Now this curious slumber can only be entered by a neutral person. The sleep measurably resembles that known as mesmeric, but exceeds it vastly in results. In the magnetic slumber the body is perfectly alive, in that of which I speak it actually dies for a time, and is only re-animated by the will of its own soul, and then only mechanically, until the full re-entry of its commanding spirit. It differs also from the magnetic slumber, inasmuch as, whereas in the latter no knowledge can be attained not previously known somewhere, by somebody on earth; in the former the soul bathes itself in a sea of unthought-of mysteries, and feeds itself and conveys to others, that for which it feels the greatest attractions. Thus I have explained!"

These words being spoken, the man lapsed into silence, and the woman wondered greatly at the strange things he had told her. Still, for awhile she forebore response. It has already been said that an invisible being, (to Flora's eyes) clothed in flaming red, and presenting the appearance of Infernal Majesty, sat upon the side of the bed, wherein lay the sleeping child.—Although this being was invisible, yet he was not impalpable or intangible, for it is no argument against this to say that one condition, or either of them necessarily implied the other, because every body knows material things exist, hard, dense, and ponderable, which cannot be seen by mortal eyes. The light we see by; the air we breathe; the electric current which runs of errands for us; fine glass, and a thousand other things are familiar instances.

This invisible personage had listened attentively to all that Dhoula Bel had uttered; he seemed somewhat uneasy as the recital proceeded, and on several occasions scowled rather fiercely upon the revelator, and by an imperious gesture seemed to forbid him to proceed; while the two Star-crowned ones at the same time urged him on by all the encouragement mute look alone could give.

The speaker resumed his discourse, saying: "There are thousands of neutral women born yearly. And after two neutral men come into being, no other neutral males are born, because then, there is no demand for them and they come not. None but the two males can sleep the sleep of Sialum Booghi; none but they are of paramount importance to the two great powers of the Ether. It is these two original ones that undergo the blending first, but after them other neutra's undergo the same. The two first commence it. While this absorption is going on and one man is drinking up the soul of his own duplicate, the same process is going on with two females precisely similarly situated with respect to one another, and thus you behold four distinct individualities merged and blended into two. This union is not merely affectional nor is it hypostatic, but absolute and perfect, in every sense complete. After this has taken place a further union occurs, and these two become united, and the four souls are merged into and become a single personality.—But while all this has been taking place on your earth a similar drama has been enacting on all the globes of the Solar System. On each earth four souls become merged into two; a quadruple duality is drawn from one planet to another; the eight then dissolve together, and this goes on until four souls from every spirit-bearing globe in your Solar System mingle into a single unity; thus supposing there are twelve planets in this System, when the process commences, then eight and forty souls have become condensed into one at its termination, so far as this particular System is concerned, and this alike whether they be good or evil, which depends altogether upon the success of good or evil influences brought to bear upon the first pair of Neuter-homos. The being thus composed is a God, * by which name they are known if they are of the Light, but if of the Shadow then they are called Demons, Devils or Shait-hanas.—These reign for a long space: and at the very instant that the last union takes place, of four neutrals from every planet in the Universe (or Stellar System) into one, then at that moment the thereunto reigning god abdicates, and ascends to undergo a union with another being of corresponding power, developed by, and in another realm, and thus it is forever and forever. Other things I will yet reveal to you my child, still more wonderful than what I have."

*This term here signifies a superior power—not the Deity. ED.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Hartford *Times* says that a watchmaker in that city has repaired and set in running order a German clock more than two centuries old. It was built by Huyghens somewhere about the year 1640, and though it has not run for more than half a century, is now keeping good time and may last another two centuries. It was found by the artist, Church, in the possession of a Dutch family in Nova Scotia, while he was off on his iceberg sketching expedition.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1859.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE!

There is a wide-spread and universal belief among all classes and all religious sects, at the present day, that some wonderful developments are soon to be manifested to the world, which shall materially revolutionize the existing phases of Church, Society and State. The self-styled evangelical world is everywhere poring over the mysterious pages of the Apocalypse, seeking to discover the day and hour when the promised New Jerusalem shall descend out of Heaven, and abide among men. As to the *manner* of its descent, and the nature of the instrumentalities it will employ to draw within its glorious walls every son and daughter of God, they are profoundly and confessedly ignorant. They have no consistent theory or philosophy about it; they only believe that in some startling, mysterious way, some instantaneous and utterly inexplicable mode, men and nations are to be *jerked* out of their sins, and made partakers of Divine Wisdom, Holiness and Happiness before they are aware of it.

In a grosser and more material sense, the Second Adventists are looking for a similar manifestation. Yet, to our view, their ideas are far more *reasonable*, humanly speaking, than those of their evangelical brethren.

Spiritualists alone, as a whole, approximate in their views to the true significance of these universal and wide-spread opinions and beliefs among all intelligent searchers after real spiritual enlightenment. But even *they* are groping about in the yet dim twilight which precedes the glorious sunrise which shall bathe the walls, the towers, the domes and palaces of the New Jerulem in a flood of celestial and ineffable light. They see but the first faint streaks of that resplendent "morning red" which the first months of the coming year will display in the Eastern horizon.

We have been impelled to the expression of these thoughts, by accidentally bringing to light a series of Lectures written more than eight years ago by one whom we fully and religiously believe to be the "Coming Man," so long and anxiously looked for, each in his peculiar way, by tens of thousands now living! Through him, we believe, is to be begun the great work of reconciling the world to God, in the true spiritual sense of that expression. Through him, as we believe, the Divine Wisdom intends to inaugurate the Great Harmonia, the true theory and practice of Religious, Political and Social Life, ordained from the foundations of the world! This is strong language, we know. It may subject us to unkind criticism from friends, and unmeasured ridicule from opponents and enemies. But confident of the purity of our motives, and of the wisdom, knowledge and power of those intelligences who influence us to make them, we hesitate not to put them forth at this time, fully assured that every word we have here said will soon be verified to the understandings of all real Spiritualists.

The extracts herewith annexed, as before remarked, were penned more than eight years ago, and were *then* but a dim prophecy. *Now* a flood of light from the Spiritual world, is poured upon every page, bringing out in full relief, the deep interior significance of their meaning. We tell you, Spiritualists, that upon the base of the doctrines there put forth, you shall yet see reared the grandest political structures the world ever saw. And, what is better then all, the *means* necessary to lay the foundations of this structure are not dependent upon the willing, voluntary contributions of those noble souls, always poor in *this* world's goods, who are most earnest in their strivings to realize the true religious, social and political destiny of the race. No! the intelligences who have elaborated the *theory* have made ample provision to realize it in *practice*, independent of the usual slow progress of *mere* ideas.

The hour is not yet fully come when the writer of these lines (△) deems it expedient or proper to reveal his name or that of him whom he believes to be the "Coming Man", to the world at large. That time is not, however, far distant. It may be reckoned by weeks instead of months or years. He *knows* that the full fruition of his hopes and sacrifices for years past is even now at hand. Only *one* link in the mighty chain of evidence is wanting—and that link is now at a white heat in the furnace of events. Every hour we are listening to hear the strokes of the ponderous hammer of Fate, forging and welding it into its eternal connection.

For the ideas embodied below, we ask the candid, impartial and unprejudiced study of every lover of truth and right. Any criticisms upon them, made in the right spirit will be allowed a place. To the world it is simply a *theory*, which is now to be reduced to *practice*—the only *true* criticism which will settle its claims.

We shall continue other extracts next week, from the same source, which may be known by the symbol □ being affixed thereto, as is the case with the following. △

ON GOVERNMENT—NO. 1.

THE RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

* * * It will doubtless be obvious to your minds that any attempt to build a perfect Political system, upon the basis of things as they now are, would be utterly hopeless. Truth, absolute truth, with regard to man's highest civil destiny, must presuppose all conceivable advantages on the part of man, for realizing that truth, and for putting it into practical utility. There are many legitimate principles to be embodied in an absolutely correct definition of the state, which now, owing to ignorance and prevailing selfishness, would be utterly impracticable, and would even be deemed exceedingly prejudicial to human interests. At the same time, were men more wise and pure, or were I allowed to suppose they will by-and-bye become more wise and pure, these very principles would be found perfectly in accordance with the highest wisdom, and necessary to any adequate theory of Government. Let me urge you, therefore, ever to keep in mind, when judging or reasoning upon the subject before us, that Love and Wisdom from the Divine Mind, constant and reliable, is now within the reach of us, to enable us to attain, what otherwise might remain forever doubtful. Let me urge you, also, not to decide for or against my definition of the State about to be given, till all these things are duly considered. But to the subject of a true Political theory, so far as it may be possible for me to perceive it.

