THE SPIRITUAL AGE.



BY A. D. BROCK.
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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE ROSARY.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

We have all a rosary of woe!
No matter how the faint heart bleeds,
Or how the silent tear-drops flow,
Our trembling hands must tell the beads.

Some tell them o'er in gorgeous homes;
Pale fingers count the beads of gold,
With breaking hearts and bitter moans,
Until their rosary is told.

Some tell them clasp'd to another's breast,
Some all alone in the piercing cold,
With not a place their heads to rest,
They weep until their beads are told.

Some keep the rosary in their hearts.
Hidden beneath a smiling face,
The beads corrode like poisoned darts,
And rankle in their hiding place.

Some, where the ocean bleakly foams,
Look yearningly o'er open graves,
To loved ones in their inland homes,
And sigh while sinking neath the waves.

"Alone!—alone in the roaring sea,
Life's roar is over-past!
The waves of death float over me,
The fearful beads are told at last!"

It is ever thus! Through all the earth,
In hovels and in homes of light,
Sorrow's rosary hath its birth,
And casts o'er all its withering blight.

It is well to see God's hand the while
The chastening rosary is told,
And feel when it is through, His smile
Will lead us to the gates of gold.

Within those portals broad and fair,
We'll hold a rosary of light,
We'll tell our beads in Heaven's air,
Within our Heavenly Father's sight.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle fields and glory;
If writ in human heart a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it:
If men relied on love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal:
If love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would ACT the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it by rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe her knife,
Till good and truth were universal;
If custom, grey with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone in truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To violate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would *strike together* and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it!

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE TEACHINGS OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY DAVID BARKER.

What matters where the bar may be
To which our world is cited,—
Though here, or in eternity,
Each wrong must be be righted,—
No drop of blood was ever spilt
That washes out another's guilt.

There is no bankrupt laws for sin,
Though heretics may preach it;
No limitation act steps in,
Though Paul, himself, might teach it;
For ages though the time's delayed,
Each moral debt must once be paid.

The felon, tried and doomed to die,
Might shuffle off his sentence,
And claim the largest liberty,
By pleading true repentance,—
And good that plea, and righteous, even,
If sin could ever be forgiven.

To sell an orphan child its bread,
And cheat it in your measure,
Or steal away to Virtue's bed,
And rob her of her treasure,
But dream not that a simple prayer
Can hush the voice of justice there.

When life has closed, whoever gains
The station God assigned him,
And pays his debt and breaks the chains
Which sin has forged to bind him,
Is fitted for the bliss of Heaven,
And never needs to be forgiven.

Correspondence

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE AGE.—Randolph the Unique, the great unapproachable has been here—spoke six times in one week, and left us in a whirl of absolute amazement—as the hundreds who listened to him—hundreds of every shade of opinion will abundantly testify. It is of no use to endeavor to describe either the man himself, nor the manner and matter of his discourses. "It *cant be did.*" Both were *Randolph*; and both alike indescribable.

We have listened to speakers in this country, both in and out of Spiritualism, in our Lyceums and elsewhere, but the best among them all, are not to be spoken of in the same breath with this truly wonderful man. His lectures here, have created a commotion never felt before; and we feel sorry at the thought that we shall never hear him again, as he retires from the field within a month. Cannot something be done to keep this incomparable orator, and unquestionably good man, in the field? *Must* he be absolutely *compelled* to leave the sphere of his usefulness, for the want of *means* to maintain himself and his family? I say sincerely, God forbid!

During his stay here, he showed me his account book and it exhibited a balance on the *money side* of about *thirty or forty dollars*. People seem to forget that *mediums* must "*pay as they go*"; for hotels, stages and railways, soon eat up the miserable pittance so grudgingly dealt out by the parsimony of those who ought to do better.—Here we have one of the best mediums in the *Country*, perhaps in the *world*, absolutely *driven* from the field, because he *cannot* support his family, and pay his own expenses from the mite that *penuriousness* gives him in payment for the "bread of life." As with Randolph, so with *scores of others*. We pay some *third or fourth rate* speakers the same sum that we pay the *first* class; while the latter are obliged to perform long journeys to keep their engagements, and the former can be found near home.

Brother Spiritualists, this state of things will not do! Most of you help to pay fat salaries (or have done so) to your parsons, for *second hand stuff*, while you permit those who are *truly* the *mouth-pieces* of the *living truth* to *saw wood* and *carry coal* in order to keep soul and body together.

Brethren, this is not right. We *must* open our *purses* as well as our *ears*; and unless we do this, the better class of speakers will be *compelled* (like Mr. R.) to quit the lecture field, and leave us to be bored with the fanatical attempts of persons who are better qualified to murder the "King's English," than to *teach us* what we seek to know. Yours in the Cause of Justice,

ALBEMARLE.

A MARKED TEST.—We have recieved from Mrs. L. T. B King of Portland, the following remarkable test of the truth of Spirit communication, with the promise of receiving others equally conclusive. We are well acquainted with Mrs King, and with her powers as a test medium. Through no other person have we received such convincing evidence of the *bona fide* presence of spirits clothed with immortality. She has also given many others quite as undeniable evidence of the existence of their friends who have exchanged their earthly for heavenly and imperishable bodies. Mrs. K is a lady of retiring habits, but a most effective and reliable laborer in the new Spiritual vineyard. She is an excellent trance speaker also. We have heard her speak many a time, and have always, through her speaking, caught some radiant glimpses of new spiritual treasures.

