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6

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

We dwell within a Christian land;
As witnesses to this there stand
Churches, priests creeds on every hand;
But now the Master is away,
Who leads the Christians of to-day?

Enter, some sunny Sabbath day,
To while a vacant hour away,
The gorgeous temple where they pray;
And see the "man of God" arise,
The centre of admiring eyes.

'Mid rustling silk, and satin sheen—
While gleaming jewels glow between,
The humble worshipers are seen.
When Fashion's flag is wide unfurled,
Who are "the Church," and who "the world?"

Who that beholds their mansions stand
In pomp and pride throughout our land,
Would deem the Leader of *this* band,
Was that young Nazarene, who said
"I have not where to lay my head."

And glittering crowds for office wait
Around the door of Church and State,
While hungry beggars crowd the gate.
Not such a court did Jesus keep,
But left the order, "Feed my sheep."

"Follow your Leader!" his command
Rings clear and loud thro' every land,
Let priest and people by it stand;
That voice proclaims, "To others do
As ye would have them do to you."

Oh! if at last, a brighter light
Has dawned upon the world's long night,
See to it, warriors in *this* fight,
Apostles brave of Truth and Right,
At Reason's shrine who bend the knee,
See that your *words* and *deeds* agree.

VIRGINIA.

Tioga Co., Pa.

EDMUND BURKE'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that *sweetness* of temper, benevolence, innocence, it is all that sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to an admiration of every one. She has firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all that softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

THE OMEN FULLFILLED.—The handsome housekeeper of a Wensleydale farmer was tripping up stairs, when she slipped her foot and fell. "Hollon!" cries her master, "haye you fallen, Mary? That's a sign of a husband.' "So it is," says winsome Mary, laughing as she gathered herself up; "and I'm sure I can't think who it's to be, unless it's *you* master." "Well! *let* it be me?" was the response; and as Mary had no objection, the omen was fulfilled. Nor had either Mary or her mate reason to regret, ever after, the fall on the stairs.—[Gateshead Oberver.

A SERMON.

THE FALL OF MAN

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.—GEN. II. XVII.

The scriptures uniformly agree in representing man, as in some sense a fallen being. Among all the nations of antiquity, we discover distinct traces of the idea that the race originally existed in a state of immediate communion and oneness with God, enjoying a constant, undisturbed fruition of happiness; but that in process of time, man fell from his high estate, became submerged in the sensuous life, his being rent and distracted, as it now is, with discord, sin and misery. This opinion held a prominent place, not only in all the ancient religions, but also in the minds of all the eminent philosophers and poets of antiquity. It is only in quite modern times, that the opinion has gained somewhat extensive currency, that man is not a fallen being. According to the "development theory," so called, the human race is supposed to have been unfolded by regular gradations from the animal species. Man, at first, was but a step in advance of the brute creation. All subsequent development has been from crude, inferior stages toward the higher; and not, as the old theory has it, from a Paradisical state to a condition of sin and evil. Many liberal Christians, if they do not feel willing to adopt the idea, that man is but the spontaneous evolutions of animal, at least deny that we are fallen beings. They consider that the original condition of the race was far inferior to its present condition; that all subsequent progress has been upward, and not downward.

It is sufficient for me to state that I cannot reconcile the Scriptures with any other theory, than that in his primitive state, man existed in complete union, and in blissful converse with his Maker; and that, therefore, in his present condition, man is, in some sense, a fallen being. A superficial philosophy might lead one to reject this opinion, but I think the highest and sublimest philosophy would lead one to adopt it. I am very sure that the Scriptures cannot be fairly interpreted upon any other hypothesis. Not that the text and context appear to me to be taken in a literal sense, but that we do have here an allegorical representation of a great fact in man's history; that fact being the fall of man.

I have often hoped to be able, some day, to get at a more satisfactory view of man's fall, than any other of those theories which go current among us.

These theories are not satisfactory to me, and I know they are not to many others.

Whether I can offer a better solution of the problem, is a question, perhaps; but I desire at least, in the present discourse, to submit a few suggestions upon *The Fall of Man*.

Evidently, the better to understand the nature of his fall, we must attempt to gain a correct idea,—

1. *As to the Primitive Condition of Man.*

We have already seen, how universally the idea has been and is held, among all who have adopted the hypothesis of the fall in any sense, that the original state of man was that of complete union and converse with the Divine Being—that in consequence of this oneness with his Maker, man's nature was in perfect rest, free from discord, conflict, evil, and thus man was happy; at least an entire stranger to unhappiness. Now this conception of the Paradisical state, will be seen to harmonize with the uniform representations, which the Scriptures afford us. The Author of the Book of Genesis has portrayed man in Eden, as holding immediate, intelligent communion with God. God walks in the midst of the Garden, and superintends the labors of his creature, as a parent would watch over a child. Nothing can be more beautiful and yet sublime, than that picture respecting man's original close and intimate relation to God, which is given in the text and context. No two natures can be conceived to enjoy a sweeter, more absolute union, sympathy and converse, than that represented in the account before us, as primitively existing between the Divine and human nature.

But we may justly infer the state of man before the fall, from the various descriptions in God's word, respecting that final condition, to which the race is to be restored. It is the mission of Christ to restore man to his primitive relations to God.—What then, is that condition, to which Christianity aims to raise man? "Neither pray I for these alone," says Christ, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be *one in us*."

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God," says John, "and God in him." Paul conceives of man's final state as that where God is "all in all."

These Scriptures sufficiently indicate the uniform conception they inculcate, as to man's final condition. It is a state of complete union with God.

But as salvation only supposes a restoration to the primitive condition of human nature, we thus infer the nature of that primitive condition, as being one of entire union with the Divine Being.

Beside this, all the ancient religions, as well as the most eminent and renowned philosophers and poets of antiquity, entertained this conception precisely.

The Brahmin sought to re-unite himself to Brahma, the primal Spirit. Plato conceived the destiny of the soul tobe a re-union with the Deity. The Alexandrian philosophy taught the same doctrine. The Christian Fathers also inculcated it.

In fact, the Church almost universally, has conceived the primal condition of man to be one of complete union and communion with God.

This is the state to which it is the mission of Christ to restore the human race.

We may justly infer from this, therefore, that such must have been the primitive condition of man.

The communion of the Holy Spirit, being made partakers of the Divine Nature, are but anticipations of that restoration to blissful oneness with the Creator.

But the important question, demanding our especial notice here is, what are we to understand by this complete union once existing between man and Deity? In what sense were the human and Divine Natures one? A definite, intelligent answer to this inquiry will afford us the key to the whole subject of the fall of man. Let us, therefore, attempt to conceive that union, which is supposed to have originally existed between God and his creation; attempt to conceive the real true nature of it.

In the first place, man was not conscious that he possessed a will different, separate, distinct from the Divine Will. There was but one will in the Universe; and that was the will of God. How do we know this to have been the case? Simply from the fact that it is the aim of all religion to re-unite the human will to the Divine.

When the will of man and that of God, now running in different and opposite directions, finally approach and fall into one, this is considered uniformly the highest state of moral perfection which it is man's destiny to attain. "Not my will," says Christ, "but thine be done." "For God worketh in you," says Paul, "both to will and to do." These passages illustrate the destiny of man's will. It is to finally converge, fall into, be submerged into the will of God; and thus to become one identical with it. Man will not be conscious then, that he has a will, different distinct from the will of God. Such, therefore, was undoubtedly man's primitive condition in the Garden of Paradise. Thus, you perceive, in one respect, what was the nature of that union existing between the Divine and human existence. It was so complete, that man was unconscious of any will but that of God, which then wrought in man, both to will and do.

Allow me, however, to introduce an illustration here, which will prove in the end, not an illustration merely, but a strict, perfect analogy; and which will not only exhibit the entire union of man's will with the Divine, as the original natural relation subsisting between them; but this illustration will help our minds to gain that peculiar stand-point, from which alone, we can view this whole subject in its true light. Take then, the new-born child, as it lies passive, calm and quiet, in the maternal lap, or nestles to that cherishing breast, from which it draws nature's generous sustenance. That child is not yet conscious of a will of its own, distinct, separate from its parent's will.

More than this, that child has not yet learned to distinguish its being, its separate, personal existence, from the maternal being. Its spiritual existence is still, as it were, inbound, inwoven in the parental existence. Weeks, months and years will roll away, perhaps, before that budding intellect will rise to what we call self-consciousness; will learn to distinguish itself from others, even from surrounding objects, as a distinct, personal identity.

We here have an illustration of those primitive relations, which infant humanity sustained to God, when reposing, as it were, upon the lap of the Creator. It was then, that the new-born child of God lay sweetly, passively upon the breast of Infinite Love, and drew from nature's spontaneous products its material sustenance. The Divine Parental Eye watched over its opening destinies, and the Hand that made us, cradled us in the nursery of Eden. Man was not then conscious of a will distinct from the will of God; and more than this he could not have been conscious of a moral being, a spiritual existence, distinct from the Divine existence. This was that complete, childlike dependence on God, perfect union with him, and spontaneous sympathy and communion with the Creator, that I conceive to have characterized the first original condition of humanity.—The living, fresh, immediate pulsations between the two natures, had not yet ceased. God so dwelt in man, and man in God, that they were one.—The child reposed upon the Parental lap, unconscious of a separate moral existence at least from that of the Parent.

But the illustration here given is a strict, perfect analogy. God *is* the Parent of man. The parental relation is the only stand-point from which to gain a true insight into the subject before us. Observe a child, in all its primal innocence, reposing in its mother's arms. Watch the natural, gradual process by which that child comes to a consciousness of its separate, personal identity; by which at length, it comes to a knowledge of good and evil—observe this process silently going on in the internal being of that infant, and you have a perfect illustration of man's primitive relations to God, and how finally, those relations—that close bound tie—union of two beings, naturally and necessarily gave place to subsequent developments. I repeat it, the Paternal relation is the first, primal, fundamental relation existing between Deity and humanity.

It is the only stand-point from which this topic, the fall of man, can be seen to be perfectly philosophical, perfectly natural. Taking the more usual point of view, that God stood in relation to man, only as Creator, a kind of Artizan fashioning a heap of clay, and then breathing life into it; or that God was a mere arbitrary Sovereign, an ineffable, holy, just, infinite Being, man a little, frail speck of dust—any such distant, extrinsic, unnatural view of the original position these two natures held to each other, will effectually shut out all light from our subject. Look at man's primitive condition, interpret it through the Paternal relation.

Think of a child affectionately cradled in the arms of maternal love; think of the spiritual, the moral relations existing there, and this topic of the fall of man will be soon explained.

But having sufficiently indicated the condition of man before the fall, let us attempt to explain—

2. *The Nature of the Fall itself.*

It will undoubtedly help us to gain a clearer conception here, if we now take a brief view of man's present moral condition, in contrast with his Paradisical state. The difference between the two, will serve as a distinct outline of the nature and extent of the fall.

We can then easily trace that natural process, by which human nature has passed from one condition to the other.

It may be remarked, then, in the first place, that man is now conscious of possessing a will of his own, separate, distinct, and oftentimes opposed even, not only to the Divine will, but also to that of his fellow beings. Each one of us feels that he has a will entirely distinct from that of every other being in the Universe. Each one feels at times, a strong opposition and conflict existing between his own will and that of God; between his own and that of his fellow man.

How our experience in life tends to intensate the will; tends to draw it out into a bold, independent contrast and opposition to every other will. Witness the constant clash and conflict of human wills, in the social and business life of man. One opposes itself to the other, and the effect is to intensate both.

Now it is only by opposition, contrast, that a man can possibly distinguish his will, or even his own being, from that of another. For example, suppose I am about to perform a certain act. An individual steps forward, and says, Sir, you shall not do that; and he enforces his command with threats and unmistakable gestures.

Do you not see now, that the effect of this opposition to my will would naturally be to wake up a consciousness of its own separate, distinct identity? How quickly the mind would come to a knowledge of its own will in contrast with that of the other individual! How quickly, almost instinctively my whole being's force would rise in opposition and conflict with that individual before me!

Now every human being is daily conscious of just such an opposition of other wills to his own. God in his providence opposes our wishes, limits our desires, sets bounds to our attainments.

Man comes into conflict with us, competition, strife, opposition. Nature fixes limits, and opposes her hard, rude material to our endeavors to fashion her to our liking. All life constantly tends to develope, to intensate our individual wills, as distinct powers in contrast with, often in opposition to every other will in the Universe. This is man's present condition. How different from that original state, in which we have contemplated humanity in the Garden of Paradise.

But we become conscious, each of his own distinct personality, also, by means of this same opposition and contrast. You can easily perceive how a clash of interests and desires, a war of wills, will lead to a separation between two moral natures. Take two beings who love each other, between whom there is no opposition of feeling, desire, interest, or will, and you will see their beings gradually flow into blissful union. Each seems to the other, but a part of himself. But let opposition, strife, conflict grow up between those beings, and their moral natures begin to withdraw; to isolate themselves; to exhibit more and more a bold independence, difference, till absolute hatred, perfect separation ensues. This illustrates in another respect, the present condition of man in his relations to God. The opposition of man's will to the Divine will, has gradually withdrawn man from God; has isolated humanity from Deity. We now feel that there is a gulf fixed between our beings and the Divine Being.

We have fallen away from the Parental heart; there is estrangement between man and God; the two natures are no longer seen in complete union and oneness, but as utterly, totally distinct. How different from the original condition of humanity!

We have now traced the outlines, so to speak, of the fall of man, both as it respects its extent, and also its peculiar nature. But it remains to indicate that natural, gradual, necessary process, by which humanity has passed from its original condition into its present state and relationship to God.

Here, again, if we would attain any intelligent view, we must look at the subject, from the standpoint of the strict parental relation. Let us observe the process, by which a little child, gradually emerging from the dim, undefined consciousness of its first mortal existence, at length learns to distinguish its being, its will, from that of the parent. *Note the effect* of the first *parental command!* upon that child's internal being. It is wonderful. It is worthy of our close study and observation. The child is about to lay its mischievous hands upon some delicate household article, which the parent fears it will destroy. "Ah! ah!" says the parent, "mother's darling must not touch it!" But the child is yet unconscious of any difference between its will and its mother's will. It proceeds, as if to clutch its little hands upon

[Continued on 8th page.]

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.

Flora answered, saying, "I have listened to all that you have said—am surprised at what you tell me in regard to my son, and yet these things are too profound for my limited comprehension."

"No, they are not," he replied. "I say they are not; because there is no bound or limit to man's *capacity* for knowing! The Empire of Mind is vastly more extended than that of Matter, and it exists where substance is unknown—its sway unacknowledged. Mind is universal, Matter restricted; the former is a reality, the latter one of accidents. Being of Mind—man can know all he will, merely by putting forth his proper faculty in the right direction. He says he can never know Deity to the full, yet I hold even this conclusion to be premature and wrong; for certainly he may master the knowledge of matter, and having done this, can ascertain the attributes and powers of the Being who created it, and can study each of these in detail; the sum total will be a perfect perception and conception of Nature, Mind and Deity. True it may require myriads of ages to accomplish such a result, yet it is possible, and therefore can be done! Still you are right in saying that the things I reveal are too deep for your *present* capacity, for living as you do in an age pre-eminently utilitarian, your mind and that of most persons is so occupied with the merest trifles that the amazing power within, slumbers like a weary giant, and only once in an age doth a man awake, arise, and make the discovery, sometimes accidentally, that intellect is boundless. When such an one proclaims his triumph, he ceases to be regarded as sane till after Death calls for, and takes him away, and *then* whole nations prove that the only consistency of human nature is in its inconsistency; the genius *living* starved to death, but the genius *dead* has millions spent in his honor, memory and praise! Whole nations pour out their libations at the foot of his mausoleum, and the whole human race, assisting at his apotheosis, unite in proclaiming his "astounding virtues and most noble excellencies!" Yet it often happens that these really great men are the merest tyros—children—ignorant babes—compared to myriads of intelligent existences beyond the flimsy veil of life, who occasionally visit earth in search of contrasts. It is perfectly true that—

> "Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man unfold great Nature's law,
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And showed a Newton, as we show an ape!"

"Whoever wants knowledge may obtain it. There is no difficulty but may be surmounted; but the mass are content with little; they neglect themselves, and forget there is a vast ocean of Truth on all sides, whose waves are constantly beating against their rock-bound souls, and which only once in a while beats down the barriers of ignorance, and fills the little brains in their almost empty skulls! You were wrong, then, my daughter, to say this or that is too deep for you. Nothing is too deep to be grappled for, not even the awful mystery of Tak-a-lum, or the source and beginning of all existence in any form whatever. WILL TO KNOW and you shall not be disappointed. None but idiots tremble at a question; the true man laughs all obstacles to scorn!"

As these words fell from his lips a strange effect was produced. The speaker stood erect as a statue, his eyes flashed, his form dilated, his breast heaved like a tumultuous sea when the northern gales do blow; and the words seemed clothed in fiery garb, as they issued in burning streams from his excited lips. The effect was grand, terrible, and sublime. His emotion told plainly that there was a deeper meaning to what he said than struck the soul of his human auditor. There was something hidden from the first sense, of vast importance. What it was let the sagacious reader guess—if he can. On the three invisibles the effect was equally singular, for while the eyes of the children of the shining star became down-cast, those of the fiend in red fairly blazed with satisfaction. In both cases it was caused by the effect produced upon the woman Flora by the subtle words of the nameless one. When she heard that "There is no limit to the human intellect," and that "all knowledge was possible,—aye, within the grasp of all whoever had the courage to dare;"—when she comprehended that every obstacle between man and positive knowledge might be overleaped, her soul was in an instant glow, and at that moment she would freely have perilled her soul for KNOWLEDGE.—The end which her tempter sought was gained; he had succeeded in firing her with ambition, not for herself, but for the coming man, her boy, her child. Oh! should he but become as a God, I would willingly be blotted out!" she thought, but forgot that the chances were more than equal that he might become an infernal demon, instead. "Tell me," she asked, "whence came the powers of the Shadow, and where do its forces dwell."

"In the wandering stars, daughter, does the power of the Shadow dwell and hold its court until it has achieved a victory, and can rightfully claim the throne of Alcyone; when it does, and is superseded by a monarch of the light, it takes again its residence in the star, but of another and vastly superior universe, where it holds in perpetual fear the powers of the Light, who have ascended to the throne of the universe, whereof these stars are members. This is the truth, for I am obliged to answer you correctly!"

For perhaps half a minute Flora gazed steadily into the eyes of her strange guest, and then, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, she said, 'and this is really true? Are you not deceiving me? Can poor, weak man attain to the knowledge of Being? Is the human will so powerful? Is it true," she said. "Oh tell me! is it true that *nothing can escape the scrutiny of man if he so wills it?* answer ye me truly, I conjure you by the name of Jehovah;—by that dread power which lies at the base of all being, human, demoniac and divine! By Him I command you to tell me, is it possible for a human being in a single life-time to attain to a knowledge that shall constitute him regal monarch of all human thought and thinkers? If it is, then I forego all things else from this moment to attain it, in behalf of my child, and I will consecrate him to that great and wonderful destiny!"

A slight—very slight smile lit up the red gnome's features, as he replied, "Yea, daughter, all this is possible, and more, much more with it. Heaven cannot deny it, and Hell, if there be one, which I doubt, must *in this case*, speak the truth for once, and amply confirms my statements!"

"I believe you," she replied, and then relapsed into a revery, saying as she did so, "I will think, I will think of this!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE PANORAMA OF THE BYGONE YEARS.

The most powerful passion in the human breast, all other things considered, is probably that of Ambition. Indeed the rest may be set down as mere modifications of this kingly sentiment. And now, for the first time, this patent destroyer of human happiness agitated the bosom of Flora Beverly. The past, the present, and the future glided mistily before her mind's eye; and she beheld her son the victor in a race whose prize was Glory; and she saw him as the marked man amongst myriads—and she was glad. She hoped it might be so. Ah! reader, what did she not hope for that infant son? "Yes," she said aloud, after a few moments of abstraction, "I will think on what I have heard this night.—And now I will go on with my narrative.

"The child I saw in my vision was the image of my babe; so like indeed, that I should believe in your doctrine of Dualities were it not for three things; first, my child was not then in existence; second, twenty years have rolled away since the occurrence; and thirdly, the other was not a mortal child, but a something not shadow, not substance, yet perfect and real. It was not a spirit because it was tangible, and a spirit is not, having neither flesh nor blood; yet this mysterious child had *both*. It was not human, for human beings cannot, like it, fade away in a moment." Her guest laughed slightly at her reasoning.

She resumed. "It was on a bright autumnal day, in the early spring-time of my life, when the ripened fruit, the golden grain, the singing brook, and the happy birds, and all things, save men alone, proclaimed the goodness and greatness of Deity, that I walked upon the pebbly beach of Newport, Rhode Island. I was then young, healthful, nor had care yet made traces on my brow. My soul was spotless then, nor had sin yet stained my spirit, which was then as pure as that self-clearing ocean whose waves washed the sands at my feet, and surged the rocky shores of an entire world. My soul was like the sea which needs but the winds to break its calm and lash it into fury, and naught but sunshine to still it into bland and serene repose.—But that day the sea and my soul both were calm. The shelving beach was alive with bathers, full of glee and jocund mirth, dressed in fantastic garb, and filling the air with musical voices, trilling forth many a well-sung ditty. The placid water was dotted here and there with the boats of the fishermen plying their trade, and with the gaily painted pleasure-craft of the lordly merchant prince, the sails of whose ships whiten distant seas, whose keels plow many a thousand leagues of brine, in search of wealth to enable him here to flitter away life and time in frivolities, and the pursuit of the ever-escaping phantom, Pleasure.

"Seventeen summers had passed over me, yet ripening as they passed, and maturing my mind and body long before the usual time. People called me beautiful, yet I heeded them not, because I had no time to think about it, yet others had and did, to my everlasting grief and sorrow. Those who depended on prepared chalk, pearl, powder and rouge, red ribbons and flowers, for their good looks, hated me most cordially for no other reason than that, poor as I was, I bore off the palm, and the young men flocked around, and did homage at the shrine of *La Brunette*, as they styled me. I was not to blame; it was no fault of mine that people loved me. Generally I was placid and contented, if not happy; my spirits were buoyant because my health was good. But this was not to last long. Every month added to my beauty, and to the splenetic envy of those who chose to regard me as a rival.

"Envy, the accursed viper, crept in and stung me to the quick, the fiercer it rankled in *their* breasts; and this it was that first woke the tempests of my soul, and set its winds in play. Envy, the black and hideous gorgon-passion, which has destroyed the peace of the world, ruined *me* in its march. Envy, the root of all evil; which makes the rivers and the deep, deep sea run red with human gore; builds gibbets and thus hangs them full of festering carcases; which erects jails and immures therein man, unfortunate, desolate and deserted;—jails, wherein are often buried man's best and brightest hopes, because Envy has made society a hot-bed of unhealthy emulation, and consequent contention, robbery and crime, and which makes man a mere creature of a false society, which can only exist by perpetuating and envious brood. Even the churches emulate each other, not in saving souls, but in making show and vain display. It was envy that developed the poisonous breath which blighted many of my youthful hopes, for my rivals said, 'Heigh ho! Flora Beverley carries herself rather too proudly! she must be brought down a step or two!' And thereupon they began to study ethnological anatomy, and soon became adepts therein; nor were they long in celebrating their discoveries. 'She is not of *pure blood*, lineage or descent,' said they, 'for which reason she is not fit company for us. *She* indeed! Just look at her jet-black hair. She got that from her grandfather, who was an Indian. See her dark eyes. They came from her grandmother, who was a Loorish woman, from some place on the frontiers of Arabia and Persia. Note well her straight nose, high cheek-bones, olive complexion She inherits those from her father, whose father was a Moor, and a Moor is nothing but a straight-haired negro, as everybody must know, for Moroceo is in Africa. Negroes are Africans, therefore Moors are Negroes! Now look at her oval chin, her full eye, think skin, and ivory teeth. These she derives from her father's mother, whose mother in turn was a Creole; her's a quadroon; her's again *must* have been a mulatto; her's a negress, and'——that was enough! The ethnological deduction was complete and satisfactory. The work was done, and well done, too. They gave me a pedigree to suit themselves, taking care to twist a little truth till they had elongated it sufficiently for their purpose; a rival was removed and they probably slept sounder that night.

"These things are done daily, without compunction, by women who, one hour thereafter, look the very pictures of innocence and generosity, as they lounge and languish on the sofas of some fashionable drawing-room, fishing for flats and gudgeons of the sterner but by far the *softer* sex! More men are seduced by women than women by men, yet, when playing the dangerous game, they chance to *overdo* the thing, and fall in the net laid for others, they invariably throw the blame on the intended victim, whom the whole world pursues vengeance-intent to the prison or the death, and then it exclaims. 'Outrage has been redressed; virtue wronged has been avenged!' Injured innocence indeed!—Paugh! My enemies had reasoned well and wisely; they had struck the right chord at the proper place in the right time, as all will admit who are at all acquainted with society in the 'Free and Independent States of North America,' where the slightest difference in color from the accepted standard, actually amounts to a sentence to the social death; and after such a sentence has been cast, even if it be proved unjust or unfounded, it matters not; the suspected can never regain the lost place. It is a spectre that never leaves its victim, but clings like a shadow, and haunts until the dying day. The set of 'earthly angels' destroyed me completely in my seventeenth year. I was excommunicated; the doors of polite society were barred against me. My crime was being prettier than they, and in having an olive tint, rather too fascinating to mankind to suit their polished tastes. They found fault with the handiwork of Jehovah, and doomed me to guiltless infamy, and for no fault of mine was I made to sup sorrow to the dregs. At the time that I walked upon the beach at Newport, the thing was just being hatched, and I often sought some retired spot, where I could assuage my grief, and cry myself to quietude or sleep, forgetting for the time the sting of some ungenerous taunt or fling at myself, or the mother who bore me; taunts always thrown by some dear and tender-hearted member of the gentle sex. Gentle and tender, forsooth! Too much blame is constantly laid to the charge of the male, and far too little to that of the female portion of society. Woman makes man what he is, because she forms society; because she has the shaping of his body, mind and morals, and therefore she is the real power in the State, yet knows it not; when she does, and fulfills the mission God intended when he made her,

> 'Will the reign of mind begin on earth,
> And starting forth as from a second birth,
> Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
> Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.'

"Being somewhat weary with my long walk, I sat down upon a rugged projection of rock to rest awhile. As I did so a train of thought passed before my mind, and I began to muse on life and love; for I had just began to learn somewhat of that strangest, weakest, fiercest, gentlest, simplest, yet profoundest paradox or passion ever known to men or angels. I was brimming full of love, and felt that I would give worlds for something on which to pour it, and from which to receive it in return.

"There is a period in mortal life when every soul feels this, its greatest need—a something to love and be loved by, and I had just reached that period of life. Happy indeed is that fortunate being who then attains its fond desire. It is seldom such an one exists. Many imagine they have attained the golden fruit, but are disappointed. If really found, their shining sun can never set again; but if not, then the poor one plods on through life midst sorrow, woe and gloom; or if a smile decks the outer features, 'a worm in secret gnaws within.'

"My soul poured forth its rich treasures in one unbroken stream, in search of a resting place, but found it not. Bianca, in the Tragedy of Fazio, says to her recreant lord, when she suspects that he has trifled with her, whose whole soul had been poured into what proved to be a worthless receptacle,

> 'Fazio, thou sett'st a fever in my brain;
> My lips burn at the thought:
> I had rather thou wert in thy winding-sheet
> Than that bad woman's arms; I had rather grave worms
> Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses!
> Take heed! We are passionate; our milk is love
> Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
> The fondest are most phrenetic. Where the fire
> Burneth intensest, there the inmates pale
> Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
> If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
> Will give us their unruly, restless nature;
> We whirl and whirl; and where we settle, Fazio,
> But He that ruleth the mad winds can know.
> If ye do drive the love out of my soul,
> That is, its motion, being, and its life,
> There's be a conflict, strange and horrible,
> Among all fearful and ill-visioned fiends,
> For the blank void; and their mad revel there
> Will make me —— oh, I know not what!'

"I felt that, should I find an object upon which to place my love and trust, and that object should prove a Fazio, that I could and should be a second Bianca to the recreant; life cease to be worth having, and 'chaos come again.' My father once told me that in Samarcand he met with an old and very learned Brahmin, who told him many mysteries, and amongst other things was the singular statement that when a spirit full of Love is denied its fruition on earth, after it reaches a certain age, a gradual and terrible change takes place in its nature; it ceases to be human and becomes a demon. Nay, worse than that still, 'For,' said the Brahmin, 'when a soul can find *no* response, it begins to feed upon itself, and when it does so, it is gradually, but surely being transformed into a Ghoul—a fearful Vampyre, whose food is human hearts; which exists but to destroy, and the blight of whose presence is felt for ages on the spot where once they trod," and which agrees with what you have yourself declared.

"Well, as I sat there upon the rock, the warm and bounding blood shot through me; my heart leaped, and my soul hugged the hope that I should yet find something to love and be loved by. As I looked out upon the waters a tiny shallop, urged by a single pair of oars, appeared like a speck in the distance. As it lightly rode upon the bosom of the sparkling wave, it looked like a fairy bark guided by elfin hands.—Slowly it approached a point of land that jutted out into the sea, a little to the left of where I sat. As it neared me I saw that the oarsman was an old white-haired man, whose silvery locks floated with the breeze as he rowed along. Though aged he was manifestly vigorous, as was evinced by the ease with which he mastered his little wherry, and landed despite the combing surges, whose white foam fringed the beach and which constituted the chief attraction to the hundreds of bathers there assembled. He landed safely, and after drawing his boat out of the water, slowly bent his steps towards me. With the freedom of youth to age, as soon as he came within gun-shot I said—'Well, old father, you came pretty near upsetting as you breasted that last roller, did you not?' 'No, child,' he replied, 'I never upset—never even fill—those who do are unskilful; care surmounts all obstacles; and whoever starts out upon the calm sea, the tempest-tossed ocean, or the still more boisterous and uncertain stream of life, without due care, forecast and preparation for what *may* happen—who neglects to provide against real, apprehended or possible danger, betrays a lack of wisdom, paucity of common sense, and is an unworthy mariner, take him at the best. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty. It may be so, as it certainly is that of success, whether in steering a skiff or governing a State. It is a trite and valuable maxim that whoever would escape danger, and make every step and stroke *tell* and count *one*, must carefully count the cost of every anticipated movement, and weigh well the chances for and against success. He must study well every chart of experience, drawn by others who have sailed the same sea.—Each shoal and sand-bank must be well marked and remembered; every risk be properly considered, and then, but not till then, may the voyage be commenced, or any one aspire to the rank of a true seaman, be the bark one of wood and iron, or flesh and blood—the port of destination, distant climes beyond the salt sea, or the dark and misty shadow-land, about which holy men talk so much, yet know so very little!'

"I confessed that I looked up at my new acquaintance in great surprise at the novelty of his conversation. It was clear in a moment that he was not one of the fishermen who ply their craft off the beach, for his language was as unlike theirs as possible. His thoughts were of a different and superior model. I concluded that he was a stranger in those parts, out for a sail, and probably a learned professor of a college—many of which are to be found in the eastern States. I kept my thoughts to myself however, and said, 'Oh then, you, who are so wise, have never made a misstep or a mistake—have never been cast away, or foundered in the gale, because you have *always* foreseen what might occur, and therefore have taken measures against every emergency, and of course, have always escaped. You have never been cast upon the bleak coast, nor felt the plank upon which rested life's last, desperate hope, being swept from your grasp, and death staring you in the face, while above you the sea-eagle screamed with glee at the prospect of a fattening feast, when the waves and the strong wind should fling your lifeless form upon the rock-bounded shore—or the still fiercer denizens of the briny deep, eagerly watched and waited for the next friendly billow to tilt your plank a *little more*, only just a *little* more, and deliver you a sacrifice to their vengeance, for daring to invade the dominions of the Sea-King? 'None of this,' I said, in a tone of half-railing irony, provoked by his implied boast, 'has ever happened to you. Nor have you ever loved—or had your soul's most sacred trust trampled, scorned and spat upon as a worthless thing! In short, old man,' and I rose as I spoke, for a strange fervor animated me, 'you have always been happy—you never lost a near and dear one—never regretted any step once taken.—Your forecast has ever enabled you to escape disaster, and come out whole and unscathed from every encounter.' I said this in a tone that plainly showed I would disbelieve him, if he answered 'yes,' for I felt indignant that any human being should have the effrontery to lay claim to a perfection so far beyond what I conceived possible for any to attain.