Absolute Political Stature is the attainment of Divine Right in One, to Rule and Govern in that, which regards the Subsistence and Development of those of the same concentric Race.

I am first to explain what is meant by *Political Stature*. Stature signifies full growth; a state of rest, or when the thing remains enduring, as if perfect and ultimate.

Absolute Political Stature, therefore, implies a perfect Political State; the attainment of man's true and ultimate civil growth and destiny.

I speak, also, of the *Divine Right in One*. Here, it may be thought I am about to place the Despot upon his throne, and confirm his title to abuse man, by guaranteeing him with a Divine Right. But it is sufficient for me to say upon this point, that it is impossible to conceive a Divine Right, or any other real right to do wrong, to abuse man, or in any way to hinder human happiness.

What I understand by Divine Right, is the same as Christ's Right to be "King of kings, and Lord of lords"—a right founded upon the fact of his being born to be such—the fact that he possesses the capacity for being such, and for being nothing else. All men have an inalienable Divine Right to be and do just what they have the fit and interior talent for doing and being; and upon this principle some possess the *Right* to rule and govern. But notice the particular wording of the phrase—the attainment of Divine Right *in* One—not *of* One; nor is this attainment restricted *to* that One. It is the attainment of this Right on the part of all, which then converges to a point in a single individual.

This Right pertains to every subject, but ascends to the head of Government, and thus flows only through that head. Such, briefly, and in part, is the attainment of Divine Right in One, as this phrase is used in the definition given.

Again, this Right, not the individual in whom it is manifest, rules and governs in that which regards the subsistence and development of those who properly belong to this particular State. By subsistence, I mean all that is necessary to perpetuate our moral, rational and physical being. By development, you are to understand the education and progress of the whole man.—To rule and govern in this, is to administer all the resources necessary for man's subsistence and development.

But this One rules and governs, only those of the same concentric Race. There are many such races comprised in the whole vast family of man, and the concentric character of these, I will hereafter explain. Suffice it now, that interiorly men are grouped together in different circles and series of wisdom and love, and possess an internal genealogy, which centers in one ancestor or head, just as families descend naturally from a common parent. This illustrates what is to be understood generally by concentric Races. Each of these races, in a perfect Political stature on earth, would constitute a separate state, and all would be consecutively bound together in the order and precedence of Divine Right.

Thus I have explained the terms used in my definition of Government. I will now commence to unfold the many ideas and principles which you will soon see it contains.

1. *The attainment of Divine Right.* In this land of democratic theories and institutions, it would seem that the day had long passed, when we might speak of Divine Right, with any claims to patriotic sentiment, or to candor and soundness in reasoning. But really, is it a fact that there exists no such principle as Divine Right?—Have you not, and have I not a right to act according to the dictates of conscience, for instance? Has not every person a right to be a human being, and act and think as a rational being should do? You will grant unhesitatingly that such is the case. Then, I ask, what right is this? Is it a human privilege, founded upon human guarantees? No. It is a right given us by the Great Author of all Good; and therefore, it is nothing more nor less than a *Divine Right*. To question or annul it, is to question and annul, not human, but Divine laws.

Here, also, I might refer to that influence and control over others, which great talent invariably exerts. By what right, I ask, do the Websters and Kossuths of the world, men of gigantic parts, rule and govern one half of mankind? They hold no scepters—they are not invested with authority by human laws, still they rule and govern great masses of men and minds. By what right do they this? I answer by Divine Right; the right to act out the nature and power, which God bestowed upon them at birth. Such men are kings, and always must be kings in every sense, except the simple title of royalty.

Let me not be understood, however, as defending the doctrine of Divine Right, in its application to despots, or in any sense in which it is claimed, among the Monarchists of this day. The time has been when the serf bowed in silence and submission to the tyrant's foot, in the full conviction that thus the tyrant had a Divine Right to do. If never before, at least in this age, a man's Divine Right to wrest the last pittance from the hand of want, to crowd millions into the dust, to carry desolation through a land, is being so peremptorily denied, that it can no more be asserted with success, so long as humanity lives. Divine Right never placed an idiot, a madman, or a rascal upon a nation's throne. But Divine Right did make Christ "King of kings and Lord of lords." It made Moses the deliverer of Israel. It made Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles. It made Washington the Father of his Country.

But let us define this right. It is the perfect adaptation of one's interior qualities, to a certain position and end. In a legitimate state of things, he whose interior qualities were perfectly adapted to the office of servant, would be a servant, and he whose interior qualities were just fitted and designed to rule and govern, would be a ruler; and would have no business not to be such.

You ask me now, if it would not be well to have two, three, or a dozen, exercise this political responsibility, instead of intrusting it to one individual? My answer is, God never makes two things for precisely the same place. He makes one thing for that place, one man only for this or that station, and that man if properly developed, will fill that station a thousand times better than two, three or a dozen would do it. One man should govern just as much as one God created, or one Saviour redeemed mankind—as much as one sun shines upon each solar system, or there be one center to every circle. Concentric races can have no center, except in that single individual who was moulded by God to be that center. Every temple has but one key-stone in its arch.

But this doctrine of Divine Right contravenes the idea of perfect equality among men; and this is a point of no little importance in the present connexion. To say that all men are morally or intellectually or physically equal, is to state what all men know to be false. Where then is your equality? If men are unequal in moral, intellectual and physical powers, in what are you to predicate equality? They have no other powers. You say they have equal rights. I can easily prove they have no equal rights, which are real and Divine Rights. This man has a right to be happy, and so have all men. But all have different capacities for happiness, and these capacities are the exact measure of their respective rights of happiness. This man has a right to be free, and all men have the right to freedom. But are all equally free in thought, morality, or physical nature?—Are they so in this nation? Can they be so? No, not till God balances every mind with precisely the same moral, mental and physical weights, can all men be equally free in anything.

Every man in this nation and in the world has a capacity for freedom, different from all other men, just as his other capacities are different from all others. That sentiment "all men were born free and equal," should read, "all men were born unequal in everything, and must ever remain such, in spite of all democracies". In a legitimate state of things, therefore, each would have his own place, just according to his Divine Right.

Speaking of the different capacities for freedom, in connection with the principle of Divine Right in One, to rule and govern another, the question of authority as opposed to freedom, seems to force itself upon my consideration. Absolute authority, in Religion and Government is a doctrine, which, in this Country receives general execration. The American doctrine is absolute freedom, instead of authority. Now my opinion is, that all danger from authority arises from its not being sufficiently absolute; and in those cases where what is held to be absolute authority has proved prejudicial to human ends, as in the Catholic Church for instance, the evil is not in its being absolute, but because it is not, and in the present state of things cannot be absolute. Understand, that absolute authority regards not the mere external volition and act, but authority over the will, judgment, desire, and even every power and faculty of the whole man. Nothing short of this can be properly termed absolute authority; and this, as mankind now is, cannot be obtained by man or Deity. Absolute authority, and absolute freedom are almost synonymous expressions; the latter cannot exist, except as a consequence of the other. If God controls absolutely, my every thought, volition, desire and action, then there remains no thought, volition, desire or act of my own; and I cannot think, will or wish to have it otherwise.

If I cannot even wish or desire otherwise, what is this but absolute freedom for me? It is certainly this, if God thus controls me, without my being conscious of His control, which is the case with the Divine Authority over human volition and action.

It would, then be well for the friends of human freedom to enquire whether the greatest freedom is not in the most absolute authority. When a man controls my acts or external volitions, leaving internal volitions and desires at war with his control, then I feel slavery. And this is what gives the edge to authority; this is what has taught the majority of men to fear authority in religion and government. It is because that authority is not complete over the whole being.

Divine Right to rule and govern supposes authority in government. And it is for this reason that I have been obliged to answer the objection to Divine Right in Government on the ground that it did suppose control over the acts and destinies of men. It is not strange to me, nor will I blame them for it, that men are always suspicious of that word, authority, in matters of Religion and Politics. Man has had that kind of experience here which should teach him to watch closely into whose hands he commits his destinies.