While visiting in Fitz Williams, N. H., in the fall of 1857, a young gentleman by the name of Henry C. Allen, a tipping medium, called upon me, and requested me to go to the house of his father-in-law and *sit* with him. I went rather reluctantly, as my health was so poor that I did not expect I could be controlled.

But when I arrived at the residence of Mr. Lawrence, (the father-in-law of Mr. A.) I was then requested to sit at a small table or stand, with Mr. Allen, his wife, her mother and sister being present. The table soon tipped. Mr. Allen then asked the spirit if I was the *one?* the reply was, yes! Mr. A. then requested me to give up to the influence, and give my "impression." I was very soon strongly impressed to go out into the field back of the house. I thought it singular, as I was a stranger to them, and in a strange place; but I felt that I *must* go, but knew not for what purpose. I told Mr. A. of my strange impression, and he requested me very calmly, to go if I wanted to. I went, accompanied by himself, wife, and her mother.

After going a short distance I stopped. The spirit shook my head, and said "no; not here." I then were impelled to go on. At last my feet seemed riveted to the spot upon which I stopped. I could not step nor raise my feet from the ground. Mr. Allen then asked the spirit to reveal to me what he (the spirit) wished. I closed my eyes, soon the ground seemed to open at my feet, and I saw the bodies of three Indians and an animal resembling the deer. Mr. Allen then requested the spirit to loose my feet, and he did so. I immediately repaired to the house, and sat for a controlling influence. The spirit then communicated that his bones might be found three and a half feet from the surface of the earth, that they were decayed, but that the horns of the Deer was in a state of greater perservation, that all could be recognized in their present state, &c. He also said that Mr. Lawrence (who was a sceptic,) and his son Fred'k L. should dig and find them. He said they should not be private about it but tell every one what he (the spirit) said, and dig before all that would come. The table then tipped and affirmed all I had said was correct. It was decided that I must be present at the time of digging. I went again at the time agreed upon. They began to dig. The spirit told me they were not digging in the right place. I went into the field and told Mr. L. what the spirit said. I put down my foot and said, "Dig there!" Telling him the length and breadth of the grave. They dug as I told them and found all true that the spirit had said. Decayed bones were found, also the horn of the deer, at the distance of 3 1-3 feet from the surface, as the spirit communicated. The fact of this Indian being buried on that farm, I was told by Mr. Allen, had been told him by the spirit nearly two years before but he had kept it secret.

The spirit told him also that he would influence a Speaking Medium to come there within two years and tell him the precise spot. And that the medium should be a lady. Mr. Allen then called the names of every lady medium he had ever heard of, but to all the answer was, "no!" When he heard of my arrival in town, and that I was a Speaking Medium, he was impressed at once that I was the "One" as the spirit said. This Indian seemed truthful, intelligent and good had been a long time in the spirit land. He claimed to be Mr. Allen's guardian spirit. There were several witnesses of these facts, the names of whom I send in the order in which they were signed, testifying to its truth.

Frederick C. Lawrence; Henry C. Allen; Calvin Lawrence; Nathan Morse; B. B. Boyce; Eleanor M. Allen; Mary A. Lawrence; Louisa A. Fisk.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I suppose you may have seen the account published in the Boston Evening Traveller of Dec. 30th, 1859, of an alleged "New Scientific Discovery" recently made in Paris, which is this:—

"A patient is caused to gaze at an object held before his eyes, until he sinks into a state of trance, so performing that he becomes insensible to pain." And the process for inducing a state of cataliptic insensibility is announced by the Paris correspondent of a Boston paper, as a most wonderful "New Discovery," precisely as if the same process had never been heard of in these United States, more than twenty years ago. This idea was set forth in "*The Magnet*," a periodical I published in New York, in 1842; and, also, in different books and pamphlets I have published since that time. The IDEA in Pathetism was this:—

That the phenomena known under the name of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, and, the results peculiar to Dr. J. R. Buchanan's theory of Neurology, are *self-induced*, simply by associating them in the patient's own mind with any processes, adapted for their development. The process is of no account, only, in so far as it is calculated to secure the patient's *attention* upon the *expected* results to be produced. He may gaze at any object, or hold any substance in his hand; there is no venture in such objects whatever, only in so far as they secure the attraction of the patient. I conceive it to have been a fraud, therefore, when seven years after the announcement of this Idea of Pathitism, precisely the same thing has been proclaimed as a "new discovery," and presented to the public under the new fangled names of "Electrical Psychology," "Mental Alchemy" and "Electro-Biology." And hence it was, that, when I found my experiments imitated under these new terms and preposterous claims made in behalf of the "ulna nerve grip," and a piece of "zinc and copper" held in the hand, I discarded these processes of operating, and I believe it has now become quite obsolete throughout the country.

An attempt was now made ten years to inaugerate the "zinc and copper" process in this city, and although the lecturer had some 500 adies and gentlemen in his classes, at $10 each, his attempts proved a miserable failure; for, he was exposed and denounced by one of his own pupils, (Capt. George P. Kettill,) and he left the city in no very good repute. But a slight acquaintance with Pathetism is sufficient to show:—

1st. That the trance is generally, and, it may always be, *self induced*. The processes are merely incidental, and may be dispensed with wholly.

2d. It is never brought on by the mere volition of the operator, until a *relation* very strong has been established between him and the patient, which very rarely occurs, very rarely indeed, much more so than is generally supposed. Out of the thousands whom I have entranced (by suggestion,) I have known but two or three whom I could, after long trial, control by mere volition.