"The old man remained silent for a few minutes, cast his eye along the beach, then seated himself by my side and said,—'Daughter, look at yonder kelp and weed-covered rock, and tell me what lesson it teaches thee.' 'Nothing,' I replied, 'except that rocks and sea-weed love each other just as human beings do!' 'True, my daughter,' he said; 'most true; thou hast answered well, yet albeit they cling to each other in love's fond embrace, yet it is as positive a certainty that the next gale will tear them asunder, as that it will ere long blow. Even so it is with human lives, loves, hopes. All nature is said to be a vast system of marriages by those wondrously silly people whom the world calls Philosophers, among whom are those gigantic dwarfs and colossal pigmies, Bacon, Kant, Newton, Oken, Goethe, Schiller, Descartes, Leibnitz, Compte, Coleridge, Wolfe, and the 'god-intoxicated' Spinoza. These philosophists have acceded to this doctrine, and with an undivided voice proclaimed it to be self-evident. Not even excepting the boasted sciences, number, chemistry, mathematics. All things prove one another, and can not demonstrate

themselves, for the reason that something outside must be assumed; as for instance the point and line in geometry, and the substratum in chemistry. The idea so prevalent in these latter days concerning all nature being a system of marriages between positive and negative forces, principles, essences, elements, beings and things, minus and plus, male and female, truth and good, and so on to the end of a remarkably long chapter, is the very acme of ridiculous ignorance and absurdity. It is the most illogical and untenable position ever assumed by the human intellect.—Marriage everywhere stands for life, but all things incontestably prove that death alone is the positive power in the universe, and which is ever gaining the victory over it. No sooner is a man born than every particle of his body begins a destructive war with its fellow particle, and his very soul struggles incessantly for freedom from what it instinctively feels to be an unnatural thralldom. True, the contest is often prolonged for three score years and ten, yet death at last, not only gains the victory, but causes man himself to triumph in his own negation. Death trebly triumphs; and as he grimly marches through the universe, boldly and defiantly proclaims open undisguised war on all that God himself hath made! Now like unto that rock and its bride the sea-weed, is humanity. Man loves; love is life; yet no sooner is the sweet passion born than up leaps a host of its deadly foes, headed by Death's prime ministering triumvirate, Jealousy, Distrust and Hatred, and lo! Life and Love pale, shrink, wither up and die! He who dares to hope for Love's fruition is just as surely doomed to disappointment and regret, as is smoke prone to ascend, or heat to rarify the air he breathes. Ever since this world begun Love has been attended by two pleasures and a score of pains; any one of the latter outweighing both the former.—Thus hath it ever been, and that it will ever thus continue, may, from past experience, reasonably be inferred. Daughter, thou art young in years, but mature in understanding; and hence I talk to you the language of philosophy, and tell thee that nothing ought to be so clear to man as the fact of his own ignorance of the stupendous machine about him, and a constituent pivot of which he is himself. Yet nothing is half so clearly seen by higher souls as man's pride and self-conceit—an absurd self-satisfaction with his own proficiencies. He foolishly imagines his science to be positive and unerring in its deductions, in the very face of the fact every day revealed, that such is not the case, and consequently that his science is no science at all, but merely the crude elements which will require long ages to become purified of error, and worthy the dignity of real science. At present he calls a mere chapter of coincidences, many of which are no doubt surprising, by that dignified title

"'Death is positive, and life negative, throughout the world. The seed becomes a tree, that tree new soil, that soil new trees, which rot and decay continually; thus proving that death forever conquers life.—Most men fear death, loss and pain, and they fall victims to all three. I, on the contrary, defy them all, and that is the reason my boat never sinks, and why I am always calm and happy. I have therefore an elixir vitæ which never fails. I believe devoutly in singleness, selfishness; and Death, which is Nature's prime mover, passes me by, nor offers to molest his worshipper. Let nature presume to celebrate a marriage and straightway Death proclaims Divorce. He will not have it. Time wears out the diamond; marble rots with age, and all things yield to the invincible power of Dissolution. Look around you and see the proofs on every side, my child and learn to love not, hate not, fear not, marry not; and in all things be supreme mistress; lean on yourself and so shall ye grow strong, and the years roll by, leaving you unscathed.'

"As the old man spoke, his mien and gestures grew most elegant, and although I trembled, and the blood ran chill in my veins as he announced his weird, and as I thought, blasphemous doctrines; yet, for the life of me, I could not help wishing to hear more. I was gratified. He went on, saying:—

"'Impartial judgment, daughter, requires calm deliberation, and by adopting the habit we correct many of our errors, and exert a beneficial influence on all others. I have not revealed my conclusions prematurely; they are the convictions of ages of experience, rather than the results of passing cogitations. In the years that have rolled away since first I had a being, I have seen hundreds, nay, thousands, perish at the very moment of what they thought a triumph; I have beheld great nations rise, culminate, and, at the instant of their completest grandeur—their greatest apparent solidity, burst asunder, like a descending meteor, and like it, too, vanish and disappear forever in a blaze of —— Glory! They go and leave, for a time, a trace or vestige, but they soon give place to vague and mythical traditions that 'once upon a time such a notion did exist.'

"'Many people run wild with the notion that Progress is an actual fact. There is no such thing. It is merely apparent, and that which seems so, is but the reproduction of a new field, and reflection in the mirror of the Present, of the facts, the ever recurring facts, of Past ages. They merely indicate that time has performed one more round, revolved once again on its own axis, and once more reached the same old point, bringing a repetition of the same old phenomena; the only difference being that there are not the same eyes to see, ears to hear, souls to suffer, hearts to enjoy, that were there before. The awe-struck millions, recognizing change, foolishly imagine it is Progress, simply because the records of *their* past, which stretch backward but a very little way, present an unfavorable contrast to the present. They accept the latter as a positive confirmation of their silly notions. There is a kind of progress indeed; for there is more of misery, sorrow and crime; more sick souls and breaking hearts than there ever were before, and more life for death to feed upon. And individual depravity to-day, is the same that it ever was, only that the aggregate is greater, because there are more people in the world. Look at it! look at society! look at man, and then ask, where is Progress? Hollow echo answers, Where?

"'You asked me if I had ever loved, and I answer yes; and like all other fools, as I then was, imagined that I had but to put the chalice to my lips, drink, and be forever blest. I did so, expecting to satisfy the thirst divine. Fool! The draught savored more of gall and wormwood than rosy nectar, and my downy couch of sweet perfumes, proved a bed of foul corruption, infinitely worse than the blackest death.—I have played the game of life twice over. The first time, loss succeeded loss, and its product was regrets, bitter, bitter regrets. The second time I played it, and won—still win, and henceforth can never lose; and why? Because this time all the former processes were and are reversed in all respects. Daughter, it was to talk with you that I rowed my shallop hither. I know your history well; because all the town does so. I know more; for I understand your mind, your wants, joys, hopes, troubles, fears and griefs. In my boat is a most excellent telescope, through which, as I sat upon the waters, I observed you coming down the hill. I am known as the 'old man of the mill;' I take a great interest in you, and will serve your interests well in consequence. I am an old man, and the repository of strange knowledge, much of which I shall impart to you, because then you will rise above the chagrins you now feel in consequence of the persecutions you endure on account of your beauty, lineage and accomplishments!'

"With these words he rose from the rock and taking me by the hand, gently directed our steps toward the hill. As he touched me, a strange and involuntary shudder ran over me, a cold clammy sweat oozed from my forehead, and at the same instant I thought I distinguished a voice, so low and faint that it could scarcely be heard, whisper in my ear this remarkable sentence. '*The clock strikes one*!' I started back on hearing it, and again it spoke, saying, 'The person at your side, having the characteristics of an old man, is not such! He is not a thing of earth, but is a moving carcase—a walking corpse—a relic of the days gone by—he is a horrible thing—a tempter—a demon—an unlicensed visitor to earth from regions dark and terrible. Feel his hand. It is that of a mummy—food for worms. There is no warmth in it, nor a pulsation, nor a drop of blood. Observe his ochre-hued visage; doth it not smack of the musty grave?—of the charnel house?—of death? Doth he not smell of rotting flesh and corruption? Woman, the being by your side is a vampyre—a ghoul from Tartarus. Take heed! beware, beware!'

"Was it my good angel come to warn me? Is it the voice of Heaven? I asked myself. I could testify on oath that I heard the words I have repeated, and yet I concluded that my girlish fears had taken that shape, and I resolved not to be frightened till something more positive should occur. Besides it was broad daylight, and at least two thousand persons were on the road to and from the beach. Three singular things struck me, however, very forcibly, and yet did not make the impression that I afterwards wished they had; at least I did not pay the attention to them that I ought. These circumstances were: first, on looking back I found that the little skiff in which my companion landed had disappeared; secondly, although I could hear the sound of my own foot-falls, yet I could not detect his; and thirdly, although we met many persons whom I knew, and who nodded to me, yet not one seemed to take the slightest notice of my companion, and one girl said to me, 'why Flora, where are you going to all alone?' It was certainly very strange, dont you think so?" * * * * * The man in red, her grim auditor, smiled assent, and the three invisibles in the room seemed highly interested.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUNSET ON THE HILL.

"Amongst men some strange theories arise."
SOCRATES.

"When a man begins to think, then there is hope of that man; but whoever can and will not think, proves himself a fool, a bigot and an ass!"—[From Zerazh, a Spiritual Tragedy by P. B. Randolph.

Human nature is a strange jumble of contradictions. A human being can both love and hate the same being, or thing at the same time. The injured wife both loves and hates, detests, yet cherishes the husband who betrays, tramples on her affections, and forsakes her couch for the marketable arms and bought embraces of another;—a habit by the way to which there are too many who addict themselves. "'Tis not so," says one; "prove it," says a second. "*Facts are stubborn things!*" I reply. But perhaps after all "Whatever *is* is right;" at least, such practices are the legitimate result, and perfectly natural consequence of the present civilization. They are results to be expected and looked for, just as long as the world is on its present social plane, and community goes forward under the guidance of its present principles; and while it abides by its present motto of "every one for himself, and ruin take the hindmost." Another illustration of the truth of the two first lines of this chapter is to be seen in the case of the bird when fascinated by a serpent. It unquestionably feels a deep terror, which is evinced by its flutterings and efforts to break the magic spell which binds and lures it to destruction; and yet it is equally unquestionable that the feeling which attracts the victim is nigh akin to love; at least it is based on a something which in the similar case of human beings, is known by that appellation—a sense of delight and affection, mingled with apprehension in its attraction towards its bitter and implacable foe. From observations which I have made, I incline to the belief that human beings love each other in exact proportion to the mental resemblances between them; and this constitutes the point of attraction; deduct these similarities from the sum total of human nature, and the balance may be equally divided between indifference, or the passive state induced by the neutralizing effect of certain qualities upon each other, and the antipodal or repellant effect, mutually exercised by virtue of the differences existing naturally and organically. This is the point of Repulsion and Hatred. Sometimes in a wedded pair, the attraction and repulsion are exactly in equilibrio, and then they get along through life in a so-soish sort or fashion, sometimes hot and as often cold; like and dislike, love and hate, sugar and salt, bitter and sweet, up hill and down dale, ever and anon. If they agree in seven points and differ in six, there will be a little more sunshine than shade; but if the preponderance be the other way, then good-bye peace! heaven takes its leave and hell assumes the right of rule!

As Flora walked along, she could not help feeling an equal degree of love and fear toward her grey-haired companion.—Had they both been in operation one moment in equal force, one would have neutralized the other and left her free to act. But it was not so. Both predominated by turns; neither could she get rid of the notion that the mysterious voice might have been a real one, despite her doubts as to its origin;—a real being warning her of some impending danger. There are but few persons of ordinary intelligence but can tell of an experience, which if not similar, at least resembles Flora's.

What and whence are these mysterious warnings? Come they from the spirits of dead friends? Are they angelic visitations? Who can answer? The fact that they do come is unimpeachable.

"I felt," said Flora, "like a fascinated bird, as we slowly wound up the hill, past and to the left of Stacy's Fairy-Bank Cottage. My companion said nothing. He possibly saw that I wondered whether he too had heard the voice, and knew that a sentiment close akin to terror had taken hold of me. He looked upon me, and his glances wore the expression of pity and parental tenderness. I thought he looked at times dark and mysterious, and that what the voice had said concerning his touch was true; but then again I laughed at myself for being so exceedingly stupid and superstitious as to believe a tenant of the grave could walk by my side in broad-day-light. And yet the fact of the people not noticing him, and the girl asking me where I was going 'all alone,' rather troubled me, to say the least. It was not fear that I felt, but a something like it totally undefinable. I wanted greatly to go to my home, and yet could not prevail on myself to leave his side. Perhaps, I said to myself, I merely imagine this old man of the mill, as he calls himself, to be a monster, because I have always been fond of throwing a supernatural drapery about every circumstance out of the usual course of things, for when a little child, my father often took me upon his knee, and made my blood curdle at his stories of fairies, ghosts and demons. These tales had always been a great attraction to me, as they are to nearly everybody else; and whenever I was desired to be particularly diligent, nothing was half so sure of effecting it, as the promise of another of those deliciously-terrible phantom stories.

"To all mankind, savage, civilized, learned or illiterate, the supernatural has a charm, come in whatever shape it may, and over the mind it exerts an influence well nigh invincible to all the attacks of logic and reason. Nothing is so hard to conquer as superstition, and when once ablaze in the soul there's nothing sufficiently potent to quench its flames, and there is far more superstition in christendom than the learned are willing to admit, and I assert that nearly every popular religious notion and theological opinion has more of this element in it than it has of scientific or rational certainty.

"When we reached the summit of the hill, a magnificent scene of glory burst upon our view. The sun was just sinking to rest beneath a canopy, whose curtained hangings were of the rarest crimson, scarlet, purple, violet, amethyst, silver, blue, and gold. Oh! what a heavenly sight it was! And he threw back upon his pathway such a radiant flood of golden beams, which pierced and rested on the clouds, the sea, the hill-tops in the distance, and the white sails on the bosom of the deep; the effect was such as to entirely dispel the oppressive feeling I had endured since I left the beach; for I said, surely God, who shines on all things, will never take his rays off my soul. Silently my spirit poured itself forth toward the Maker, and I was disburdened of the gloomy mantle that had enshrouded it.

(*To be Continued.*)

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—At this point I questioned the author as to how he knew this latter fact, and how he knew conversations which had taken place forty years previous to the present time, and twenty before he was born. He answered "My mother in years afterwards received the whole account from a source to be relied on, namely: she acquired the power of *reading the past*, and impressed it upon me by relating it to me when in the magnetic slumber, repeatedly, and *willing* me to remember it forever. So far you understand how I know about what was concealed from mortal vision. Second, as far as regards myself, I am a dying man, and as I turn the eyes of my mind backward over the years that have fled forever, every incident, however trival, that has ever occurred to me—every word spoken by me or to me, I see written on a musty scroll.

"I will reveal to you an arcanum! The soul of man is a substance, soft, plastic, yet enduring, and every human experience actually engraves itself upon that substance, and when in life the soul becomes positive to its body—and conditions, it can at will read this vivographic writing." This is the philosophic explanation he gave me.

[From the Investigator.]

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

It has been said, with an air of triumph wholly unwarranted by the importance or weight of the argument, that the almost universal prevalence of religious notions and opinions, in all ages and nations of the world, proves that religion must have emanated from a direct revelation. But the argument, by proving too much, proves nothing.—If the position be sound, it would prove that all the various, discordant, and contradictory religions which have ever existed, whether they propose the belief of one God or of twenty Gods; of the divinity of an idol or of a white bull; of a grand lama, or of the tooth of a monkey, are equally the effect of revelation. It would prove that a belief in witches, fairies, hobgoblins, sorcery, divination, and a thousand other vagaries, equally universal and equally absurd, originated in revelation. Nay, it would go still further, and prove that those two passions, or affections of the human mind, *hope* and *fear*, were the effects of divine revelation: for it is matter of moral demonstration, that in these two principles originated the first crude, but powerful notions of human religion in the human breast.

The least reflection on the part of any human being, would suffice to convince him, that not only his own frame, with its wonderful mechanism, but that the earth on which he trod, with its endless display in things animate and inanimate, were not the work of his hands, nor the creature of his contrivance. He must at once perceive that it required wisdom and power incomparably superior to his own, to conceive and to produce them. Here then, is the first simple but inevitable idea of a superior Being—of a God; an idea requiring no of divine revelation to originate it, than does the idea of using artificial covering to protect us from the inclemency of the weather. Again: man found himself operated upon by certain visible agencies, which affected him, without his being able to affect or control them. Thus, the lightning destroyed, the thunder terrified, the clouds drenched, the winds shook, and the sun warmed and enlightened him. He was subject to their influence and control; he saw all nature around him, in a greater or less degree subjected also to their influence and control: and he made Gods of some, perhaps of all of them.

"Thus the poor Indian with untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind"

Now, nothing is more natural, than for an inferior and dependent being to desire to propitiate one who is superior and whom he conceives to be the arbiter of his destiny. Hence arose prayers penances, and oblations, to avert the frowns or to invite the smiles of the supposed deities—of deities who, as they were created by the first rude efforts of man's reason, were naturally endowed with his passions and propensities.

Here we have a faint and brief, but correct picture of the *origin of religion* in the human mind. A picture, the faithful lineaments of which are abundantly conspicuous in the ancient history of all the great nations, as well as petty tribes of antiquity, from the minor hordes of Canaan to the more powerful and more polished, as well as more recent nations of Greece and Rome; and the original of which remains, even to this day, among the inhabitants of central India, of the islands of the South Sea and the Pacific, of nearly the whole of Africa, and among the aborigines of our own continent.

"What then can be done with the negroes that will not make their condition worse than it is now?"
Cor. Spiritual Age.

Give them freedom. Strange indeed must be the state of men to whom freedom would bring a worse condition than that of slavery. Are they not of an inferior race, undeveloped and crushed already by subjebtion? And does this make their enslavement to the superior race a necessity? Rather should the relationship of the strong to the weak be that of protection and guardianship.

While the enslaved in this country, if freed, would be under the protection of our laws, like other men; while they might be educated and developed, and full scope, comparatively, given to all their powers; they would lose nothing which they now have.

Their labor would still be as necessary to the world; and self interest urges to action quite as well as force. Whatever advantage they now gain from association with the whites, as slaves, they might the better do, as freemen.

The slave unfettered and allowed to stand on his feet must grow stronger. Yet, while weak and unenlightened, he could lean, as before, on superior strength and wisdom, in accordance with the social and legal relations which exist among the free.

The progressed should guide the less unfolded; not as his master, but as his friend and brother.

Did the freed man need less support than when in bonds. Wherein a man can strengthen himself from his own manhood, is it not better that he should do so? There will then be more help for him, wherein he lacks.

The philanthropist sees much that may be done for man, both bond and free, which would not render his 'condition worse than now;" but freedom is one of our first requisites to progress.

Though it must be admitted that the free men of our present civilization are far from being really free, its slaves are still less so.

And were it true that from some strange cause, there are those for whom liberty is not so well, as slavery; they should speedily be brought up from the mysterious lower deep in which men are, by those who comprehend its existence; that so they may be fit for that estate of freedom which, by divine law, is the true element of all things else it the Universe.

MAUD.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.—Everybody knows the meaning of the word Quiz or Quizzing. But its origin is not generally known. The word Quiz is comprehended as soon as pronounced, in London, New York, San Francisco, Melbourne or Calcutta.

Our attention has recently been called to this mischeivous little word by an article in an old English Magazine. Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings as this monosyllable; and however strange the word, it is still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious; it is because it had no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known, from the Babylonish confusion to this day.

When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken all through the principal streets of Dublin by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language; wagers were laid and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and dispatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and shop window in town. Shops being shut all next day, everybody going to and coming from their different places of worship, saw the word; and everybody repeated it, so that the word was heard all through Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window, caused much surprise; and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed as current, it draws forth the expression, "you are quizzing me."

He is truly wise who can endure evil and enjoy good.

themselves, for the reason that something outside must be assumed; as for instance the point and line in geometry, and the substratum in chemistry. The idea so prevalent in these latter days concerning all nature being a system of marriages between positive and negative forces, principles, essences, elements, beings and things, minus and plus, male and female, truth and good, and so on to the end of a remarkably long chapter, is the very acme of ridiculous ignorance and absurdity. It is the most illogical and untenable position ever assumed by the human intellect.—Marriage everywhere stands for life, but all things incontestably prove that death alone is the positive power in the universe, and which is ever gaining the victory over it. No sooner is a man born than every particle of his body begins a destructive war with its fellow particle, and his very soul struggles incessantly for freedom from what it instinctively feels to be an unnatural thralldom. True, the contest is often prolonged for three score years and ten, yet death at last, not only gains the victory, but causes man himself to triumph in his own negation. Death trebly triumphs; and as he grimly marches through the universe, boldly and defiantly proclaims open undisguised war on all that God himself hath made! Now like unto that rock and its bride the sea-weed, is humanity. Man loves; love is life; yet no sooner is the sweet passion born than up leaps a host of its deadly foes, headed by Death's prime ministering triumvirate, Jealousy, Distrust and Hatred, and lo! Life and Love pale, shrink, wither up and die! He who dares to hope for Love's fruition is just as surely doomed to disappointment and regret, as is smoke prone to ascend, or heat to rarify the air he breathes. Ever since this world begun Love has been attended by two pleasures and a score of pains; any one of the latter outweighing both the former.—Thus hath it ever been, and that it will ever thus continue, may, from past experience, reasonably be inferred. Daughter, thou art young in years, but mature in understanding; and hence I talk to you the language of philosophy, and tell thee that nothing ought to be so clear to man as the fact of his own ignorance of the stupendous machine about him, and a constituent pivot of which he is himself. Yet nothing is half so clearly seen by higher souls as man's pride and self-conceit—an absurd self-satisfaction with his own proficiencies. He foolishly imagines his science to be positive and unerring in its deductions, in the very face of the fact every day revealed, that such is not the case, and consequently that his science is no science at all, but merely the crude elements which will require long ages to become purified of error, and worthy the dignity of real science, At present he calls a mere chapter of coincidences, many of which are no doubt surprising, by that dignified title

"'Death is positive, and life negative, throughout the world. The seed becomes a tree, that tree new soil, that soil new trees, which rot and decay continually; thus proving that death forever conquers life.—Most men fear death, loss and pain, and they fall victims to all three. I, on the contrary, defy them all, and that is the reason my boat never sinks, and why I am always calm and happy. I have therefore an elixir vitæ which never fails. I believe devoutly in singleness, selfishness; and Death, which is Nature's prime mover, passes me by, nor offers to molest his worshipper. Let nature presume to celebrate a marriage and straightway Death proclaims Divorce. He will not have it. Time wears out the diamond; marble rots with age, and all things yield to the invincible power of Dissolution. Look around you and see the proofs on every side, my child and learn to love not, hate not, fear not, marry not; and in all things be supreme mistress; lean on yourself and so shall ye grow strong, and the years roll by, leaving you unscathed.'

"As the old man spoke, his mien and gestures grew most elegant, and although I trembled, and the blood ran chill in my veins as he announced his weird, and as I thought, blasphemous doctrines; yet, for the life of me, I could not help wishing to hear more. I was gratified. He went on, saying:—

"'Impartial judgment, daughter, requires calm deliberation, and by adopting the habit we correct many of our errors, and exert a beneficial influence on all others. I have not revealed my conclusions prematurely; they are the convictions of ages of experience, rather than the results of passing cogitations. In the years that have rolled away since first I had a being, I have seen hundreds, nay, thousands, perish at the very moment of what they thought a triumph; I have beheld great nations rise, culminate, and, at the instant of their completest grandeur—their greatest apparent solidity, burst asunder, like a descending meteor, and like it, too, vanish and disappear forever in a blaze of —— Glory! They go and leave, for a time, a trace or vestige, but they soon give place to vague and mythical traditions that 'once upon a time such a notion did exist.'

"'Many people run wild with the notion that Progress is an actual fact. There is no such thing. It is merely apparent, and that which seems so, is but the reproduction of a new field, and reflection in the mirror of the Present, of the facts, the ever recurring facts, of Past ages. They merely indicate that time has performed one more round, revolved once again on its own axis, and once more reached the same old point, bringing a repetition of the same old phenomena; the only difference being that there are not the same eyes to see, ears to hear, souls to suffer, hearts to enjoy, that were there before. The awe-struck millions, recognizing change, foolishly imagine it is Progress, simply because the records of *their* past, which stretch backward but a very little way, present an unfavorable contrast to the present. They accept the latter as a positive confirmation of their silly notions. There is a kind of progress indeed; for there is more of misery, sorrow and crime; more sick souls and breaking hearts than there ever were before, and more life for death to feed upon. And individual depravity to-day, is the same that it ever was, only that the aggregate is greater, because there are more people in the world. Look at it! look at society! look at man, and then ask, where is Progress? Hollow echo answers, Where?

"'You asked me if I had ever loved, and I answer yes; and like all other fools, as I then was, imagined that I had but to put the chalice to my lips, drink, and be forever blest. I did so, expecting to satisfy the thirst divine. Fool! The draught savored more of gall and wormwood than rosy nectar, and my downy couch of sweet perfumes, proved a bed of foul corruption, infinitely worse than the blackest death.—I have played the game of life twice over. The first time, loss succeeded loss, and its product was regrets, bitter, bitter regrets. The second time I played it, and won—still win, and henceforth can never lose; and why? Because this time all the former processes were and are reversed in all respects. Daughter, it was to talk with you that I rowed my shallop hither. I know your history well; because all the town does so. I know more; for I understand your mind, your wants, joys, hopes, troubles, fears and griefs. In my boat is a most excellent telescope, through which, as I sat upon the waters, I observed you coming down the hill. I am known as the 'old man of the mill;' I take a great interest in you, and will serve your interests well in consequence. I am an old man, and the repository of strange knowledge, much of which I shall impart to you, because then you will rise above the chagrins you now feel in consequence of the persecutions you endure on account of your beauty, lineage and accomplishments!'

"With these words he rose from the rock and taking me by the hand, gently directed our steps toward the hill. As he touched me, a strange and involuntary shudder ran over me, a cold clammy sweat oozed from my forehead, and at the same instant I thought I distinguished a voice, so low and faint that it could scarcely be heard, whisper in my ear this remarkable sentence. '*The clock strikes one*!' I started back on hearing it, and again it spoke, saying, 'The person at your side, having the characteristics of an old man, is not such! He is not a thing of earth, but is a moving carcase—a walking corpse—a relic of the days gone by—he is a horrible thing—a tempter—a demon—an unlicensed visitor to earth from regions dark and terrible. Feel his hand. It is that of a mummy—food for worms. There is no warmth in it, nor a pulsation, nor a drop of blood. Observe his ochre-hued visage; doth it not smack of the musty grave?—of the charnel house?—of death? Doth he not smell of rotting flesh and corruption? Woman, the being by your side is a vampyre—a ghoul from Tartarus. Take heed! beware, beware!'

"Was it my good angel come to warn me? Is it the voice of Heaven? I asked myself. I could testify on oath that I heard the words I have repeated, and yet I concluded that my girlish fears had taken that shape, and I resolved not to be frightened till something more positive should occur. Besides it was broad daylight, and at least two thousand persons were on the road to and from the beach. Three singular things struck me, however, very forcibly, and yet did not make the impression that I afterwards wished they had; at least I did not pay the attention to them that I ought. These circumstances were: first, on looking back I found that the little skiff in which my companion landed had disappeared; secondly, although I could hear the sound of my own foot-falls, yet I could not detect his; and thirdly, although we met many persons whom I knew, and who nodded to me, yet not one seemed to take the slightest notice of my companion, and one girl said to me, 'why Flora, where are you going to all alone?' It was certainly very strange, dont you think so?" * * * * * The man in red, her grim auditor, smiled assent, and the three invisibles in the room seemed highly interested.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUNSET ON THE HILL.

"Amongst men some strange theories arise."
SOCRATES.

"When a man begins to think, then there is hope of that man; but whoever can and will not think, proves himself a fool, a bigot and an ass!"—[From Zerazh, a Spiritual Tragedy by P. B. Randolph.

Human nature is a strange jumble of contradictions. A human being can both love and hate the same being, or thing at the same time. The injured wife both loves and hates, detests, yet cherishes the husband who betrays, tramples on her affections, and forsakes her couch for the marketable arms and bought embraces of another;—a habit by the way to which there are too many who addict themselves. "'Tis not so," says one; "prove it," says a second. "*Facts are stubborn things!*" I reply. But perhaps after all "Whatever *is* is right;" at least, such practices are the legitimate result, and perfectly natural consequence of the present civilization. They are results to be expected and looked for, just as long as the world is on its present social plane, and community goes forward under the guidance of its present principles; and while it abides by its present motto of "every one for himself, and ruin take the hindmost." Another illustration of the truth of the two first lines of this chapter is to be seen in the case of the bird when fascinated by a serpent. It unquestionably feels a deep terror, which is evinced by its flutterings and efforts to break the magic spell which binds and lures it to destruction; and yet it is equally unquestionable that the feeling which attracts the victim is nigh akin to love; at least it is based on a something which in the similar case of human beings, is known by that appellation—a sense of delight and affection, mingled with apprehension in its attraction towards its bitter and implacable foe. From observations which I have made, I incline to the belief that human beings love each other in exact proportion to the mental resemblances between them; and this constitutes the point of attraction; deduct these similarities from the sum total of human nature, and the balance may be equally divided between indifference, or the passive state induced by the neutralizing effect of certain qualities upon each other, and the antipodal or repellant effect, mutually exercised by virtue of the differences existing naturally and organically. This is the point of Repulsion and Hatred. Sometimes in a wedded pair, the attraction and repulsion are exactly in equilibrio, and then they get along through life in a so-soish sort or fashion, sometimes hot and as often cold; like and dislike, love and hate, sugar and salt, bitter and sweet, up hill and down dale, ever and anon. If they agree in seven points and differ in six, there will be a little more sunshine than shade; but if the preponderance be the other way, then good-bye peace! heaven takes its leave and hell assumes the right of rule!

As Flora walked along, she could not help feeling an equal degree of love and fear toward her grey-haired companion.—Had they both been in operation one moment in equal force, one would have neutralized the other and left her free to act. But it was not so. Both predominated by turns; neither could she get rid of the notion that the mysterious voice might have been a real one, despite her doubts as to its origin;—a real being warning her of some impending danger. There are but few persons of ordinary intelligence but can tell of an experience, which if not similar, at least resembles Flora's.

What and whence are these mysterious warnings? Come they from the spirits of dead friends? Are they angelic visitations? Who can answer? The fact that they do come is unimpeachable.

"I felt," said Flora, "like a fascinated bird, as we slowly wound up the hill, past and to the left of Stacy's Fairy-Bank Cottage. My companion said nothing. He possibly saw that I wondered whether he too had heard the voice, and knew that a sentiment close akin to terror had taken hold of me. He looked upon me, and his glances wore the expression of pity and parental tenderness. I thought he looked at times dark and mysterious, and that what the voice had said concerning his touch was true; but then again I laughed at myself for being so exceedingly stupid and superstitious as to believe a tenant of the grave could walk by my side in broad-day-light. And yet the fact of the people not noticing him, and the girl asking me where I was going 'all alone,' rather troubled me, to say the least. It was not fear that I felt, but a something like it totally undefinable. I wanted greatly to go to my home, and yet could not prevail on myself to leave his side. Perhaps, I said to myself, I merely imagine this old man of the mill, as he calls himself, to be a monster, because I have always been fond of throwing a supernatural drapery about every circumstance out of the usual course of things, for when a little child, my father often took me upon his knee, and made my blood curdle at his stories of fairies, ghosts and demons. These tales had always been a great attraction to me, as they are to nearly everybody else; and whenever I was desired to be particularly diligent, nothing was half so sure of effecting it, as the promise of another of those deliciously-terrible phantom stories.

"To all mankind, savage, civilized, learned or illiterate, the supernatural has a charm, come in whatever shape it may, and over the mind it exerts an influence well nigh invincible to all the attacks of logic and reason. Nothing is so hard to conquer as superstition, and when once ablaze in the soul there's nothing sufficiently potent to quench its flames, and there is far more superstition in christendom than the learned are willing to admit, and I assert that nearly every popular religious notion and theological opinion has more of this element in it than it has of scientific or rational certainty.

"When we reached the summit of the hill, a magnificent scene of glory burst upon our view. The sun was just sinking to rest beneath a canopy, whose curtained hangings were of the rarest crimson, scarlet, purple, violet, amethyst, silver, blue, and gold. Oh! what a heavenly sight it was! And he threw back upon his pathway such a radiant flood of golden beams, which pierced and rested on the clouds, the sea, the hill-tops in the distance, and the white sails on the bosom of the deep; the effect was such as to entirely dispel the oppressive feeling I had endured since I left the beach; for I said, surely God, who shines on all things, will never take his rays off my soul. Silently my spirit poured itself forth toward the Maker, and I was disburdened of the gloomy mantle that had enshrouded it.

(*To be Continued.*)

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—At this point I questioned the author as to how he knew this latter fact, and how he knew conversations which had taken place forty years previous to the present time, and twenty before he was born. He answered "My mother in years afterwards received the whole account from a source to be relied on, namely: she acquired the power of *reading the past*, and impressed it upon me by relating it to me when in the magnetic slumber, repeatedly, and *willing* me to remember it forever. So far you understand how I know about what was concealed from mortal vision. Second, as far as regards myself, I am a dying man, and as I turn the eyes of my mind backward over the years that have fled forever, every incident, however trival, that has ever occurred to me—every word spoken by me or to me, I see written on a musty scroll.

"I will reveal to you an arcanum! The soul of man is a substance, soft, plastic, yet enduring, and every human experience actually engraves itself upon that substance, and when in life the soul becomes positive to its body—and conditions, it can at will read this vivographic writing." This is the philosophic explanation he gave me.

[For the Investigator.]

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The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

A. E. NEWTON EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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VALEDICTORY.