But I tell you, once for all, perhaps, that there can be no Divine Right in One, to make slaves of his fellow's minds or bodies. So far as this right goes, it is perfectly consonant with the greatest freedom of thought and action. I ask, as my greatest boon, to be governed by absolute Divine Right, by absolute authority in Religion and Politics; for I know that then only can I be absolutely free.

But how is this Divine Right in One to rule and govern to be attained? It is evident that no talent is of practical benefit to the race, till it becomes developed, and put into actual requisition. An individual may have been moulded in God's patterns of existence for the express object of governing a race; the Divine Right to be the governor of that race may this moment reside in the perfect adaptation of his interior qualities for that office. But till those qualities are fully and properly unfolded, till he actually is placed in a position to exercise this Right, the race is none the better for them, and this Divine Right cannot be said to have been really attained. He may be toiling unknown, unappreciated, in some remote corner of society, his talents unobserved by all save Him who originally designed them for such distinguished usefulness. Now, how is the Divine Right in this individual to be developed properly, verified, and actually put to its legitimate service? This is a question of no small importance; for the very mode of doing this, will be a guarantee to the world, that this Right never can be exercised, in aught but for the highest good of man.—The very manner of attaining it, will be a complete attestation of its Divine character, and that it will ever promote the exceeding happiness and well-being of that race, over which it shall be established.

In giving a brief explanation of the principles, upon which this object is to be effected, it is to be understood, that first of all, the individual in whom this Divine Right exists and resides, will be fixed upon by the powers of the spirit, and will be caused to experience that Religious development, which I have declared to you in the previous lectures. That person will thus be brought under the complete, direct

and constant control of the Divine Essence, his Religious, Political, and social qualities properly unfolded, and in every way prepared to become a passive medium of Divine Authority. That individual will be so developed, as no longer to act from selfhood, from his own personality, for his own private ends, but will be made to think, will, desire and act from the Lord. Thus will he receive constant and direct influx from above, of that wisdom, purity, and love, necessary to rule and govern his particular, concentric race.

Thus will the Divine Right in this One, be fully developed. Thus will the Divine Authority flow through him, as its appropriate channel. He will rule and govern not of himself, but from the Divine Essence. And it will hence be impossible that the Right and Authority manifested through this individual, shall become detrimental to man, or effect aught but the Divine will and designs in the earth.

But the question is still pending, how is this One, after having been selected and prepared for this Political purpose, by the power and control of the spirit of God, to be literally placed at the head of his concentric race, and actually made the ruler and governor thereof? I answer, not by human aids, not by human wisdom, not by human constitutions and enactments As the unfolded spirit inevitably gravitates by Divine Attractions to his appropriate circle in the spheres above, so will this individual, by the power that controls his volitions, his acts, and his destinies, gradually overcome every opposing force, and be attracted to his legitimate position and sphere, as head of his race. The Divine Being will impress and impell all those spirits to his aid who interiorly belong to his race, and who are severally the guardians of those in the form that belong to the same race. All these spirits will be brought into reliable contact and intercourse with him, and their combined wisdom, foresight and energies, will be enlisted in calling the widely separated members of this human spiral, into connection and sympathy with their Divinely appointed Governor.

Attended by these guides, supported by the power of the Omnipotent Spirit, he will go forth up and down the earth in search of his people. Silently and secretly will he make known to one and another of his kindred by Divine Right, the reality of his mission, bring them into communion with their respective guardian spirits, teach them their destiny and duty, and then depart in search of others. Thus at length will grow up progressively a Political institution, such as the world has never yet seen, and of which it now has not the remotest idea. Thus finally will the different concentric races of the human family be called into interior and spiritual contact, and each built up a harmonial state, each ruled and governed by Divine Authority, and all united together upon the basis and precedence of Divine Right. And then shall humanity have attained its absolute Political stature.

Having now explained to you the principle of Divine Right, as a fundamental truth in an Absolute Political Stature, and having in very brief terms pointed out the manner in which it is to be attained in One, intimated also the character and consequences it gives to the simple form of government, you will perceive that the principle itself is in perfect contravention of Republican principles.

In view of this fact, it becomes proper for me to answer some objections which will immediately occur, both in your minds and hearts, to the principles I have put forth. I am to suppose that you all are Republicans, not only in sentiment and doctrine, but in feeling and affection. Nor am I insensible to the deep root those doctrines have taken in your minds, and the depth of your hearts' affection for them. I, so far as myself am concerned, have no wish nor desire to change your feelings and views, on the subject of Government. If there is truth in what I have said, the Holy Spirit may convince you of it, but with me, it is a matter, in which I only pay obedience to the power and convictions of those, who claim to be my guardian spirits. Were I to state my individual convictions, I should say, my political principles are no longer Republican, nor are they Monarchical—they are Harmonial! In the absence of all but mere human aids and perfections, a democratic state would unquestionably be the best, and the most practicable. But when we come under the Divine Government, there is no more voting for Presidents, Congressmen and Municipal officers, God does the voting.

Permit me to suggest, and that without incurring any risk in your esteem, that because a Republic is now found to be the happiest form of State on the earth as it unquestionably is, or because millions are being oppressed by monarchial institutions, and are flying to our shores, as the only land of refuge on the globe, it does not follow from this, that a Republic is actually the legitimate, the ultimate form of State.—May I not ask you to point out a democracy in nature; a democracy in the human physical system; a democracy in your mental and moral faculties? Do you find nature, man, or the constitution of the universe founded upon a democracy? No. You find here nothing but monarchy. Then I simply tell you that man, nature, and the principles upon which the universe is constituted are your guides to ultimate, absolute Political Truth.

If you are Republicans now, it is merely from incidental conditions of man; not from final and highest ends of man. I need not ask you, whether you expect to vote for your rulers when you enter the upper spheres. I need not ask you whether God is the elected President of the universe. I need not tell you why Christ is "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," instead of a ruler chosen by universal suffrage. Or, in view of these great facts in the nature of things, in view of these literally Divine facts, need I say more, in illustration that mankind's ultimate Political destiny on earth is not Republicanism, but a Harmonial State, founded and graduated, in every identical and subordinate structure, upon the basis of absolute Divine Right?

But before closing this lecture, if you will have patience with me, I desire to make a few brief remarks upon that phrase "to Rule and Govern," as it stands connected with the definition given, in the former part of this address. We are accustomed to associate in our minds with the idea of a Ruler, those of a crown, of scepters, of places, and extensive royal liveries.—Those appliances do not attach to a Ruler of an Harmonial State. To be servant of all is his mission, and his private life may be as unostentatious, as wandering, as humble as was that of Jesus of Nazareth. He literally becomes, like the Son of man, without "where to lay his head!" His mission is to rule and govern in that, which regards the subsistence and development of his race. As ruler, he exercises absolute authority over all the resources necessary to sustain and develope his people. As governor, he prescribes all regulations, and directs all industry; and as both ruler and governor, he obeys the absolute influx of wisdom, love and purity, which he momentarily receives, from the Divine Essence. Nor are you to suppose that this exercise of Divine Right in One, will be uncongenial on the part of the members of his race.—They are to be brought into religious submission and dependence upon the Holy Spirit, to receive actual and direct influx of wisdom and love from thence, and thus prepared to respond to each other, to the head, to God, and to the Spirit, in every desire, thought, will and act; and thus only can this become an Harmonial State. □

Buoncompagni, the Newly-elected Regent of Central Italy, is a native of Turin, and previously to 1848 he was celebrated for writings on civil law and public instruction, and for his attachment to liberal principles. When in 1848, a constitutional *regime* was established in Piedmont, he was made Minister of Public Instruction, and in that capacity he drew up the law on national colleges, which has produced good results. He was afterwards Minister of Grace and Justice, and President of the Chamber of Deputies. He then became Ambassador in Tuscany, and on the departure of the Grand Duke was appointed Royal Commissioner by Sardinia. He is firmly attached to constitutional principles, and is remarkable for moderation.

TRUE RELIGION ALWAYS HEALTHFUL.

The aim of all culture, be it physical or spiritual, should be to insure the completest possible state of health, an expressive phrase implying a very important condition of life. What is health but the fullest expression of life? And, as a poet remarks,

"'Tis life, not death, we want.'