3d. The trance comes on from *suggestion*, from the *thoughts* of it; from seeing it in others, (sympathetic immulation) from the laws of association, and the force of *habit*. When persons have been once entranced, it comes on by merely *expecting* it, or from any *words*, *motions*, or *places*, with which that state has been associated. And hence it would not seem strange if this state, coming on so often, and so easily, should now and then be attributed to remote causes, which in reality may have nothing to do with it. The immediate cause, always, is *in the mind*, the nervous system of the patient, but, the suggestive or remote cause may be as far off, and as inefficient as the unseen star in the heavens.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

BOSTON, Jan. 2d, 1860.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Jan. 2d., 1860.

MESSRS EDITORS: The case is by no means in a state of quiescence here. Father Cluer has visited us and excited an interest among friends and foes. Rev. Mr. Buckley of Dover lectured here with the vain attempt to demolish the faith of the believers, many of whom heard him.

Bro. Cluer was there and took notes, and on a subsequent evening replied to the satisfaction of all candid minds. Mr. Buckley's discourse was a re-hash of the old stuff commencing with a notice that he should not *discuss* the subject. These lectures do us more good than harm, for the *free* men and women are sure to come to our Hall to hear the other side and be benefited by spiritual discourses. The truth is in the hearts of energetic men and women and cannot slumber. Bro. Cluer has done a good work here and the points of his labors will be seen and felt in this, as well as in the other life. There is no such thing as stagnation where he is. He is an earnest, forcible speaker and people will go to hear him.

Yours, BERTRAM.

A MIRACLE INDEED.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Please give the following facts to the public that the power of spirits operating through mediums may be more fully known.

My child, a daughter eight years of age, for several years had been troubled with a disease of the eyes, which had increased until the sight of one was completely gone, and was fast losing the other. Her physicians declared that ulceration in the head had destroyed the optic nerves, and in this condition the case was treated by eminent oculists without benefit. At last she was taken to Dr. Geo. Atkins, at No. 3 Winter st., and wonderful to relate, without the use of medicine or instruments, but simply by laying his hands upon the head of the child once a day, for three days, both eyes were fully restored, and have remained perfectly healthy ever since.

MRS. L. JOHNSON,
Putnam Corner.

IT costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

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.

[CONTINUED.]

"The sun had dispersed the clouds as if by magic power, and the glorious flood of light streamed forth in rich luxuriousness, as if in the very wantonness of wealth and brightness, in every direction, making all things glad; but as if God, himself, had smiled forth an overwhelming refutation of the sceptic's argument, and a flood of liquid truth—an ocean of Deific logic wherein to drown the atheist's doubt, and baptize the world anew! a light which extinguished by its superior brilliancy, the feeble phosphorescence of the dogmas horrible, presented for my acceptance by the being at my side: For, as the glorious sunbeams fell upon the head of the old gray-haired scoffer, it seemed to me that Heaven itself was crowning him with pity! It appeared to my mind that no sensible being could witness sunset like that, and be a sceptic still. With the least refinement, the least spark of human sympathy or generosity at heart, it appeared impossible that any human being could gaze upon the gorgeous scene and remain at bottom a scoffing doubter. I thought the sun was a glorious and most eloquent preacher, and I think so still; and that whoever pays proper attention to his sermons must be convinced of the existence of an indulgent parent;—must believe the story of progression; in life, death, and the resurrection; an existence beyond the dark portals of the grave; in the better and the happier land, where care and sorrow enter not to disturb the weary spirits' bland repose!—and where hopes awakened, but which can never be realized on earth, shall fructify: Hopes which it seemed to me must bear fruit somewhere, because earth's soil is too sterile, the world's all too small, and life's all too contracted here below. Enraptured with the scene, filled with its inspiration, I exclaimed in the words of Addison's Cato:

> "'Plato, thou reasonest well! It must be so,
> This longing after immortality.'"

"In the enthusiasm of the moment I cried aloud, 'whoever says man is not immortal, lies! lies to his own soul, to Nature, and to God!' I was inexperienced then, and full of the virgin fire of a young, ardent and artless soul. But since then I have learned more of philosophy, life, and mankind. I have since discovered that man can, not only live a sceptic, but that he can daily curse his God, and then calmly sink to what he believes will be an everlasting sleep. Truly education, education it is that moulds man into the frame of hero, saint, demi-god, or devil.

"That the old man read my thoughts, was clear, for he said, as we seated ourselves upon the grassy turf, "daughter, your reasonings are false, your conclusions erroneous, and your thoughts being the enthusiastic upgushings of your exceedingly spontaneous nature, you reach your goal from a pre-determination to stop at none but the coveted and foreseen point; consequently your conclusions are valueless, because foregone. I blame you not; I chide you not, because you but follow universal precedent; and like most Christians, believe you are immortal because you are discontented here, and desire to live hereafter. I rather admire Parrhasius, the Athenian painter, who, when the slave whom he had chained to a rock in order to transfer the experiences of his miserable agony to his canvass—to paint a dying groan, exclaimed against the artist's cruelty, reminding him that there would be a future reckoning, replied,

> "Hereafter! aye, hereafter!
> A whip to keep the coward off!
> What gave death ever from his kingdom back
> To check the sceptic's laughter?
> Come from the grave to-morrow with that story, I
> And I may take some safer paths to glory."