With the present issue the undersigned closes his connection with the SPIRITUAL AGE. This arrangement has been made upon the most amicable terms by all parties concerned, and the undersigned leaves the AGE with the most earnest hope for its success and prosperity.

There is one point, and but one, upon which the undersigned wishes at this time to make an explanation, and that is this—he is neither ultra nor sectional in his views upon any of the many great questions of the day. Yet articles of both these characters have been admitted into the columns of the AGE, while he has been the nominal editor. These articles found place there without his approval, and therefore he disclaims the responsibility. While he pitied John Brown for his madness and fanaticism, he most emphatically disapproved the spirit at the north which would have made Brown a martyr and the "gallows" a rival of the "cross."

The undersigned is led to make this explanation on account of numerous private letters which he has received from spiritualists both at the north and south, in reference to this question, which has of late so monopolized public attention. He is aware, however, that a very large proportion of the readers of the AGE will disagree with him, and that by the avowal which he makes, of his uncompromising opposition to this northern fanaticism that he will fall in their estimation, yet he is impressed to be honest in giving expression to his views on this occasion, without regard to *policy*. He believes nothing only from evidence, and holds that belief is not subject to direction by the will. Had it been so, he never could have become a spiritualist; or, having become a spiritualist, would have turned either Republican or Abolitionist, neither of which he feels it possible for him ever to become.

In reference to the cause of spiritualism, the undersigned would say briefly, that from the best lights he can obtain, it is steadily and constantly gathering strength. True, it is less demonstrative than formerly, and makes much less noise; but underlying this calm surface, is a deep, broad current, setting in all directions against the popular theology of the day. The generic term for this "current" he believes to be LIBERALISM, and that spiritualism is the grand elementray principle which helps to compose it. There are thousands of our most intelligent men who sympathize with spiritualists, and yet who have not yet come to *any* decision n their own minds in reference to the manifestations.

To such of his friends as may desire to know the plans of the undersigned for the future, he can only say that he does not know them himself, but from having been connected with newspapers for so many years, he naturally expects that such will be his destiny, during this life at least.

W. H. CHANEY.

LANGUAGE SHOULD BE MODIFIED.

Our growing physiological and spiritual knowledge makes it necessary that we in many cases modify much language now used in a stereotyped and false sense. Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER, in speaking of IRVING'S recent change of mortality for immortality, says of him that he "resigned his noble, genial, gentle spirit into the hands of his MAKER." Was not Irving's, and are not all our spirits *already* in the hands of our Maker?

ENLARGEMENT OF THE AGE.

Arrangements are now in progress for the enlargement of the SPIRITUAL AGE so that it shall be *superior in size* to any Spiritual paper in the world. We have striven hard to accomplish this consummation devoutly to be wished, with the present Number, the first in the New Year. But it was not so to be. On the first of February, however, our readers may be prepared to see the AGE *in an entire new dress*, new head, &c., &c.

Some of the ablest and finest minds which have embraced Spiritualism in this country will manifest themselves through the mediumship of the AGE. The writer to whose articles are affixed the symbol □, will through it give *his* views on all the great Religious, Social and Political problems of the age, and if they do not command the thorough consideration of every man and woman who desires to see some plan devised to do away with the gigantic evils which now afflict the race, then are we wofully mistaken.

Fully appreciating the great necessity of reproducing the *facts* of *Spiritualism*, as well as the promulgation of its *theories*, we have made ample arrangements to have the two work in conjunction. Every week, in its enlarged and improved state, we shall give an array of *well authenticated facts* and *tests*, which shall satisfy every honest skeptic that he ought, at least, to *investigate* them, and see whether the alleged occurrences be of man, God, or the Devil.—There is a field here which we, as well as our cotemporaries have too much neglected, and we mean to thoroughly glean it.

Since the AGE has been in its present form, we frankly own that its character has not been such as we could have wished, and as we might have made it. Disadvantageous circumstances which we *could* not control, have weighed us down. Those circumstances no longer exist, and we are now able to carry out our original design when we (△) connected ourself with it.—Will all our friends, who would like to see the AGE prosper under its new auspices, and in its enlarged form, do what they can to *enlarge its sphere* of influence?

TERMS.—To clubs of four, $1,75 each; eight, $1,62 each; ten and upwards, $1,50 each.

VERY LIKELY.

A correspondent (M. J. W.) in a late AGE, expressed the opinion that the theory which denies the existence of evil, ignores all moral distinctions, and surrenders man to the dominion of blind impulse and appetite, under the monstrous delusion that "all desires come from God direct and immediate," "*is not* and *cannot* be a savor of death unto death to those who have advanced to a condition of high aspiration—where the moral powers have gained strength and tone—where a pure and devoted life has lifted the soul from the dominion of the darker and grosser passions."

We incline to agree with this correspondent—and for the reason that we do not see how persons so "advanced" can ever accept such a theory! So far as our limited acquaintance extends with this class of people, we have found their sense of the distinction between right and wrong growing more and more keen, instead of fading out altogether, as their "moral powers have gained strength and tone;" and their abhorrence of all evil becoming stronger and stronger, the more "pure and devoted" their lives. Surely, a soul which has been "lifted from the dominion of the darker and grosser passions" will not be likely, in any *sane* moment, to be found denying that there are any such passions!

"M. J. W." does not seem to apprehend at all the drift of the "theory" which he (or she) has fallen so violently "in love" with. We should be glad to hope that its principal advocates do not, either. When their eyes open to the enormous delusion they are teaching (as we are sure they will sometime,) they will no longer charge us with want of "liberality" and "toleration," because we endeavor to hold up the truth in contrast with such errors. If "liberality" is synonymous with indifference or blindness to the most palpable realities of human experience,—and if "toleration" means recreancy to one's own views of truth,—then we can afford to lose our reputation for both.

Were such theories accepted only by *saints* "ripe for martyrdom," who have so long and so fully overcome all evil in themselves as to forget there is any in the world, they might pass for harmless vagaries. But when they are received and employed to excuse and justify lives of supine self-indulgence and reckless animalism (as we have reason to believe they sometimes are,) their baleful influence cannot be measured.

A. E. N.

A CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

We have thought that a chat with our numerous contributors might be for our mutual benefit. We do not design to make it long, but would come to the point at once. Friends, we would have you study *brevity* in *your* chats with the public through the medium of the AGE, for several reasons, a few of which we will name. The foremost one is, if you write at great length, you stand a poor chance of being read. We happen to know that not more than three persons out of ten read long articles; whereas they seldom skip short ones. Now if your articles are not read, you of course write in vain. You must bear in mind that your reader has not the same interest in what you are writing that you have yourself. It is, or ought to be, your aim to *secure* his or her attention; and to do this, you must present your thoughts in a neat and trim style—you must essay to make them irresistibly attractive. When the reader first glances at your article, he takes note of its *length*. If long, he gives it no further notice, and all of your hard elaborated "sweetness is lost upon the desert air," and the space it occupies is thrown away. Therefore study to condense your thoughts, as well as to make them otherwise acceptable.

A newspaper is no place for "linked sweetness long drawn out." There are occasions when subjects of great intrinsic moment must be discussed at considerable length, but these should be exceptions and not rules. Therefore we shall have to decline long articles. "Much in a little," should be your motto.

We would have you take pains with even your *short* articles. Study to make them lively and workmanlike. Put the *snap* into them, if we may use a somewhat common, yet expressive word. Let them sparkle with life. If you would draw attention to your thoughts, they must be informed with an irresistible magnetic power. Essay to be unique, though not extravagantly eccentric. In one word, be in earnest in what you have to say, and say it in the most individual and direct manner possible to you. Do not borrow either words or thoughts, but speak your own conceptions, in your own way. But above all, be *brief* and as emphatic, and as *agreeable* as you can. Employ civil and courteous terms on all occasions,—even when you perhaps feel that a little anger would be justifiable. "Speak the truth in love."

*

ABIDE WITH US.

As we have entered upon a new year, we thought it would not be amiss to extend,—although it may not be necessary,—a cordial invitation to those of our patrons whose term of subscription is about to expire, to still continue with us. We not only need the pecuniary aid which they will thus secure to us, but we require their *sympathetic* co-operation in the great and earnest work of reform that looms up before us with a somewhat discouraging aspect. In this work we are, we feel, fated to engage. If we know ourselves, we do not aim merely to build up another religious sect, but desire only to evolve that measure of eternal truth which our conceptions may be able to embrace. We have not the vanity to suppose that we shall reach a final stopping-place in our pursuit of truth—we know well enough that it has heights and depths that finite research cannot fathom. We would only humbly and reverently know and appropriate that portion of it to our civil and social needs that the exigencies of our day and generation demand. We are permitted to assure the readers of the AGE that matter worthy of their most serious consideration will be presented during the present year. We can ill afford to part company with any of them, as we think they should not, at this important juncture, think of leaving us, when we feel in our inmost spirits that we "have a message from God unto them."—Abide with us, dear brethren, and high mutual good will result from the continued conjunction. Our grave and talented co-adjutor, or we may say teacher, □,

"Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,"

is to preach to us on the weightiest subjects that can enlist mortal attention, demands the hearing of all true progressionists. It will be a serious loss to any thinking reader to miss the perusal of his fresh and spirit-fraught views of man and his eternal necessities.

We hardly need say that the AGE will hereafter be conducted upon the most broad and liberal basis. It will have a strict editorial supervision, and no narrow and ill-digested lucubrations will be permitted to mar its columns. It will aim, too, to reach higher *literary* excellence, in its every department than has heretofore characterized it. We shall be guided by the maxim that "what is worth being publicly expressed *at all*, should be *well* expressed."

We have thus, in brief, given our reasons why we would have our old and tried friends still remain with us. For like reasons we would attach as many *new* friends to us as can be induced to accompany us in the high career now, we think, about to open before us.

*

GOETHE ON DEMONISM.

All great men, especially men of large Spirituality and imaginativeness, have had the consciousness of being assisted, in their truth-unfolding labors, by powers and influences higher, and without themselves. Socrates had his attending and prompting demon, but whether this influence was by him considered personal or impersonal, we shall not now attempt to decide. We know he talked familiarly of his demon, and acknowledged his indebtedness to this source. It has been the same with all other great lights of the world. They could not have revealed to us the great fundamental truths which have so lifted the world of man, without having been in *rapport* with spirits, or influences, higher than themselves. They have all been constrained to acknowledge that the lofty, authoritative, and inspiring thoughts of which their brains have been the apparent mediums, were not solely their own. Goethe, the great German poet and philosopher—the greatest man the world has produced since Shakspeare—thus speaks of Demoniacal influence:—

"The like has often happened to me in life; and thence one is led to believe in the interposition of demoniacal power—a higher influence, which we adore without presuming to explain it."

Again he says:—

"The demoniacal is that which cannot be explained by reason or understanding; it lies not in my nature, *but I am subject to it.*"

Had he lived in these days of spiritual manifestations, the mystery of demoniacal influence would have been easily solved. We think it is Goethe who says that "the unconscious is alone complete." This is his explanation of the unconscious inspiration of poets:—

"In poetry—especially in that which is unconscious, before which reason and understanding fall short, and which, therefore, produces effects so far surpassing all expectation, there is something of the demoniacal."

*

THE FALL OF MAN.—We ask the especial attention of every thinking, reasoning mind to the sermon with this caption in this week's AGE. If there has been or can be any clearer, happier, and more satisfactory presentation of this much discussed, befogged and perplexing subject, we should be happy to present it to the world through these columns. Read it, every one. No matter who the writer is—if the views expressed are valuable, it is enough. Let it stand or fall on its merits. Every number of the AGE will contain a sermon from the same source, and we will guarantee that they will not be found full of the terse contradictions of Beecher, or the "glittering generalities" of Chapin.—These sermons will constitute to every thinker and philosopher a marked and interesting feature of the AGE for the year 1860.

NO. 2 ON GOVERNMENT is unavoidably left out this week, much to our regret.—After this week, we trust this weighty series of articles will appear regularly.

AN EXCELLENT POEM.

There is, in the January issue of the Atlantic Monthly, a fine poem, by R. W. Emerson, doubtless, entitled "Song of Nature," in which the perpetual Mother is made to lament,—after enumerating many of her productive exploits.—the non-appearance of that "Coming Man," so generally looked for by those who are "hungering and thirsting" after some great and specific deliverance from the moral and spiritual diseases that so afflict the children of men at this time. We will subjoin a few of the stanzas:

But him—the man-child glorious
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide forever run?
Will never my winds go sleep in the West?
Will never my wheels, which whirl the suns
And satellites, have rest?

Too much of donning and doffing,
Too slow the rainbow fades;
I weary of my robe of snow,
My leaves, and my cascades.

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;
What, without him, is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

* * * * * *

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule;
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again,
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, dry, wet, and peace and pain.

Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race.—
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

Our colleague, △, seems to have but little doubt that "the man-child glorious," so longingly desired by many, is already near at hand. We do not say he is not, but will wait patiently for his advent. We may not expect for him an immediate cognition—but we doubt not, when his fitting credentials are presented, he will be hailed with inexpressible joy by many a waiting soul.

*

SKEPTICS.—Men who are skeptics from choice—who negate truth before challenging it—from a spirit of mere contradiction, while at the same time they arrogate great wisdom to themselves, are very foolishly egotistical.—They virtually say in their unreasonable incredulity, that *they* are "the way, the truth, and the life." From their manner of looking at it, they would have us infer that the universe is quite a vacant affair, and that man's faculties were given him for *disbelief*, rather than to be employed upon pre-existing truth. The poverty of the spiritual world must, in their estimation, be prodigiously great. They ignore everything with a view, it would seem, to bring into relief their own profound sagacity! We greatly dislike those willful, scoffing skepties, who would so belittle the domain of truth. Of all stiff-necked bigots they are the most offensive and hopeless. To think, that there is nothing in all this wide, infinite universe of spirit and matter that these supercilious malcontents cannot cognize and rejoice at with thankful and adoring hearts, is sad indeed! The most blindly credulous persons in the world are infinitely wiser than they, and more loveable. One who has perception and thought even in the most limited degree, it should seem, could not fail to somewhat apprehend the riches of creation, and sometimes be amazed thereat. But your skeptic, who it must be seen, is the most unmitigated blockhead, imaginable, rejects most everything as void that is not reflected on his infinitessimal retina.

We would not be understood as animadverting upon that honest, questioning skepticism, that would know the truth *aright*. This incredulity, induced by a sacred faith in, and love of, truth for itself, we are obliged to respect. This sort of skepticism is but prelusive of a large and earnest conviction to come.—The man who fearlessly inquires and *thirsts* for the "Everlasting Yea," but gives in no adhesion to dogmas till he is satisfied of their verity, is one whom we cannot but truly respect.

THE COMING MAN.

We have recently been struck with the widespread prescient feeling that the time is near at hand for the advent of a new religious and spiritual epoch, in which shall be manifested a mighty quickening power such as the world has never before been blessed with. More especially does the shadow of this coming event, and the authoritative MAN through whose instrumentality it shall come, rest on the minds of many of our already semi-prophets. Witness the poetical article this week, printed from the Atlantic Monthly, which we attribute to R. W. EMERSON, and the following article with respect to LAMARTINE'S views of some new dispensation.

Lamartine, the poet and historian, and once celebrated President of the Republic of France, in his "Travels in the Holy Land," records a conversation which he had with Lady Hester Stanhope, on the condition of the world, and the necessity of something from the Divine mercy to lift it to a higher state; during which, he said: "I perceive in the staggering creeds of men, in the tumult of human ideas, in the void of man's heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the repeated convulsions of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, and consequently of an approaching and imminent change. *I believe that God always shows himself at the very moment when all that is human is proved to be insufficient—when man confesses that of himself he is nothing.* THE WORLD IS IN THIS STATE AT PRESENT. I believe, therefore, in a Messiah not far distant from our epoch; but in this Messiah I do not see a Christ, who has nothing to add to the wisdom, the virtue and the truth that he has already taught us; but I expect one whom Christ has said should come after him—that Holy Spirit always acting, always assisting man, always revealing him, according to the time and to his wants, what he ought to know and do. Whether this Divine Spirit becomes incarnate in a man or in a doctrine, in a fact or in an idea, matters little; it is the same thing; man, or doctrine, or idea. I believe in it, I hope in it, I expect it, I invoke it."

☞GOETHE'S mind being one of the most acute, as well as one of the most comprehensive, harmonious and *spiritual* of modern times, we shall present, occasionally, some of his pertinent and profound thoughts to the readers of the AGE, believing that they will be acceptable to at least the more *literary* portion of them. It shall be our constant aim to present as great variety of *good* and fresh reading matter as we can glean from the large resources at our command.

SCRAPS FROM GOETHE.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATER.

"This," says Goethe, "is a most beautiful history, and one which I love better than any. It expresses the noble doctrine, that man, through faith and animated courage, may come off victorious in the most dangerous enterprises, while he may be ruined by a momentary doubt."

"It is bad we are so hindered in life by false tendencies, and cannot know them false until we are already freed from them."

"In the East was a man who, every morning, collected his people about him, and would never go to work till he had commanded the Sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command till the Sun of its own accord was ready to appear.

YOUTH CONCEITED.

"A man believes, in his youth, that the world properly began with him, and that all exists for him."

GREAT MEN.

"I cannot but think the demons, dallying with men, have placed among them single figures, so alluring that every one strives after them, so great that nobody can reach them.—Raphael was one—he whose thought and acts were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have come near, but none has ever equalled him. Mozart represents the unattainable in music; Shakspeare in poetry. I know what you can say on the other side; but I refer to the natural dowery, the inborn wealth. Even so, none can stand by the side of Napoleon."

BONDAGE.

"We are always in bondage to *something*.—The persons, the objects that surround us, have their influence upon us. The tea-spoon constrains us if it is of gold, instead of silver, as usual. And so, paralyzed by a thousand side-views, we do not succeed, if there is anything in our nature, in expressing it freely.—We are slaves of objects around us, and appear little or important according as they restrain or give us leave to dilate."

☞If your friends are sick, do not let your anxious and officious love dose them to death. That they are sick at all, is an indication that they have already been dosed with something superfluous; and pray, do not aggravate their case by additional potions. Let nature alone, if you haven't sufficient wisdom to rightly proffer her the helping hand. Do not embarrass her recuperative operations by intrusive nostrums. Have faith in her healing energies, and sufficient patience with her to allow her, her own time to do the work of restoration in her own way. It is hard to estimate the numbers who have been "killed with kindness."—Love and kindness are good things in themselves, but are, unaided by wisdom, often as mischievous as veritable hatred. This mischief often comes in the shape of parental indulgence, which utterly depraves childhood, and not unfrequently in the form of mistaken and untimely "medicine" for the sick. Our advice is, to let nature alone in her office as physician, unless you know just where she fails in curative strength.

Correspondence.

"DRESS REFORM."

MESSRS EDITORS:—Some weeks ago, I noticed in your paper an article with the above caption, and the signature A. E. N. There are some things and some persons so truly excellent in themselves that any points of difference that appear in their surfaces to oneself, however antagonistic it may be, coming from so estimable a source, almost renders the antagonism holy, the fault sacred. This was the case with my appreciation of the above article when indorsed with the cabalistic signature of A. E. N. I cannot insult the owner of this signature by empty parade, or expressions of friendship—*he knows* I admire, esteem, aye love him, and it was because his opinions however diverse from mine, are invariably the emanation of a noble heart and clear head, that speak respect for the source, kept me silent upon what I deemed erroneous views. A second "dress reform" letter has appeared in your columns,—and it would be ingratitude to the able and generous friend who has written it, were I any longer to withhold the opinion which perhaps of all others, a woman and a "prominent female lecturess" is called upon to give. I must, however, begin at the beginning, and remind your readers of the recommendation agreed upon Spiritualistic female lecturers in particular to be the leaders of the dress reform, and appear on the platform in calico dresses, reserving their silk attire, if they needs must wear silk, for the saloon.

Now in the first place, I take exception to any peculiarity of costume, to be assumed in religious gatherings, because I conceive that life should at all times be religion, and that every failure in life practice results from the fatal lines of demarcation by which religionists have hitherto separated theology from morality, and left life practice unvitalized by religion—as far therefore as the teachings of Spiritualism have been comprehended by me, I find they tend more and more to extend the religious element to *all* gatherings whether in the meeting-house, market-place or *saloon*, and I cannot assume the garb either of fashion or humility in the one place and leave it off in the other without perpetrating the pharisaical distinction of sacred and profane amongst those things, times and places, all of which God made. If I am to put on a calico dress at the meeting-house, and a silk one in the saloon, thereby implying that the calico dress and the meeting-house are both especially sanctified, the result must be that the silk dress and the saloon are especially unsanctified—and if this be so, would it not be more catholic and universal in our practical religion to abstain from silk dresses and saloons altogether? I really strive, Mr. Editor, to be as good as I can at all times, and notwithstanding my thousand and one short-comings, I cannot for the life of me see the religion in being good in one place and on one day, and unsanctified at another time and place—also I would ask whether in the excessive sympathy manifested for those who cannot afford—or do not choose to dress as well as others—we should overlook the unworthy shame and more likely *feeling of envy* which occasions pain at discrepancies in dress.

If the lecturers are recommended to dress *alone* to save the feelings of others who cannot dress up, and charged not to mind what Mrs. Grundy says,—supposing we were to turn the tables, and say to the auditors as well as the speakers—dress as you deem most consistant with your means and don't you mind what Mrs. Grundy says. For myself I am disposed to think God has given beautiful landscapes to be looked at, and a beautiful earth to be enjoyed—talents, industry, arts and sciences, and to improve the earth and all his bounties for use, and if all mankind has not an equal share of them, I consider it is better policy and more grateful to the Giver of all good things to feed the hungry, than to starve for the sake of keeping them company,—to clothe the naked rather than to strip ourselves in sympathy, and to labor to *re*dress deficiences rather than to *en*dress present conditions. I know it will be agreed that I should have written instead of "present conditions," *superfluous redundancies*; but I will not allow that a silken dress arranged with taste is any more of a redundancy than a calico one with characteristic puritanical etceteras. Nature prophecied lustrous silk dresses when she created silk worms, nor would she have ever furnished the brains of our machinists with such curious skill if silk looms were very wicked things, and Spitalfield Weavers were limbs of Satan. Only show me, Mr. Editor, that true religion consists in *any garment*, color, fashion, or material, and I will cheerfully adopt it, only reserving to myself the right to extend my view of the religious necessity from our time *to all times*, from our place *to all places*,—until thus convinced I honestly protest when I am about to change my dress for the glory of God, or in charity to the feelings of our envious neighbor, old nursery tales will come up to my rebellious mind, touching the "pride that apes humility,"—"pharisees and their phylacteries," and the sour holiness of Witch-hanging puritans,—visions too of sweet Mary Stuart, with her gentle tone, the kind and ever open hand, and the womanly loving nature that made her the darling of every *poor* Scotchman's heart, plead for the little refinements of picturesque and graceful attire, while the savagism and coarse insults of a John Knox with true *fiery* zeal, and earnest purpose even to the *very death*, stands forth the champion of splendid ugliness alike in dress, temper, and heart.

It has always been my lot, from early childhood, to associate with Artists, Poets, Musicians and Sculptors, and somehow or other these votaries of the beautiful have so pertinaciously as a body kept themselves out of Police Courts, or the annals of very vicious and criminal courses, that I have been led to speculate on the refining influence which the beautiful and harmonious must in some way exert upon the personal character, and at last I have come to the conclusion (erroneous as it may be) that the friend of birds, flowers, little children, fair landscapes, sweet forms and fine music, can never be a very bad-hearted, however he or she may be a weak-headed mortal and, so reasoning from these premises I have adopted what may be for aught I know an equally erroneous opinion, to wit, that a psychological effect is induced by the influence of fair and graceful forms, harmonious colors and gracious behavior to a far greater extent than we are aware of; that the said influence is refining and elevating because it tends to bring the mind into harmonious relations with fair, beautiful and all-gracious nature, and therefore, to conclude the sum of my heterodox opinions, I am strongly tempted to ask the world to dress *up* instead of down,—never to suffer a little flower of youthful humanity to go dirty, or dress it in hateful shapes, whether it be the disguises which rich people envelope their children in, in the shape of feathers and monkey caps, or the rags which equally disgrace the rich *when they* compel the poor to flutter along in them;—and finally in anticipation of the outcry which the John Knoxes of this century may raise against a *religionist* daring to advocate beauty in any shape, much less in dress, permit me to say I have before, and will again as resolutely anathematize *extravagance* or *excess* in fine dress, as I will defend the refining influence of a *generous*, modest and consistent use of all that is good, graceful, or harmonious, whether in dress or anything else.

It requires no sybilline power to foresee a very great reaction growing out of the shameless extravagance in dress, which, during the last three or four years has distinguished the age—loving the beautiful, as I ever must, and concurring in the sense of decent reserve, which should save women (especially those whose occupations call them prominently before the world) from outraging public taste by marked eccentricity of costume, I have on the one hand exerted my ingenuity to eke out my own narrow means by industry and taste, and thought it no disgrace to set my wardrobe, such as it might be, off to the best and most pleasing advantage,—whilst on the other hand I have been outraged constantly, both by the vulgar display, and wanton profusion of modern fashions. All may anticipate that the effect of a revulsion from this extreme will be a polarity towards the excess of puritanism, if not absolute asceticism or its *affectation* in costume,—"Wisdom changes," says the proverb. Let none, hereafter, taunt me, if foolishness does the same, and after my heroic devotion to the beautiful, I may yet be found in the enemy's ranks; lest I should be deemed, however, willing to avow myself a mere slave of fashion, without any other guide than the contemptible phantom-light of popular opinion, I beg leave to give a few motives somewhat deeper than the crust of society's surface for the character of *my* costume, and its possible continuance in *substance*, if not in shape. I should not have obtruded these remarks upon the public, had not the direct appeal for change of costume contained in A. E. N.'s article demanded therein. Thus called for, I shall at least have the gratification of hoping they may prove *suggestive* in more ways than one.

In an article written last winter under the title of "my confession," I made certain statements in vindication of my claim to be a medium, or instrument for messages from spirits. I cannot, now, consistently with a different mode of control, sit as a test medium, but I *do assert, in strict honesty*, my inability to give the lectures to the world which I devised, be they good or bad, without more or less of the very same influence by which I formerly gave tests of spirit communion. Those most familiar with my addresses have often commented on their variability in different places and circumstances, and careful observation has enabled myself and friends to decide that the character of an audience is not more influential in determining the character of the lecture, than in the condition of the atmosphere, my own health, and the *substance of my dress*. When I first became developed, (as the phrase goes,) I was charged by my guides *not* to wear silk—and whenever I sat for circles I found the use of even a bit of ribbon on my wrist, head, or shoes, produced constantly disturbing effects, and frequently had to be removed before the circle could proceed. In my earliest lectures this same change was enforced, and many of my friends will remember my embarrassment to substitute for the ordinary attire of a public lecturess, (a neat silk dress) a sufficiently correct quality of stuff—many a time I have endured excessive heat from wearing a muff and a cashmere dress, when muslin was too cold, and silk inadmissible;—after my first few months' experience as a preacher, I was compelled to preserve my public control, to give up my public sitting in circles, and from this time I found I gained strength, greater consciousness, and more certainty in my lectures—with this change came the requisition that I should wear silk, *"to insulate me from the minds of the audience,"* which with a different quality of dress, often affect me painfully. The charge still continues against my wearing silk on my head, throat, hands, or feet, and none but a medium can duly appreciate the influence which such a disposition of substances exercises over the physique. I do not say it is the case with *all mediums*, but I know it is the experience of *some*, and myself amongst the number,—and why should not the self-same influences which I recognize *understandingly*, affect scores of other physiques who do not comprehend so well its sources? That these charges concerning the quality of my dress are neither fanciful, nor capricious, but the systematic portions of a science as yet scarcely recognized, I have abundant proofs; for there are still many times when in comforting with atmospheric and physical changes, I am recommended to substitute woolen or cotton garments for silk, and I never fail to gain by the effects of the change,—so much so, indeed, that I can now regulate by my own health or the appearance of the sky, the best quality of stuff for my dress at the approaching lecture. During my brief experience as a medium, I have frequently taken part in psychological experiments, when we (the experimenters) have never failed to perceive that my susceptibility as a subject was greatly influenced by the quality of my dress and ornaments. Within the last few weeks I have taken part in a still more remarkable evidence of the effect of material substances on physical conditions. In company with Mr. Miltenberger of St. Louis, I became the *involuntary* subject of a series of striking pantomimic representations compelled from me whilst in a psychological condition by an operator whose sole battery consisted of various strips of different colors, which on being placed near, (whether in or out of my sight, did not matter) produced, I am told, by changes of shade or position the most striking delineations of every passion of the mind. The witnesses of this scene were highly impressed with the truth of the operator's theory of the immense psycological effect which colors exercise on the mind, if not on the physique.—Some months since I received a cordial invitation to attend a public gathering of reformers, spiritualists &c., which was to be organized in the shape of a ball. From the worthy and well-meaning author of this invitation, I also received a solemn charge to abandon (in my capacity as public teacher) the obnoxious vanities of hoops, curls, silk dresses, and bouquets; perceiving no neutral ground on which my adviser and myself could meet, I made no attempt to discuss the character of this advice. The present movement, heralded as I perceive it is to be, by one whom I estimate as amongst the truest and noblest reformers of the day, to wit, my valued friend of the dress reform, appears to me in such peculiar keeping with this ball, hoop and flower question, that I beg to conclude these remarks by one general answer. In a country where excess in climate renders many garments equally necessary and burdensome, I hail hoops as a generous institution, on which ladies may freely cast the burdens which would else cast suffering on them; then custom or climate will enable females to dispense with the terrible weight of innumerable drooping garments, then, and not till then, shall I bid hoops farewell, and God-speed for the comfort they have afforded me. I shall never willingly place myself entirely without the pale of any fashion, unless it outrage my sense of propriety, because I love the beautiful, *and beauty is that which pleases the eye and taste;—and eye and taste are invariably shocked by flagrant departures from the habitudes of any time.* Excess is always offensive; equilibrium is always harmonious, and therefore beautiful.

I shall wear either silk or any other comeatible substance which places me in the best possible condition for receiving the influx which sustains me in my lectures, just so long as that influx is necessary to me and is affected by my costume. I shall select my favorite colors because I *know* such selections are dictations from a wiser and more systematic source than mere caprice. I wear curls in preference to the affectation of streaming straight hair, which if not thus spirally distorted, might subject me to certain Cassandra-like charges;—if again taunted because I do not cement it to my head in modest bands of grease, I am willing to narrate to the enquirers certain experiments in which I took part, proving the magnetic influence which hair flowing loosely instead of confined in bands exercises over magnetic if not other subjects; as for flowers, whilst I leave artificial ones to the realm of mere fashion, I claim the real ones as nature's purest, choicest alphabet of refinement and piety;—dear holy little many colored letters of the gospel of God; whenever I am without them it is because I have not the money to buy them, or the land to pluck them from,—the country rustic who sticks the huge peony by way of nosegay in his button hole, will never carry a pugnacious shilalah or a pernicious cigar in his hand. The little child that makes a confident of daisies and lady-slippers will not pull insects' wings, or hurt small birds. Flowers are voiceless tongues, everywhere proclaiming that God is tender and loving as well as just and strong, and has made the world beautiful as well as useful,—you will have to snap the chain between the silent kingdoms of influence in stones and flowers and humanity e'er you can convince me that metals have not a *physical*, and flowers a *mental* effect more or less upon every human being that comes within their circle of power,—eye, tongue, ear, smell and touch, all hold intimate communion with the realm of nature from her coral caves, and her mountain tops.

She often speaks grotesquely in deformed and perverted tastes, but she is always laboring for expressions in the world of sympathies and antipathies; her exuberance finds a safety valve even in the fantasies of fashion, and her utmost follies are but their mute appeals to the genius of moderation to frame and culture them. Let her dear voice be heard whatever puritans may say—wed her to science, and see whether she will not walk within the strict rules of good breeding like any school miss in the land, but bind her down with the sour formalism of *good* days, *good* times, and *good dresses*, and you will find tho' she may consent to appear in the garb of hypocrisy on the seventh day, she will not fail to take revenge on the other six days of the week. Mr. Editor, I have made my appearance before the world in *the confessional* for the second time, and I may as well close by advising all who are afraid of silk dresses (when conditions require them) not to send for me to lecture—I speak for spirits, and these precious ones in the fitful gleams I have had of their radiant forms, are too beautiful themselves to teach a doctrine of ugliness anywhere—and the last favor I shall ever ask of earthly friends is when the golden bowl is broken that once held my spirit captive, to enshrine it in honor of its lost tenant with flowers sinless as the God who gave them; blue as the heaven where he dwells.

EMMA HARDINGE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 8th, 1859.

☞ An orator, in an address before a literary association, in Toronto, Canada, said: "Experience teaches us that it requires a hundred years to form the oak, half a century to form a good lawyer, a quarter of a century to make a general, and three gener-

Interesting Miscellany.

From "All the Year Round."

A STORY OF PRESENTIMENT.