So precious is life—so sweet the "habit of existence," that we are continually devising,—sometimes very blindly, it must be confessed—methods whereby it can be enlarged. In our foolish impatience for more of it, we both over-work and *mis*-work the organism through which it is manifested. Now we should know that nature will not be hurried, or over-worked, or mis-worked, with impunity. She furnishes the only infallible rule of life, and to *her* intimations should we chiefly study to conform. The notion it was once so common for theologians to authoritatively put forth, that nature should be exchanged for "grace," is very false and mischievous, as it furnished a powerful sanction for outraging the laws of life. It can be but a wretched kind of "grace" that is in contradiction to nature.

It strikes us that nature should be more highly estimated. Perhaps it needs to be more fully defined. Its compass is perhaps greater, and its qualities more elevated, than the old theologians apprehended. They were not much with nature—had but little dealings with it in any sense. It is not surprising, therefore, that they distrusted its genuineness, and wished to furnish a substitute for it in that mystic thing they called "grace." Nature has *gradations*, to be sure—includes higher and lower, matter and spirit. What we call ideal is but a higher natural. Reason not only does not warrant us in transcending the limits of nature, but it demands of us strict obedience to her health-giving regulations in minutest particulars. We were constituted from the elements of nature, and our life-operations must accord with the character of those elements. The moment we step outside of nature, or, what is the same thing, disregard her infallible methods, disease and death result. To be in harmony with nature, both bodily and spiritually, is to be fully *sane*. "God," says Paul, "hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a *sound mind!*" God never devised, nor does nature permit, a system of religion that inebriates—that gives extravagant tension to our emotions. If we rightly understand religion, its office is to rationalize us—give us serene, equable spiritual health. Its business is not to furnish us with fresh and frequent surprises and novelties in the shape of fantastic preaching, praying and writing, and other artificial manipulations, but to make us live soberly and quietly joyful in the "present evil world." It is true, religion tends to "lift UP the limits of enjoyment," to more and more refine us. Nature's office and tendency is to do the same. She, on both her spiritual and material planes, is saltatory and undulatory, and admits of our being sometimes carried, on the swelling tides of the spirit, to ecstatic heights of emotion. Neither nature nor religion tends to lessen, but to give a refined and growing permanence to our emotions. Joy is the end of life—is life in its most healthful and purified form. True and natural religion "drops upon the spirit as the rain"—"its speech distils as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." Its office is to fertilize, to invigorate, and not to enervate and exhaust even for the shortest season. It should make us "to lie down in the green pastures—and lead us by the still waters."

Judging from the style after which most religionists proceed, they have little faith in the ordinary natural operations of the divine spirit. They are continually running after "Strange God's," and seek to be titillated by novel exhibitions of religious tricksters. They are well described by the Hebrew prophet when he speaks of his countrymen. "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water."

The methods of nature, under the sanction and co-operation of the revealed Word, are those we are called upon to observe in prosecuting our religious, intellectual, and physical culture. We cannot be wiser than nature, for she was formed, and is governed, by infinite Wisdom.

☞Hereafter we shall send receipts for all moneys received on subscription, inclosed in the paper, instead of publishing them, as we have heretofore done. This will explain the non appearance of the list in the last and present numbers.

☞Our friends of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, will be attended to at the earliest opportunity. A. E. N.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM AT THE SOUTH!

The Legislature of Alabama "has been and gone and done it!" A gentleman of Danville, Ky., has sent us a letter containing clippings from the Montgomery, (Ala.) *Daily Advertiser*, from which it appears that the worthy Solons composing the two Legislative bodies of that State are anxious to push on the cause of Spiritualism, and so have proceeded almost unanimously to enact one of the most effectual laws for such a purpose which could have been conceived—viz: an outrageously oppressive statute, which, if in force in all the States would destroy the religious freedom of the largest body of believers in any one faith in the country. Here is what the *Advertiser*, above refefred to, says, editorially:

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—By referring to the Senate proceedings of last Saturday, it will be seen that a House bill providing that a fine of $500 be imposed on Spiritual Mediums for each and every exhibition that they may give in this State, was taken up and passed with scarcely a dissenting voice. In giving their votes, several members of the Senate took occasion to explain their position on the question, and its discussion excited considerable amusement. It was, we think, giving a vital blow to the doctrines of free trade, that a Senate so essentially Democratic should be so averse to allowing foreign "Sperrits" to come into competition with the article of domestic manufacture. If the Senator from Perry does not receive a few raps from the invisible hands of the departed, some time in the "wee small hours," we shall be convinced that there is no just retribution awarded by our visitors from the Mystic World.

Below is an extract from the Senate proceedings:

On motion of Mr. COCKE, Senate took up the House bill to increase the price of license to *Spirit Rappers*, ($500 per day.) Rules suspended and bill passed forthwith—ayes 23, noes 3. Sent forthwith to the House.

All this flurry and excitement, it appears was occasioned by the visit of Dr. Redman to the benighted city of Montgomery, and the wonderful manifestations and tests which he gave there, so stirred up the representative luminaries of the State, that they were fain to "crush out" the spirits, lest, perchance, some of their evil doings might be brought to light. Where then, would be the fat little jobs, the "pickings and stealings?"

Let our friends in Alabama take heart.—All such foolish attempts to repress these manifestations from the spiritual world, can only end in giving a new and tremendous impetus to the cause. We only wish our enemies in the North would take as bold a stand against the "spirits," but they will not and dare not—they are dumb dogs every one! While Spiritualism is daily making fearful inroads upon the old churches, and creeds and dogmas,—while the ranks of the noble men and women (and especially the latter) are daily being strengthened by the ablest reasoners and most eloquent orators, the creed-bound divines are still and silent as death, in public. In private they vilify and slander us, but they cannot and dare not come forth in open day, and meet us on common ground. And still the work goes on! New mediums are being developed every day. Every village and hamlet has its private circle or circles, which are daily growing larger and larger. God and all good angels are on our side, and who shall make us afra'd?

△.

BELIEF IN ENDLESS MISERY.

Although desiring, as we trust, to be charitable, and especially to have an exalted opinion of human nature, yet we find it difficult to reconcile the belief, that has so generally obtained among men, that God will subject some of the children of his creative spirit to endless pain, with a very exalted humanity. This belief, so strenuously maintained, petted, and almost *ferociously* defended "in the churches," comes nearer than anything else to confirm us in the belief of the total inherent depravity of *its believers*, at any rate. But we cannot think that this notion is seriously entertained. It is but a *skeleton* which every doctrine, as well as every family, must, perversely enough, to be sure, keep. All that is good, noble, true and loving within our human hearts rise up in stern remonstrance against this depraving doctrine! We feel very sure that no *right* feeling of our spirits sympathizes with this inconceivably horrid dogma.

"The wish that of the living whole,
No life may fall beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?"

We unhesitatingly answer, YES. The spirit of God within us is in accordance with divinest love.

AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.

The long-mooted question of Good and Evil seems at present to occupy the attention of spiritualists to a large extent. Various minds are giving expression to their perceptions on the subject; and each naturally imagines that his present stand-point of observation is higher and clearer than that of his neighbor who sees differently because it is the clearest to which himself has yet attained. Let each bear witness, kindly and truthfully, to what he perceives; and though none may be anything more than relatively right, yet the sincere soul, that loves truth and good above all things else, will obtain help from all in its upward course.

The writer's views on the question have been so fully expressed on former occasions that he does not now propose to enter upon the discussion at large. But he feels called upon to hold up steadily before the gaze of all inquirers on this subject, one fundamental distinction, which existing in the nature of things, must be recognized in coming to a true result.

The distinction refered to is that between *apparent* and *real* evils. Want of a proper discrimination here is the source of nearly all the fallacies, false reasonings, and absurd conclusions which have been put forth on the subject. And yet the distinction seems to be wholly overlooked, if not studiously ignored, by one class of reasoners, and often but dimly recognized by the other. *Apparent* evils (which are relative goods) are mixed-up indiscriminately with another class which are essentially and eternally different in character; and what is predicated of the one, is erroneously affirmed to be true of all.