He wanted proof; and that is the trait I admire him for. In you, daughter, the esthetic element rather predominates, and no mere poet, artist, or worshipper of the beautiful was ever yet a true and sound philosopher! I am ready to admit with you that poetry is a harmony; the voice of the angels; the music of the spheres; the royal harp of love; the parent of much purity and the benign instrument of charity. I agree that poetry breathes sweetly in the passing zephyr,—sings lullabys in the majestic symphonies of Boreas; that yonder sea echoes its music, and that the waves as they dance along and roll onward without cessation or rest, now calm as an infant's sleep, now boisterous as a battle-field, doth express its very soul. I agree with Percival, that

> "The world is full of poetry, the air is living
> With its spirit, and the waves dance to the music
> Of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness."

All this I admit, and much more to the same purpose, but poetry deals with flowers, and a mind given that way can never reach really sound philosophic conclusions, and all the genuine poetry in the world stands for nothing alongside of one cast-iron *fact*! True philosophy begins at first principles, and must be based on true science. It has nothing to do with visionary notions, poetical, rhapsodical, and as empty as the heads that give them birth.—Science is cold and slow, poetry warm and quick. To be wise you must take time to consider all sides of every question, and always distrusting your feelings, critically watching the processes of your intellect, decide only when you can no longer find a loop to hang a doubt on. All poets are babies; all artists children, and all enthusiats are fools. When you aver that whoever denies immortality to man lies, you take too much upon yourself, for you cannot prove it. On the other hand, whoever asserts it is not true, gets himself into trouble as much as you do who affirm it.—The dogma of immortality has never yet been admitted fully by the most sensible scientific minds. It cannot be proved on scientific grounds. Ten thousand theories exist upon the subject, all very pretty *to read*; all perfectly clear and plain sailing until you reach a certain point—the *main one*, and then you are compelled to see the broken links peep out and disclose themselves—else take a tremendous leap forward over a vaultless, bottomless chasm, or turn round and hurry back in confusion and dismay to the original starting-point.—For a tremendous hiatus exists between each premise and every conclusion.

"'Intuition is mainly relied on to prove it, just as if it could prove anything whatever. Extolled as the safest, it is in fact the blindest of all guides, because it is mere intellectual fungus. Brain, like everything else, must be exercised, or it will most assuredly rust. In this world but a small portion of brain in the aggregate is used; the balance grows mouldy and mildewed, and the oxyde of common sense, or carbonate of brain is—intuition! The proof of this resides in the fact that no man with active reasoning powers ever has it 'large.' Constant exercise keeps the abilities acute, sharp, and in good case; there is no mouldiness of sentiment there, no extract of moonshine, no canker of brain, no carbonate of common sense, no essence of spirituality, no oxyde of thought, nor torrefaction of intellect.

"'Mark me well, daughter, I have not denied that man is immortal; I merely say I cannot see it through the telescopes provided by the theological opticians of the world, that is all. I insist that it has never yet been satisfactorily proved. A man is placed in what is called bad conditions; for instance, he is a native of the polar regions. Now human nature is everywhere essentially the same, and therefore he has intuitions as well as anybody else; and these may whisper to him of warm latitudes, green fields, flowering gardens, genial sunshine, and a thousand other things which he has not, and which his eyes have never beheld; just as the civilizee dreams of Utopias, Paradise, and the gorgeous pageantry of Heaven. Now what is the source whence both these intuitional conceptions spring? Philosophers have descanted most learnedly upon it. Ponderous volumes have been written upon its supposed intricate and divine nature. It has been averred to be the celestial indicator of actually existing facts—a sort of spiritual compass tending ever to the poles of truth. It is said to be the *afflatus dei* in the soul of man—the voice of the Mighty One whispering to his children. These, and a hundred equally absurd notions, far-fetched and musty, have been brought forward to account for the universal sixth sense of man, Intuition. One of the strangest is the notion that man preexisted as an intellectually conscious monad in God himself, and that in its second state of being it retains vague memories of what surrounded it, and infilled the universe, ere it left the monadal state to assume a homo-individuality. As usual, the philosophers, in attempting to find a tenable theory, strayed too far from home; for in reality the solution of the difficulty was easy, and its elements lay right beneath their very noses, snugly coiled up in that very little word—suggestion. Everything about us conveys a lesson, if rightly interpreted and understood. All negatives, whether of thought, word, deed or situation, are eminently suggestive of positives, or antipodes. This wonderful sense, therefore, is found to be nothing more than the conjectures of the mind of the existence of the opposite of the phenomena which is present at the time the observations are made. They are instant, pass into the memory-chambers of the soul, and are thence brought forth as occasion may require, and paraded as authoritative proofs. Such witnesses ought always to be impeached.

"'Pain suggests pleasure; grief hints at joy, mortality, eternal life; and so on through the whole eternal chapter. The exigencies of the Boreal life must inevitably suggest an idea more or less glowing and vivid, according to the mental stature of the subject, of the antipodal or opposite condition of things. The Laplander wants heat because he is cold; surrounded by icebergs and eternal snows, he fancies it would be pleasant to live where perpetual verdure met the eye, and genial summer forever reigned—good to be where fields are ever green, and no fierce storms of winter hail sweep over land and sea. By dint of constant dwelling on such a theme, he at last arrives at the belief that there *must* be such a place *somewhere;* and in the course of time it becomes rank heresy to doubt it, notwithstanding no mortal thereabouts has ever laid eyes on the coveted realm. Although he is in the end right in his conclusions, yet it is accidentally true only. His notions got at somehow, can never be admitted in evidence that such places really have an existence, for the reason that the same natural wants would attend the Polarian and the same suggestions arise in his mind were the whole world one vast ball of frozen snow. The fierce storms would speak to him of calms just the same then as now. The bleak snow would suggest green fields, precisely as if no such thing ever had a being. Upon the same principle the daily deaths men suffer suggest a happier state of being and another life in a better world.