"About four years ago a party of travellers arrived at a certain convent in Jerusalem, at which you can be put up for the night and entertained very much as European travellers who are crossing the Alps are received at the Great St. Bernard.—Amongst the party who had newly arrived was one who—as had been the case with myself—had got the lock of his pistol so deranged that it was impossible to stir it, and as he, like myself, and most other Eastern travellers, very much disliked the idea of proceeding on his journey unarmed, he was anxious to have the defect in his weapon attended to at once. It was easier to feel this want than to get it supplied, there being no one at that time in Jerusalem who would be at all likely to understand the pistol in question, which was a revolver, and furnished with all the latest improvements. At length, however, after much consideration and casting about as to what was to be done, one of the lay brothers of the convent suggested a way out of the difficulty which seemed promising enough. There were, he said, a couple of German travellers sleeping that night in the convent who were locksmiths by trade, and he had little doubt that one of them would be able to do what was necessary to the pistol, if anybody could. The weapon was handed over to the lay brother, who at once took it to the room which the two Germans occupied, and, explaining to them what was amiss, asked if they would undertake to set it right. The traveller, he added, would pay them liberally for their trouble.

"The two Germans were sitting at supper, when the lay brother came in with the pistol in his hand. The elder of them, whose name was Max, getting up from the table, took the weapon from the monk, and carried it the window (as the light was fading,) that he might examine it more completely. His friend remained at table, sitting with his back towards Max, finishing his supper in a philosophical manner enough. The German who was examining the pistol had been so occupied for a couple of minutes, when it went off with a loud noise. At that moment the poor fellow who was sitting eating at the table fell forward without a sound. The charge had entered his back.

"He fell upon his face on the ground, and when my friend, who told me the story—who as surgeon to the embassy was sent for at once—when he arrived, it seemed to him at first as if two men had been killed instead of one, for both the Germans were stretched upon the floor, and he who was to be the survivor, holding the other locked close in his arms, wore upon his ghastly countenance the deadlier look of the two. It was quite a difficult thing to separate them. The wounded man had got the other's hand in his, as if by that to reassure him, and to show him that he loved him all the same.

"The surgeon caused the wounded man—it was but too evident that he had not long to live—to be removed to the infirmary and laid upon a bed, to die. It was a bed that stood beneath a window, and across which, when the sun was setting, the shadow of a cypress fell. A very brief examination showed that any attempt to relieve the dying man would be useless, and they could only staunch the blood that flowed from his wound and watch him with that breathless eagerness—there is none like it—with which men watch their brother, when each short breath, drawn less and less often, seems as though it were the last. As for the other German, he was sunk in a heap upon the ground beside the bed, in speechless stupefaction. One of his hands was on the couch, and the expiring effort of the dying man was to take this passive hand in his. Those who were around him, seeing then a change upon his face, leant hastily over him, for they heard him whisper faintly.

"'Poor Max,' he said, 'poor Max.'—The last act of the man who died was to pity the one who lived.

"And well he might.

"For some time it was very uncertain whether the man who had thus slain his best and dearest friend would not speedily follow him to another world—so fearfully was he affected. For a still longer period it was doubtful in the last degree whether he would retain his reason. And indeed when the story was told me he could hardly be said to be altogether of sound mind. At that very time the man was haunted by a fixed presentiment, that he should die one day as his friend had died. No reasoning with him had the least effect; the presentiment had taken a hold on his mind which nothing could shake. Those who wished him well—and there were many—had often tried to lead him to a happier frame of mind, and to make him take an interest in his own future. They had urged him since he had taken up his abode in Jerusalem, to settle there more comfortably, to get into a better and more convenient workshop, and, since his skill as a workman always ensured him the means of living, to marry; for they knew that the fresh interests of a domestic nature which would follow, would be of the greatest possible service to him.

"'The day will come,' was his invariable answer to all such advice—'the day will come when some one will shoot me with a pistol through the back, just as I shot my friend. That day will surely come; what have I to do, with a wife, or children—with a wife whom I should leave a widow—with children whom I should leave fatherless? What have I to do with settling—with comfort or a home!

'I shall have a home when the pistol-bullet sends me to the grave beside my friend. I shall go home, then,' said the German lock-smith.

"My revolver was sent back to me repaired, and as I was just about to start away on a short journey into the environs, and was in some haste, I set off without trying it.

"In the course of the day, however, partly wishing to ascertain how far my pistol was restored to a condition of usefulness, and partly from a desire to bring down a bird which I saw on the wing, apparently within pistol-shot, I lifted my revolver to let fly at him.

"The weapon missed fire.

"On examination, I found that the defect this time was precisely the reverse of what it had been before. The lock went so loosely now, and had so little spring in it, that the hammer did not fall upon the cap with sufficient force to explode it. I tried the pistol several times, and finding it useless, sent it again, on my return to Jerusalem, to the German locksmith, charging my servant to explain to him its new defect, and above all things to caution him as to its being loaded, as I had done myself on the former occasion.

"Mark how that pistol played with the man's life! Mark how it returns to him again and again! Why not have done this work at once?

"The revolver was brought back to me the next day in a state, as I was told, of perfect repair.

"This time I took it into the garden to try it. The first time it went off well enough, but at the next time—for I was determined to prove it thoroughly—I found that its original defect had returned, and the lock would not stir, pull at the trigger as I might.

"'There is something radically wrong here,' I said. 'I will go myself and see the German locksmith about it without delay.'

"'That pistol, again,' said the locksmith, looking up, as I entered his miserable abode.

"What would I not have given to have been able to say anything that would have altered the expression of that haggard countenance. But it was impossible. I made some attempts to draw the poor fellow into conversation, though I felt that even if these had not proved (as they did) wholly useless, my comparative ignorance of his language would have stood in the way of my saying anything that could have been of any service. Our conversation, then, limited itself to the matter in hand, and we agreed that the only thing to be done with the pistol now, was to take its lock off, and make a perfectly new one in imitation of it. This, however, would take some time, and it would be necessary that the locksmith should keep the weapon by him for three or four days at least. He took it from my hands as he told me so, and placed it carefully on a shelf at the back of the shop.

"'Above all things,' he said, turning round to me with a ghastly smile.

"This, then, was the third time that that pistol was taken to the German locksmith for repair.

"It was the last.

"'I can see,' continued the narrator of this strange story, looking round on us after a pause—'I can see that you all know what happened, and that I have only to tell you *how* the fatal termination of my story was brought about.

"The German locksmith, being very much occupied, owing to the reputation he had obtained as a clever workman, had taken into his employment a sort of apprentice or assistant, to help him in the more mechanical part of his trade. He was not of much use. A stupid, idle, trifling fellow at best. One day, soon after I had left my revolver for the last time to be mended, this lad came in from executing some errand, and standing idly about the place, took down my pistol from the shelf on which it lay, and began to look at it with some curiosity, not being accustomed to the sight of a revolver.

"The locksmith, turning round from his work, saw the lad thus occupied, and hastily told him to put the pistol back in the place he had taken it from. He had not had time to attend to it yet. It was loaded, and it was dangerous to pull it about in that manner. Having this the German locksmith turned round, and went on with what he was about, *with his back towards the lad* whom he had just cautioned, and who, he naturally supposed, had restored it at to its shelf.

"The boy's curiosity, however, was excited by the revolver, and, instead of doing as he was bid, he retained it in his hand, and went on prying into it, examining how the lock acted, and what were its defects.

"The poor German was going on with his work, muttering to himself, 'Strange, how that pistol returns to me again.'

"The words were not out of his lips when the fatal moment, so long expected, arrived, and the charge from my revolver entered his back. He fell forward in a moment, saying as he fell, 'At last.'

"The foolish boy rushed out of the shop with the pistol in his hand, screaming for assistance so loudly that the neighbors were soon alarmed, and hastened in a crowd to the house of the poor locksmith.

"My friend the surgeon was instantly sent for and from him I gained the particulars which follow:

"Turning the poor fellow over on his face, and cutting open his garments to examine the wound, the surgeon said to those who were standing around: 'The ball has entered his back; if by chance it should have glanced off and passed round by the ribs, as will sometimes happen, this would not be fatal.'

"'It *is* fatal,' said the wounded man, with a sudden effort. 'Have I been waiting for this stroke so long, and shall it fail to do its work when it comes? It is fatal,' he gasped again, 'and I shall die—but not here.'

"I have to relate a horrible and incredible thing, which, impossible as it seems, is yet true.

The German locksmith started up from where he lay, pushing aside all those who stood around him with an unnatural and inconceivable strength. His body swayed for an instant from side to side, and then he darted forwards. The crowd gave way before him, and he rushed from the house. He tore along the streets—the few people whom he met giving way before him, and looking after him in horror as he flew along—his clothes cut open at the back, blood-stained and dripping, and with death in his regard. Not one pause, not an abatement in his speed till he reached the infirmary, passed the man who kept the door, and up he flew, nor stopped till he came to a bed which stands beneath the window, and across which the shadow of a cypress falls when the sun begins to sink.

"It was the bed on which his friend had breathed his last.

"'I must die here,' said the German locksmith, as he fell upon it. 'It is here that I must die.'

"And there he died. The haunting thought which had made his existence a living death was justified. The presentiment had become true at last, and when the thunder cloud, which had been so long over this man's life, had discharged its bolt upon his head, it seemed to us as if the earth were then lighter for the shade had passed away.

"Is death a name for a release like this? Who could look upon his happy face, as he lay upon that bed and say so?

"It was the end of a life—but the beginning."

Correspondence.

THE DECIMAL ARITHMETIC.

Messrs. Editors: Having for some length of time meditated upon a system of arithmetic which would correspond to the American system of reckoning money, and having become satisfied that such a system is practicable, with your permission I would be glad to express my views through the columns of your paper.

The practicability of the decimal system as applied to our currency has become an established *thing*; and there is not one person, I verily believe, who is familiar with it, that has the least doubt of its being the simplest and most expeditious system of calculating that could be conceived of; and *clear calculation is a thing needed* in an age so muddy as the present. The fact is, there are but few clear-minded men living—a *mist of intricacies, technicalities, conventionalities, and things that are "sacred because they are old," covered over with superfluities*,—such is the darkness of the Nineteenth Century. But this gloomy cloud is breaking; a few streams of light are gushing through the apertures, foreboding such a dawn of glorious illumination, that, ere long, the dark mass will be broken asunder, and the mighty vortex of the mental sky will be washed by the Afterthought of Coming Ages

And among the "bundle of good things" that will be handed down from heaven, will be found a book entitled, "The Decimal Arithmetic," from which I propose to make a few extracts:

CURRENCY TABLE.

10 mills	make one	cent,
10 cents	"	dime,
10 dimes	"	dollar,
10 dollars	"	eagle,
10 eagles	"	sovereign.

TIME TABLE.

10 ticks	make one	minute,
10 minutes	"	moment,
10 moments	"	hour,
10 hours	"	day,
10 days	"	month,
10 months	"	year,
10 years	"	decade,
10 decades	"	age.

WEIGHT TABLE.

Used for weighing anything that belongs to the material kingdom—that is, the material elements:

10 grains	make one	ounce,
10 ounces	"	pound,
10 pounds	"	balance,
10 balances	"	scale,
10 scales	"	weight,
10 weights	"	ton.

LONG MEASURE TABLE.

10 points	make one	nail,
10 nails	"	inch,
10 inches	"	foot,
10 feet	"	pole,
10 poles	"	line,
10 lines	"	acre,
10 acres	"	mile,
10 miles	"	section,
10 sections	"	degree,
10 degrees	"	angle,
10 angles	"	circle.

It is designed that the above table should be used in the measurement of anything that has length; and before it can be made use of, the distance around the earth, or one circle, should be divided into parts such as would correspond to the above figures; which would require a large globe, and a considerable amount of time.

SQUARE MEASURE TABLE

100 sq. points	one sq.	nail,
100 sq. nails	"	inch,
100 sq. inches	"	foot,
100 sq. feet	"	pole,
100 sq. poles	"	line,
100 sq. lines	"	acre,
100 sq. acres	"	mile,
100 sq. miles	"	section,
100 sq. sections	"	degree,
100 sq. degrees	"	angle,
100 sq. angles	"	circle.

CUBE MEASURE TABLE.

1000 cubic points	one cubic	nail,
1000 cubic nails	"	inch,
1000 cubic inches	"	foot,
1000 cubic feet	"	pole, &c.

I would continue my extracts further, but it would be altogether useless at present. The foregoing is sufficient to testify to the character and merits of the work.

The great difference between this arithmetic and those now in use, is its tendency to clear calculation, the forerunner of clear thought.

It is hoped by the author that the public will treat him, and also his new book with patient indulgence, and that the conservative will not shout fanaticism, collusion, derangement, and several other *borrowed terms*, as such words cannot hit the mark; for in this case we have a mathematical demonstration to stand upon—a place where truth is separated from error.

Yours for Afterthought,

John. W. Everts.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 12, 1859.

THE CONVENTION AT ROCKINGHAM, VT.

The Quarterly Spiritualist Convention, of the state of Vermont, was holden at Rockingham Centre, on Saturday and Sunday the 10th and 11th of December current, and by request I send you a synopsis of its doings for publication.

At 10 o'clock, A. M, of Saturday, a goodly number of friends from the vicinity, and from several of the adjoining States, being assembled at the Town House were called to order by Brother Walker of Bridgewater, Vt., one of the signers of the call for said Convention, who ably stated that the business of the Convention was to be the furtherance of the cause of Truth and human Freedom, and extended the right of Free Speech to all persons attending, whether they agreed with them or not, or subscribed to the doctrines of the Harmonial Philosophy, or were opposed thereto.

After some further remarks by others present it was agreed to postpone the organization until the P. M., and that Brother Walker preside during the interim.

Sister Wiley of Rockingham, Vt., was now introduced, who soon passed into a spiritual condition, and ably invoked the Great Spirit of the Universe for a blessing upon the Convention, and that its labors of love might be so directed as to be instrumental in furthering the cause of human progression.

She then gave us an eloquent and instructive address, demonstrating the spirit's progress in this and subsequent spheres.

When after a few general remarks by the chairman, the Convention adjourned until 1½ o'clock, P. M., for the discussion of spiritual truths.

At the opening of the afternoon session, Free Speech and the Uses of Spirit Manifestations were interestingly discussed by Brothers Walker, Randall, Barber and others present. After which, Brother Randall of Winchester, N. H., formerly of Barre, Mass., was introduced, who passed into a Trance State, and for 80 minutes gave us an able account of the skepticism of the past and present ages, showing that it has been mostly caused by the bigotry, superstition and tyranny of the so-called christian church. And its cure is to be effected by the advancement of the principles of truth, of love and of liberty, aided and made plain by our spirit friends who visit us from the celestial spheres. He was followed by Bro. Barber, of Warwick, Mass., on Scriptural Interpretations, so argued as to support the spiritual philosophy of the present day.

When the Convention adjourned to 6½ o'clock in the evening.

At the time appointed Brother Brown of Drewsville, N. H., was introduced, who was soon entranced, and who gave an elaborate and reductive, interesting and conclusive comparison of the ancient spirit manifestations found in the Bible, with those of our time. He was followed by Sister Hosmer of Chester, Vt., in an eloquent and harmonious improvised song, when Sister Wiley gave us another poetical address to the Great Father of Spirits, and continued in a powerful essay on Man and Nature; both were given in a spiritual condition, and were of a high order in matter and manner.

The Convention then organized by choosing Bros. Walker of Bridgewater, Pres., Putnam of Hammonton, N. J., Vice-Pres. and Assist. Sec, Barber of Warwick, Mass. Sec., Rounds of Rockingham, Vt., Barber of Warwick, and Wilder of Plymouth, Vt., Business Committee; after which Bro. Randall read and recommended to the Convention, Bro. Beeson's Prospectus concerning the prospects of the Indians of the Far West.

When the Convention adjourned to nine o'clock, the next morning.

Sunday, 11th. The Convention was opened by the President, who gave a brief history of his religious antecedents, and his great joy in having at last arrived to a knowledge of the truths of spirit communion. He was followed by Bro. Randall, who commenced to argue the cause of the suffering Indians, when he passed into a trance state, and gave by spirit dictation the agreement between natural and spiritual philosophy, or the harmony of nature with spirit.—When Sister Hosmer took the stand and treated the Convention to another of her beautiful Improvised Songs.

After which Bro. Barber occupied the remainder of the session with a scientific explanation of the various phases of modern spirit manifestations

compared with and elucidated by facts found in Bible history, with the exception of one more harmonious song by Sister Hosmer.

When the Convention adjourned to 1¼ o'clock, P. M.

The afternoon session was commenced by a call from Bro. Walker, on the opponents of spirit communion, to come forward and discuss with us, spiritual facts and truths, so that if we are wrong, to set us right. He was then followed by Bro. Randall, entranced in a short and eloquent invocation to the Great Spirit of Light and Love to bless the human race with an inspiration of true spiritual love and devotion. After which he riveted the attention of a large audience for 1¼ hours, on the soul of man and its powers compared with the infinite. In which, for beauty of language and strength of argument he has hardly ever been equalled by our best speakers, either in a normal or trance state. When Sister Wiley again came forward, entranced by the spirit of our beloved Sister Huntly, and they, in poetical strains of praise and thanksgiving, blessed God that so many of the earth friends had been permitted to converse together, to listen to their loved ones from the spirit spheres, to take sweet counsel with them and each other, that the burdens of earth may be lightened, its sorrows alleviated, and all prepared to meet together in the celestial regions, there to enjoy each other's society, and progress upward and onward toward perfection

But I will not enlarge; this much must suffice. The services of the Convention were all of a high order in intelligence and morals, and in order to be appreciated should be heard, and the joyous countenances of the speakers seen. At this stage of the proceedings, the following Resolutions were brought forward by the Business Com. and adopted by the Convention.

Resolved, That the Annual and Quarterly Conventions of the State of Vt., are one of the best means of disseminating the Truths of the Harmonial Philosophy, by bringing different minds in concert, so as to advance various reforms of our time, to move by an accelerated motion toward perfection.

Resolved, That while we strenuously advocate the doctrines and philosophy of Spiritualism, we at the same time extend the hand of charity to every Brother and Sister of humanity, although honestly differing from us in faith and practice, and as true Spiritists, should be as willing to hear their arguments, as we are to proclaim and prove ours to them.

Resolved, That we are a progressive people, and while we earnestly cling to the truths that we have obtained from every source, either spiritual or material, we as honestly and sincerely leave them behind, when new and more important ones are presented and proved to be of greater benefit to ourselves and our fellow-men.

Resolved, That we will, as true spiritualists, disseminate the truths that we believe among our fellow-men in our vicinity, feeling that they will, if generally believed and practiced, make mankind wiser and better.

Resolved, That we feel and express hearty thanks to our friends in Rockingham and her citizens generally, for their kindness and civility to us during the sitting of the Convention.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of the doings of this Convention to the editors of the SPIRITUAL AGE and the BANNER OF LIGHT, and invite them to publish the same, and other editors interested in the advancement of true spiritual freedom to copy therefrom, and publish for the benefit of their readers.

The Convention then adjourned to 6½ o'clock in the eve., to meet in conference and discuss spiritual subjects—

Yours Fraternally,

H. BARBER, Secretary.

SLAVERY.

I have read the two communications on this subject in your columns, the first from "M, of Ellsworth," the second from "John McRae, of Wilmington, N. C." The first writer is evidently one of those honest, earnest men who look at things in the abstract, and strives for the right without going into any consideration to the consequences which may result; and the other is a man who holds to the same opinion in the abstract, but holds back his hand because he does not see how he can strike without doing more harm than good. Both agree that man has a right to freedom, and that millions in this country are without the enjoyment of that right. The one would restore the right and let the consequences take care of themselves, the other would do the same thing if he did not clearly see that in so doing he would produce more harm then good. The North has quite a number of the one class, not enough to do any harm: the South has quite a number of the other class, not enough to do any good. Gradually, as time rolls on, the fire of fanaticism will burn out in the North, and the light of philanthropy will illumine the South, till we shall come to see alike, be more patient with each other, and finally combine in our efforts to remove the incumbrance from our land.

Slavery is wrong, says our abolitionist, and therefore it must be abolished. True, friend, but how and when? Admit your premises to the full extent, have you ever thought of the ways and means? "Old John Brown," when he was here, thought of them, formed his own plan, went to work to carry it out, and found that he had made a terrible mistake; the very men he perilled his life for did not want freedom—would not take it when he offered it to them, so he got himself hung for meddling with matters which he knew nothing about.—Let us be careful that we know *all about* slavery, *in all its bearings*, before we undertake to act or even to advise. When we have really attained this knowledge, if we have any advice to give *then*, I have no doubt our Southern friends will listen to it, at least. "Old John Brown" says from the Spirit Land, "I acted according to the best light I had on earth, but I find that I was on the wrong road. We must free the masters first, and they will then free the slaves without our help. I began at the wrong end."

The question before us is not whether slavery is right or wrong in the abstract, but—*slavery being an existence among us, what shall we do with it?*

Here are 4,000,000 of negroes without their inherent right of freedom; it is not the abstract question of whether we will deprive 4 millions of blacks of their freedom or not, but a simple fact staring us in the face. Four millions of slaves mixed up with as many more of masters. If it were simply, shall we or shall we not reduce the men to bondage, or permit others to do it; there would be one response in the Free States, and, as I believe, but a very small affirmative vote in the Slave States. The wrong was done before our day—the abstract question settled without our votes, and yet our zealous friends of freedom treat the case as if *that* question were the one at issue—at least in directly they so treat it. Now, for years—so many that I can't remember the beginning—I have held the opinion that every human being has a right to freedom, and yet I see millions in our own free country not possessing it. I say not possessing it advisedly, because *not one among them has ever been deprived of it*—every one of them was born into this condition—no one of them has ever known any other—and when I hear our fiery declaimers descanting on the *crime* of *depriving* so many men of that which they never possessed. I concluded at once that they have not made the first step towards obtaining a true knowledge of this subject, and are very incompetent teachers. I see this existing fact of slavery, and I want to see it non-existing. I have read with inimitable patience reams of preaching upon it, hoping to get from somebody's brains, what I never could from my own, the way to accomplish this object without doing more harm than good, but I have never yet got the light I have sought for. It is a thing yet to be discovered. The man who can show how slavery can be abolished, even to the benefit of the black race alone, will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of the whole human race. I am inclined to think that "Old John Brown," in his spirit life, has got a glimmering of it, *when the Southern mind can be freed from the pressure of the Northern mind*—if that be his meaning—and left to act for itself, it may look the evil fairly in the face, and succeed in finding a remedy for it. Meanwhile if any Northern mind has a scheme to propose—something practical—beneficial to the slave without being destructive to the master, let him present it for consideration; so much I hold that he is bound to do or else do nothing; not that I would shut any man's mouth, or stifle any man's opinion, but what is the use of forever ringing the changes upon an abstract question on which we are all agreed, unless we can propose some practical remedy for the evil we wish to remove? Any child can say slavery is wrong—no man has been able to tell us how to right it? Such declamation as that from Ellsworth does not throw any light upon it, and is more than useless, because it tends to divide the good men of the South and the North, and array them in hostility to each other. To John McRae—a high minded, honorable, true man—as I have good reason to believe—I will say before closing—neither are such notices of an individual whose opinion varies as he has written wise—they only add fuel to the fire in that individual mind and cause it to blaze up again, whereas if unnoticed, it would die out.

Our Ellsworth writer calls upon the 4 million Spiritualists of the United States to rise in their strength and put down slavery: does he mean *vi et armis?* Then I answer for one that the doctrines of Spiritualism permit no such action. Those doctrines stand on the broad foundation of LOVE—love to God and love to man—and do not permit us to do evil that good may come. The mission of Spiritualism is a mission of peace, and he who seeks to make it other than that has yet to learn its truth, beauty and worth. B. F. C.

☞ Bishop Spalding we see has enjoined prayers for the Pope. Alas! we fear His Holiness is past praying for.

ANOTHER COINCIDENCE.—The example of the Democratic National Committee in selecting the birth-day of Messrs. Buchanan and Douglas for the meeting of the Charleston Convention, seems to have been observed by the Republican Committee, for the 13th of June, when the Chicago Convention is to meet, is the birth-day of Gen. Scott, who will on that day, 1860, be seventy-four years old.

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Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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[Continued from 1st page.]

the forbidden article. "Stop!" says the mother sternly, and she administers a slight blow upon those dimpled hands. The child draws back, its lips quiver, its heart swells;—but the idea is born in that child's mind. It now first comes to the consciousness of a will different from its own; it now first learns to distinguish its will from the parent's will.

This is the original dawn of the difference between them.

That difference once defined, it is final. It is a sad moment—a cruel moment, when the parent first compels its offspring, as it were, into an independent, moral existence.

For then, a difference of will, once defined, necessarily leads, sooner or later to opposition, then to disobedience, till the knowledge of good and evil completes the moral birth of the child.

Let us now go back and contemplate the primitive relation, which humanity sustained to God, when man passive, innocent, reposed upon the lap of his Creator, his nature, being, and will, as yet submerged and undefined in the Divine nature, being and will. *Note the effect* of that first *Divine Command!* upon the internal existence of the Divine offspring. "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, *thou shalt not eat of it;* for in the day thou eatest thereof, *thou shalt surely die!*" What was the natural, necessary effect of this command upon man's being? It was to develope in him the very first consciousness, that there were two wills in the universe; a consciousness of the Divine will in contrast with, in opposition to the human will.

This contrast, this difference, this opposition, was first declared on the part of God himself. It was expressed in the command of the text,—"Thou shalt not eat of it!"

The subsequent developments are easily traced. Disobedience necessarily, inevitably followed, sooner or later. A difference between two wills must reveal itself in contrast, in opposition; and that opposition must reveal itself in act. Now opposition of man's will to that of God, expressed in an act is sin.

The origin of sin, of evil, is IN this Divine Command;—"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it." Had God never given any such command, man could not possibly have learned to distinguish his will from the Divine. He therefore never could have felt opposition of will to God; and so, never have sinned.

But on the other hand, man could never have been conscious of a moral nature, separate and distinct from God's moral nature. For, two distinct, separate, moral natures, must each be conscious of distinct, separate wills;—else there is but one moral being after all. This first Divine command, therefore, was that word which severed humanity from Deity; that which cut the tie between the moral nature of the Parent and that of the child. The fall of man was a sad moment; but it was the only process, by which the birth of man's moral being from God was naturally accomplished. Hence it was only after the fall, that man came to the knowledge of good and evil.

Let it be especially noticed here, that the fall of man, though it necessarily introduced sin and misery into the world, was nevertheless that only process, by which man's moral nature was developed. A being who does not possess the knowledge of good and evil, cannot thus be susceptible of the emotions of conscience, certainly is not a moral being.

But our first Parents before the fall did not possess the knowledge of good and evil; were not susceptible to the emotions of conscience, therefore: and hence, they were not moral beings, distinct from the moral nature of God.

It was by the fall, in the very act of transgression, that the consciousness of good and evil was developed. The fall of man, then, as before observed, was the only process of the birth of his moral nature.

From this remark, it will be seen, that though the fall was attended with the sacrifice of the original communion and oneness, which man enjoyed with his Maker, it was still a step of legitimate, necessary progress. This imperfect union, when man like the infant, reposed passively on the lap of love, was sacrificed to the prospect of a higher, more perfect, voluntary union, which should finally be realized through Christ. It is but a wise provision of nature, that the child, at first its being wholly dependent upon the parent, shall go at length to sustain an independent existence.

In that strong, self-conscious, mature filial love, that afterwards springs up in the heart of the offspring, when manhood is attained, a higher union is attained, than that which primitively existed in the dim consciousness of infancy. So it is with man in his relations to God. When, through the redemption of Christ, the human soul shall be reunited to God, upon a higher moral plane, and so all shall be one in God and in Christ, a far better destiny will be achieved, than if man had never passed through the sad experience of the fall; of a temporary alienation and separation, from the Divine Parental heart. The fall was a step of progress; and not of retrogression. This fact should be distinctly understood.

There are many considerations naturally belonging to this subject, which time will not admit of entertaining in this discourse. I have attempted merely to make intelligible the main idea connected with this subject. If these remarks shall open the way to a more satisfactory view of the fall of man, which I can only hope, then my wishes will be attained.

May God, at least, direct our minds into a cordial and intelligent perception of His truth, and lead us in the path of our high duties and destiny.

THE NUTRITIVE CURE.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to ask the attention of your readers to a "PAMPHLET OF INFORMATION," respecting a New Method of Cure, by Nutrition, without Medicine, to be found advertised in your columns. And, by Nutrition, I mean that VITAL PRINCIPLE which *heals* the wound, and performs the CURE, always, whenever any cure is, really, effected. The *sick*, therefore, who *depend* upon *Medicine*, or upon *Hydropathy, Magnetism, Electricity, Psychology*, or, u, on any other means, either material, or mental, should understand, that no means of cure, can ever, possibly, have any *virtue* at all, only, in so far as they are made effectual by this LIVING PRINCIPLE. And, thus it is, that the NUTRITIVE CURE includes all that is efficient in other theories;—rejecting the evils of *dosing*, it combines the *useful* of all other Methods, into one beautiful and Harmonious SYSTEM. Hence, in time, it must, of necessity, take the precedence of all others, as it is, obviously, more *available* in all cases;—it is every way more *Reliable*, CERTAIN, and attended with less danger and expense. The subscriber can refer to persons in nearly all the United States, whom he has restored to Health, and among them are members of the Medical Profession, who have given his New Method of Treatment their decided approval. His vast success, for thirty years past, in the Cure of Disease without Medicine, is well known; but the great SECRET *of that success*, had never been disclosed, till the publication of his "THEORY of NUTRITION." The cures by Pathetism, the "Spiritual" cures of Modern times, and, the "Miracles" of former ages, are no longer mysteries unrevealed! The *pill*-men are confounded, and inquire how it can be? *Dyspepsia*, "humors," "nervous complaints," *Blindness*, and all forms of disease, cured without one particle of Medicine, and patients increased in weight 30 lbs., in the course of a few weeks!

CURES, radical and permanent like these, may well excite astonishment among those accustomed to the old processes of "doctoring." They constitute a NEW ERA in the history of the DIVINE ART OF HEALING, as they are the delight and the wonder of all who are interested in their performance.

Let all who are in *poor health*, from *whatever cause*, all who are *sick* and despair of a cure from *drugging;* all who wish to be free from *narcotising* with *tobacco, opium*, or *ardent spirits;* and, all who suffer from diseases of the EYE, and *defective sight*, read my PAMPHLET of INFORMATION, [sent to you by post free, for 1 Dime] from which we may learn what the CURE by NUTRITION is, and, how the afflicted in any part of the country may avail themselves of its benefits; and, showing, withal, from the highest medical authorities in the world, that the process of "dosing" with "pills," "powders," "cordials," "syrups," "drops," "bitters," "roots," "herbs," and other medicinal "*diestuffs*," is *unsafe, injurious*, and utterly unworthy of any confidence at all: thus demonstrating how the MEDICAL PROFESSION have, unwittingly, pointed to the *Nutritive Cure* as NATURE'S REMEDY *in disease*, and the *Invalid's only* HOPE. Read the "BOOK of NUTRITION," and cast your *Nostrums* to the dogs!

Boston, Mass. LAROY SUNDERLAND.

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.

Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man?—How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and steers the ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his property gazetted, may blow out his brains, and leave his wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be consulted and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.—[New York Home Journal.

WHEN a great man stoops or trips, the small men around him suddenly become greater.

WHAT IT MEANS.—Gotham is a name often given to New York by its inhabitants. In Europe it is a term of reproach, and "the wise men of Gotham" are generally laughed at. In Kelly's proverbs of all Nations, the following explanation is given: "Gotham is a village of Nottinghamshire, known to be the headquarters of stupidity in this country, on whose inhabitants all sorts of ridiculous stories might be fastened. The convenience of having such a butt for sarcasm has been recognized by all nations. The ancient Greeks had their Boetia, which was for them what Suabia is for the modern Germans. The Italians compared foolish people to those of Zago, 'who sowed needles that they might have a crop of crowbars, and dunged the steeple to make it grow.'"

The widow of the famous Morgan, of Anti-Masonic notoriety, is now a resident of the vicinity of Memphis, Tenn. The Appeal of that city says: "She has been connected with Leath Orphan Asylum since her advent here, and her labors in behalf of the poor and unfortunate will not soon be forgotten by the recipients of her favors."

☞ It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering *sealed letters*, physchometric delineator of character, and medical clairvoyant, is permanently located at the "Bethesda Institute," 49 Tremont street, Room No. 6. Boston

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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BY FRANCES BROWN.

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The Bible: Is it of Divine origin, authority, and influence? By S. J. Finney. Price, in paper, 25 cts; cloth, 40 cts.

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

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

The 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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☞ Send for Catalogue.

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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.]

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks Jan. 1st, in Delphia, Ind. 8th, in Elkhart, Ind.; 15th, in Sturgis, Mich.; 22d, in Odrian, Mich.; Feb, 5th, Battle Creek, Mich.; 11th, 18th and 24th, Rockford, Ill.; March 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th, Lyons, Mich. Address as above.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st, Sunday in Jan., at Cincinnati, 2nd., and 3d. Sundays, at Terr 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 10th—No. 12, Lamartine Place, 29th street New York until Dec 20th, and 510 Arch street, Philadelphia until January 10th. n15 tf

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

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. 25th 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.

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QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1860. VOL. I.---NO. 19.