The writer sees most gladly the fact, and rejoices most profoundly in the conviction, that all the "seeming discords, irregularities and sufferings of earth-existence," and the "apparent contradictions and clashings of mind in its various degrees of development," as well as various other things commonly called evils are (to a large degree at least) but necessary incidents to the condition of humanity, and means to its progress,—and hence are relatively good. Thus far he agrees most heartily with those who deny the existence of any real evil.

But he knows, and all know,—when they look steadily and honestly into their own consciousnesses,—that there is such a thing as the individual soul's *acting counter to its own highest sense of right and duty*—yielding to the temptations of sensuous and selfish gratification, despite its interior conviction of wrong and of power to resist—and thus debasing itself before its own highest tribunal, the judgment-seat of Deity within.

This is *evil in itself*. For let any person persist in doing this, and his or her course is morally downward; the sense of right becomes blunted—the power of resistance to temptation—weakened—the spiritual perceptions obscured, until perhaps there seems no important difference between right and wrong—and at length the miserable victim becomes the bond-slave of blind Desire, fast bound in the chains of selfishness and sensualism, with perhaps scare a single aspiration to be free. That such a course is sometimes pursued, and that such are its *tendencies* provided no counter influences intervene to arrest or modify its results, needs no other proof than the reader's own consciousness. There is, then, *real* evil in the world, most direful in its effects, always to be shunned, and never to be confounded with such evils as are unavoidable or incidental to growth. Why do not our theorists look this fact squarely in the face?

That benign influences exist, and are continually interposing to counteract and overcome the tendencies of evil,—that they "abound where sin abounds"—and that they will sometimes prevail over it in every individual soul,—are facts which do not in the least change the nature of wrong itself—do not make it one whit less abhorrent—though they *do* call forth profoundest joy and thanksgiving in contemplating the general scheme of things.

A. E. N.

ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINES.—The twin caloric engines, Ericsson's patent, recently received at this office from the East, having been properly adjusted and located, were set in motion yesterday afternoon in the UNION press room, performing admirably. The engines occupy a space of about six by eight feet; are, in the aggregate, ten-horse power, and were run about two hours, with the consumption of half a dozen small sticks of wood. They will be run during to-day, when those desirous of witnessing the operation will be afforded an opportunity. The engines in question are the second of the kind imported into California, one other only, and that by Sam Brannan, having hitherto been received.—[Sacramento Union.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE GREATEST OF ALL THE GENII.

A STORY NOT IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Once—a, man whose name shall be NAMELESS, was digging in the ground; his spade struck a hard substance, and he said to himself, "I have found either a big stone or a big box of treasure." The probabilities, however, were in favor of the former supposition; and he went leisurely on, removing the earth around the obstacle, until he ascertained that it was a bottle.

A stone bottle—neither a punchy plebeian, stout bottle, nor a slender aristocratic champagne bottle, but a course earthenware receptacle, for whatever fluid or substance it might contain. Nameless examined his prize with some care, and saw that it was carefully and heavily sealed. It was not, however, the golden seal of Solomon which was stamped upon the vessel—it was the seal of the tyrant Persecution, first-born of Ignorance. The device was a heavy icy hand, dashing out a golden spark of light, and it was struck in lusterless lead.

Nameless looked curiously at the bottle, and held it up between him and the light. Its contents were dark; but somehow the sunbeams shone with a warm power through their murkiness. Foiled in gratifying his curiosity by this means, like a child with a shell, Nameless held the vessel to his ear. And he was not disappointed—he heard a low murmur; half-formed words and broken expressions blended together—an indefinite hum, like the distant roaring of a crowd, or the voice of a swelling sea pent by tyrannous winds within a narrow strait.

At first fear came upon Nameless; yet he listened entranced. The murmurs within the bottle seemed to be answered from the depths of his soul. He did not speak; but he felt strange workings and yearnings within him; and an awful consciousness grew up in his mind, that a subtle spirit in his brain was conversing with subtle spirits in the earthenware vessel.

His first impulse was to fly; his second was to tear away the seal of Persecution—and the second prevailed. One wrench settled the business; and Nameless, somewhat astonished at his own termerity, started instinctively back as he set the open bottle upon the ground.

However, nothing very alarming ensued. Only a black fluid came trickling over the mouth of the battle at first in tiny veins, but soon like the water of a gushing well.

Nameless was looking on confounded, when he heard himself called. Starting up, he stood face to face with a figure, such as he had never seen before. It was a strange, an indefinite, but an awful form. Nameless could hardly tell whether man or woman; for its face had the majesty of one sex, the sweetness of the other. On its head was a crown; in its hand, in guise of a scepter, a goose feather. Nameless wondered prodigiously at the curious properties of this last symbol; for one moment it seemed a rod of iron, inflexible, unyielding, and armed with a keen and trenchant point; anon, it appeared a supple, shining reed, decorated with a bunch of downy fibers, which, when brushed about people's ears, would make them laugh in spite of themselves.

And Nameless knew that he stood before a Genius.

"Nameless," said the Genius, "I am free."

"Since when were you confined in that bottle?" rejoined his deliverer.

"Since time was time."

"And how long will you be free?"

"Until time be time no more."

"I am not afraid of you," said Nameless, "I feel that you are a mighty Genius, but a good one."

"Look at what I have already done," said the Genius.

And Nameless was startled to see the black fluid which had gurgled out of the bottle spreading in streams over the land nourishing sweet crops of heart's-ease, and such dainty flowers; and invigorating and freshening—till leaves and fruit burst out together—an ancient but stunted tree.

"What tree is that?" said Nameless.

"The Tree of Knowledge," said the genius.

"And so you have lived in that bottle?" rejoined Nameless.

"Many Genii lived in bottles," said his companion with a smile. "There are very pleasant Genii—not exactly in my sphere of society, but very good people, whom I am happy to meet occasionally—who live in wine bottles."

"Ah!" said Nameless, "very true."

"And there are others," resumed the Genius—"grim, bitter fellows, but good in the main, who live in medicine bottles. The first class are pleasant of an evening; the second, useful of a morning."

"But you yourself are —?" inquired Nameless—

"The king of all the Genii," said the figure; and as he spoke his form dilated, his smile went over the land even as a sunbeam, and his shadow darkened all it fell on like a God's frown. He waved his scepter, and lo! earth, air, and water swarmed with life—with sprites and demons—embodied thoughts and fancies, who seemed to do the master-spirit homage.

"See my subjects," he said, "the people of my united realm of 'Reason and Imagination.'"

"And you," said Nameless, "have long lived in a bottle."

"It shall still be my palace," rejoined the Genius—"but with free right of ingress and egress."

"So, so," said Nameless; "and pray in what bottle does the King of all the Genii live?"

"Read the words inscribed on my dwelling," said the Genius.

Nameless did so, and found that the bottle was called

"INK BOTTLE."

THE POWER OF COURAGE.

To give any form of courage an available or working value, it is essential that it have two qualities, promptness and persistency. What Napoleon called "two-o'-clock in-the-morning courage" is rare. It requires great enthusiasm or great discipline to be proof against a surprise. It is said that Suwarrow even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually took off one spur." In regard to persistency, history is full of instances of unexpected reverses and eleventh hour triumphs. The battle of Marengo was considered hopeless for the first half of the day, and a retreat was generally expected, on the part of the French; when Dessaix, consulted by Bonaparte, looked at his watch and said,—"the battle is completely lost, but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." He then made his famous and fatal cavalry charge, and won the field. It was from a noble appreciation of this quality of persistency, that, when the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of fallen Roman knights, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the defeated general, Consul Trentus Varro, for not having despaired of the republic.

Thus armed at all points, incapable of being surprised or exhausted, courage achieves results which seem miraculous.—It is an element of inspiration, something superadded and incalculable, when all the forces are exhausted. When we consider how really formidable becomes the humblest of quadrupeds, cat or rat, when it grows mad and desperate and throws all personal fear behind, it is clear that there must be a reserved power in human daring which defies computation and equalizes the most fearful odds. Take one man, mad with excitement or intoxication, place him with his back to the wall, a knife in his hand, and the fire of utter frenzy in his eyes—and who, among the thousand bystanders, dares make the first attempt to disarm him?—Desperate courage makes one a majority.—Baron Trenck nearly escaped from the fortress of Glatz at noonday, snatching a sword from an officer, passing all the sentinels with a sudden rush, and almost effecting his retreat to the mountains; "which incident will prove," he says, "that adventurous and even rash daring will render the most improbable undertakings successful, and that desperate attempts may often make a general more fortunate and famous, than the wisest and best concerted plans."—[Atlantic Monthly.