"'Another monstrous conclusion, because unwarrantable from the age-accepted predicates, is the notion of man's sempitemality, or that he will live on forever, even admitting him to be immortal. The latter by no means proves or implies the former, although it is supposed to do so; nor does it even follow that because man is miserable here, he will be happy hereafter.*—Look, my child at yonder unsightly caterpillar upon that broad leaf. Now it is certain that the worm *thinks*, just as all other creatures do; the thoughts being graduated, and their character determined by the greater or less perfection of the organism. To-day, inspired by the bright sunshine, he grows ambitious; he revels in the sense of his ow great importance, and lays out plans to be followed when he shall become king of all the worms; for it is clear to him that he shall be so in time. else why does he feel so royal—why the joyous sense of royalty which swells, almost to bursting, his proudly-beating wormish heart? He has just made a kingly repast on that bit of mullen leaf, and feeling renewed strength, and being in high spirits, as well as an amateur mechanic, he proceeds to exercise it, and forthwith builds himself a comfortable house. By and by he gets tired and resolves to rest a brief while, and take a comfortable nap. And so, after taking a survey of his premises and like all worms—human or not—getting rather vain of his own skill, he enters his mansion, proceeds to the royal chamber throws himself upon the couch and in a little while falls fast asleep. See, he moves and twists about uneasily. What can be the matter? Ah! he dreams—for all ambitious worms have visions, and his happens to be a very interesting one. In the deep sleep which falleth upon worms he sees a glorious landscape lying, all flower-decked, before his enraptured vision. All things are radiant, balmy and beautiful. And a strange change has taken place in the dreamer, for he sees himself metamorphosed into a new form. He is no longer a worm. Oh, no! but on empurpled wings, dusted with gold and emerald spangles, having rainbow tinted edges, he soars away through the perfumed air, and his soul rejoices as he drinks in the rich aroma of the myriad flowers. Happy worm.—Pleasant dreams. The prospect before him is lovely and boundless; the nectar which he now quaffs, instead of that—'atrocious mullen'—is unlimited; his bliss is—almost too great for utterance. Suddenly a bright and glorious form flits before him. The blood rushes to his heart, he feels a strange excitement inwardly, and presently loses his appetite every time he thinks of that ravishing form. What can it be? he asks himself. Alas! poor fellow! he is in love! His heart yearns, his soul longs, his pulse beats for a more intimate acquaintance with that other 'blessed being;' for he has made the discovery that he is *alone*—sole monarch of all he surveys—and feels that it would be a pleasant thing to have some one to share his 'bed and board.' He speedily arrives at the conclusion that the being, bright as the morning ray, beautiful as the day-beam, whom he saw not long since is the very identical individual to supply his wants, and minister to his necessities.—She too has made a like discovery, and feels a thermalousness about the heart which requires something she possesses not to refrigerate or allay. Just like her human compeer she makes a very important discovery, that the being of whom *she* caught a glimpse was well calculated to supply her peculiar wants; that he has a heart, and that she can not by any possibility have either peace or rest until she has made it throb and flutter and ache almost to bursting, for *her* sake; and therefore she commences her tactics, parades her fine colors, plants herself before him, leans languishingly against a rose bud, faints away, displays a few of her greatest attractions—of course accidentally—and the upshot of the matter is that he, poor fool, is very speedily taken in and done for—incontinently swallowed up in the triple tide of passion, love and—folly. Lovers always grow suddenly heroic; and accordingly he imagines it behooves him to declare bloody war against all nature, who had the temerity to dare to mix up a little bitter with the sweet in the last rose his darling sipped from, besides permitting ten thousand thorns to grow upon its stem—just as he will find the case when he wins and wears his idol butterfly rose. Well! the worm dreams on. His ladylove repents, relents, or something of that sort, and consents to—make him miserable. Happy butterfly! Ah, what bliss! See, she kisses him on either cheek; and mark how she blushes as he passionately returns the wonder-working favor. What a thrilling drama for a poor worm! yet he sleeps on and awakens not. A day passes by, and the impatient nuptials are celebrated—the company has dispersed, and—and a very critical moment approaches—the dream rapidly draws toward an eclaircissement The poor worm grows very uneasy in his sleep; his heart beats violently, his bride, all blushes, hastens to his side—he rises to meet her; another moment!—Ah! oh! see, he rolls about strangely on his cocoon couch. He clasps her; she is his. The rapture is too intense for his caterpillar nature. He swells with emotion till he fills the royal chamber from roof to floor; and still he swells. Down go the partitions, and, *Mirable dictu*, he fairly bursts his house asunder, and as he does so, wakes, and lo! it was not all a dream; he finds himself greatly changed. He is no longer what he was when he went to sleep—a mere unsightly worm, but is in very truth a gaily-painted butterfly, as beautiful as his dream. 'Joy! joy!' he cries, 'I am a worm no longer; but being immortal shall live forever, and have nothing to do but sip nectar and sleep on beds of rosy petals; of course not; there's not the slightest doubt about the matter; and so I shall commence with a sip of harebell wine over yonder.' And so he goes, borne on spice-laden zephyrs, with scarcely a movement of his broad and magnificent wings. He soon reaches the flower, rather likes the flavor of the honey, and speedily becomes so absorbed in the search for sweets under difficulties, that he is oblivious of everything else. Just then along comes a swallow—a bird of taste, with a settled penchant for raw butterflies. He sees the dreamer, likes his appearance most decidedly; for swallows have esthetics 'large;' and expresses his admiration with a whizz—whirr—snap—and, 'that was a plump fellow, and no mistake. Let me see, he was the twenty-first I have eaten to-day—I like butterflies—'pon honor I do,' says the bird to himself as he flies homeward to digest his supper. Now the worm was immortal but not eternal. Man is but a worm, and may not my fable be perfect with regard to him?'