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

We dwell within a Christian land;
As witnesses to this there stand
Churches, priests creeds on every hand;
But now the Master is away,
Who leads the Christians of to-day?

Enter, some sunny Sabbath day,
To while a vacant hour away,
The gorgeous temple where they pray;
And see the "man of God" arise,
The centre of admiring eyes.

'Mid rustling silk, and satin sheen—
While gleaming jewels glow between,
The humble worshipers are seen.
When Fashion's flag is wide unfurled,
Who are "the Church," and who "the world?"

Who that beholds their mansions stand
In pomp and pride throughout our land,
Would deem the Leader of *this* band,
Was that young Nazarene, who said
"I have not where to lay my head."

And glittering crowds for office wait
Around the door of Church and State,
While hungry beggars crowd the gate.
Not such a court did Jesus keep,
But left the order, "Feed my sheep."

"Follow your Leader!" his command
Rings clear and loud thro' every land,
Let priest and people by it stand;
That voice proclaims, "To others do
As ye would have them do to you."

Oh! if at last, a brighter light
Has dawned upon the world's long night,
See to it, warriors in *this* fight,
Apostles brave of Truth and Right,
At Reason's shrine who bend the knee,
See that your *words* and *deeds* agree.

VIRGINIA.

Tioga Co., Pa.

EDMUND BURKE'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that *sweetness* of temper, benevolence, innocence, it is all that sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to an admiration of every one. She has firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all that softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

THE OMEN FULLFILLED.—The handsome housekeeper of a Wensleydale farmer was tripping up stairs, when she slipped her foot and fell. "Holloa!" cries her master, "have you fallen, Mary? That's a sign of a husband.' "So it is," says winsome Mary, laughing as she gathered herself up; "and I'm sure I can't think who it's to be, unless it's *you* master." "Well! *let* it be me?" was the response; and as Mary had no objection, the omen was fulfilled. Nor had either Mary or her mate reason to regret, ever after, the fall on the stairs.—[Gateshead Observer.

A SERMON.

THE FALL OF MAN

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.—GEN. II. XVII.

The scriptures uniformly agree in representing man, as in some sense a fallen being. Among all the nations of antiquity, we discover distinct traces of the idea that the race originally existed in a state of immediate communion and oneness with God, enjoying a constant, undisturbed fruition of happiness; but that in process of time, man fell from his high estate, became submerged in the sensuous life, his being rent and distracted, as it now is, with discord, sin and misery. This opinion held a prominent place, not only in all the ancient religions, but also in the minds of all the eminent philosophers and poets of antiquity. It is only in quite modern times, that the opinion has gained somewhat extensive currency, that man is not a fallen being. According to the "development theory," so called, the human race is supposed to have been unfolded by regular gradations from the animal species. Man, at first, was but a step in advance of the brute creation. All subsequent development has been from crude, inferior stages toward the higher; and not, as the old theory has it, from a Paradisical state to a condition of sin and evil. Many liberal Christians, if they do not feel willing to adopt the idea, that man is but the spontaneous evolutions of animal, at least deny that we are fallen beings. They consider that the original condition of the race was far inferior to its present condition; that all subsequent progress has been upward, and not downward.

It is sufficient for me to state that I cannot reconcile the Scriptures with any other theory, than that in his primitive state, man existed in complete union, and in blissful converse with his Maker; and that, therefore, in his present condition, man is, in some sense, a fallen being. A superficial philosophy might lead one to reject this opinion, but I think the highest and sublimest philosophy would lead one to adopt it. I am very sure that the Scriptures cannot be fairly interpreted upon any other hypothesis. Not that the text and context appear to me to be taken in a literal sense, but that we do have here an allegorical representation of a great fact in man's history; that fact being the fall of man.

I have often hoped to be able, some day, to get at a more satisfactory view of man's fall, than any other of those theories which go current among us.

These theories are not satisfactory to me, and I know they are not to many others.

Whether I can offer a better solution of the problem, is a question, perhaps; but I desire at least, in the present discourse, to submit a few suggestions upon *The Fall of Man*.

Evidently, the better to understand the nature of his fall, we must attempt to gain a correct idea,—

1. *As to the Primitive Condition of Man.*

We have already seen, how universally the idea has been and is held, among all who have adopted the hypothesis of the fall in any sense, that the original state of man was that of complete union and converse with the Divine Being—that in consequence of this oneness with his Maker, man's nature was in perfect rest, free from discord, conflict, evil, and thus man was happy; at least an entire stranger to unhappiness. Now this conception of the Paradisical state, will be seen to harmonize with the uniform representations, which the Scriptures afford us. The Author of the Book of Genesis has portrayed man in Eden, as holding immediate, intelligent communion with God. God walks in the midst of the Garden, and superintends the labors of his creature, as a parent would watch over a child. Nothing can be more beautiful and yet sublime, than that picture respecting man's original close and intimate relation to God, which is given in the text and context. No two natures can be conceived to enjoy a sweeter, more absolute union, sympathy and converse, than that represented in the account before us, as primitively existing between the Divine and human nature.

But we may justly infer the state of man before the fall, from the various descriptions in God's word, respecting that final condition, to which the race is to be restored. It is the mission of Christ to restore man to his primitive relations to God.—What then, is that condition, to which Christianity aims to raise man? "Neither pray I for these alone," says Christ, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be *one in us.*"

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God," says John, "and God in him." Paul conceives of man's final state as that where God is "all in all."

These Scriptures sufficiently indicate the uniform conception they inculcate, as to man's final condition. It is a state of complete union with God.

But as salvation only supposes a restoration to the primitive condition of human nature, we thus infer the nature of that primitive condition, as being one of entire union with the Divine Being.

Beside this, all the ancient religions, as well as the most eminent and renowned philosophers and poets of antiquity, entertained this conception precisely.

The Brahmin sought to re-unite himself to Brahma, the primal Spirit. Plato conceived the destiny of the soul tobe a re-union with the Deity. The Alexandrian philosophy taught the same doctrine. The Christian Fathers also inculcated it.

In fact, the Church almost universally, has conceived the primal condition of man to be one of complete union and communion with God.

This is the state to which it is the mission of Christ to restore the human race.

We may justly infer from this, therefore, that such must have been the primitive condition of man.

The communion of the Holy Spirit, being made partakers of the Divine Nature, are but anticipations of that restoration to blissful oneness with the Creator.

But the important question, demanding our especial notice here is, what are we to understand by this complete union once existing between man and Deity? In what sense were the human and Divine Natures one? A definite, intelligent answer to this inquiry will afford us the key to the whole subject of the fall of man. Let us, therefore, attempt to conceive that union, which is supposed to have originally existed between God and his creation; attempt to conceive the real true nature of it.

In the first place, man was not conscious that he possessed a will different, separate, distinct from the Divine Will. There was but one will in the Universe; and that was the will of God. How do we know this to have been the case? Simply from the fact that it is the aim of all religion to re-unite the human will to the Divine.

When the will of man and that of God, now running in different and opposite directions, finally approach and fall into one, this is considered uniformly the highest state of moral perfection which it is man's destiny to attain. "Not my will," says Christ, "but thine be done." "For God worketh in you," says Paul, "both to will and to do." These passages illustrate the destiny of man's will. It is to finally converge, fall into, be submerged into the will of God; and thus to become one identical with it. Man will not be conscious then, that he has a will, different, distinct from the will of God. Such, therefore, was undoubtedly man's primitive condition in the Garden of Paradise. Thus, you perceive, in one respect, what was the nature of that union existing between the Divine and human existence. It was so complete, that man was unconscious of any will but that of God, which then wrought in man, both to will and do.

Allow me, however, to introduce an illustration here, which will prove in the end, not an illustration merely, but a strict, perfect analogy; and which will not only exhibit the entire union of man's will with the Divine, as the original natural relation subsisting between them; but this illustration will help our minds to gain that peculiar stand-point, from which alone, we can view this whole subject in its true light. Take then, the new-born child, as it lies passive, calm and quiet, in the maternal lap, or nestles to that cherishing breast, from which it draws nature's generous sustenance. That child is not yet conscious of a will of its own, distinct, separate from its parent's will.

More than this, that child has not yet learned to distinguish its being, its separate, personal existence, from the maternal being. Its spiritual existence is still, as it were, inbound, inwoven in the parental existence. Weeks, months and years will roll away, perhaps, before that budding intellect will rise to what we call self-consciousness; will learn to distinguish itself from others, even from surrounding objects, as a distinct, personal identity.

We here have an illustration of those primitive relations, which infant humanity sustained to God, when reposing, as it were, upon the lap of the Creator. It was then, that the new-born child of God lay sweetly, passively upon the breast of Infinite Love, and drew from nature's spontaneous products its material sustenance. The Divine Parental Eye watched over its opening destinies, and the Hand that made us, cradled us in the nursery of Eden. Man was not then conscious of a will distinct from the will of God; and more than this he could not have been conscious of a moral being, a spiritual existence, distinct from the Divine existence. This was that complete, childlike dependence on God, perfect union with him, and spontaneous sympathy and communion with the Creator, that I conceive to have characterized the first original condition of humanity.—The living, fresh, immediate pulsations between the two natures, had not yet ceased. God so dwelt in man, and man in God, that they were one.—The child reposed upon the Parental lap, unconscious of a separate moral existence at least from that of the Parent.

But the illustration here given is a strict, perfect analogy. God *is* the Parent of man. The parental relation is the only stand-point from which to gain a true insight into the subject before us. Observe a child, in all its primal innocence, reposing in its mother's arms. Watch the natural, gradual process by which that child comes to a consciousness of its separate, personal identity; by which at length, it comes to a knowledge of good and evil—observe this process silently going on in the internal being of that infant, and you have a perfect illustration of man's primitive relations to God, and how finally, those relations—that close bound tie—union of two beings, naturally and necessarily gave place to subsequent developments. I repeat it, the Paternal relation is the first, primal, fundamental relation existing between Deity and humanity.

It is the only stand-point from which this topic, the fall of man, can be seen to be perfectly philosophical, perfectly natural. Taking the more usual point of view, that God stood in relation to man, only as Creator, a kind of Artizan fashioning a heap of clay, and then breathing life into it; or that God was a mere arbitrary Sovereign, an ineffable, holy, just, infinite Being, man a little, frail speck of dust—any such distant, extrinsic, unnatural view of the original position these two natures held to each other, will effectually shut out all light from our subject. Look at man's primitive condition, interpret it through the Paternal relation.

Think of a child affectionately cradled in the arms of maternal love; think of the spiritual, the moral relations existing there, and this topic of the fall of man will be soon explained.

But having sufficiently indicated the condition of man before the fall, let us attempt to explain—

2. *The Nature of the Fall itself.*

It will undoubtedly help us to gain a clearer conception here, if we now take a brief view of man's present moral condition, in contrast with his Paradisical state. The difference between the two, will serve as a distinct outline of the nature and extent of the fall.

We can then easily trace that natural process, by which human nature has passed from one condition to the other.

It may be remarked, then, in the first place, that man is now conscious of possessing a will of his own, separate, distinct, and oftentimes opposed even, not only to the Divine will, but also to that of his fellow beings. Each one of us feels that he has a will entirely distinct from that of every other being in the Universe. Each one feels at times, a strong opposition and conflict existing between his own will and that of God; between his own and that of his fellow man.

How our experience in life tends to intensate the will; tends to draw it out into a bold, independent contrast and opposition to every other will. Witness the constant clash and conflict of human wills, in the social and business life of man. One opposes itself to the other, and the effect is to intensate both.

Now it is only by opposition, contrast, that a man can possibly distinguish his will, or even his own being, from that of another. For example, suppose I am about to perform a certain act. An individual steps forward, and says, Sir, you shall not do that; and he enforces his command with threats and unmistakable gestures.

Do you not see now, that the effect of this opposition to my will would naturally be to wake up a consciousness of its own separate, distinct identity? How quickly the mind would come to a knowledge of its own will in contrast with that of the other individual! How quickly, almost instinctively my whole being's force would rise in opposition and conflict with that individual before me!

Now every human being is daily conscious of just such an opposition of other wills to his own. God in his providence opposes our wishes, limits our desires, sets bounds to our attainments.

Man comes into conflict with us, competition, strife, opposition. Nature fixes limits, and opposes her hard, rude material to our endeavors to fashion her to our liking. All life constantly tends to develope, to intensate our individual wills, as distinct powers in contrast with, often in opposition to every other will in the Universe. This is man's present condition. How different from that original state, in which we have contemplated humanity in the Garden of Paradise.

But we become conscious, each of his own distinct personality, also, by means of this same opposition and contrast. You can easily perceive how a clash of interests and desires, a war of wills, will lead to a separation between two moral natures. Take two beings who love each other, between whom there is no opposition of feeling, desire, interest, or will, and you will see their beings gradually flow into blissful union. Each seems to the other, but a part of himself. But let opposition, strife, conflict grow up between those beings, and their moral natures begin to withdraw; to isolate themselves; to exhibit more and more a bold independence, difference, till absolute hatred, perfect separation ensues. This illustrates in another respect, the present condition of man in his relations to God. The opposition of man's will to the Divine will, has gradually withdrawn man from God; has isolated humanity from Deity. We now feel that there is a gulf fixed between our beings and the Divine Being.

We have fallen away from the Parental heart; there is estrangement between man and God; the two natures are no longer seen in complete union and oneness, but as utterly, totally distinct. How different from the original condition of humanity!

We have now traced the outlines, so to speak, of the fall of man, both as it respects its extent, and also its peculiar nature. But it remains to indicate that natural, gradual, necessary process, by which humanity has passed from its original condition into its present state and relationship to God.

Here, again, if we would attain any intelligent view, we must look at the subject, from the standpoint of the strict parental relation. Let us observe the process, by which a little child, gradually emerging from the dim, undefined consciousness of its first mortal existence, at length learns to distinguish its being, its will, from that of the parent. *Note the effect* of the first *parental command!* upon that child's internal being. It is wonderful. It is worthy of our close study and observation. The child is about to lay its mischievous hands upon some delicate household article, which the parent fears it will destroy. "Ah! ah!" says the parent, "mother's darling must not touch it!" But the child is yet unconscious of any difference between its will and its mother's will.

It proceeds, as if to clutch its little hands upon

[Continued on 8th page.]

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.

Flora answered, saying, "I have listened to all that you have said—am surprised at what you tell me in regard to my son, and yet these things are too profound for my limited comprehension."

"No, they are not," he replied. "I say they are not; because there is no bound or limit to man's *capacity* for knowing! The Empire of Mind is vastly more extended than that of Matter, and it exists where substance is unknown—its sway unacknowledged. Mind is universal, Matter restricted; the former is a reality, the latter one of accidents. Being of Mind—man can know all he will, merely by putting forth his proper faculty in the right direction. He says he can never know Deity to the full, yet I hold even this conclusion to be premature and wrong; for certainly he may master the knowledge of matter, and having done this, can ascertain the attributes and powers of the Being who created it, and can study each of these in detail; the sum total will be a perfect perception and conception of Nature, Mind and Deity. True it may require myriads of ages to accomplish such a result, yet it is possible, and therefore can be done! Still you are right in saying that the things I reveal are too deep for your *present* capacity, for living as you do in an age pre-eminently utilitarian, your mind and that of most persons is so occupied with the merest trifles that the amazing power within, slumbers like a weary giant, and only once in an age doth a man awake, arise, and make the discovery, sometimes accidentally, that intellect is boundless. When such an one proclaims his triumph, he ceases to be regarded as sane till after Death calls for, and takes him away, and *then* whole nations prove that the only consistency of human nature is in its inconsistency; the genius *living* starved to death, but the genius *dead* has millions spent in his honor, memory and praise! Whole nations pour out their libations at the foot of his mausoleum, and the whole human race, assisting at his apotheosis, unite in proclaiming his "astounding virtues and most noble excellencies!" Yet it often happens that these really great men are the merest tyros—children—ignorant babes—compared to myriads of intelligent existences beyond the flimsy veil of life, who occasionally visit earth in search of contrasts. It is perfectly true that—

"Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold great Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton, as ye show an ape!"

"Whoever wants knowledge may obtain it. There is no difficulty but may be surmounted; but the mass are content with little; they neglect themselves, and forget there is a vast ocean of Truth on all sides, whose waves are constantly beating against their rock-bound souls, and which only once in a while beats down the barriers of ignorance, and fills the little brains in their almost empty skulls! You were wrong, then, my daughter, to say this or that is too deep for you. Nothing is too deep to be grappled for, not even the awful mystery of Tak-a-lum, or the source and beginning of all existence in any form whatever. WILL TO KNOW and you shall not be disappointed. None but idiots tremble at a question; the true man laughs all obstacles to scorn!"

As these words fell from his lips a strange effect was produced. The speaker stood erect as a statue, his eyes flashed, his form dilated, his breast heaved like a tumultuous sea which the northern gales do blow; and the words seemed clothed in fiery garb, as they issued in burning streams from his excited lips. The effect was grand, terrible, and sublime. His emotion told plainly that there was a deeper meaning to what he said than struck the soul of his human auditor. There was something hidden from the first sense, of vast importance. What it was let the sagacious reader guess—if he can. On the three invisibles the effect was equally singular, for while the eyes of the children of the shining star became down-cast, those of the fiend in red fairly blazed with satisfaction. In both cases it was caused by the effect produced upon the woman Flora by the subtle words of the nameless one. When she heard that "There is no limit to the human intellect," and that "all knowledge was possible,—aye, within the grasp of all whoever had the courage to dare;"—when she comprehended that every obstacle between man and positive knowledge might be overleaped, her soul was in an instant glow, and at that moment she would freely have perilled her soul for KNOWLEDGE.—The end which her tempter sought was gained; he had succeeded in firing her with ambition, not for herself, but for the coming man, her boy, her child. Oh! should he but become as a God, I would willingly be blotted out!" she thought, but forgot that the chances were more than equal that he might become an infernal demon, instead. "Tell me," she asked, "whence came the powers of the Shadow, and where do its forces dwell."

"In the wandering stars, daughter, does the power of the Shadow dwell and hold its court until it has achieved a victory, and can rightfully claim the throne of Alcyone; when it does, and is superseded by a monarch of the light, it takes again its residence in the star, but of another and vastly superior universe, where it holds in perpetual fear the powers of the Light, who have ascended to the throne of the universe, whereof these stars are members. This is the truth, for I am obliged to answer you correctly!"

For perhaps half a minute Flora gazed steadily into the eyes of her strange guest, and then, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, she said, 'and this is really true? Are you not deceiving me? Can poor, weak man attain to the knowledge of Being? Is the human will so powerful? Is it true," she said. "Oh tell me! is it true that *nothing can escape the scrutiny of man if he so wills it?* answer ye me truly, I conjure you by the name of Jehovah;—by that dread power which lies at the base of all being, human, demoniac and divine! By Him I command you to tell me, is it possible for a human being in a single life-time to attain to a knowledge that shall constitute him regal monarch of all human thought and thinkers? If it is, then I forego all things else from this moment to attain it, in behalf of my child, and I will consecrate him to that great and wonderful destiny!"

A slight—very slight smile lit up the red gnome's features, as he replied, "Yea, daughter, all this is possible, and more, much more with it. Heaven cannot deny it, and Hell, if there be one, which I doubt, must *in this case*, speak the truth for once, and amply confirms my statements!"

"I believe you," she replied, and then relapsed into a revery, saying as she did so, "I will think, I will think of this!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE PANORAMA OF THE BYGONE YEARS.

The most powerful passion in the human breast, all other things considered, is probably that of Ambition. Indeed the rest may be set down as mere modifications of this kingly sentiment. And now, for the first time, this patent destroyer of human happiness agitated the bosom of Flora Beverly. The past, the present, and the future glided mistily before her mind's eye; and she beheld her son the victor in a race whose prize was Glory; and she saw him as the marked man amongst myriads—and she was glad. She hoped it might be so. Ah! reader, what did she not hope for that infant son? "Yes," she said aloud, after a few moments of abstraction, "I will think on what I have heard this night.—And now I will go on with my narrative.

"The child I saw in my vision was the image of my babe; so like indeed, that I should believe in your doctrine of Dualities were it not for three things; first, my child was not then in existence; second, twenty years have rolled away since the occurrence; and thirdly, the other was not a mortal child, but a something not shadow, not substance, yet perfect and real. It was not a spirit because it was tangible, and a spirit is not, having neither flesh nor blood; yet this mysterious child had *both*. It was not human, for human beings cannot, like it, fade away in a moment." Her guest laughed slightly at her reasoning.

She resumed. "It was on a bright autumnal day, in the early spring-time of my life, when the ripened fruit, the golden grain, the singing brook, and the happy birds, and all things, save men alone, proclaimed the goodness and greatness of Deity, that I walked upon the pebbly beach of Newport, Rhode Island. I was then young, healthful, nor had care yet made traces on my brow. My soul was spotless then, nor had sin yet stained my spirit, which was then as pure as that self-clearing ocean whose waves washed the sands at my feet, and surged the rocky shores of an entire world. My soul was like the sea which needs but the winds to break its calm and lash it into fury, and naught but sunshine to still it into bland and serene repose.—But that day the sea and my soul both were calm. The shelving beach was alive with bathers, full of glee and jocund mirth, dressed in fantastic garb, and filling the air with musical voices, trilling forth many a well-sung ditty. The placid water was dotted here and there with the boats of the fishermen plying their trade, and with the gaily painted pleasure-craft of the lordly merchant prince, the sails of whose ships whiten distant seas, whose keels plow many a thousand leagues of brine, in search of wealth to enable him here to flitter away life and time in frivolities, and the pursuit of the ever-escaping phantom, Pleasure.

"Seventeen summers had passed over me, yet ripening as they passed, and maturing my mind and body long before the usual time. People called me beautiful, yet I heeded them not, because I had no time to think about it, yet others had and did, to my everlasting grief and sorrow. Those who depended on prepared chalk, pearl, powder and rouge, red ribbons and flowers, for their good looks, hated me most cordially for no other reason than that, poor as I was, I bore off the palm, and the young men flocked around, and did homage at the shrine of *La Brunette*, as they styled me. I was not to blame; it was no fault of mine that people loved me. Generally I was placid and contented, if not happy; my spirits were buoyant because my health was good. But this was not to last long. Every month added to my beauty, and to the splenetic envy of those who chose to regard me as a rival.

"Envy, the accursed viper, crept in and stung me to the quick, the fiercer it rankled in *their* breasts; and this it was that first woke the tempests of my soul, and set its winds in play. Envy, the black and hideous gorgon-passion, which has destroyed the peace of the world, ruined *me* in its march. Envy, the root of all evil; which makes the rivers and the deep, deep sea run red with human gore; builds gibbets and thus hangs them full of festering carcases; which erects jails and immures therein man, unfortunate, desolate and deserted;—jails, wherein are often buried man's best and brightest hopes, because Envy has made society a hot-bed of unhealthy emulation, and consequent contention, robbery and crime, and which makes man a mere creature of a false society, which can only exist by perpetuating and envious brood. Even the churches emulate each other, not in saving souls, but in making show and vain display. It was envy that developed the poisionous breath which blighted many of my youthful hopes, for my rivals said, 'Heigh ho! Flora Beverley carries herself rather too proudly! she must be brought down a step or two!' And thereupon they began to study ethnological anatomy, and soon became adepts therein; nor were they long in celebrating their discoveries. 'She is not of *pure blood*, lineage or descent,' said they, 'for which reason she is not fit company for us. *She* indeed! Just look at her jet-black hair. She got that from her grandfather, who was an Indian. See her dark eyes. They came from her grandmother, who was a Loorish woman, from some place on the frontiers of Arabia and Persia. Note well her straight nose, high cheek-bones, olive complexion She inherits those from her father, whose father was a Moor, and a Moor is nothing but a straight-haired negro, as everybody must know, for Moroceo is in Africa. Negroes are Africans, therefore Moors are Negroes! Now look at her oval chin, her full eye, think skin, and ivory teeth. These she derives from her father's mother, whose mother in turn was a Creole; her's a quadroon; her's again *must* have been a mulatto; her's a negress, and'——that was enough! The ethnological deduction was complete and satisfactory. The work was done, and well done, too. They gave me a pedigree to suit themselves, taking care to twist a little truth till they had elongated it sufficiently for their purpose; a rival was removed and they probably slept sounder that night.

"These things are done daily, without compunction, by women who, one hour thereafter, look the very pictures of innocence and generosity, as they lounge and languish on the sofas of some fashionable drawing-room, fishing for flats and gudgeons of the sterner but by far the *softer* sex! More men are seduced by women than women by men, yet, when playing the dangerous game, they chance to *overdo* the thing, and fall in the net laid for others, they invariably throw the blame on the intended victim, whom the whole world pursues vengeance-intent to the prison or the death, and then it exclaims. 'Outrage has been redressed; virtue wronged has been avenged!' Injured innocence indeed!—Paugh! My enemies had reasoned well and wisely; they had struck the right chord at the proper place in the right time, as all will admit who are at all acquainted with society in the 'Free and Independent States of North America,' where the slightest difference in color from the accepted standard, actually amounts to a sentence to the social death; and after such a sentence has been cast, even if it be proved unjust or unfounded, it matters not; the suspected can never regain the lost place. It is a spectre that never leaves its victim, but clings like a shadow, and haunts until the dying day. The set of 'earthly angels' destroyed me completely in my seventeenth year. I was excommunicated; the doors of polite society were barred against me. My crime was being prettier than they, and in having an olive tint, rather too fascinating to mankind to suit their polished tastes. They found fault with the handiwork of Jehovah, and doomed me to guiltless infamy, and for no fault of mine was I made to sup sorrow to the dregs. At the time that I walked upon the beach at Newport, the thing was just being hatched, and I often sought some retired spot, where I could assuage my grief, and cry myself to quietude or sleep, forgetting for the time the sting of some ungenerous taunt or fling at myself, or the mother who bore me; taunts always thrown by some dear and tender-hearted member of the gentle sex. Gentle and tender, forsooth! Too much blame is constantly laid to the charge of the male, and far too little to that of the female portion of society. Woman makes man what he is, because she forms society; because she has the shaping of his body, mind and morals, and therefore she is the real power in the State, yet knows it not; when she does, and fulfills the mission God intended when he made her,

'Will the reign of mind begin on earth,
And starting forth as from a second birth,
Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.'

"Being somewhat weary with my long walk, I sat down upon a rugged projection of rock to rest awhile. As I did so a train of thought passed before my mind, and I began to muse on life and love; for I had just began to learn somewhat of that strangest, weakest, fiercest, gentlest, simplest, yet profoundest paradox or passion ever known to men or angels. I was brimming full of love, and felt that I would give worlds for something on which to pour it, and from which to receive it in return.

"There is a period in mortal life when every soul feels this, its greatest need—a something to love and be loved by, and I had just reached that period of life. Happy indeed is that fortunate being who then attains its fond desire. It is seldom such an one exists. Many imagine they have attained the golden fruit, but are disappointed. If really found, their shining sun can never set again; but if not, then the poor one plods on through life midst sorrow, woe and gloom; or if a smile decks the outer features, 'a worm in secret gnaws within.'

"My soul poured forth its rich treasures in one unbroken stream, in search of a resting place, but found it not. Bianca, in the Tragedy of Fazio, says to her recreant lord, when she suspects that he has trifled with her, whose whole soul had been poured into what proved to be a worthless receptacle,

'Fazio, thou sett'st a fever in my brain;
My lips burn at the thought:
I had rather thou wert in thy winding-sheet
Than that bad woman's arms; I had rather grave worms
Were on thy lips than that bad woman's kisses!
Take heed! We are passionate; our milk of love
Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
The fondest are most phrenetic. Where the fire
Burneth intensest, there the inmates pale
Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
Will give us their unruly, restless nature;
We whirl and whirl; and where we settle, Fazio,
But He that ruleth the mad winds can know.
If ye do drive the love out of my soul,
That is, its motion, being, and its life,
There'll be a conflict, strange and horrible,
Among all fearful and ill-visioned fiends,
For the blank void; and their mad revel there
Will make me —— oh, I know not what!'

"I felt that, should I find an object upon which to place my love and trust, and that object should prove a Fazio, that I could and should be a second Bianca to the recreant; life cease to be worth having, and 'chaos come again.' My father once told me that in Samarcand he met with an old and very learned Brahmin, who told him many mysteries, and amongst other things was the singular statement that when a spirit full of Love is denied its fruition on earth, after it reaches a certain age, a gradual and terrible change takes place in its nature; it ceases to be human and becomes a demon. Nay, worse than that still, 'For,' said the Brahmin, 'when a soul can find *no* response, it begins to feed upon itself, and when it does so, it is gradually, but surely being transformed into a Ghoul—a fearful Vampyre, whose food is human hearts; which exists but to destroy, and the blight of whose presence is felt for ages on the spot where once they trod," and which agrees with what you have yourself declared.

"Well, as I sat there upon the rock, the warm and bounding blood shot through me; my heart leaped, and my soul hugged the hope that I should yet find something to love and be loved by. As I looked out upon the waters a tiny shallop, urged by a single pair of oars, appeared like a speck in the distance. As it lightly rode upon the bosom of the sparkling wave, it looked like a fairy bark guided by elfin hands.—Slowly it approached a point of land that jutted out into the sea, a little to the left of where I sat. As it neared me I saw that the oarsman was an old white-haired man, whose silvery locks floated with the breeze as he rowed along. Though aged he was manifestly vigorous, as was evinced by the ease with which he mastered his little wherry, and landed despite the combing surges, whose white foam fringed the beach and which constituted the chief attraction to the hundreds of bathers there assembled. He landed safely, and after drawing his boat out of the water, slowly bent his steps towards me. With the freedom of youth to age, as soon as he came within gun-shot I said—'Well, old father, you came pretty near upsetting as you breasted that last roller, did you not?' 'No, child,' he replied, 'I never upset—never even fill—those who do are unskilful; care surmounts all obstacles; and whoever starts out upon the calm sea, the tempest-tossed ocean, or the still more boisterous and uncertain stream of life, without due care, forecast and preparation for what *may* happen—who neglects to provide against real, apprehended or possible danger, betrays a lack of wisdom, paucity of common sense, and is an unworthy mariner, take him at the best. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty. It may be so, as it certainly is that of success, whether in steering a skiff or governing a State. It is a trite and valuable maxim that whoever would escape danger, and make every step and stroke *tell* and count *one*, must carefully count the cost of every anticipated movement, and weigh well the chances for and against success. He must study well every chart of experience, drawn by others who have sailed the same sea.—Each shoal and sand-bank must be well marked and remembered; every risk be properly considered, and then, but not till then, may the voyage be commenced, or any one aspire to the rank of a true seaman, be the bark one of wood and iron, or flesh and blood—the port of destination, distant climes beyond the salt sea, or the dark and misty shadow-land, about which holy men talk so much, yet know so very little!'

"I confessed that I looked up at my new acquaintance in great surprise at the novelty of his conversation. It was clear in a moment that he was not one of the fishermen who ply their craft off the beach, for his language was as unlike theirs as possible. His thoughts were of a different and superior model. I concluded that he was a stranger in those parts, out for a sail, and probably a learned professor of a college—many of which are to be found in the eastern States. I kept my thoughts to myself however, and said, 'Oh then, you, who are so wise, have never made a misstep or a mistake—have never been cast away, or foundered in the gale, because you have *always* foreseen what might occur, and therefore have taken measures against every emergency, and of course, have always escaped. You have never been cast upon the bleak coast, nor felt the plank upon which rested life's last, desperate hope, being swept from your grasp, and death staring you in the face, while above you the sea-eagle screamed with glee at the prospect of a fattenning feast, when the waves and the strong wind should fling your lifeless form upon the rock-bounded shore—or the still fiercer denizens of the briny deep, eagerly watched and waited for the next friendly billow to tilt your plank a *little more*, only just a *little* more, and deliver you a sacrifice to their vengeance, for daring to invade the dominions of the Sea-King? 'None of this,' I said, in a tone of half-railing irony, provoked by his implied boast, 'has ever happened to you. Nor have you ever loved—or had your soul's most sacred trust trampled, scorned and spat upon as a worthless thing! In short, old man,' and I rose as I spoke, for a strange fervor animated me, 'you have always been happy—you never lost a near and dear one—never regretted any step once taken.—Your forecast has ever enabled you to escape disaster, and come out whole and unscathed from every encounter.' I said this in a tone that plainly showed I would disbelieve him, if he answered 'yes,' for I felt indignant that any human being should have the effrontery to lay claim to a perfection so far beyond what I conceived possible for any to attain.