LONG DRESSES.

The "Autocrat" of the *Atlantic Monthly* throws off the following:

"But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets; where do they come from? Why, there isn't a beast or bird that would drag his tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-all-work, or a factory girl, thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up dirt and carrying it about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow. Making believe be what you are not, is the essence of vulgarity.

Show over dirt is the one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women, and see what she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of them into my room without serving them as David did Paul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts!

Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all around her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady. There are some things which no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these things.

If a woman wishes to show that her husband or father has got money, which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house; there may be some poor woman that will think it worth disinfecting.

It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with."

Correspondence.

PRACTICAL REFORM.—NO. 2.

As has been intimated in the first number of these papers, the position of Spiritualists in regard to this question seems to be this: *That in all those principles and ideas that relate to human progress, true brotherhood, liberty, justice and right, they, as a class, are more thoroughly enlightened than any other order of people;* this assumption being made upon the authority of the opportunities they have enjoyed through the developments which have given them existence as a distinct class, as well as upon their open and avowed professions before the world. There is a further presumption, that, in the light of the truths which they have studied and learned, they have more clearly perceived the actual state of human society, as being far in the rear of the standard revealed by their perceptions, and consequently have seen the necessity of the endeavor to bring it up to a better condition. This hypothesis, if allowed to be correct, and it may fairly be assumed that none but the opponents of the Spiritualistic faith will deny it, leads to the conclusion laid down in the previous number, namely, that Spiritualists as a class stand openly pledged to exert all proper means within their reach for that practical work which the progress and improvement of society demands. In view of their convictions in regard to the question they cannot remain idle or indifferent to it, nor rest contented with treating it with half-measures or anything short of the entire efforts they are capable of bringing to bear upon it.

In this stage of his remarks, to which he expects to hear of little dissent from his spiritual friends, the writer is prepared to hear from the question "What can we do?"

It may savor of boldness, of audacity even, for an unknown unit of the "Three Millions," as we are sometimes counted, to start up and evoke this big question, and yet, friends, your own hearts have been asking it of you ever since your eyes have been opened by the brilliant light of your latter-day discoveries. The question is in the mind and ready perched on the tongue of every earnest spiritualist with ever-pressing force and demand for some sort of reply. So seriously, and, as it is hoped, so universally is it felt, that we may with some confidence expect that an answer is possible—an answer, too, of the practicable, feasible sort, embracing in it promises of a desirable kind, if due obedience be given to it. Let us believe such an answer *is* possible, for in this first condition of faith we may *begin* to find it.

The serious asking, "What can we do?" is verily the first practical step to be taken, and once earnestly asked, not doubtingly, despondingly or with "satirical tee-hee," but with determined will *to know and obey* its answer, we may fairly conclude we are in a hopeful way.

But this writer is not here accredited in any manner whatever to declare all that Spiritualists can do, perhaps only an infinitely small part of what they can do, or even of what is required to be done, yet he hopes to point out some few things that can be done, not indeed solely visible to him, but obvious enough to all who will look in their direction. He knows that innumerable things are to be done, *must* be done, by Spiritualists, too, or left undone until better doers and workers can be found for their doing. There are said to be of us some "Three Millions"—could we be brought, even a tenth part of us, to see and agree upon and *do* some two or three or twenty right things, not now usually done, or refusmanfully to do an equal number of *wrong* things which *are* usually done, we shall get started on a tolerably good road for discovering and learning what other things can be done, and finally reach a better condition than we are likely to remain in by doing nothing. There is, indeed, no one thing, nor two, nor two thousand things, plans of which can be drawn out, cut and dried, that will ease all our social evils and establish society in a perfect millennium—such results is for the eternities to accomplish, and we, in our day and generation bring about but some part of it on condition of faithfully performing our work therein.

Before finally proceeding to the enumeration and specification of what can be done in the way of social reform by Spiritualists, it may be proper to recur briefly to what has already been done by them in another department of human interests, not only as a sign of encouragement to further effort but for illustration of their hitherto influence upon the times, and their probable capacity for supplying more of the needed elements for reformatory work which the additional demands of the age will be likely to make upon them.

In the field of theological reform, within a few short years, aided by the kind upper-powers, they have checked forever the growth of the old creeds. Crumbling, decrepit as these had become through the natural decadence of the superstitious epoch of our civilized society it was reserved for Spiritualism to complete their destruction by its sublime revelations and consequent substitution of positive, demonstrable and tangible truth. This final work of overthrow of the old dogmas and of re-construction of the basis for a new development, was executed in so short a period, and with such resistless power, and yet of ease, that Spiritualists themselves have scarcely a conception of the work they were instrumental in performing, and hardly an idea of its vast magnitude and results. The destruction or check of a single form of a religious faith, however absurdly founded, is not usually accomplished in a generation, and yet this young giant Truth, within its few years of barely going alone, has smote home upon a whole system of multitudinous creeds, which are reeling and swaying with the shock, never to recover. This almost involuntary spontaneous work, as it may well be called, is but a type of what must ever follow earnest efforts, inspired by clear perceptions of truth; other systems of error besides mere theological ones are yet doomed as farther examples of this principle, a fact which it is hoped our Spiritualist friends will take note of.

The work of social reform like that now being done in the religious or theological field, will, in great measure be an involuntary one, as it will ultimate itself more and more in a natural, spontaneous manner, in the fructification of the new ideas of the day in the great heart of society, and thence outwardly upon its institutions.—It must begin and grow in this fashion, each individual worker consciously or unconsciously adding his increment of effect to the general improvement. All real social progress that has ever been made was instituted and established in this way, after the ideas upon which such realized progress was founded, had become sufficiently promulgated and understood; notwithstanding in the history of society there may have been cases of a partial nature, where this usual course of things became modified and influenced by contingent and adventitious circumstances. These ideas originate and become developed in the popular mind by various instrumentalities, sometimes by great and leading individual intellects, by influential societies, and by other means, but their practical effects take place ordinarily, by a slow process of diffusion at rates varying according to the intelligence, energy, necessities, etc., and the degree of political freedom of the masses.

If such be the natural developement of progress and reform, and up to the present epoch of civilized society, it seems to have been the rule, we can hardly expect to change it by the sudden adoption of any new programme. The alternative in such a case, would be in the first place to mark out some clearly defined plan of operations, dictated by such leading principles as were understood as constituting its proper basis, and then to arrange the active forces to carry it out. A modus operandi of this sort, although it may be in much repute in the narrow and selfish cliques of the day, political and otherwise, would be found difficult in practice upon any large, philanthropic scale, or for any great length of time; it might answer for limited and temporary purposes, supposing human wisdom capable of devising a plan applicable to the required work and that the necessary agents for its operation could be found. Among Spiritualists themselves, however well they may agree upon those great abstract principles of right and justice which ought to constitute the basis of all human relations, we could hardly expect at the present time at least, entire unanimity as to any especial plan or machinery that might be invented for establishing them practically in society. To this writer at least, it seems that for the present we must abandon all hope of any such plan, and look mainly to the spontaneous operations of the forces inherent in the longings and energies of those who are desirous to enter upon the field of reform, and their corresponding organization and co-operation. These forces thus brought together by the great law of affinity will naturally crystalize upon their appropriate nuclei, seize upon the means for action afforded by their circumstances, and varying them as these latter may change, and thus become constant effective organs for the performance of their legitimate work.

From these considerations it must be inferred that no detailed plan of operations for a general reform can be proposed for any class of workers to adopt; no one or two classes of men can hope to effect substantial reforms upon any such plan. The utmost any class can do is to work faithfully by such light and with such force as it may happen to have, for *its own time*, and, if need be, *for its own self* solely. The exertions of such class, if made in accordance with the principles of right and justice, even if limited in its own behalf, become of real advantage to the whole community—become diffusive of good in all directions—spread themselves with more and more permanency and with an ever widening influence upon society around. Then let us not idly wait with the hope of being presented with any defined scheme or newly elaborated formula by which we may advance to the work of a sudden and thorough reformation of our social evils; let us be up and earnestly doing with what present light we have,—discovering by it what work lies nearest to us, taking hold of *that* with the means at our command and thence learning more and more what further task we can do.