"Thus spake the old man, whose face glowed with light and fervor as he talked. During our conversation he had given me several startling proofs of his unaccountable power of reading my unexpressed thoughts as plainly as if from the printed page.

"The sun had by this time sunk beneath the horizon, and as the last red streak disappeared from the heavens, the old man pointed to it with his long, thin, clayey-looking fingers, and I thought I detected a slight shudder as he did so. Still pointing to it, he murmured, 'This is but the beginning of the ending. Meet me to-morrow night, daughter, at ten o'clock, near the fountain at the foot of the Mall. I have a great deal to say to, and show you, which cannot be done or said at this time and place. You must now go home, but take care and mention nothing that you have heard or seen, strange, mysterious or otherwise, for if you do I shall never teach you again. I know you think me half demon, half man, but you are in error. I am a good, well-read, travelled, learned but eccentric being, and if you are courageous to-morrow night, I shall put you to the test. I am old, therefore you need not fear to be with me alone, even though the shades of night do rest upon the earth.—Farewell till then.' And so we parted."

*The reader will by and bye discover why this apparent argument against immortality is used by the weird personage of this remarkable drama; and the sequel will display one of the most magnificent towers of logic, based upon these identical premises, by this very personage, in favor of human immortality, that was ever constructed in any language by any one whatever.—Ed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD STONE MILL.

DIABLERIE! PHANTASMATA EXTRAORDINARY! A NIGHT IN HELL!

"That very night," said Flora to the man in red, who had entered her chamber in Canal street so mysteriously—a being who declared the Future an open—the Past a sealed book to him—"that very night strange things occurred—things which people will find it hard to believe, yet which were nevertheless true, however incredible they may appear in the recital.

"Upon reaching home I took a sparing supper; for my relish for food had given place to a consuming appetite for knowledge. As soon as possible I retired to my chamber, threw myself upon the bed and pondered long upon the singular events of the day, especially the conversation, which became so welded to my memory that it can never be sundered or effaced.

"Thus I lay thinking and wishing for more light on several dark hints thrown out, when all of a sudden I lost consciousness, and when I revived, found myself in the street, with hair dishevelled, and streaming in the night-wind, and was rushing with maniacal speed up ——— street, toward the open country. I seemed endowed with supernatural powers of endurance, for, although I flew along with the speed of the wind, yet I did not feel at all fatigued. I kept running for at least an hour, and by that time had skirted the entire town, and then stopped at a point which could easily have been reached in ten minutes, had I approached it in a direct line. It was plain to me that I was under some magic spell, and the display of superhuman power became painfully interesting. I found myself arrested under the north-eastern arch of the antiquated structure known as the old stone mill.—Why it is so called is by no means apparent, for it really bears no more resemblance to a mill than it does to the Mausoleum of Trismegistus. The night was apparently far advanced. Every thing was as silent as the grave; not even the rustling of a leaf, or the sighing of the winds broke the deathly silence of the hours. I was strangely agitated, and felt as the huntsman does when on the point of striking the prey that has baffled him long—a kind of mad triumph. I felt as the soldier feels who has just tasted the demoniac joy of human slaughter, or as the gamester, when he glares on heaped up gold which he is sure of winning. I felt that I stood upon the awful threshold of the temple of Knowledge, with the courage, will and means to force an entrance, even though I had to brave a world of devils, or board and defy the Arch-Fiend himself. These sensations I felt fullest just after I ceased running. They gradually subsided as my frame grew more composed; but I soon began to feel a vague sense of danger.

"Not a star shone in the heavens, and the fitful gleaming of heat lightning across the sky, rendered the darkness more profound. Presently, as I stood there under the arch, I heard what I took to be the clock bells of the town tolling out the hours. I listened and was soon apprised of my error; for I became satisfied that what I took for the sound of bells, more nearly resembled the clear, sharp ringing of a blacksmith's anvil. These sounds became more and more frequent, and whence they came I could not even form a conjecture, for there was no forge within two miles of the old mill, and it was improbable that laborers would have wrought there at such an hour, even if there had been.

"While mentally trying to solve the riddle, a flash of lightning, more vivid than its predecessors, illumined the scene and disclosed to me the fact that a thick mist was slowly moving over the plain; and I became sensible of the approach of that peculiar heaviness to which persons at times are subject just previous to a summer or an autumn rain. One thing surprised me greatly, which was that the last flash of lightning did not leave the darkness so deep as it found it, but seemed to have imparted a portion of its luminescence to the fog which settled with a dull, reddish haze upon the face of the land. I must have stood an hour noting these changes. At the expiration of that time, a sound like the clanking of heavy chains, rose clearly and unmistakeably from the grounds within the mill walls, and not three paces from where I stood, as I thought, alone. I was frightened; all my courage forsook me like it does the majority of people—just when wanted most. I determined to run home as fast as possible, but in attempting to carry out my resolution, found to my horror that I could not move a step. For a moment I thought I was dreaming—that I was still at home in my bed; and that what seemed to be transpiring about me, was nothing more nor less than a nightmare, and I said aloud, 'dear me, how vividly I dream;

I know I am in bed and yet it seems to me that I am at the old stone mill.'