"The old man remained silent for a few minutes, cast his eye along the beach, then seated himself by my side and said,—'Daughter, look at yonder kelp and weed-covered rock, and tell me what lesson it teaches thee.' 'Nothing,' I replied, 'except that rocks and sea-weed love each other just as human beings do!' 'True, my daughter,' he said; 'most true; thou hast answered well, yet albeit they cling to each other in love's fond embrace, yet it is as positive a certainty that the next gale will tear them asunder, as that it will ere long blow. Even so it is with human lives, loves, hopes. All nature is said to be a vast system of marriages by those wondrously silly people whom the world calls Philosophers, among whom are those gigantic dwarfs and colossal pigmies, Bacon, Kant, Newton, Oken, Goethe, Schiller, Descartes, Leibnitz, Compte, Coleridge, Wolfe, and the 'god-intoxicated' Spinoza. These philosophists have acceded to this doctrine, and with an undivided voice proclaimed it to be self-evident. Not even excepting the boasted sciences, number, chemistry, mathematics. All things prove one another, and can not demonstrate

themselves, for the reason that something outside must be assumed; as for instance the point and line in geometry, and the substratum in chemistry. The idea so prevalent in these latter days concerning all nature being a system of marriages between positive and negative forces, principles, essences, elements, beings and things, minus and plus, male and female, truth and good, and so on to the end of a remarkably long chapter, is the very acme of ridiculous ignorance and absurdity. It is the most illogical and untenable position ever assumed by the human intellect.—Marriage everywhere stands for life, but all things incontestably prove that death alone is the positive power in the universe, and which is ever gaining the victory over it. No sooner is a man born than every particle of his body begins a destructive war with its fellow particle, and his very soul struggles incessantly for freedom from what it instinctively feels to be an unnatural thralldom. True, the contest is often prolonged for three score years and ten, yet death at last, not only gains the victory, but causes man himself to triumph in his own negation. Death trebly triumphs; and as he grimly marches through the universe, boldly and defiantly proclaims open undisguised war on all that God himself hath made! Now like unto that rock and its bride the sea-weed, is humanity. Man loves; love is life; yet no sooner is the sweet passion born than up leaps a host of its deadly foes, headed by Death's prime ministering triumvirate, Jealousy, Distrust and Hatred, and lo! Life and Love pale, shrink, wither up and die! He who dares to hope for Love's fruition is just as surely doomed to disappointment and regret, as is smoke prone to ascend, or heat to rarify the air he breathes. Ever since this world begun Love has been attended by two pleasures and a score of pains; any one of the latter outweighing both the former.—Thus hath it ever been, and that it will ever thus continue, may, from past experience, reasonably be inferred. Daughter, thou art young in years, but mature in understanding; and hence I talk to you the language of philosophy, and tell thee that nothing ought to be so clear to man as the fact of his own ignorance of the stupendous machine about him, and a constituent pivot of which he is himself. Yet nothing is half so clearly seen by higher souls as man's pride and self-conceit—an absurd self-satisfaction with his own proficiencies. He foolishly imagines his science to be positive and unerring in its deductions, in the very face of the fact every day revealed, that such is not the case, and consequently that his science is no science at all, but merely the crude elements which will require long ages to become purified of error, and worthy the dignity of real science, At present he calls a mere chapter of coincidences, many of which are no doubt surprising, by that dignified title

"'Death is positive, and life negative, throughout the world. The seed becomes a tree, that tree new soil, that soil new trees, which rot and decay continually; thus proving that death forever conquers life.—Most men fear death, loss and pain, and they fall victims to all three. I, on the contrary, defy them all, and that is the reason my boat never sinks, and why I am always calm and happy. I have therefore an elixir vitæ which never fails. I believe devoutly in singleness, selfishness; and Death, which is Nature's prime mover, passes me by, nor offers to molest his worshipper. Let nature presume to celebrate a marriage and straightway Death proclaims Divorce. He will not have it. Time wears out the diamond; marble rots with age, and all things yield to the invincible power of Dissolution. Look around you and see the proofs on every side, my child and learn to love not, hate not, fear not, marry not; and in all things be supreme mistress; lean on yourself and so shall ye grow strong, and the years roll by, leaving you unscathed.'

"As the old man spoke, his mien and gestures grew most elegant, and although I trembled, and the blood ran chill in my veins as he announced his weird, and as I thought, blasphemous doctrines; yet, for the life of me, I could not help wishing to hear more. I was gratified. He went on, saying:—

"'Impartial judgment, daughter, requires calm deliberation, and by adopting the habit we correct many of our errors, and exert a beneficial influence on all others. I have not revealed my conclusions prematurely; they are the convictions of ages of experience, rather than the results of passing cogitations. In the years that have rolled away since first I had a being, I have seen hundreds, nay, thousands, perish at the very moment of what they thought a triumph; I have beheld great nations rise, culminate, and, at the instant of their completest grandeur—their greatest apparent solidity, burst asunder, like a descending meteor, and like it, too, vanish and disappear forever in a blaze of —— Glory! They go and leave, for a time, a trace or vestige, but they soon give place to vague and mythical traditions that 'once upon a time such a notion did exist.'

"'Many people run wild with the notion that Progress is an actual fact. There is no such thing. It is merely apparent, and that which seems so, is but the reproduction of a new field, and reflection in the mirror of the Present, of the facts, the ever recurring facts, of Past ages. They merely indicate that time has performed one more round, revolved once again on its own axis, and once more reached the same old point, bringing a repetition of the same old phenomena; the only difference being that there are not the same eyes to see, ears to hear, souls to suffer, hearts to enjoy, that were there before. The awe-struck millions, recognizing change, foolishly imagine it is Progress, simply because the records of *their* past, which stretch backward but a very little way, present an unfavorable contrast to the present. They accept the latter as a positive confirmation of their silly notions. There is a kind of progress indeed; for there is more of misery, sorrow and crime; more sick souls and breaking hearts than there ever were before, and more life for death to feed upon. And individual depravity to-day, is the same that it ever was, only that the aggregate is greater, because there are more people in the world. Look at it! look at society! look at man, and then ask, where is Progress? Hollow echo answers, Where?

"'You asked me if I had ever loved, and I answer yes; and like all other fools, as I then was, imagined that I had but to put the chalice to my lips, drink, and be forever blest. I did so, expecting to satisfy the thirst divine. Fool! The draught savored more of gall and wormwood than rosy nectar, and my downy couch of sweet perfumes, proved a bed of foul corruption, infinitely worse than the blackest death.—I have played the game of life twice over. The first time, loss succeeded loss, and its product was regrets, bitter, bitter regrets. The second time I played it, and won—still win, and henceforth can never lose; and why? Because this time all the former processes were and are reversed in all respects. Daughter, it was to talk with you that I rowed my shallop hither. I know your history well; because all the town does so. I know more; for I understand your mind, your wants, joys, hopes, troubles, fears and griefs. In my boat is a most excellent telescope, through which, as I sat upon the waters, I observed you coming down the hill. I am known as the 'old man of the mill;' I take a great interest in you, and will serve your interests well in consequence. I am an old man, and the repository of strange knowledge, much of which I shall impart to you. because then you will rise above the chagrins you now feel in consequence of the persecutions you endure on account of your beauty, lineage and accomplishments!'

"With these words he rose from the rock and taking me by the hand, gently directed our steps toward the hill. As he touched me, a strange and involuntary shudder ran over me, a cold clammy sweat oozed from my forehead, and at the same instant I thought I distinguished a voice, so low and faint that it could scarcely be heard, whisper in my ear this remarkable sentence. '*The clock strikes one*!' I started back on hearing it, and again it spoke, saying, 'The person at your side, having the characteristics of an old man, is not such! He is not a thing of earth, but is a moving carcase—a walking corpse—a relic of the days gone by—he is a horrible thing—a tempter—a demon—an unlicensed visitor to earth from regions dark and terrible. Feel his hand. It is that of a mummy—food for worms. There is no warmth in it, nor a pulsation, nor a drop of blood. Observe his ochre-hued visage; doth it not smack of the musty grave?—of the charnel house?—of death? Doth he not smell of rotting flesh and corruption? Woman, the being by your side is a vampyre—a ghoul from Tartarus. Take heed! beware, beware!'

"Was it my good angel come to warn me? Is it the voice of Heaven? I asked myself. I could testify on oath that I heard the words I have repeated, and yet I concluded that my girlish fears had taken that shape, and I resolved not to be frightened till something more positive should occur. Besides it was broad daylight, and at least two thousand persons were on the road to and from the beach. Three singular things struck me, however, very forcibly, and yet did not make the impression that I afterwards wished they had; at least I did not pay the attention to them that I ought. These circumstances were: first, on looking back I found that the little skiff in which my companion landed had disappeared; secondly, although I could hear the sound of my own foot-falls, yet I could not detect his; and thirdly, although we met many persons whom I knew, and who nodded to me, yet not one seemed to take the slightest notice of my companion, and one girl said to me, 'why Flora, where are you going to all alone?' It was certainly very strange, dont you think so?" * * * * * The man in red, her grim auditor, smiled assent, and the three invisibles in the room seemed highly interested.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUNSET ON THE HILL.

"Amongst men some strange theories arise."
SOCRATES.

"When a man begins to think, then there is hope of that man; but whoever can and will not think, proves himself a fool, a bigot and an ass!"—[From Zerazh, a Spiritual Tragedy by P. B. Randolph.

Human nature is a strange jumble of contradictions. A human being can both love and hate the same being, or thing at the same time. The injured wife both loves and hates, detests, yet cherishes the husband who betrays, tramples on her affections, and forsakes her couch for the marketable arms and bought embraces of another;—a habit by the way to which there are too many who addict themselves. "'Tis not so," says one; "prove it," says a second. "*Facts are stubborn things!*" I reply. But perhaps after all "Whatever *is* is right;" at least, such practices are the legitimate result, and perfectly natural consequence of the present civilization. They are results to be expected and looked for, just as long as the world is on its present social plane, and community goes forward under the guidance of its present principles; and while it abides by its present motto of "every one for himself, and ruin take the hindmost." Another illustration of the truth of the two first lines of this chapter is to be seen in the case of the bird when fascinated by a serpent. It unquestionably feels a deep terror, which is evinced by its flutterings and efforts to break the magic spell which binds and lures it to destruction; and yet it is equally unquestionable that the feeling which attracts the victim is nigh akin to love; at least it is based on a something which in the similar case of human beings, is known by that appellation—a sense of delight and affection, mingled with apprehension in its attraction towards its bitter and implacable foe. From observations which I have made, I incline to the belief that human beings love each other in exact proportion to the mental resemblances between them; and this constitutes the point of attraction; deduct these similarities from the sum total of human nature, and the balance may be equally divided between indifference, or the passive state induced by the neutralizing effect of certain qualities upon each other, and the antipodal or repellant effect, mutually exercised by virtue of the differences existing naturally and organically. This is the point of Repulsion and Hatred. Sometimes in a wedded pair, the attraction and repulsion are exactly in equilibrio, and then they get along through life in a so-soish sort or fashion, sometimes hot and as often cold; like and dislike, love and hate, sugar and salt, bitter and sweet, up hill and down dale, ever and anon. If they agree in seven points and differ in six, there will be a little more sunshine than shade; but if the preponderance be the other way, then good-bye peace! heaven takes its leave and hell assumes the right of rule!

As Flora walked along, she could not help feeling an equal degree of love and fear toward her grey-haired companion.—Had they both been in operation one moment in equal force, one would have neutralized the other and left her free to act. But it was not so. Both predominated by turns; neither could she get rid of the notion that the mysterious voice might have been a real one, despite her doubts as to its origin;—a real being warning her of some impending danger. There are but few persons of ordinary intelligence but can tell of an experience, which if not similar, at least resembles Flora's.

What and whence are these mysterious warnings? Come they from the spirits of dead friends? Are they angelic visitations? Who can answer? The fact that they do come is unimpeachable.

"I felt," said Flora, "like a fascinated bird, as we slowly wound up the hill, past and to the left of Stacy's Fairy-Bank Cottage. My companion said nothing. He possibly saw that I wondered whether he too had heard the voice, and knew that a sentiment close akin to terror had taken hold of me. He looked upon me, and his glances wore the expression of pity and parental tenderness. I thought he looked at times dark and mysterious, and that what the voice had said concerning his touch was true; but then again I laughed at myself for being so exceedingly stupid and superstitious as to believe a tenant of the grave could walk by my side in broad-day-light. And yet the fact of the people not noticing him, and the girl asking me where I was going 'all alone,' rather troubled me, to say the least. It was not fear that I felt, but a something like it totally undefinable. I wanted greatly to go to my home, and yet could not prevail on myself to leave his side. Perhaps, I said to myself, I merely imagine this old man of the mill, as he calls himself, to be a monster, because I have always been fond of throwing a supernatural drapery about every circumstance out of the usual course of things, for when a little child, my father often took me upon his knee, and made my blood curdle at his stories of fairies, ghosts and demons. These tales had always been a great attraction to me, as they are to nearly everybody else; and whenever I was desired to be particularly diligent, nothing was half so sure of effecting it, as the promise of another of those deliciously-terrible phantom stories.

"To all mankind, savage, civilized, learned or illiterate, the supernatural has a charm, come in whatever shape it may, and over the mind it exerts an influence well nigh invincible to all the attacks of logic and reason. Nothing is so hard to conquer as superstition, and when once ablaze in the soul there's nothing sufficiently potent to quench its flames, and there is far more superstition in christendom than the learned are willing to admit, and I assert that nearly every popular religious notion and theological opinion has more of this element in it than it has of scientific or rational certainty.

"When we reached the summit of the hill, a magnificent scene of glory burst upon our view. The sun was just sinking to rest beneath a canopy, whose curtained hangings were of the rarest crimson, scarlet, purple, violet, amethyst, silver, blue, and gold. Oh! what a heavenly sight it was! And he threw back upon his pathway such a radiant flood of golden beams, which pierced and rested on the clouds, the sea, the hill-tops in the distance, and the white sails on the bosom of the deep; the effect was such as to entirely dispel the oppressive feeling I had endured since I left the beach; for I said, surely God, who shines on all things, will never take his rays off my soul. Silently my spirit poured itself forth toward the Maker, and I was disburdened of the gloomy mantle that had enshrouded it.

(*To be Continued.*)

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—At this point I questioned the author as to how he knew this latter fact, and how he knew conversations which had taken place forty years previous to the present time, and twenty before he was born. He answered "My mother in years afterwards received the whole account from a source to be relied on, namely: she acquired the power of *reading the past*, and impressed it upon me by relating it to me when in the magnetic slumber, repeatedly, and *willing* me to remember it forever. So far you understand how I know about what was concealed from mortal vision. Second, as far as regards myself, I am a dying man, and as I turn the eyes of my mind backward over the years that have fled forever, every incident, however trival, that has ever occurred to me—every word spoken by me or to me, I see written on a musty scroll.

"I will reveal to you an arcanum! The soul of man is a substance, soft, plastic, yet enduring, and every human experience actually engraves itself upon that substance, and when in life the soul becomes positive to its body—and conditions, it can at will read this vivographic writing." This is the philosophic explanation he gave me.

[From the Investigator.]

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION.

It has been said, with an air of triumph wholly unwarranted by the importance or weight of the argument, that the almost universal prevalence of religious notions and opinions, in all ages and nations of the world, proves that religion must have emanated from a direct revelation. But the argument, by proving too much, proves nothing.—If the position be sound, it would prove that all the various, discordant, and contradictory religions which have ever existed, whether they propose the belief of one God or of twenty Gods; of the divinity of an idol or of a white bull; of a grand lama, or of the tooth of a monkey, are equally the effect of revelation. It would prove that a belief in witches, fairies, hobgoblins, sorcery, divination, and a thousand other vagaries, equally universal and equally absurd, originated in revelation. Nay, it would go still further, and prove that those two passions, or affections of the human mind, *hope* and *fear*, were the effects of divine revelation: for it is matter of moral demonstration, that in these two principles originated the first crude, but powerful notions of human religion in the human breast.

The least reflection on the part of any human being, would suffice to convince him, that not only his own frame, with its wonderful mechanism, but that the earth on which he trod, with its endless display in things animate and inanimate, were not the work of his hands, nor the creature of his contrivance. He must at once perceive that it required wisdom and power incomparably superior to his own, to conceive and to produce them. Here then, is the first simple but inevitable idea of a superior Being—of a God; an idea requiring no of divine revelation to originate it, than does the idea of using artificial covering to protect us from the inclemency of the weather. Again: man found himself operated upon by certain visible agencies, which affected him, without his being able to affect or control them. Thus, the lightning destroyed, the thunder terrified, the clouds drenched, the winds shook, and the sun warmed and enlightened him. He was subject to their influence and control; he saw all nature around him, in a greater or less degree subjected also to their influence and control: and he made Gods of some, perhaps of all of them.

"Thus the poor Indian with untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind"

Now, nothing is more natural, than for an inferior and dependent being to desire to propitiate one who is superior and whom he conceives to be the arbiter of his destiny. Hence arose prayers penances, and oblations, to avert the frowns or to invite the smiles of the supposed deities—of deities who, as they were created by the first rude efforts of man's reason, were naturally endowed with his passions and propensities.

Here we have a faint and brief, but correct picture of the *origin of religion* in the human mind. A picture, the faithful lineaments of which are abundantly conspicuous in the ancient history of all the great nations, as well as petty tribes of antiquity, from the minor hordes of Canaan to the more powerful and more polished, as well as more recent nations of Greece and Rome; and the original of which remains, even to this day, among the inhabitants of central India, of the islands of the South Sea and the Pacific, of nearly the whole of Africa, and among the aborigines of our own continent.

"What then can be done with the negroes that will not make their condition worse than it is now?"
Cor. Spiritual Age.

Give them freedom. Strange indeed must be the state of men to whom freedom would bring a worse condition than that of slavery. Are they not of an inferior race, undeveloped and crushed already by subjebtion? And does this make their enslavement to the superior race a necessity? Rather should the relationship of the strong to the weak be that of protection and guardianship.

While the enslaved in this country, if freed, would be under the protection of our laws, like other men; while they might be educated and developed, and full scope, comparatively, given to all their powers; they would lose nothing which they now have.

Their labor would still be as necessary to the world; and self interest urges to action quite as well as force. Whatever advantage they now gain from association with the whites, as slaves, they might the better do, as freemen.

The slave unfettered and allowed to stand on his feet must grow stronger. Yet, while weak and unenlightened, he could lean, as before, on superior strength and wisdom, in accordance with the social and legal relations which exist among the free.

The progressed should guide the less unfolded; not as his master, but as his friend and brother.

Did the freed man need less support than when in bonds. Wherein a man can strengthen himself from his own manhood, is it not better that he should do so? There will then be more help for him, wherein he lacks.

The philanthropist sees much that may be done for man, both bond and free, which would not render his 'condition worse than now;" but freedom is one of our first requisites to progress.

Though it must be admitted that the free men of our present civilization are far from being really free, its slaves are still less so.

And were it true that from some strange cause, there are those for whom liberty is not so well, as slavery; they should speedily be brought up from the mysterious lower deep in which men are, by those who comprehend its existence; that so they may be fit for that estate of freedom which, by divine law, is the true element of all things else it the Universe.
MAUD.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.—Everybody knows the meaning of the word Quiz or Quizzing. But its origin is not generally known. The word Quiz is comprehended as soon as pronounced, in London, New York, San Francisco, Melbourne, or Calcutta.

Our attention has recently been called to this mischeivous little word by an article in an old English Magazine. Very few words ever took such a run, or were saddled with so many meanings as this monosyllable; and however strange the word, it is still more strange that not, one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious; it is because it had no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known, from the Babylonish confusion to this day.

When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken all through the principal streets of Dublin by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language; wagers were laid and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and dispatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and shop window in town. Shops being shut all next day, everybody going to and coming from their different places of worship, saw the word; and everybody repeated it, so that the word was heard all through Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window, caused much surprise; and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed as current, it draws forth the expression, "you are quizzing me."

He is truly wise who can endure evil and enjoy good.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

A. E. NEWTON EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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VALEDICTORY.

With the present issue the undersigned closes his connection with the SPIRITUAL AGE. This arrangement has been made upon the most amicable terms by all parties concerned, and the undersigned leaves the AGE with the most earnest hope for its success and prosperity.

There is one point, and but one, upon which the undersigned wishes at this time to make an explanation, and that is this—he is neither ultra nor sectional in his views upon any of the many great questions of the day. Yet articles of both these characters have been admitted into the columns of the AGE, while he has been the nominal editor. These articles found place there without his approval, and therefore he disclaims the responsibility. While he pitied John Brown for his madness and fanaticism, he most emphatically disapproved the spirit at the north which would have made Brown a martyr and the "gallows" a rival of the "cross."

The undersigned is led to make this explanation on account of numerous private letters which he has received from spiritualists both at the north and south, in reference to this question, which has of late so monopolized public attention. He is aware, however, that a very large proportion of the readers of the AGE will disagree with him, and that by the avowal which he makes, of his uncompromising opposition to this northern fanaticism that he will fall in their estimation, yet he is impressed to be honest in giving expression to his views on this occasion, without regard to *policy*. He believes nothing only from evidence, and holds that belief is not subject to direction by the will. Had it been so, he never could have become a spiritualist; or, having become a spiritualist, would have turned either Republican or Abolitionist, neither of which he feels it possible for him ever to become.

In reference to the cause of spiritualism, the undersigned would say briefly, that from the best lights he can obtain, it is steadily and constantly gathering strength. True, it is less demonstrative than formerly, and makes much less noise; but underlying this calm surface, is a deep, broad current, setting in all directions against the popular theology of the day. The generic term for this "current" he believes to be LIBERALISM, and that spiritualism is the grand elementray principle which helps to compose it. There are thousands of our most intelligent men who sympathize with spiritualists, and yet who have not yet come to *any* decision in their own minds in reference to the manifestations.

To such of his friends as may desire to know the plans of the undersigned for the future, he can only say that he does not know them himself, but from having been connected with newspapers for so many years, he naturally expects that such will be his destiny, during this life at least.

W. H. CHANEY.

LANGUAGE SHOULD BE MODIFIED.

Our growing physiological and spiritual knowledge makes it necessary that we in many cases modify much language now used in a stereotyped and false sense. Clark of the KNICKERBOCKER, in speaking of IRVING'S recent change of mortality for immortality, says of him that he "resigned his noble, genial, gentle spirit into the hands of his MAKER." Was not Irving's, and are not all our spirits *already* in the hands of our Maker?

ENLARGEMENT OF THE AGE.

Arrangements are now in progress for the enlargement of the SPIRITUAL AGE so that it shall be *superior in size* to any Spiritual paper in the world. We have striven hard to accomplish this consummation devoutly to be wished, with the present Number, the first in the New Year. But it was not so to be. On the first of February, however, our readers may be prepared to see the AGE *in an entire new dress*, new head, &c., &c.

Some of the ablest and finest minds which have embraced Spiritualism in this country will manifest themselves through the mediumship of the AGE. The writer to whose articles are affixed the symbol □, will through it give *his* views on all the great Religious, Social and Political problems of the age, and if they do not command the thorough consideration of every man and woman who desires to see some plan devised to do away with the gigantic evils which now afflict the race, then are we wofully mistaken.

Fully appreciating the great necessity of reproducing the *facts* of *Spiritualism*, as well as the promulgation of its *theories*, we have made ample arrangements to have the two work in conjunction. Every week, in its enlarged and improved state, we shall give an array of *well authenticated facts* and *tests*, which shall satisfy every honest skeptic that he ought, at least, to *investigate* them, and see whether the alleged occurrences be of man, God, or the Devil.—There is a field here which we, as well as our cotemporaries have too much neglected, and we mean to thoroughly glean it.

Since the AGE has been in its present form, we frankly own that its character has not been such as we could have wished, and as we might have made it. Disadvantageous circumstances which we *could* not control, have weighed us down. Those circumstances no longer exist, and we are now able to carry out our original design when we (△) connected ourself with it.—Will all our friends, who would like to see the AGE prosper under its new auspices, and in its enlarged form, do what they can to *enlarge its sphere* of influence?

TERMS.—To clubs of four, $1,75 each; eight, $1,62 each; ten and upwards, $1,50 each.

VERY LIKELY.

A correspondent (M. J. W.) in a late AGE, expressed the opinion that the theory which denies the existence of evil, ignores all moral distinctions, and surrenders man to the dominion of blind impulse and appetite, under the monstrous delusion that "all desires come from God direct and immediate," "*is not* and *cannot* be" a savor of death unto death to those who have advanced to a condition of high aspiration—where the moral powers have gained strength and tone—where a pure and devoted life has lifted the soul from the dominion of the darker and grosser passions."

We incline to agree with this correspondent—and for the reason that we do not see how persons so "advanced" can ever accept such a theory! So far as our limited acquaintance extends with this class of people, we have found their sense of the distinction between right and wrong growing more and more keen, instead of fading out altogether, as their "moral powers have gained strength and tone;" and their abhorrence of all evil becoming stronger and stronger, the more "pure and devoted" their lives. Surely, a soul which has been "lifted from the dominion of the darker and grosser passions" will not be likely, in any *sane* moment, to be found denying that there are any such passions!

"M. J. W." does not seem to apprehend at all the drift of the "theory" which he (or she) has fallen so violently "in love" with. We should be glad to hope that its principal advocates do not, either. When their eyes open to the enormous delusion they are teaching (as we are sure they will sometime.) they will no longer charge us with want of "liberality" and "toleration," because we endeavor to hold up the truth in contrast with such errors. If "liberality" is synonymous with indifference or blindness to the most palpable realities of human experience,—and if "toleration" means recreancy to one's own views of truth,—then we can afford to lose our reputation for both.

Were such theories accepted only by *saints* "ripe for martyrdom," who have so long and so fully overcome all evil in themselves as to forget there is any in the world, they might pass for harmless vagaries. But when they are received and employed to excuse and justify lives of supine self-indulgence and reckless animalism (as we have reason to believe they sometimes are,) their baleful influence cannot be measured.

A. E. N.

A CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

We have thought that a chat with our numerous contributors might be for our mutual benefit. We do not design to make it long, but would come to the point at once. Friends, we would have you study *brevity* in *your* chats with the public through the medium of the AGE, for several reasons, a few of which we will name. The foremost one is, if you write at great length, you stand a poor chance of being read. We happen to know that not more than three persons out of ten read long articles; whereas they seldom skip short ones. Now if your articles are not read, you of course write in vain. You must bear in mind that your reader has not the same interest in what you are writing that you have yourself. It is, or ought to be, your aim to *secure* his or her attention; and to do this, you must present your thoughts in a neat and trim style—you must essay to make them irresistibly attractive. When the reader first glances at your article, he takes note of its *length*. If long, he gives it no further notice, and all of your hard elaborated "sweetness is lost upon the desert air," and the space it occupies is thrown away. Therefore study to condense your thoughts, as well as to make them otherwise acceptable.

A newspaper is no place for "linked sweetness long drawn out." There are occasions when subjects of great intrinsic moment must be discussed at considerable length, but these should be exceptions and not rules. Therefore we shall have to decline long articles. "Much in a little," should be your motto.

We would have you take pains with even your *short* articles. Study to make them lively and workmanlike. Put the *snap* into them, if we may use a somewhat common, yet expressive word. Let them sparkle with life. If you would draw attention to your thoughts, they must be informed with an irresistible magnetic power. Essay to be unique, though not extravagantly eccentric. In one word, be in earnest in what you have to say, and say it in the most individual and direct manner possible to you. Do not borrow either words or thoughts, but speak your own conceptions, in your own way. But above all, be *brief* and as emphatic, and as *agreeable* as you can. Employ civil and courteous terms on all occasions,—even when you perhaps feel that a little anger would be justifiable. "Speak the truth in love."

*

ABIDE WITH US.

As we have entered upon a new year, we thought it would not be amiss to extend,—although it may not be necessary,—a cordial invitation to those of our patrons whose term of subscription is about to expire, to still continue with us. We not only need the pecuniary aid which they will thus secure to us, but we require their *sympathetic* co-operation in the great and earnest work of reform that looms up before us with a somewhat discouraging aspect. In this work we are, we feel, fated to engage. If we know ourselves, we do not aim merely to build up another religious sect, but desire only to evolve that measure of eternal truth which our conceptions may be able to embrace. We have not the vanity to suppose that we shall reach a final stopping-place in our pursuit of truth—we know well enough that it has heights and depths that finite research cannot fathom. We would only humbly and reverently know and appropriate that portion of it to our civil and social needs that the exigencies of our day and generation demand. We are permitted to assure the readers of the AGE that matter worthy of their most serious consideration will be presented during the present year. We can ill afford to part company with any of them, as we think they should not, at this important juncture, think of leaving us, when we feel in our inmost spirits that we "have a message from God unto them."—Abide with us, dear brethren, and high mutual good will result from the continued conjunction. Our grave and talented coadjutor, or we may say teacher, □,

"Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,"

is to preach to us on the weightiest subjects that can enlist mortal attention, demands the hearing of all true progressionists. It will be a serious loss to any thinking reader to miss the perusal of his fresh and spirit-fraught views of man and his eternal necessities.

We hardly need say that the AGE will hereafter be conducted upon the most broad and liberal basis. It will have a strict editorial supervision, and no narrow and ill-digested lucubrations will be permitted to mar its columns. It will aim, too, to reach higher *literary* excellence, in its every department than has heretofore characterized it. We shall be guided by the maxim that "what is worth being publicly expressed *at all*, should be *well* expressed."

We have thus, in brief, given our reasons why we would have our old and tried friends still remain with us. For like reasons we would attach as many *new* friends to us as can be induced to accompany us in the high career now, we think, about to open before us.

*

GOETHE ON DEMONISM.

All great men, especially men of large Spirituality and imaginativeness, have had the consciousness of being assisted, in their truth-unfolding labors, by powers and influences higher, and without themselves. Socrates had his attending and prompting demon, but whether this influence was by him considered personal or impersonal, we shall not now attempt to decide. We know he talked familiarly of his demon, and acknowledged his indebtedness to this source. It has been the same with all other great lights of the world. They could not have revealed to us the great fundamental truths which have so lifted the world of man, without having been in *rapport* with spirits, or influences, higher than themselves. They have all been constrained to acknowledge that the lofty, authoritative, and inspiring thoughts of which their brains have been the apparent mediums, were not solely their own. Goethe, the great German poet and philosopher—the greatest man the world has produced since Shakspeare—thus speaks of Demoniacal influence:—

"The like has often happened to me in life; and thence one is led to believe in the interposition of demoniacal power—a higher influence, which we adore without presuming to explain it."

Again he says:—

"The demoniacal is that which cannot be explained by reason or understanding; it lies not in my nature, *but I am subject to it.*"

Had he lived in these days of spiritual manifestations, the mystery of demoniacal influence would have been easily solved. We think it is Goethe who says that "the unconscious is alone complete." This is his explanation of the unconscious inspiration of poets:—

"In poetry—especially in that which is unconscious, before which reason and understanding fall short, and which, therefore, produces effects so far surpassing all expectation, there is something of the demoniacal."

*

THE FALL OF MAN.—We ask the especial attention of every thinking, reasoning mind to the sermon with this caption in this week's AGE. If there has been or can be any clearer, happier, and more satisfactory presentation of this much discussed, befogged and perplexing subject, we should be happy to present it to the world through these columns. Read it, every one. No matter who the writer is—if the views expressed are valuable, it is enough. Let it stand or fall on its merits. Every number of the AGE will contain a sermon from the same source, and we will guarantee that they will not be found full of the terse contradictions of Beecher, or the "glittering generalities" of Chapin.—These sermons will constitute to every thinker and philosopher a marked and interesting feature of the AGE for the year 1860.

No. 2 ON GOVERNMENT is unavoidably left out this week, much to our regret.—After this week, we trust this weighty series of articles will appear regularly.

AN EXCELLENT POEM.

There is, in the January issue of the Atlantic Monthly, a fine poem, by R. W. Emerson, doubtless, entitled "Song of Nature," in which the perpetual Mother is made to lament,—after enumerating many of her productive exploits.—the non-appearance of that "Coming Man," so generally looked for by those who are "hungering and thirsting" after some great and specific deliverance from the moral and spiritual diseases that so afflict the children of men at this time. We will subjoin a few of the stanzas:

But him—the man-child glorious
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man child is not born,
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide forever run?
Will never my winds go sleep in the West?
Will never my wheels, which whirl the sun
And satellites, have rest?

Too much of donning and doffing,
Too slow the rainbow fades;
I weary of my robe of snow,
My leaves, and my cascades.

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;
What, without him, is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

* * * * * *

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule;
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again,
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, dry, wet, and peace and pain.

Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race.—
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

Our colleague, △, seems to have but little doubt that "the man-child glorious," so longingly desired by many, is already near at hand. We do not say he is not, but will wait patiently for his advent. We may not expect for him an immediate cognition—but we doubt not, when his fitting credentials are presented, he will be hailed with inexpressible joy by many a waiting soul.

*

SKEPTICS.—Men who are skeptics from choice—who negate truth before challenging it—from a spirit of mere contradiction, while at the same time they arrogate great wisdom to themselves, are very foolishly egotistical.—They virtually say in their unreasonable incredulity, that *they* are "the way, the truth, and the life." From their manner of looking at it, they would have us infer that the universe is quite a vacant affair, and that man's faculties were given him for *disbelief*, rather than to be employed upon pre-existing truth. The poverty of the spiritual world must, in their estimation, be prodigiously great. They ignore everything with a view, it would seem, to bring into relief their own profound sagacity! We greatly dislike those willful, scoffing skeptics, who would so belittle the domain of truth. Of all stiff-necked bigots they are the most offensive and hopeless. To think, that there is nothing in all this wide, infinite universe of spirit and matter that these supercilious malcontents cannot cognize and rejoice at with thankful and adoring hearts, is sad indeed! The most blindly credulous persons in the world are infinitely wiser than they, and more loveable. One who has perception and thought even in the most limited degree, it should seem, could not fail to somewhat apprehend the riches of creation, and sometimes be amazed thereat. But your skeptic, who it must be seen, is the most unmitigated blockhead, imaginable, rejects most everything as void that is not reflected on his infinitessimal retina.