It is taken for granted that every intelligent and sincere Spiritualist must of necessity be conscious of a demand for the amelioration of our existing social evils, and knowing that this can be met by no miracle or other special interposition, but by human agencies and the organic forces of society itself, must feel deep within his heart that his own efforts are needed in it.—No man or woman, Spiritualist or not, seeing the requirements of the case, can excuse himself or herself from participating in the work to the degree they are qualified by the possession of influence or means. In this broad field there is place for all true workers, and none can be spared. The question of position each worker ought to occupy, and the specific duties he is to perform, and his proper co-ordination to the great body of workers, is the only one which can present any doubt or difficulty in the minds of those who feel willing to enlist in this active cause. This matter, however, will be noticed hereafter in the place appointed for special consideration of details, and after here satisfying ourselves in the general way that it is susceptible of solution by recurring briefly to illustrations furnished in the history of Modern Spiritualism itself.

In this movement we have seen that in the operations which have already been performed in the discovery and promulgation

of its ideas, the post which each agent filled and the especial functions he exercised were the result of the various circumstances and influences operating in each individual case; and his activity universally followed in accordance with his temperament, desires and tastes. In the discoveries of the facts or development of Spiritualism, wonder and curiosity undoubtedly constituted the larger ingredient of the motives of the actors, but the subsequent work of dissemination of its ideas and teachings through the press, by lectures and so forth, was the direct effect of that involuntary impulse and activity of the human mind, which seeks to impart and spread the truths it learns. In this particular and important work we find that each agent seemed to act in the manner he was best fitted—each found and occupied the position best suited to him, and the diversities of gifts to be imparted and employed for these various places seemed to be bestowed with the utmost adaptation, order and effect. We may expect in general, a similar condition of things in that practical work of reform whice is the subject we are now especially to enter upon in detail.

C. BROWN.

[From the Banner of Light.]

L. L FARNSWORTH, M. D.

The gentleman whose name stands above, has come to Boston to abide, and I will give the result of a careful consideration of his pretensions, having thoroughly tested him.—He is an educated, medical gentleman, possessing pre-eminently *clairvoyant* and *psychometrical* powers. I gave the name of Mrs. Robbins, as written by herself, and he, while out of town, wrote a delineation that I could not surpass. Her acquaintances as readily recognized the picture as they would a daguerreotype. He mentioned her temperament, and a number of other things not noticed by other psychometrists but by Mrs. Mettler, described by Prof. Brittan, a few weeks since. His powers more resemble hers than any other person.

He answers sealed letters differently from others. He cares not about the contents, but calls the spirit addressed to answer, and proceeds at once to write. He can read the letter, if necessary; but only does it to see that there is no deception by the spirit. This letter-answering I have seen. He also told me of some spirits that came to me, interested in my friend, and said they passed away nearly fifty years since, which fact of the time of their passing away I have ascertained. A higher class of minds, capable of judging of evidence and what is truly a *test*, will, I trust, come to him, and they can learn if this is all *fanaticism*, *fraud* and *moonshine*.

Dr. B. is very modest, genial and unpretending in his manner. I rejoice in such an accession to the cause of Spiritualism in Boston. CHAS. ROBBINS, M. D.

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 8th, 1859.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half-possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton?

Every great man is unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare.—Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much nor dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these.

Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand cloven-tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there n the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt produce the Foreworld again.—[Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SOMEBODY says, "A wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without any sauce."

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.—A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and having escaped the turmoils of existence, presented himself at the gate of heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality who had just died, and having previously knocked, had been admitted by the apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music, which appeared to hail the entrance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered!

"How is this?" he demanded of Peter, "when the rich man entered I heard music and singing; is there, then, the same distinction between rich and poor in heaven as on the earth?"

"Not at all," replied the apostle, "but the poor come to heaven every day, whereas it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission

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IS TOBACCO POISONOUS.—Some five years since, a gentleman in Philadelphia, at the head of one of the most extensive and wealthy banking-houses in this country, literally died of starvation! He was an inveterate smoker, and seldom was without a cigar in his mouth, even during business hours. The habit contracted in early life, led to the use of a cigar, lighted or not, permitting its moistened and chewed surface to remain under his tongue. This was pursued for years, and it resulted in impregnating the glands beneath the tongue which terminated in cancerous ulcerations. At first it was not regarded with any anxiety, but inflammation was an attendant evil, and the immediate cause of death. The roots of the tongue ulcerated, and the throat sympathized with them, until it was almost impossible to swallow or breathe. The only nourishment taken for some months previous to his death, was of a liquid character; even that at last could not be received, so swollen and inflamed was the seat of the disodrer. Death from starvation and suffocation finally closed the scene, the victim being otherwise in perfect health, except greatly emaciated.

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When an anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From the soft pulpy substance, it becomes comparatively hard, but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains in the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer tissues throb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the god-like! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and charities of life, leaving only a brain and a heart of stone.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.—A gentleman cooper called upon a colored man who owns a fine farm in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. He enquired for what purpose he wanted it, and received an answer,—"I have contracted so many whiskey barrels."

"Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single stave or hoop pole of me for that purpose."

Of course Mr. Cooper was not a little up in the back, to meet such a stern reproach got mad, and called him a "nigger."

"That is very true," mildly replied the other; 'it is my misfortune to be a negro, I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it."

That is the kind of temperance men we like. How much better every neighborhood, and village, and town, and city would be with a few such resolute men in their limits--men who are not afraid to speak and act against evil, no matter where it exists.

It is a singular coincidence that the day fixed for the Charleston Convention, the 23d of April, should be the birthday of each of the leaders of the two great factions which are there to contest the management of the Democratic party. Mr. Buchanan was born April 23, 1791; Mr. Douglas was born April 23, 1813.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

☞The Planet Jupiter shines now with a brightness unequalled among the stars, except by Venus when near her inferior injunction.—The present position of the planet is in the constellation Gemini, or the Twins, not far from the meridian of Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars, and closely preceded by the finest constellation in all the heavens, Orion; so that we have and shall have throughout the Winter, in juxtaposition, the nightly company of this splendid galaxy—Jupiter, in the brightest glory, Sirius, or the Greater Dog Capella Castor and Pollux, Procyon, or the Little Dog, Aldebaran, and the unrivalled constellation of Orion, with the Planet Saturn no far away.

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

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n6 2m

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

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

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

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Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentlemen who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by
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Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

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Interesting Miscellany.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

The following sensible article we clip from the Machias *Union*. To our mind, the only convenient and common sense rule to be observed, is for each one to keep to the right side, and then we shall see no dodging and "bobbing around," as is often witnessed on the sidewalks of any large place.

Persons who are in the daily habit of walking on the sidewalks, often find difficulty in passing one another. They will often be noticed "bobbing around," trying extremely hard to pass, but cannot, as both appear quite anxious to occupy the same side of the passage.

When there are but two persons it is certainly a good rule to pass to the right,—this brings the left hands together. This holds good between two gentlemen or two ladies, but if a gentleman meet a lady, she will claim, and he surrender, the inside of the sid walk. If she happens to be a strong advocate of Women's Rights, she may insist on the outside of the walk, and the gentleman, with as much ease, will assent, though she may be hit by the wheels of a carriage.

When a gentleman and lady meet a gentleman and lady, the ladies having the inside of the sidewalk, the gentlemen should step in the rear of the ladies, they passing to the right, as each can feel well assured that where the lady can find room for passage, he can follow without difficulty! Following rather than leading, the better enables a gentleman to see his companion in case of offered insult or injury.

With the "extension" of dress now indulged in by ladies, it is rather crowding on the good nature of gentlemen, for two of them to sweep along arm in arm, on narrow sidewalks! Ladies seldom do so,—school girls more frequently. They should certainly content themselves to pass in single file

GERMAN MUSIC IN AMERICA.