"Scarcely had the exclamation escaped my lips, when a voice, soft as sweetest flute note, said, 'you are not asleep my dear.'—I turned to where the voice appeared to issue, and to my utter astonishment, beheld, not the female I expected from the sound of the voice to see, but the same old man whom I had conversed with on the beach that very evening. The dull, reddish, misty light of which I have spoken, enabled me to discern him under the opposite arch, leaning against its pillar, a supporting column of small, flat stones laid in mortar.—I was on the point of asking an explanation of him, but seeing my intentions, he waved his hand and said, 'Not now, my daughter—I know all you would say—wait awhile and see more; no harm will befall you.' There was an impressiveness and authority in his voice and gesture, that at once repressed my desire to speak, and his assurance carried comfort to my heart, and allayed my fears. I knew not why it was, but I certainly *felt* stronger, now that I knew *him* to be near me; nevertheless I had a strong suspicion that himself had brought all these strange events to pass.—Finding I had company—not being permitted to speak, nor able to move, I solaced myself by looking; nor did I take my eyes from off him until they involuntarily closed as though oppressed with an over-burden of sleep. This drowsiness grew upon me in spite of all my efforts to shake it off.—Once I did succeed in opening wide my eyes for a single instant, during which I observed a singular smile on the lips of my companion; again their lids dropped and all again was dark, dark, numbing darkness. A deep and oppressive silence ensued, not broken even by the peculiar clangor I had recently heard. At the end of ten minutes, as I judged, my eyes opened as they had previously closed—involuntarily. But what a change had taken place! The old stone mill had, to me, entirely disappeared—the neighboring trees had gone, and as I gazed forth upon the scene before me, a dizzy giddiness, approaching to vertigo, seized upon me, and I reeled with fright; for I stood upon the very brink of an awful gulf.—Thick masses of smoke, black and dense as midnight on the stormy deep, rolled up in gyral volumes from out the hideous abyss.'

"Before and beneath me stretched away a vast cavern, whose sides, rugged and jutting, appeared to be rocks of dull, red fire. Here and there I saw numbers of what I took to be human beings, clinging with terrible earnestness to the jutting fire-crags, and desperately endeavoring to avoid falling back into the yawning gulf beneath them, and from whence issued a sound like unto the belching of flame through the gates of a blast furnace; and also to escape from the terrible chasm and incandescent pit, by reaching the top on which I stood, pitying, but unable to assist, save by prayer. It was an awful sight; and desiring an explanation I turned to look for my comrade, but he was nowhere to be seen—he had disappeared, I knew not whither. I was alone, and without the power to escape a great and iminent danger, as I then thought.

"In agony of soul I tried to cry aloud for help, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. There I stood upon the brink of Gehenna, utterly transfixed with genuine, deep, cheek-blanching, soul-aching, spirit-warping terror. I stood thus for about four minutes, when I discerned near me what I took to be a car. Almost involuntarily, I stepped into it, and in an instant afterwards found it in motion! 'Can it be possible,' I wildly shrieked, 'Oh! God, can it be possible!" It was too true, alas! and I, like Telemachus, was *descending into Hell!* As soon as I convinced myself of the fact, I recalled to mind the inscription said to be written over the gates of the infernal pit—

"*Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here!*" and I did so, mentally; for, thought I, it is useless to contend with fate; and as this thought flashed across me, the same wild and defiant spirit, felt on entering the mill, returned with ten-fold power and I resolved to meet Destiny half way. When I had descended about a mile, as I thought, I looked up to ascertain if possible, by what means the car was managed, and what upheld it; but nothing could I see. Bending over its side, its bottom was visible, but not the least vestige of machinery was to be seen. The vehicle was upborne by infernal power, I thought, and it afterwards proved that my conclusions were not far from wrong. Having satisfied myself on this point, I began to look about me, and that the ascending smoke did not occupy any portion of my descending route, but on the contrary, rose above the abyss and resolved itself into the form of a vast fire-flecked canopy or dome. The pit itself was illumined by myriads of white, red, green and amber-colored flame-jets. In the distance was heard the rumblings of what might be likened to the tread of a vast army, over a rough granite pavement; and at short intervals I caught upon my trembling ear—trembling with amazement, not fear—the sounds of an harmonious and mighty orchestra of every kind of instruments, whose effect was sweeter, and at the same time more soul-stirring than any I had ever heard before. Music in Hell! thought I, surely this cannot be the dwelling place of the arch-fiend—this cannot be the home of damned souls—this cannot be Gehenna! Thus I pondered, as the car still descended into that abysmal cavern, and so slowly that there was abundant time for speculation and thought. After I had gone down a distance of, as I thought, about five miles, the car entered a part of the cave where all things wore a magnificent green hue, so soft, so sweet and pure, that for a moment I imagined I must in a dream be passing through some rich naiadalia in the 'New Atlantis Isle.' To this succeeded a zone or belt of richest and most charming blue; then one of purple, changing to amethyst, then to orange, scarlet, sapphire, olive, ruby, violet and gold, each insensibly gliding into the other.—Thus I passed through atmospheric zones, embracing in the aggregate every known color, shade and hue. I repeatedly asked myself, was I dreaming, and ever came the response from my soul 'you are not,' and on reflection I soon convinced myself of that fact; for on entering the car I had torn my dress. *I found the dress still torn*; consequently a proof that I neither slept nor dreamed. Besides that I distinctly remembered every incident of the previous day, from the time I left home till I returned again after the interview upon the beach. I recollected the bathers—the boats—the old man—the conversation—his stern denial of Progress—his audacious infidelity and denial of holy writ and its authority. I recalled his taunts at Providence—his implied denial of immortality, and his ingenious fable of the dreaming worm. I remembered our parting—the proposed rendezvous at the fountain on the mall—the retiring to bed—my singular *furore* at the arch of the old stone mill.* All these things I retained most vividly, and therefore was not asleep and dreaming. I knew how I entered the mill, and the car—how I began the descent of the infernal maelstrom, as I then regarded it. Inwardly, I said to myself, 'If I ever return to earth, and tell my adventures, I shall be laughed at and derided; while my story will be scouted as the insane ravings of a maniac. And yet these things are true—true as that life and death exist as opposite principles! Will people lend a willing ear, I wonder? Was ever human, mortal being blest or curst with what I'm seeing?' These, and a thousand similar queries I put to myself, as with a rapidly descending, but very gentle circular movement, I descended down through the mouth of Hell.