We would not be understood as animadverting upon that honest, questioning skepticism, that would know the truth *aright*. This incredulity, induced by a sacred faith in, and love of, truth for itself, we are obliged to respect. This sort of skepticism is but prelusive of a large and earnest conviction to come.—The man who fearlessly inquires and *thirsts* for the "Everlasting Yea," but gives in no adhesion to dogmas till he is satisfied of their verity, is one whom we cannot but truly respect.

*

THE COMING MAN.

We have recently been struck with the widespread prescient feeling that the time is near at hand for the advent of a new religious and spiritual epoch, in which shall be manifested a mighty quickening power such as the world has never before been blessed with. More especially does the shadow of this coming event, and the authoritative MAN through whose instrumentality it shall come, rest on the minds of many of our already semi-prophets. Witness the poetical article this week, printed from the Atlantic Monthly, which we attribute to R. W. EMERSON, and the following article with respect to LAMARTINE'S views of some new dispensation.

Lamartine, the poet and historian, and once celebrated President of the Republic of France, in his "Travels in the Holy Land," records a conversation which he had with Lady Hester Stanhope, on the condition of the world, and the necessity of something from the Divine mercy to lift it to a higher state; during which, he said: "I perceive in the staggering creeds of men, in the tumult of human ideas, in the void of man's heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the repeated convulsions of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, and consequently of an approaching and imminent change. *I believe that God always shows himself at the very moment when al' that is human is proved to be insufficient—when man confesses that of himself he is nothing.* THE WORLD IS IN THIS STATE AT PRESENT. I believe, therefore, in a Messiah not far distant from our epoch; but in this Messiah I do not see a Christ, who has nothing to add to the wisdom, the virtue and the truth that he has already taught us; but I expect one whom Christ has said should come after him—that Holy Spirit always acting, always assisting man, always revealing him, according to the time and to his wants, what he ought to know and do. Whether this Divine Spirit becomes incarnate in a man or in a doctrine, in a fact or in an idea, matters little; it is the same thing; man, or doctrine, or idea. I believe in it, I hope in it, I expect it, I invoke it."

☞GOETHE'S mind being one of the most acute, as well as one of the most comprehensive, harmonious and *spiritual* of modern times, we shall present, occasionally, some of his pertinent and profound thoughts to the readers of the AGE, believing that they will be acceptable to at least the more *literary* portion of them. It shall be our constant aim to present as great variety of *good* and fresh reading matter as we can glean from the large resources at our command.

SCRAPS FROM GOETHE.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATER.

"This," says Goethe, "is a most beautiful history, and one which I love better than any. It expresses the noble doctrine, that man, through faith and animated courage, may come off victorious in the most dangerous enterprises, while he may be ruined by a momentary doubt."

"It is bad we are so hindered in life by false tendencies, and cannot know them false until we are already freed from them."

"In the East was a man who, every morning, collected his people about him, and would never go to work till he had commanded the Sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command till the Sun of its own accord was ready to appear.

YOUTH CONCEITED.

"A man believes, in his youth, that the world properly began with him, and that all exists for him."

GREAT MEN.

"I cannot but think the demons, dallying with men, have placed among them single figures, so alluring that every one strives after them, so great that nobody can reach them.—Raphael was one—he whose thought and acts were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have come near, but none has ever equalled him. Mozart represents the unattainable in music; Shakspeare in poetry. I know what you can say on the other side; but I refer to the natural dowery, the inborn wealth. Even so, none can stand by the side of Napoleon."

BONDAGE.

"We are always in bondage to *something*.—The persons, the objects that surround us, have their influence upon us. The tea-spoon constrains us if it is of gold, instead of silver, as usual. And so, paralyzed by a thousand side-views, we do not succeed, if there is anything in our nature, in expressing it freely.—We are slaves of objects around us, and appear little or important according as they restrain or give us leave to dilate."

☞If your friends are sick, do not let your anxious and officious love dose them to death. That they are sick at all, is an indication that they have already been dosed with something superfluous; and pray, do not aggravate their case by additional potions. Let nature alone, if you haven't sufficient wisdom to rightly proffer her the helping hand. Do not embarrass her recuperative operations by intrusive nostrums. Have faith in her healing energies, and sufficient patience with her to allow her, her own time to do the work of restoration in her own way. It is hard to estimate the numbers who have been "killed with kindness."—Love and kindness are good things in themselves, but are, unaided by wisdom, often as mischievous as veritable hatred. This mischief often comes in the shape of parental indulgence, which utterly depraves childhood, and not unfrequently in the form of mistaken and untimely "medicine" for the sick. Our advice is, to let nature alone in her office as physician, unless you know just where she fails in curative strength.

Correspondence.

"DRESS REFORM."

MESSRS EDITORS:—Some weeks ago, I noticed in your paper an article with the above caption, and the signature A. E. N. There are some things and some persons so truly excellent in themselves that any points of difference that appear in their surfaces to oneself, however antagonistic it may be, coming from so estimable a source, almost renders the antagonism holy, the fault sacred. This was the case with my appreciation of the above article when indorsed with the cabalistic signature of A. E. N. I cannot insult the owner of this signature by empty parade, or expressions of friendship—*he knows* I admire, esteem, aye love him, and it was because his opinions however diverse from mine, are invariaoly the emanation of a noble heart and clear head, that speak respect for the source, kept me silent upon what I deemed erroneous views. A second "dress reform" letter has appeared in your columns,—and it would be ingratitude to the able and generous friend who has written it, were I any longer to withhold the opinion which perhaps of all others, a woman and a "prominent female lecturess" is called upon to give. I must, however, begin at the beginning, and remind your readers of the recommendation agreed upon Spiritualistic female lecturers in particular to be the leaders of the dress reform, and appear on the platform in calico dresses, reserving their silk attire, if they needs must wear silk, for the saloon.

Now in the first place, I take exception to any peculiarity of costume, to be assumed in religious gatherings, because I conceive that life should at all times be religion, and that every failure in life practice results from the fatal lines of demarcation by which religionists have hitherto separated theology from morality, and left life practice unvitalized by religion—as far therefore as the teachings of Spiritualism have been comprehended by me, I find they tend more and more to extend the religious element to *all* gatherings whether in the meeting-house, market-place or *saloon*, and I cannot assume the garb either of fashion or humility in the one place and leave it off in the other without perpetrating the pharisaical distinction of sacred and profane amongst those things, times and places, all of which God made. If I am to put on a calico dress at the meeting-house, and a silk one in the saloon, thereby implying that the calico dress and the meeting-house are both especially sanctified, the result must be that the silk dress and the saloon are especially unsanctified—and if this be so, would it not be more catholic and universal in our practical religion to abstain from silk dresses and saloons altogether? I really strive, Mr. Editor, to be as good as I can at all times, and notwithstanding my thousand and one short-comings, I cannot for the life of me see the religion in being good in one place and on one day, and unsanctified at another time and place—also I would ask whether in the excessive sympathy manifested for those who cannot afford—or do not choose to dress as well as others—we should overlook the unworthy shame and more likely *feeling of envy* which occasions pain at discrepancies in dress.

If the lecturers are recommended to dress *alone* to save the feelings of others who cannot dress up, and charged not to mind what Mrs. Grundy says,—supposing we were to turn the tables, and say to the auditors as well as the speakers—dress as yon deem most consistant with your means and don't you mind what Mrs. Grundy says. For myself I am disposed to think God has given beautiful landscapes to be looked at, and a beautiful earth to be enjoyed—talents, industry, arts and sciences, and to improve the earth and all his bounties for use, and if all mankind has not an equal share of them, I consider it is better policy and more grateful to the Giver of all good things to feed the hungry, than to starve for the sake of keeping them company,—to clothe the naked rather than to strip ourselves in sympathy, and to labor to *redress* deficiences rather than to *endress* present conditions. I know it will be agreed that I should have written instead of "present conditions," *superfluous redundancies*; but I will not allow that a silken dress arranged with taste is any more of a redundancy than a calico one with characteristic puritanical etceteras. Nature prophecied lustrous silk dresses when she created silk worms, nor would she have ever furnished the brains of our machinists with such curious skill if silk looms were very wicked things, and Spitalfield Weavers were limbs of Satan. Only show me, Mr. Editor, that true religion consists in *any garment*, color, fashion, or material, and I will cheerfully adopt it, only reserving to myself the right to extend my view of the religious necessity from our time *to all times*, from our place *to all places*,—until thus convinced I honestly protest when I am about to change my dress for the glory of God, or in charity to the feelings of our envious neighbor, old nursery tales will come up to my rebellious mind, touching the "pride that apes humility,"—"pharisees and their phylacteries,' and the sour holiness of Witch-hanging puritans,—visions too of sweet Mary Stuart, with her gentle tone, the kind and ever open hand, and the womanly loving nature that made her the darling of every *poor* Scotchman's heart, plead for the little refinements of picturesque and graceful attire, while the savagism and coarse insults of a John Knox with true *fiery* zeal, and earnest purpose even to the *very death*, stands forth the champion of splendid ugliness alike in dress, temper, and heart.

It has always been my lot, from early childhood, to associate with Artists, Poets, Musicians and Sculptors, and somehow or other these votaries of the beautiful have so pertinaciously as a body kept themselves out of Police Courts, or the annals of very vicious and criminal courses, that I have been led to speculate on the refining influence which the beautiful and harmonious must in some way exert upon the personal character, and at last I have come to the conclusion (erroneous as it may be) that the friend of birds, flowers, little children, fair landscapes, sweet forms and fine music, can never be a very bad-hearted, however he or she may be a weak-headed mortal and, so reasoning from these premises I have adopted what may be for aught I know an equally erroneous opinion, to wit, that a psychological effect is induced by the influence of fair and graceful forms, harmonious colors and gracious behavior to a far greater extent than we are aware of; that the said influence is refining and elevating because it tends to bring the mind into harmonious relations with fair, beautiful and all-gracious nature, and therefore, to conclude the sum of my heterodox opinions, I am strongly tempted to ask the world to dress *up* instead of down,—never to suffer a little flower of youthful humanity to go dirty, or dress it in hateful shapes, whether it be the disguises which rich people envelope their children in, in the shape of feathers and monkey caps, or the rags which equally disgrace the rich *when they* compel the poor to flutter along in them;—and finally in anticipation of the outcry which the John Knoxes of this century may raise against a *religionist* daring to advocate beauty in any shape, much less in dress, permit me to say I have before, and will again as resolutely anathematize *extravagance* or *excess* in fine dress, as I will defend the refining influence of a *generous*, modest and consistent use of all that is good, graceful, or harmonious, whether in dress or anything else.

It requires no sybilline power to foresee a very great reaction growing out of the shameless extravagance in dress, which, during the last three or four years has distinguished the age—loving the beautiful, as I ever must, and concurring in the sense of decent reserve, which should save women (especially those whose occupations call them prominently before the world) from outraging public taste by marked eccentricity of costume, I have on the one hand exerted my ingenuity to eke out my own narrow means by industry and taste, and thought it no disgrace to set my wardrobe, such as it might be, off to the best and most pleasing advantage,—whilst on the other hand I have been outraged constantly, both by the vulgar display, and wanton profusion of modern fashions. All may anticipate that the effect of a revulsion from this extreme will be a polarity towards the excess of puritanism, if not absolute asceticism or its *affectation* in costume,—"Wisdom changes," says the proverb. Let none, hereafter, taunt me, if foolishness does the same, and after my heroic devotion to the beautiful, I may yet be found in the enemy's ranks; lest I should be deemed, however, willing to avow myself a mere slave of fashion, without any other guide than the contemptible phantom-light of popular opinion, I beg leave to give a few motives somewhat deeper than the crust of society's surface for the character of *my* costume, and its possible contiuance in *substance*, if not in shape. I should not have obtruded these remarks upon the public, had not the direct appeal for change of costume contained in A. E. N.'s article demanded therein. Thus called for, I shall at least have the gratification of hoping they may prove *suggestive* in more ways than one.

In an article written last winter under the title of "my confession," I made certain statements in vindication of my claim to be a medium, or instrument for messages from spirits. I cannot, now, consistently with a different mode of control, sit as a test medium, but I *do assert, in strict honesty*, my inability to give the lectures to the world which I devised, be they good or bad, without more or less of the very same influence by which I formerly gave tests of spirit communion. Those most familiar with my addresses have often commented on their variability in different places and circumstances, and careful observation has enabled myself and friends to decide that the character of an audience is not more influential in determining the character of the lecture, than in the condition of the atmosphere, my own health, and the *substance of my dress*. When I first became developed, (as the phrase goes,) I was charged by my guides *not* to wear silk—and whenever I sat for circles I found the use of even a bit of ribbon on my wrist, head, or shoes, produced constantly disturbing effects, and frequently had to be removed before the circle could proceed. In my earliest lectures this same change was enforced, and many of my friends will remember my embarrassment to substitute for the ordinary attire of a public lecturess, (a neat silk dress) a sufficiently correct quality of stuff—many a time I have endured excessive heat from wearing a muff and a cashmere dress, when muslin was too cold, and silk inadmissible;—after my first few months' experience as a preacher, I was compelled to preserve my public control, to give up my public sitting in circles, and from this time I found I gained strength, greater consciousness, and more certainty in my lectures—with this change came the requisition that I should wear silk, "*to insulate me from the minds of the audience*," which with a different quality of dress, often affect me painfully. The charge still continues against my wearing silk on my head, throat, hands, or feet, and none but a medium can duly appreciate the influence which such a disposition of substances exercises over the physique. I do not say it is the case with *all mediums*, but I know it is the experience of *some*, and myself amongst the number,—and why should not the self-same influences which I recognize *understandingly*, affect scores of other physiques who do not comprehend so well its sources? That these charges concerning the quality of my dress are neither fanciful, nor capricious, but the systematic portions of a science as yet scarcely recognized, I have abundant proofs; for there are still many times when in comforting with atmospheric and physical changes, I am recommended to substitute woolen or cotton garments for silk, and I never fail to gain by the effects of the change,—so much so, indeed, that I can now regulate by my own health or the appearance of the sky, the best quality of stuff for my dress at the approaching lecture. During my brief experience as a medium, I have frequently taken part in psychological experiments, when we (the experimenters) have never failed to perceive that my susceptibility as a subject was greatly influenced by the quality of my dress and ornaments. Within the last few weeks I have taken part in a still more remarkable evidence of the effect of material substances on physical conditions. In company with Mr. Miltenberger of St. Louis, I became the *involuntary* subject of a series of striking pantomimic representations compelled from me whilst in a psychological condition by an operator whose sole battery consisted of various strips of different colors, which on being placed near, (whether in or out of my sight, did not matter) produced, I am told, by changes of shade or position the most striking delineations of every passion of the mind. The witnesses of this scene were highly impressed with the truth of the operator's theory of the immense psycological effect which colors exercise on the mind, if not on the physique.—Some months since I received a cordial invitation to attend a public gathering of reformers, spiritualists &c., which was to be organized in the shape of a ball. From the worthy and well-meaning author of this invitation, I also received a solemn charge to abandon (in my capacity as public teacher) the obnoxious vanities of hoops, curls, silk dresses, and bouquets; perceiving no neutral ground on which my adviser and myself could meet, I made no attempt to discuss the character of this advice. The present movement, heralded as I perceive it is to be, by one whom I estimate as amongst the truest and noblest reformers of the day, to wit, my valued friend of the dress reform, appears to me in such peculiar keeping with this ball, hoop and flower question, that I beg to conclude these remarks by one general answer. In a country where excess in climate renders many garments equally necessary and burdensome, I hail hoops as a generous institution, on which ladies may freely cast the burdens which would else cast suffering on them; then custom or climate will enable females to dispense with the terrible weight of innumerable drooping garments, then, and not till then, shall I bid hoops farewell, and God-speed for the comfort they have afforded me. I shall never willingly place myself entirely without the pale of any fashion, unless it outrage my sense of propriety, because I love the beautiful, *and beauty is that which pleases the eye and taste;—and eye and taste are invariably shocked by flagrant departures from the habitudes of any time.* Excess is always offensive; equilibrium is always harmonious, and therefore beautiful.

I shall wear either silk or any other comeatible substance which places me in the best possible condition for receiving the influx which sustains me in my lectures, just so long as that influx is necessary to me and is affected by my costume. I shall select my favorite colors because I *know* such selections are dictations from a wiser and more systematic source than mere caprice. I wear curls in preference to the affectation of streaming straight hair, which if not thus spirally distorted, might subject me to certain Cassandra-like charges;—if again taunted because I do not cement it to my head in modest bands of grease, I am willing to narrate to the enquirers certain experiments in which I took part, proving the magnetic influence which hair flowing loosely instead of confined in bands exercises over magnetic if not other subjects; as for flowers, whilst I leave artificial ones to the realm of mere fashion, I claim the real ones as nature's purest, choicest alphabet of refinement and piety;—dear holy little many colored letters of the gospel of God; whenever I am without them it is because I have not the money to buy them, or the land to pluck them from,—the country rustic who sticks the huge peony by way of nosegay in his button hole, will never carry a pugnacious shilalah or a pernicious cigar in his hand. The little child that makes a confident of daisies and lady-slippers will not pull insects' wings, or hurt small birds. Flowers are voiceless tongues, everywhere proclaiming that God is tender and loving as well as just and strong, and has made the world beautiful as well as useful,—you will have to snip the chain between the silent kingdoms of influence in stones and flowers and humanity e'er you can convince me that metals have not a *physical*, and flowers a *mental* effect more or less upon every human being that comes within their circle of power,—eye, tongue, ear, smell and touch, all hold intimate communion with the realm of nature from her coral caves, and her mountain tops.

She often speaks grotesquely in deformed and perverted tastes, but she is always laboring for expressions in the world of sympathies and antipathies; her exuberance finds a safety valve even in the fantasies of fashion, and her utmost follies are but their mute appeals to the genius of moderation to frame and culture them. Let her dear voice be heard whatever puritans may say—wed her to science, and see whether she will not walk within the strict rules of good breeding like any school miss in the land, but bind her down with the sour formalism of *good* days, *good* times, and *good dresses*, and you will find tho' she may consent to appear in the garb of hypocrisy on the seventh day, she will not fail to take revenge on the other six days of the week. Mr. Editor, I have made my appearance before the world in *the confessional* for the second time, and I may as well close by advising all who are afraid of silk dresses (when conditions require them) not to send for me to lecture—I speak for spirits, and these precious ones in the fitful gleams I have had of their radiant forms, are too beautiful themselves to teach a doctrine of ugliness anywhere—and the last favor I shall ever ask of earthly friends is when the golden bowl is broken that once held my spirit captive, to enshrine it in honor of its lost tenant with flowers sinless as the God who gave them; blue as the heaven where he dwells.

EMMA HARDINGE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 8th, 1859.

☞An orator, in an address before a literary association, in Toronto, Canada, said: "Experience teaches us that it requires a hundred years to form the oak, half a century to form a good lawyer, a quarter of a century to make a general, and three gener-

Interesting Miscellany.

From "All the Year Round."

A STORY OF PRESENTIMENT.

"About four years ago a party of travellers arrived at a certain convent in Jerusalem, at which you can be put up for the night and entertained very much as European travellers who are crossing the Alps are received at the Great St. Bernard.—Amongst the party who had newly arrived was one who—as had been the case with myself—had got the lock of his pistol so deranged that it was impossible to stir it, and as he, like myself, and most other Eastern travellers, very much disliked the idea of proc eding on his journey unarmed, he was anxious to have the defect in his weapon attended to at once. It was easier to feel this want t an to get it supplied, there being no one at that time in Jerusalem who would be at all likely to understand the pistol in question, which was a revolver, and furnished with all the latest improvements. At length, however, after much consideration and casting about as to what was to be done, one of the lay brothers of the convent suggested a way out of the difficulty which seemed promising enough. There were, he said, a couple of German travellers sleeping that night in the convent who were locksmiths by trade, and he had little doubt that one of them would be able to do what was necessary to the pistol, if anybody could. The weapon was handed over to the lay brother, who at once took it to the room which the two Germans occupied, and, explaining to them what was amiss, asked if they would undertake to set it right. The traveller, he added, would pay them liberally for their trouble.

"The two Germans were sitting at supper, when the lay brother came in with the pistol in his hand. The elder of them, whose name was Max, getting up from the table, took the weapon from the monk, and carried it the window (as the light was fading,) that he might examine it more completely. His friend remained at table, sitting with his back towards Max, finishing his supper in a philosophical manner enough. The German who was examining the pistol had been so occupied for a couple of minutes, when it went off with a loud noise. At that moment the poor fellow who was sitting eating at the table fell forward without a sound. The charge had entered his back.

"He fell upon his face on the ground, and when my friend, who told me the story—who as surgeon to the embassy was sent for at once—when he arrived, it seemed to him at first as if two men had been killed instead of one, for both the Germans were stretched upon the fl or, and he who was to be the survivor, holding the other locked close in his arms, wore upon his ghastly countenance the deadlier look of the two. It was quite a difficult thing to separate them. The wounded man had got the other's hand in his, as if by that to reassure him, and to show him that he loved him all the same.

"The surgeon caused the wounded man—it was but too evident that he had not long to live—to be removed to the infirmary and laid upon a bed, to die. It was a bed that stood beneath a window, and across which, when the sun was setting, the shadow of a cypress fell. A very brief examination showed that any attempt to relieve the dying man would be useless, and they could only staunch the blood that flowed from his wound and watch him with that breathless eagerness—there is none like it—with which men watch their brother, when each short breath, drawn less and less often, seems as though it were the last. As for the other German, he was sunk in a heap upon the ground beside the bed, in speechless stupefaction. One of his hands was on the couch, and the expiring effort of the dying man was to take this passive hand in his. Those who were around him, seeing then a change upon his face, leant hastily over him, for they heard him whisper faintly.

"'Poor Max,' he said, 'poor Max.'—The last act of the man who died was to pity the one who lived.

"And well he might.

"For some time it was very uncertain whether the man who had thus slain his best and dearest friend would not speedily follow him to another world—so fearfully was he affected. For a still longer period it was doubtful in the last degree whether he would retain his reason. And indeed when the story was told me he could hardly be said to be altogether of sound mind. At that very time the man was haunted by a fixed presentiment, that he should die one day as his friend had died. No reasoning with him had the least effect; the presentiment had taken a hold on his mind which nothing could shake. Those who wished him well—and there were many—had often tried to lead him to a happier frame of mind, and to make him take an interest in his own future. They had urged him since he had taken up his abode in Jerusalem, to settle there more comfortably, to get into a better and more convenient workshop, and, since his skill as a workman always ensured him the means of living, to marry; for they knew that the fresh interests of a domestic nature which would follow, would be of the greatest possible service to him.

"'The day will come,' was his invariable answer to all such advice—'the day will come when some one will shoot me with a pistol through the back, just as I shot my friend. That day will surely come; what have I to do, with a wife, or children—with a wife whom I should leave a widow—with children whom I should leave fatherless? What have I to do with settling—with comfort or a home!

'I shall have a home when the pistol-bullet sends me to the grave beside my friend. I shall go home, then,' said the German lock-smith.

"My revolver was sent back to me repaired, and as I was just about to start away on a short journey into the environs, and was in some haste, I set off without trying it.

"In the course of the day, however, partly wishing to ascertain how far my pistol was restored to a condition of usefulness, and partly from a desire to bring down a bird which I saw on the wing, apparently within pistol-shot, I lifted my revolver to let fly at him.

"The weapon missed fire.

"On examination, I found that the defect this time was precisely the reverse of what it had been before. The lock went so loosely now, and had so little spring in it, that the hammer did not fall upon the cap with sufficient force to explode it. I tried the pistol several times, and finding it useless, sent it again, on my return to Jerusalem, to the German locksmith, charging my servant to explain to him its new defect, and above all things to caution him as to its being loaded, as I had done myself on the former occasion.

"Mark how that pistol played with the man's life! Mark how it returns to him again and again! Why not have done this work at once?

"The revolver was brought back to me the next day in a state, as I was told, of perfect repair.

"This time I took it into the garden to try it. The first time it went off well enough, but at the next time—for I was determined to prove it thoroughly—I found that its original defect had returned, and the lock would not stir, pull at the trigger as I might.

"'There is something radically wrong here,' I said. 'I will go myself and see the German locksmith about it without delay.'

"'That pistol, again,' said the locksmith, looking up, as I entered his miserable abode.

"What would I not have given to have been able to say anything that would have altered the expression of that haggard countenance. But it was impossible. I made some attempts to draw the poor fellow into conversation, though I felt that even if these had not proved (as they did) wholly useless, my comparative ignorance of his language would have stood in the way of my saying anything that could have been of any service. Our conversation, then, limited itself to the matter in hand, and we agreed that the only thing to be done with the pistol now, was to take its lock off, and make a perfectly new one in imitation of it. This, however, would take some time, and it would be necessary that the locksmith should keep the weapon by him for three or four days at least. He took it from my hands as he told me so, and placed it carefully on a shelf at the back of the shop.

"'Above all things,' he said, turning round to me with a ghastly smile.

"This, then, was the third time that that pistol was taken to the German locksmith for repair.

"It was the last.

"'I can see,' continued the narrator of this strange story, looking round on us after a pause—'I can see that you all know what happened, and that I have only to tell you *how* the fatal termination of my story was brought about.

"The German locksmith, being very much occupied, owing to the reputation he had obtained as a clever workman, had taken into his employment a sort of apprentice or assistant, to help him in the more mechanical part of his trade. He was not of much use. A stupid, idle, trifling fellow at best. One day, soon after I had left my revolver for the last time to be mended, this lad came in from executing some errand, and standing idly about the place, took down my pistol from the shelf on which it lay, and began to look at it with some curiosity, not being accustomed to the sight of a revolver.

"The locksmith, turning round from his work, saw the lad thus occupied, and hastily told him to put the pistol back in the place he had taken it from. He had not had time to attend to it yet. It was loaded, and it was dangerous to pull it about in that manner. Having this the German locksmith turned round, and went on with what he was about, *with his back towards the lad* whom he had just cautioned, and who, he naturally supposed, had restored it at to its shelf.

"The boy's curiosity, however, was excited by the revolver, and, instead of doing as he was bid, he retained it in his hand, and went on prying into it, examining how the lock acted, and what were its defects.

"The poor German was going on with his work, muttering to himself, 'Strange, how that pistol returns to me again.'

"The words were not out of his lips when the fatal moment, so long expected, arrived, and the charge from my revolver entered his back. He fell forward in a moment, saying as he fell, 'At last.'

"The foolish boy rushed out of the shop with the pistol in his hand, screaming for assistance so loudly that the neighbors were soon alarmed, and hastened in a crowd to the house of the poor locksmith.

"My friend the surgeon was instantly sent for and from him I gained the particulars which follow:

"Turning the poor fellow over on his face, and cutting open his garments to examine the wound, the surgeon said to those who were standing around: 'The ball has entered his back; if by chance it should have glanced off and passed round by the ribs, as will sometimes happen, this would not be fatal.'

"'It *is* fatal,' said the wounded man, with a sudden effort. 'Have I been waiting for this stroke so long, and shall it fail to do its work when it comes? It is fatal,' he gasped again, 'and I shall die—but not here.'

"I have to relate a horrible and incredible thing, which, impossible as it seems, is yet true.

The German locksmith started up from where he lay, pushing aside all those who stood around him with an unnatural and inconceivable strength. His body swayed for an instant from side to side, and then he darted forwards. The crowd gave way before him, and he rushed from the house. He tore along the streets—the few people whom he met giving way before him, and looking after him in horror as he flew along—his clothes cut open at the back, blood-stained and dripping, and with death in his regard. Not one pause, not an abatement in his speed till he reached the infirmary, passed the man who kept the door, and up he flew, nor stopped till he came to a bed which stands beneath the window, and across which the shadow of a cypress falls when the sun begins to sink.

"It was the bed on which his friend had breathed his last.

"'I must die here,' said the German locksmith, as he fell upon it. 'It is here that I must die.'

"And there he died. The haunting thought which had made his existence a living death was justified. The presentiment had become true at last, and when the thunder cloud, which had been so long over this man's life, had discharged its bolt upon his head, it seemed to us as if the earth were then lighter for the shade had passed away.

"Is death a name for a release like this? Who could look upon his happy face, as he lay upon that bed and say so?

"It was the end of a life—but the beginning."

Correspondence.

THE DECIMAL ARITHMETIC.

Messrs. Editors: Having for some length of time meditated upon a system of arithmetic which would correspond to the American system of reckoning money, and having become satisfied that such a system is practicable, with your permission I would be glad to express my views through the columns of your paper.

The practicability of the decimal system as applied to our currency has become an established *thing*; and there is not one person, I verily believe, who is familiar with it, that has the least doubt of its being the simplest and most expeditious system of calculating that could be conceived of; and *clear calculation is a thing needed* in an age so muddy as the present. The fact is, there are but few clear-minded men living—a *mist of intricacies, technicalities, conventionalities, and things that are "sacred because they are old," covered over with superfluities*,—such is the darkness of the Nineteenth Century. But this gloomy cloud is breaking; a few streams of light are gushing through the apertures, foreboding such a dawn of glorious illumination, that, ere long, the dark mass will be broken asunder, and the mighty vortex of the mental sky will be washed by the Afterthought of Coming Ages

And among the "bundle of good things" that will be handed down from heaven, will be found a book entitled, "The Decimal Arithmetic," from which I propose to make a few extracts:

CURRENCY TABLE.

10 mills	make one	cent,
10 cents	"	dime,
10 dimes	"	dollar,
10 dollars	"	eagle,
10 eagles	"	sovereign.

TIME TABLE.

10 ticks	make one	minute,
10 minutes	"	moment,
10 moments	"	hour,
10 hours	"	day,
10 days	"	month,
10 months	"	year,
10 years	"	decade,
10 decades	"	age.

WEIGHT TABLE.

Used for weighing anything that belongs to the material kingdom—that is, the material elements:

10 grains	make one	ounce,
10 ounces	"	pound,
10 pounds	"	balance,
10 balances	"	scale,
10 scales	"	weight,
10 weights	"	ton.

LONG MEASURE TABLE.

10 points	make one	nail,
10 nails	"	inch,
10 inches	"	foot,
10 feet	"	pole,
10 poles	"	line,
10 lines	"	acre,
10 acres	"	mile,
10 miles	"	section,
10 sections	"	degree,
10 degrees	"	angle,
10 angles	"	circle.

It is designed that the above table should be used in the measurement of anything that has length; and before it can be made use of, the distance around the earth, or one circle, should be divided into parts such as would correspond to the above figures; which would require a large globe, and a considerable amount of time.

SQUARE MEASURE TABLE

100 sq. points	one sq.	nail,
100 sq. nails	"	inch,
100 sq. inches	"	foot,
100 sq. feet	"	pole,
100 sq. poles	"	line,
100 sq. lines	"	acre,
100 sq. acres	"	mile,
100 sq. miles	"	section,
100 sq. sections	"	degree,
100 sq. degrees	"	angle,
100 sq. angles	"	circle.

CUBE MEASURE TABLE.

1000 cubic points	one cubic	nail,
1000 cubic nails	"	inch,
1000 cubic inches	"	foot,
1000 cubic feet	"	pole, &c.

I would continue my extracts further, but it would be altogether useless at present. The foregoing is sufficient to testify to the character and merits of the work

The great difference between this arithmetic and those now in use, is its tendency to clear calculation, the forerunner of clear thought.

It is hoped by the author that the public will treat him, and also his new book with patient indulgence, and that the conservative will not shout fanaticism, collusion, derangement, and several other *borrowed terms*, as such words cannot hit the mark; for in this case we have a mathematical demonstration to stand upon—a place where truth is separated from error.

Yours for Afterthought,

John. W. Everts.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 12, 1859.

THE CONVENTION AT ROCKINGHAM, VT.

The Quarterly Spiritualist Convention, of the state of Vermont, was holden at Rockingham Centre, on Saturday and Sunday the 10th and 11th of December current, and by request I send you a synopsis of its doings for publication.

At 10 o'clock, A. M, of Saturday, a goodly number of friends from the vicinity, and from several of the adjoining States, being assembled at the Town House were called to order by Brother Walker of Bridgewater, Vt., one of the signers of the call for said Convention, who ably stated that the business of the Convention was to be the furtherance of the cause of Truth and human Freedom, and extended the right of Free Speech to all persons attending, whether they agreed with them or not, or subscribed to the doctrines of the Harmonial Philosophy, or were opposed thereto.

After some further remarks by others present it was agreed to postpone the organization until the P. M., and that Brother Walker preside during the interim.

Sister Wiley of Rockingham, Vt., was now introduced, who soon passed into a spiritual condition, and ably invoked the Great Spirit of the Universe for a blessing upon the Convention, and that its labors of love might be so directed as to be instrumental in furthering the cause of human progression.

She then gave us an eloquent and instructive address, demonstrating the spirit's progress in this and subsequent spheres.

When after a few general remarks by the chairman, the Convention adjourned until 1½ o'clock, P. M., for the discussion of spiritual truths.