The memory of Schiller is revered by all who boast of Teutonic blood. Perhaps to this, more than any other, is attributable that high inspiration which pervades German song, and gives soul to its melody. The love of music is characteristic of Germans everywhere, and they are exerting a perceptible influence in the United States to propagate a love for that art without which a man is said to be "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." In this way they are, no doubt, contributing much to refine social usages and to rationalize enjoyments, especially among that class of population which can indulge in the luxury of song, even though precluded from all others. The proficiency which Germans make in vocal music was aptly illustrated on a recent occasion, at Cooper Institute, when the American part of the audience gave expression to both delight and surprise, as the sweet harmonies rose in such volume and power from a promiscuous assemblage. And we have still more notable instances, occurring in connection with the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth. Probably the musical festivities of the German Liederkranz and Saengerbund, last Wednesday and Thursday evening, were fully equal to anything of the kind ever given in this country. Among those present were Bancroft, the historian, William Cullen Bryant, and several other prominent men.

Having reference to the desirability of cultivating a correct musical taste among all classes, it is worth while to inquire into the organization, management, &c., of German musical associations, as conducted here and elsewhere. There are in New York city not far from thirty German societies for the culture of music, all of which meet twice a week respectively for practice, and once a month as a "Saengerbund" (or association in which the whole are united,) to rehearse the larger choruses, requiring many voices; and the latter body convenes once a year in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Cincinnati, forming a national organization quite numerous and thoroughly disciplined.

This is in accordance with the custom observed in Europe, except that the cities of Germany afford a much wider circuit for rotation. The individual societies number from twenty to eighty members, each of whom pays an entrance fee of two dollars, and twenty-five cent. per week subsequently, for the payment of the director. The latter is elected to hold office so long as the services are acceptible.

It is by such associations as these that Germans acquire celebrity as musicians. Their advantages in this country, however, are not equal to those enjoyed at home, where the ordinary occupations of the day are less engrossing. Moreover, in Prussia, at least, music is invariably made a part of common school education, it being customary to reserve one hour in the morning, immediately preceding the opening of the school, for musical practice.

Later in the day the blackboard is used for the study of the characters used in writing music.—In this manner every youth is trained from earliest childhood, so that often the families of those most humble in life and indigent in circumstances produce musicians of the first rank. Germans ridicule the attempts of Americans to promote "congregational" singing, while the subject receives such superficial attention, especially in the early stages of education. Certainly we may imitate them in several essential particulars, with advantage. The more we can place innocent methods of diversion within the reach of the less favored classes of population—that is to say, the great mass of the people—to that extent temptation to a vicious course of life will be diminished, and the interests of religion and morality promoted.—[N. Y. Jour. of Com.

NAPOLEON'S WAR HORSE.

Everybody has seen a copy, in some form, of the famous painting, "Napoleon's crossing the Alps," and everybody doubtless remembers the noble-looking white horse in the foreground, which bears upon his back the young general of the army of Italy, who leans upon the neck of his rearing steed, and points to the long lines of soldiers climbing by tortuous paths the steep and rocky passes of the Alps. This horse is not a mere artist's ideal, but was intended as a portrait of Napoleon's horse Superb. This beautiful animal was a light grey Arabian, about 15 3-4 hands high, slightly, but compactly built, possessing remarkable intelligence and great mascular power, combined with a nervous active temperament, and a strong vigorous constitution.

Superb was a great favorite with Napoleon, and accompanied him in many of his most successful campaigns. In 1813, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, he was captured by the Russian general Orloff, who kept him at St. Petersburg till 1834, when he was presented to the father of M. Tourmiaire, then manager of the imperial circus, a passionate lover and accomplished trainer of horses, and well known for his attachment to the memory of the great Napoleon. Gen. Orloff, in presenting the horse, said, "Jacques Tourmiaire, you were greatly attached to the late Emperor of the French, and your attachment honors you. You are known to be a favorite of horses; and, satisfied of the care he will receive at your hands, to you I confide this my greatest favorite. Superb is too slight for my use. I have grown too heavy for him. To sell him to a strange master is a fate to which I cannot think of subjecting him. To you therefore I intrust him, and as you loved him to whom he first belonged, you will, I am sure, cherish Superb for the memory of his owner, as well as for his own sake." The horse was well cared by his new master, who brought him upon the stage, and taught him to perform some light parts in pieces performed in the circus. Jacques Tourmiaire died in 1839, and left Superb to his son, who treated the veteran still with the tenderest care. He was subsequently exhibited in London, and other large cities.

Several years since we read a short history of this horse, published in an English journal, and if our memory serves us well, it was stated that he was foaled in 1802, and died in 1841, having lived to the exraordinary age of *thirty-nine* years.

A SEVERE RETORT.—A local minister in England, who was distinguished for his disinterested labor and ready wit, devoted several years of the last part of his life to gratuitous labor in a new church in a populous town about three miles from his residence, to which, place he walked every Lord's Day morning, preached three times, and then walked home One Lord's Day morning, as he walked along meditating on his sermons for the day, he met the parish priest.

"Well," said his reverence, "I suppose you are on your way to your preaching again?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply of the humbler minister.

"It is high time government took up this subject, and put a stop to this kind of travelling preaching."

"They will have rather hard work sir," replied the imperturbable minister.

"I am not sure of that," replied the priest; "at any rate, I shall see whether I cannot stop *you* myself."

"I judge," said the worthy man, "you will find it more difficult than you suppose. Indeed, there is but one way to stop my preaching, but there are three ways to stop yours."

"What, fellow, do you mean by that?" asked his reverence, in a towering passion.

"Why, sir," replied the little preacher, with the most provoking coolness, "why, sir, there is but one way to stop my preaching, that is to cut my tongue out. But there are three ways to stop yours. For, take your book from you and you *can't* preach, take your gown from you and you *dare* not preach, and take your pay from you and you *won't* preach!" The priest vanished.

AN INLAND SEA.—The *Alta* states that a salt water lake, or inland sea, has lately been discovered off the coast of Lower California. It is nearly one hundred miles long and twenty to fifty wide. The entrance to it is a little north of the 27th degree of north latitude; the channel crooked, narrow and shallow. The entrance is between low sand deposits not more than 1,000 yards apart, and the water at full tide is three fathoms deep, while at low tide it is not more than two. This sea abounds in cow whales between December and April, which go there to calve, and a whaling captain, who first discovered it two years ago, filled his barrels twice and in a very short time before the matter got out. It is a little south of Cedros Island.—[Sac. Union.

Roman Catholics, in Hungary make common cause with Protestants, several influential members of the two confessions dined together at Miscolez.

The line which divides some Christians from the world is very truly a mathematical line—without breadth or thickness.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

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Terms—For answering sealed letters, $1, and two postage stamps for an effort to give satisfaction; for $3 an answer will be *guaranteed*, or the money and letter will be returned within three months. For delineations of character $1—the name of the person must be sent, written with *ink*. For clairvoyant examinations by a lock of hair, $2; when present, $1,50. Prescriptions and medicines sent on reasonable terms. All communications promptly attended to. See in BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct 8th, "A Remarkable Test." Mr. F. also gives advice on business. 3m Dec. 10.

The Thinker; being the 5th volume of the "GREAT HARMONIA," by A. J. Davis, is just published and ready for delivery. Price $1 Single copies sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of the price. The usual discount on wholesale orders. Address Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston. 16tf

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n14tf

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Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

MISS MOULTON will hold circles in the first room on the second floor, No. 171, corner of Court & Sudbury streets, Boston, every Monday night, for trance speaking; every Sunday and Wednesday night, for miscellaneous communications; and every Friday for development, commencing at 7 1-4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cts. She will also give private sittings for the development of medium (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 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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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.]

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st, Sunday in Jan., at Cincinnati, 2nd., and 3d. Sundays, at Terre Haute, Ind., 4th. and 5th. Sundays, and at Chicago through February.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Stafford, Ct., Dec. 18th; in New Bedford, Sunday, Dec. 25th, in Portland, Me., the two first Sabbaths in January; in Willimantic, Ct., the two last Sabbaths of January; and in Bridgport, Ct., the four Sundays of February. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address at the above places and dates.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE speaks in New Orleans in December; all applications for Southern cities to be addressed care of N. C. Folgar, Esq, New Orleans. In Jan. and Feb. 1860, in Memphis and Cincinnati; in March, April, &c., in Philadelphia, Providence and the East.

Residence 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Mrs J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 11th; Lawrence, Dec. 25th, and Jan 1st.; Huntington, 8th; Moodus, Ct., evenings of 10th & 12th; Chickopee, 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 10 h—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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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