At the opening of the afternoon session, Free Speech and the Uses of Spirit Manifestations were interestingly discussed by Brothers Walker, Randall, Barber and others present. After which, Brother Randall of Winchester, N. H., formerly of Barre, Mass., was introduced, who passed into a Trance State, and for 80 minutes gave us an able account of the skepticism of the past and present ages, showing that it has been mostly caused by the bigotry, superstition and tyranny of the so-called christian church. And its cure is to be effected by the advancement of the principles of truth, of love and of liberty, aided and made plain by our spirit friends who visit us from the celestial spheres. He was followed by Bro. Barber, of Warwick, Mass., on Scriptural Interpretations, so argued as to support the spiritual philosophy of the present day.

When the Convention adjourned to 6½ o'clock in the evening.

At the time appointed Brother Brown of Drewsville, N. H., was introduced, who was soon entranced, and who gave an elaborate and reductive, interesting and conclusive comparison of the ancient spirit manifestations found in the Bible, with those of our time. He was followed by Sister Hosmer of Chester, Vt., in an eloquent and harmonious improvised song, when Sister Wiley gave us another poetical address to the Great Father of Spirits, and continued in a powerful essay on Man and Nature; both were given in a spiritual condition, and were of a high order in matter and manner.

The Convention then organized by choosing Bros. Walker of Bridgewater, Pres., Putnam of Hammonton, N. J., Vice-Pres. and Assist. Sec, Barber of Warwick, Mass, Sec., Rounds of Rockingham, Vt., Barber of Warwick, and Wilder of Plymouth, Vt., Business Committee; after which Bro. Randall read and recommended to the Convention, Bro. Beeson's Prospectus concerning the prospects of the Indians of the Far West.

When the Convention adjourned to nine o'clock, the next morning.

Sunday, 11th. The Convention was opened by the President, who gave a brief history of his religious antecedents, and his great joy in having at last arrived to a knowledge of the truths of spirit communion. He was followed by Bro. Randall, who commenced to argue the cause of the suffering Indians, when he passed into a trance state, and gave by spirit dictation the agreement between natural and spiritual philosophy, or the harmony of nature with spirit.—When Sister Hosmer took the stand and treated the Convention to another of her beautiful Improvised Songs.

After which Bro. Barber occupied the remainder of the session with a scientific explanation of the various phases of modern spirit manifestations

compared with and elucidated by facts found in Bible history, with the exception of one more harmonious song by Sister Hosmer.

When the Convention adjourned to 1½ o'clock, P. M.

The afternoon session was commenced by a call from Bro. Walker, on the opponents of spirit communion, to come forward and discuss with us, spiritual facts and truths, so that if we are wrong, to set us right. He was then followed by Bro. Randall, entranced in a short and eloquent invocation to the Great Spirit of Light and Love to bless the human race with an inspiration of true spiritual love and devotion. After which he riveted the attention of a large audience for 1½ hours, on the soul of man and its powers compared with the infinite. In which, for beauty of language and strength of argument he has hardly ever been equalled by our best speakers, either in a normal or trance state. When Sister Wiley again came forward, entranced by the spirit of our beloved Sister Huntly, and they, in poetical strains of praise and thanksgiving, blessed God that so many of the earth friends had been permitted to converse together, to listen to their loved ones from the spirit spheres, to take sweet counsel with them and each other, that the burdens of earth may be lightened, its sorrows alleviated, and all prepared to meet together in the celestial regions, there to enjoy each other's society, and progress upward and onward toward perfection

But I will not enlarge; this much must suffice. The services of the Convention were all of a high order in intelligence and morals, and in order to be appreciated should be heard, and the joyous countenances of the speakers seen. At this stage of the proceedings, the following Resolutions were brought forward by the Business Com. and adopted by the Convention.

Resolved, That the Annual and Quarterly Conventions of the State of Vt., are one of the best means of disseminating the Truths of the Harmonial Philosophy, by bringing different minds in concert, so as to advance various reforms of our time, to move by an accelerated motion toward perfection.

Resolved, That while we strenuously advocate the doctrines and philosophy of Spiritualism, we at the same time extend the hand of charity to every Brother and Sister of humanity, although honestly differing from us in faith and practice, and as true Spiritists, should be as willing to hear their arguments, as we are to proclaim and prove ours to them.

Resolved, That we are a progressive people, and while we earnestly cling to the truths that we have obtained from every source, either spiritual or material, we as honestly and sincerely leave them behind, when new and more important ones are presented and proved to be of greater benefit to ourselves and our fellow-men.

Resolved, That we will, as true spiritualists, disseminate the truths that we believe among our fellow-men in our vicinity, feeling that they will, if generally believed and practiced, make mankind wiser and better.

Resolved, That we feel and express hearty thanks to our friends in Rockingham and her citizens generally, for their kindness and civility to us during the sitting of the Convention.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of the doings of this Convention to the editors of the SPIRITUAL AGE and the BANNER OF LIGHT, and invite them to publish the same, and other editors interested in the advancement of true spiritual freedom to copy therefrom, and publish for the benefi of their readers.

The Convention then adjourned to 6½ o'clock in the eve., to meet in conference and discuss spiritual subjects—

Yours Fraternally,
H. BARBER, Secretary.

SLAVERY.

I have read the two communications on this subject in your columns, the first from "M, of Ellsworth," the second from "John McRae, of Wilmington, N. C." The first writer is evidently one of those honest, earnest men who look at things in the abstract, and strikes for the right without going into any consideration to the consequences which may result; and the other is a man who holds to the same opinion in the abstract, but holds back his hand because he does not see how he can strike without doing more harm than good. Both agree that man has a right to freedom, and that millions in this country are without the enjoyment of that right. The one would restore the right and let the consequences take care of themselves, the other would do the same thing if he did not dearly see that in so doing he would produce more harm then good. The North has quite a number of the one class, not enough to do any harm: the South has quite a number of the other class, not enough to do any good. Gradually, as time rolls on, the fire of fanaticism will burn out in the North, and the light of philanthropy will illumine the South, till we shall come to see alike, be more patient with each other, and finally combine in our efforts to remove the incumbrance from our land.

Slavery is wrong, says our abolitionist, and therefore it must be abolished. True, friend, but how and when? Admit your premises to the full extent, have you ever thought of the ways and means? "Old John Brown," when he was here, thought of them, formed his own plan, went to work to carry it out, and found that he had made a terrible mistake; the very men he perilled his life for did not want freedom—would not take it when he offered it to them, so he got himself hung for meddling with matters which he knew nothing about.—Let us be careful that we know *all about* slavery, *in all its bearings*, before we undertake to act or even to advise. When we have really attained this knowledge, if we have any advice to give *then*, I have no doubt our Southern friends will listen to it, at least. "Old John Brown" says from the Spirit Land, "I acted according to the best light I had on earth, but I find that I was on the wrong road. We must free the masters first, and they will then free the slaves without our help. I began at the wrong end."

The question before us is not whether slavery is right or wrong in the abstract, but—*slavery being an existence among us, what shall we do with it?*

Here are 4,000,000 of negroes without their inherent right of freedom; it is not the abstract question of whether we will deprive 4 millions of blacks of their freedom or not, but a simple fact staring us in the face. Four millions of slaves mixed up with as many more of masters. If it were simply, shall we or shall we not reduce the men to bondage, or permit others to do it; there would be one response in the Free States, and, as I believe, but a very small affirmative vote in the Slave States. The wrong was done before our day—the abstract question settled without our votes, and yet our zealous friends of freedom treat the case as if *that* question were the one at issue—at least indirectly they so treat it. Now, for years—so many that I can't remember the beginning—I have held the opinion that every human being has a right to freedom, and yet I see millions in our own free country not possessing it. I say not possessing it advisedly, because *not one among them has ever been deprived of it*—every one of them was born into this condition—no one of them has ever known any other—and when I hear our fiery declaimers descanting on the *crime* of *depriving* so many men of that which they never possessed. I concluded at once that they have not made the first step towards obtaining a true knowledge of this subject, and are very incompetent teachers. I see this existing fact of slavery, and I want to see it non-existing. I have read with inimitable patience reams of preaching upon it, hoping to get from somebody's brains, what I never could from my own, the way to accomplish this object without doing more harm than good, but I have never yet got the light I have sought for. It is a thing yet to be discovered. The man who can show how slavery can be abolished, even to the benefit of the black race alone, will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of the whole human race. I am inclined to think that "Old John Brown," in his spirit life, has got a glimmering of it, *when the Southern mind can be freed from the pressure of the Northern mind*—if that be his meaning—and left to act for itself, it may look the evil fairly in the face, and succeed in finding a remedy for it. Meanwhile if any Northern mind has a scheme to propose—something practical—beneficial to the slave without being destructive to the master, let him present it for consideration; so much I hold that he is bound to do or else do nothing; not that I would shut any man's mouth, or stifle any man's opinion, but what is the use of forever ringing the changes upon an abstract question on which we are all agreed, unless we can propose some practical remedy for the evil we wish to remove? Any child can say slavery is wrong—no man has been able to tell us how to right it? Such declamation as that from Ellsworth does not throw any light upon it, and is more than useless, because it tends to divide the good men of the South and the North, and array them in hostility to each other. To John McRae—a high minded, honorable, true man—as I have good reason to believe—I will say before closing—neither are such notices of an individual whose opinion varies as he has written wise—they only add fuel to the fire in that individual mind and cause it to blaze up again, whereas if unnoticed, it would die out.

Our Ellsworth writer calls upon the 4 million Spiritualists of the United States to rise in their strength and put down slavery: does he mean *vi et armis?* Then I answer for one that the doctrines of Spiritualism permit no such action. Those doctrines stand on the broad foundation of LOVE—love to God and love to man—and do not permit us to do evil that good may come. The mission of Spiritualism is a mission of peace, and he who seeks to make it other than that has yet to learn its truth, beauty and worth. B. F. C.

☞ Bishop Spalding we see has enjoined prayers for the Pope. Alas! we fear His Holiness is past praying for.

ANOTHER COINCIDENCE.—The example of the Democratic National Committee in selecting the birth-day of Messrs. Buchanan and Douglas for the meeting of the Charleston Convention, seems to have been observed by the Republican Committee, for the 13th of June, when the Chicago Convention is to meet, is the birth-day of Gen. Scott, who will on that day, 1860, be seventy-four years old.

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Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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[Continued from 1st page.]

the forbidden article. "Stop?" says the mother sternly, and she administers a slight blow upon those dimpled hands. The child draws back, its lips quiver, its heart swells;—but the idea is born in that child's mind. It now first comes to the consciousness of a will different from its own; it now first learns to distinguish its will from the parent's will.

This is the original dawn of the difference between them.

That difference once defined, it is final. It is a sad moment—a cruel moment, when the parent first compels its offspring, as it were, into an independent, moral existence.

For then, a difference of will, once defined, necessarily leads, sooner or later to opposition, then to disobedience, till the knowledge of good and evil completes the moral birth of the child.

Let us now go back and contemplate the primitive relation, which humanity sustained to God, when man passive, innocent, reposed upon the lap of his Creator, his nature, being, and will, as yet submerged and undefined in the Divine nature, being and will. *Note the effect* of that first *Divine Command!* upon the internal existence of the Divine offspring. "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, *thou shalt not eat of it;* for in the day thou eatest thereof, *thou shalt surely die!*" What was the natural, necessary effect of this command upon man's being? It was to develope in him the very first consciousness, that there were two wills in the universe; a consciousness of the Divine will in contrast with, in opposition to the human will.

This contrast, this difference, this opposition, was first declared on the part of God himself. It was expressed in the command of the text,—"Thou shalt not eat of it!"

The subsequent developments are easily traced. Disobedience necessarily, inevitably followed, sooner or later. A difference between two wills must reveal itself in contrast, in opposition; and that opposition must reveal itself in act. Now opposition of man's will to that of God, expressed in an act is sin.

The origin of sin, of evil, is IN this Divine Command;—"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it." Had God never given any such command, man could not possibly have learned to distinguish his will from the Divine. He therefore never could have felt opposition of will to God; and so, never have sinned.

But on the other hand, man could never have been conscious of a moral nature, separate and distinct from God's moral nature. For, two distinct, separate, moral natures, must each be conscious of distinct, separate wills;—else there is but one moral being after all. This first Divine command, therefore, was that word which severed humanity from Deity; that which cut the tie between the moral nature of the Parent and that of the child. The fall of man was a sad moment; bu. it was the only process, by which the birth of man's moral being from God was naturally accomplished. Hence it was only after the fall, that man came to the knowledge of good and evil.

Let it be especially noticed here, that the fall of man, though it necessarily introduced sin and misery into the world, was nevertheless that only process, by which man's moral nature was developed. A being who does not possess the knowledge of good and evil, cannot thus be susceptible of the emotions of conscience, certainly is not a moral being.

But our first Parents before the fall did not possess the knowledge of good and evil; were not susceptible to the emotions of conscience, therefore; and hence, they were not moral beings, distinct from the moral nature of God.

It was by the fall, in the very act of transgression, that the consciousness of good and evil was developed. The fall of man, then, as before observed, was the only process of the birth of his moral nature.

From this remark, it will be seen, that though the fall was attended with the sacrifice of the original communion and oneness, which man enjoyed with his Maker, it was still a step of legitimate, necessary progress. This imperfect union, when man like the infant, reposed passively on the lap of love, was sacrificed to the prospect of a higher, more perfect, voluntary union, which should finally be realized through Christ. It is but a wise provision of nature, that the child, at first its being wholly dependent upon the parent, shall go at length to sustain an independent existence.

In that strong, self-conscious, mature filial love, that afterwards springs up in the heart of the offspring, when manhood is attained, a higher union is attained, than that which primitively existed in the dim consciousness of infancy. So it is with man in his relations to God. When, through the redemption of Christ, the human soul shall be reunited to God, upon a higher moral plane, and so all shall be one in God and in Christ, a far better destiny will be achieved, than if man had never passed through the sad experience of the fall; of a temporary alienation and separation, from the Divine Parental heart. The fall was a step of progress; and not of retrogression. This fact should be distinctly understood.

There are many considerations naturally belonging to this subject, which time will not admit of entertaining in this discourse. I have attempted merely to make intelligible the main idea connected with this subject. If these remarks shall open the way to a more satisfactory view of the fall of man, which I can only hope, then my wishes will be attained.

May God, at least, direct our minds into a cordial and intelligent perception of His truth, and lead us in the path of our high duties and destiny.

THE NUTRITIVE CURE.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to ask the attention of your readers to a "PAMPHLET OF INFORMATION," respecting a New Method of Cure, by Nutrition, without Medicine, to be found advertised in your columns. And, by Nutrition, I mean that VITAL PRINCIPLE which *heals* the wound, and performs the CURE. always, whenever any cure is, really, effected. The *sick*, therefore, who *depend* upon *Medicine*, or upon *Hydropathy, Magnetism, Electricity, Psychology*, or, u, on any other means, either material, or mental, should understand, that no means of cure, can ever, possibly, have any *virtue* at all, only, in so far as they are made effectual by this LIVING PRINCIPLE. And, thus it is, that the NUTRITIVE CURE includes all that is efficient in other theories;—rejecting the evils of *dosing*, it combines the *useful* of all other Methods, into one beautiful and Harmonious SYSTEM. Hence, in time, it must, of necessity, take the precedence of all others, as it is, obviously, more *available* in all cases;—it is every way more *Reliable*, CERTAIN, and attended with less danger and expense. The subscriber can refer to persons in nearly all the United States, whom he has restored to Health, and among them are members of the Medical Profession, who have given his New Method of Treatment their decided approval. His vast success, for thirty years past, in the Cure of Disease without Medicine, is well known; but the great SECRET *of that success*, had never been disclosed, till the publication of his "THEORY OF NUTRITION." The cures by Pathetism, the "Spiritual" cures of Modern times, and, the "Miracles" of former ages, are no longer mysteries unrevealed! The *pill*-men are confounded, and inquire how it can be? *Dyspepsia*, "humors," "nervous complaints," *Blindness*, and all forms of disease, cured without one particle of Medicine, and patients increased in weight 30 lbs., in the course of a few weeks!

CURES, radical and permanent like these, may well excite astonishment among those accustomed to the old processes of "doctoring." They constitute a NEW ERA in the history of the DIVINE ART OF HEALING, as they are the delight and the wonder of all who are interested in their performance.

Let all who are in *poor health*, from *whatever cause*, all who are *sick* and despair of a cure from *drugging;* all who wish to be free from *narcotising* with *tobacco, opium*, or *ardent spirits;* and, all who suffer from diseases of the EYE, and *defective sight*, read my PAMPHLET of INFORMATION, [sent to you by post free, for 1 Dime] from which we may learn what the CURE by NUTRITION is, and, how the afflicted in any part of the country may avail themselves of its benefits; and, showing, withal, from the highest medical authorities in the world, that the process of "dosing" with "pills," "powders," "cordials," "syrups," "drops," "bitters," "roots," "herbs," and other medicinal "*diestuffs*," is *unsafe, injurious*, and utterly unworthy of any confidence at all: thus demonstrating how the MEDICAL PROFESSION have, unwittingly, pointed to the *Nutritive Cure* as NATURE'S REMEDY *in disease*, and the *Invalid's only* HOPE. Read the "BOOK of NUTRITION," and cast your *Nostrums* to the dogs!

Boston, Mass. LAROY SUNDERLAND.

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.

Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man?—How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and steers the ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his property gazetted, may blow out his brains, and leave his wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be consulted and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.—[New York Home Journal.

WHEN a great man stoops or trips, the small men around him suddenly become greater.

WHAT IT MEANS.—Gotham is a name often given to New York by its inhabitants. In Europe it is a term of reproach, and "the wise men of Gotham" are generally laughed at. In Kelly's proverbs of all Nations, the following explanation is given: "Gotham is a village of Nottinghamshire, known to be the headquarters of stupidity in this country, on whose inhabitants all sorts of ridiculous stories might be fastened. The convenience of having such a butt for sarcasm has been recognized by all nations. The ancient Greeks had their Bœtia, which was for them what Suabia is for the modern Germans. The Italians compared foolish people to those of Zago, 'who sowed needles that they might have a crop of crowbars, and dunged the steeple to make it grow.'"

The widow of the famous Morgan, of Anti-Masonic notoriety, is now a resident of the vicinity of Memphis, Tenn. The Appeal of that city says: "She has been connected with Leath Orphan Asylum since her advent here, and her labors in behalf of the poor and unfortunate will not soon be forgotten by the recipients of her favors."

☞ It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering *sealed letters*, physchometric delineator of character, and medical clairvoyant, is permanently located at the "Bethesda Institute," 49 Tremont street, Room No. 6. Boston

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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BY FRANCES BROWN.

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For particulars, address R. HOLLAND, M. D, New Graeffenberg, N. Y.

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

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

The 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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☞ Send for Catalogue.

P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n10t

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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.]

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks Jan. 1st, in Delphia, Ind. 8th, in Elkhart, Ind.; 15th, in Sturgis, Mich.; 22d, in Odrian, Mich.; Feb. 5th, Battle Creek, Mich.; 11th, 18th and 24th, Rockford, Ill.; March 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th, Lyons, Mich. Address as above.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st, Sunday in Jan., at Cincinnati, 2nd., and 3d. Sundays, at Terr 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 10th—No. 12, Lamartine Place, 29th street New York until Dec 20th, and 510 Arch street, Philadelphia until January 10th. n15 tf

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

Miss ROSA T. AMEDEY will lecture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st., prior to Dec. 20th and during the month of January, in care of L. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 5w

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

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

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 receive 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. n8t

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QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1860. VOL. I.---NO. 19.

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

We dwell within a Christian land;
As witnesses to this there stand
Churches, private credit on every hand;
But now the Market is sought,
Who leads the Christians of to-day?

Rather, some sanctified Sabbath day,
To while a vacant hour away,
The gorgeous temple where they pray;
And see the "man of God" arise,
The source of admiring eyes.

Rich rustling silk, and satin sheen—
While glistening jewels glow between,
The humble worshipers are seen.
Where Fashion's flag is wide unfurled,
Who are "the Church," and who "the world?"

Who that beholds their numbers round
In pomp and pride throughout our land,
Would deem the Leader of this band,
Was that young Nazarene, who said
"I have not where to lay my head."

And glittering crowds for office wait
Around the door of Church and State,
While hungry beggars round the gate.
Not such a court did Jesus keep,
But left the order, "Feed my sheep."

"Follow your Leader!" his command
Rings clear and loud thro' every land,
Let priest and people by it stand;
That voice proclaims, "To others do
As ye would have them do to you."

Oh! if at last, a brighter light
Has dawned upon the world's long night,
See to it, watchers in this fight,
Apostles true of Truth and Right,
Be it, ye warriors who bend the knee,
See that your words and deeds agree.

Tionesta, Pa.

FEMALE BEAUTY'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, it is all that sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to an admiration of every one. She has firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all that softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is like her music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

THE OMEN FULFILLED.—The handsome housekeeper of a Wensleydale farmer was tripping up stairs, when she slipped her foot and fell. "Hollon!" cries her master, "have you fallen, Mary? That's a sign of a husband." "So it is," says winsome Mary, laughing as she gathered herself up; "and I'm sure I can't think who it's to be, unless it's your master." "Well! let it be me!" was the response; and as Mary had no objection, the omen was fulfilled. Nor had either Mary or her mate reason to regret, ever after, the fall on the stairs.—[Gateshead Observer.

A SERMON.

THE FALL OF MAN

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.—GEN. II. XVII.

The scriptures uniformly agree in representing man, as in some sense a fallen being. Among all the nations of antiquity, we discover distinct traces of the idea that the race originally existed in a state of immediate communion and oneness with God, enjoying a constant, undiscarted fruition of happiness; but that in process of time, man fell from his high estate, became submerged in the sensuous life, his being rent and distracted, as it now is, with discord, sin and misery. This opinion held a prominent place, not only in all the ancient religions, but also in the minds of all the eminent philosophers and poets of antiquity. It is only in quite modern times, that the opinion has gained somewhat extensive currency, that man is not a fallen being. According to the "development theory," so called, the human race is supposed to have been unfolded by regular gradations from the animal species. Man, at first, was but a step in advance of the brute creation. All subsequent development has been from crude, inferior stages toward the higher; and not, as the old theory has it, from a Paradisical state to a condition of sin and evil. Many liberal Christians, if they do not feel willing to adopt the idea, that man is but the spontaneous evolutions of animal, at least deny that we are fallen beings. They consider that the original condition of the race was far inferior to its present condition; that all subsequent progress has been upward, and not downward.

It is sufficient for me to state that I cannot reconcile the Scriptures with any other theory, than that in his primitive state, man existed in complete union, and in blissful converse with his Maker; and that, therefore, in his present condition, man is, in some sense, a fallen being. A superficial philosophy might lead one to reject this opinion, but I think the highest and sublimest philosophy would lead one to adopt it. I am very sure that the Scriptures cannot be fairly interpreted upon any other hypothesis. Not that the text and context appear to me to be taken in a literal sense, but that we do have here an allegorical representation of a great fact in man's history; that fact being the fall of man.

I have often hoped to be able, some day, to get at a more satisfactory view of man's fall, than any other of those theories which go current among us.

These theories are not satisfactory to me, and I know they are not to many others.

Whether I can offer a better solution of the problem, is a question, perhaps; but I desire at least, in the present discourse, to submit a few suggestions upon *The Fall of Man*.

Evidently, the better to understand the nature of his fall, we must attempt to gain a correct idea,—

1. *As to the Primitive Condition of Man.*

We have already seen, how universally the idea has been and is held, among all who have adopted the hypothesis of the fall in any sense, that the original state of man was that of complete union and converse with the Divine Being—that in consequence of this oneness with his Maker, man's nature was in perfect rest, free from discord, conflict, evil, and thus man was happy; at least an entire stranger to unhappiness. Now this conception of the Paradisical state, will be seen to harmonize with the uniform representations, which the Scriptures afford us. The Author of the Book of Genesis has portrayed man in Eden, as holding immediate, intelligent communion with God. God walks in the midst of the Garden, and superintends the labors of his creature, as a parent would watch over a child. Nothing can be more beautiful and yet sublime, than that picture respecting man's original close and intimate relation to God, which is given in the text and context. No two natures can be conceived to enjoy a sweeter, more absolute union, sympathy and converse, than that represented in the account before us, as primitively existing between the Divine and human nature.

But we may justly infer the state of man before the fall, from the various descriptions in God's word, respecting that final condition, to which the race is to be restored. It is the mission of Christ to restore man to his primitive relations to God.—What then, is that condition, to which Christianity aims to raise man? "Neither pray I for these alone," says Christ, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God," says John, "and God in him." Paul conceives of man's final state as that where God is "all in all."

These Scriptures sufficiently indicate the uniform conception they inculcate, as to man's final condition. It is a state of complete union with God.

But as salvation only supposes a restoration to the primitive condition of human nature, we thus infer the nature of that primitive condition, as being one of entire union with the Divine Being.

Beside this, all the ancient religions, as well as the most eminent and renowned philosophers and poets of antiquity, entertained this conception precisely.

The Brahmin sought to re-unite himself to Brahma, the primal Spirit. Plato conceived the destiny of the soul to be a re-union with the Deity. The Alexandrian philosophy taught the same doctrine. The Christian Fathers also inculcated it.

In fact, the Church almost universally, has conceived the primal condition of man to be one of complete union and communion with God.

This is the state to which it is the mission of Christ to restore the human race.

We may justly infer from this, therefore, that such must have been the primitive condition of man.

The communion of the Holy Spirit, being made partakers of the Divine Nature, are but anticipations of that restoration to blissful oneness with the Creator.

But the important question, demanding our especial notice here is, what are we to understand by this complete union once existing between man and Deity? In what sense were the human and Divine Natures one? A definite, intelligent answer to this inquiry will afford us the key to the whole subject of the fall of man. Let us, therefore, attempt to conceive that union, which is supposed to have originally existed between God and his creation; attempt to conceive the real true nature of it.

In the first place, man was not conscious that he possessed a will different, separate, distinct from the Divine Will. There was but one will in the Universe; and that was the will of God. How do we know this to have been the case? Simply from the fact that it is the aim of all religion to re-unite the human will to the Divine.

When the will of man and that of God, now running in different and opposite directions, finally approach and fall into one, this is considered uniformly the highest state of moral perfection which it is man's destiny to attain. "Not my will," says Christ, "but thine be done." "For God worketh in you," says Paul, "both to will and to do." These passages illustrate the destiny of man's will. It is to finally converge, fall into, be submerged into the will of God; and thus to become one identical with it. Man will not be conscious then, that he has a will, different, distinct from the will of God. Such, therefore, was undoubtedly man's primitive condition in the Garden of Paradise. Thus, you perceive, in one respect, what was the nature of that union existing between the Divine and human existence. It was so complete, that man was unconscious of any will but that of God, which then wrought in man, both to will and do.

Allow me, however, to introduce an illustration here, which will prove in the end, not an illustration merely, but a strict, perfect analogy; and which will not only exhibit the entire union of man's will with the Divine, as the original natural relation subsisting between them; but this illustration will help our minds to gain that peculiar stand-point, from which alone, we can view this whole subject in its true light. Take then, the new-born child, as it lies passive, calm and quiet, in the maternal lap, or nestles to that cherishing breast, from which it draws nature's generous sustenance. That child is not yet conscious of a will of its own, distinct, separate from its parent's will.

More than this, that child has not yet learned to distinguish its being, its separate, personal existence, from the maternal being. Its spiritual existence is still, as it were, inbound, inwoven in the parental existence. Weeks, months and years will roll away, perhaps, before that budding intellect will rise to what we call self-consciousness; will learn to distinguish itself from others, even from surrounding objects, as a distinct, personal identity.

We here have an illustration of those primitive relations, which infant humanity sustained to God, when reposing, as it were, upon the lap of the Creator. It was then, that the new born child of God lay sweetly, passively upon the breast of Infinite Love, and drew from nature's spontaneous products its material sustenance. The Divine Parental Eye watched over its opening destinies, and the Hand that made us, cradled us in the nursery of Eden. Man was not then conscious of a will distinct from the will of God; and more than this he could not have been conscious of a moral being, a spiritual existence, distinct from the Divine existence. This was that complete, childlike dependence on God, perfect union with him, and spontaneous sympathy and communion with the Creator, that I conceive to have characterized the first original condition of humanity.—The living, fresh, immediate pulsations between the two natures, had not yet ceased. God so dwelt in man, and man in God, that they were one.—The child reposed upon the Parental lap, unconscious of a separate moral existence at least from that of the Parent.

But the illustration here given is a strict, perfect analogy. God *is* the Parent of man. The parental relation is the only stand-point from which to gain a true insight into the subject before us. Observe a child, in all its primal innocence, reposing in its mother's arms. Watch the natural, gradual process by which that child comes to a consciousness of its separate, personal identity; by which at length, it comes to a knowledge of good and evil—observe this process silently going on in the internal being of that infant, and you have a perfect illustration of man's primitive relations to God, and how finally, those relations—that close bound tie—union of two beings, naturally and necessarily gave place to subsequent developments. I repeat it, the Paternal relation is the first, primal, fundamental relation existing between Deity and humanity.

It is the only stand-point from which this topic, the fall of man, can be seen to be perfectly philosophical, perfectly natural. Taking the more usual point of view, that God stood in relation to man, only as Creator, a kind of Artizan fashioning a heap of clay, and then breathing life into it; or that God was a mere arbitrary Sovereign, an ineffable, holy, just, infinite Being, man a little, frail speck of dust—any such distant, extrinsic, unnatural view of the original position these two natures held to each other, will effectually shut out all light from our subject. Look at man's primitive condition, interpret it through the Paternal relation.

Think of a child affectionately cradled in the arms of maternal love; think of the spiritual, the moral relations existing there, and this topic of the fall of man will be soon explained.

But having sufficiently indicated the condition of man before the fall, let us attempt to explain—

2. *The Nature of the Fall itself.*

It will undoubtedly help us to gain a clearer conception here, if we now take a brief view of man's present moral condition, in contrast with his Paradisical state. The difference between the two, will serve as a distinct outline of the nature and extent of the fall.

We can then easily trace that natural process, by which human nature has passed from one condition to the other.

It may be remarked, then, in the first place, that man is now conscious of possessing a will of his own, separate, distinct, and oftentimes opposed even, not only to the Divine will, but also to that of his fellow beings. Each one of us feels that he has a will entirely distinct from that of every other being in the Universe. Each one feels at times, a strong opposition and conflict existing between his own will and that of God; between his own and that of his fellow man.

How our experience in life tends to intensate the will; tends to draw it out into a bold, independent contrast and opposition to every other will. Witness the constant clash and conflict of human wills, in the social and business life of man. One opposes itself to the other, and the effect is to intensate both.

Now it is only by opposition, contrast, that a man can possibly distinguish his will, or even his own being, from that of another. For example, suppose I am about to perform a certain act. An individual steps forward, and says, Sir, you shall not do that; and he enforces his command with threats and unmistakable gestures.

Do you not see now, that the effect of this opposition to my will would naturally be to wake up a consciousness of its own separate, distinct identity? How quickly the mind would come to a knowledge of its own will in contrast with that of the other individual! How quickly, almost instinctively my whole being's force would rise in opposition and conflict with that individual before me!

Now every human being is daily conscious of just such an opposition of other wills to his own. God in his providence opposes our wishes, limits our desires, sets bounds to our attainments.

Man comes into conflict with us, competition, strife, opposition. Nature fixes limits, and opposes her hard, rude material to our endeavors to fashion her to our liking. All life constantly tends to develope, to intensate our individual wills, as distinct powers in contrast with, often in opposition to every other will in the Universe. This is man's present condition. How different from that original state, in which we have contemplated humanity in the Garden of Paradise.

But we become conscious, each of his own distinct personality, also, by means of this same opposition and contrast. You can easily perceive how a clash of interests and desires, a war of wills, will lead to a separation between two moral natures. Take two beings who love each other, between whom there is no opposition of feeling, desire, interest, or will, and you will see their beings gradually flow into blissful union. Each seems to the other, but a part of himself. But let opposition, strife, conflict grow up between those beings, and their moral natures begin to withdraw; to isolate themselves; to exhibit more and more a bold independence, difference, till absolute hatred, perfect separation ensues. This illustrates in another respect, the present condition of man in his relations to God. The opposition of man's will to the Divine will, has gradually withdrawn man from God; has isolated humanity from Deity. We now feel that there is a gulf fixed between our beings and the Divine Being.

We have fallen away from the Parental heart; there is estrangement between man and God; the two natures are no longer seen in complete union and oneness, but as utterly, totally distinct. How different from the original condition of humanity!

We have now traced the outlines, so to speak, of the fall of man, both as it respects its extent, and also its peculiar nature. But it remains to indicate that natural, gradual, necessary process, by which humanity has passed from its original condition into its present state and relationship to God.

Here, again, if we would attain any intelligent view, we must look at the subject, from the standpoint of the strict parental relation. Let us observe the process, by which a little child, gradually emerging from the dim, undefined consciousness of its first mortal existence, at length learns to distinguish its being, its will, from that of the parent. *Note the effect* of the first *parental command!* upon that child's internal being. It is wonderful. It is worthy of our close study and observation. The child is about to lay its mischievous hands upon some delicate household article, which the parent fears it will destroy. "Ah! ah!" says the parent, "mother's darling must not touch it!" But the child is yet unconscious of any difference between its will and its mother's will. It proceeds, as if to clutch its little hands upon

[Continued on 8th page.]