"While thinking these thoughts I became abstracted, but was suddenly roused from the revery by a change in the movement of the magic car, whose direction from vertical became horizontal, and instead of the circular, or rather spirocular motion, now began to glide straight forward under a vast arch-way—a sort of gigantic tunnel. As it entered I observed that the colored zones existed distinctly, no longer, but the arch, which seemed to be filled with a very thin and velvety mist, was illuminated by their mingling and blending into one inexpressibly glorious melange, in which no one color predominated, but all seemed blent and melted together in one loving matrimonial embrace. The jagged, fiery juts of rock had long since disappeared, and the sides of the cavern through which I was now being so strangely conveyed was lined with green porphyry, most beautifully polished.—Against this splendid wall stood innumerable marble statues and idyls, executed in a style of excellence never seen on the surface of the earth. I noticed that not any of this extraordinary sculpture had been made for purposes of mere ornament. It stood in groups, and each figure represented the normal or abnormal working of a distinct human sentiment, quality, and passion. Here stood a group indicative of the four and twenty qualities and degrees of Love; there, stood the seven elements of Rage; further on was a collection of twelve figures showing the six healthful and the six hateful effects of Wealth. There stood the seven master passions of the human soul, Love, Ambition, Hope, Revenge, Fear, Anger and Remorse; here was a life-like conference between Peace and War. There stood Charity forgiving a Murderer; and here was Pity smiling on a Robber. On one pedestal Bigotry was trying to chain Honest Simplicity to the rack; while an Ant, the emblem of Activity, was eating through the iron. On the right hand stern Oratory was inciting to Rebellion; and on the left Eloquence was seen counselling Resistance. Here was a deadly struggle between Theology and Science, and there another between Faith and Philosophy; while near these two figures, representing Superstition and Common Sense, were poising darts at each other's breasts. The last of the gallery was a group representing the combat between Man and Destiny on the right, and the contest between Life and Death on the other side; the whole so exquisitely executed that the marble fairly seemed to breath and throb with the various emotions.

"Before me stretched a broad and magnificent avenue, whose floor was tessellated in the highest style of art; and the outer edge of which, I observed were composed of the most intricate and beautifully inwrought mosaiced marbles. And still I moved forward, guided by the same invisible power. At the end of the avenue I emerged into a broad and save in the center, perfectly level plain. The light which illumined this vast plateau differed altogether in its effect and nature from that within the cavern, and was infinitely superior to anything ever seen on earth. Just as I reached the edge of the plain, I looked up expecting to behold the sky, but what was my amazement at beholding instead of the azure dome of heaven, myriads of chariots, cars, divans, seats and thrones, suspended in the air, and apparently wrought each out of one entire gem, reflecting the most gorgeous colors in every direction, and each one canopied with gold and scarlet, silvery white, and beautiful crimson-tinted gossamer. In these cars I could plainly distinguish moving bodies, but whether human, demoniac, or celestial, I could not yet determine, from their attitude in the atmosphere. At the same moment I saw this transcendental and magnificent spectacle, I heard the same rumbling noise I had previously listened to. It was the prelude to an exquisite melody, such as never before fell upon human ears. I almost fainted with the waving excess of its immortal sweetness. It was like the softest notes of the flute mingling with the dying tones of the Eolian harp, swelling out in one spirit-moving diapason, and its volume rose until the very air was alive with melody, and my soul was entranced with ecstasy. 'Oh, God!" I cried, "if such is the harmony of Hell, what must that of Heaven be?' For awhile the Pean rose to a perfect tornado of sweetness, and then gradually subsided, and died away in the softest melody that ever was born of Music's soul. As it faded away, I feared to lose it and stretching forth my hands, I tried to call it back. 'Oh! let me listen once again,' I cried. 'Let me hear that entrancing melody! let me hear it! Only once again—only *once, only* once more—

"Swell, swell in glory out; thy tones
Come pouring o'er my hoping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start!"

But it would not obey my mandate or request.

"My car proceeded nearly to the base of a gentle acclivity, and then rested; and at the same instant all the aerial panobly likewise descended from the regions apove my head. Looking about me I observed that the hill stood between the two horns of a crescentular plain, upon the summit of which, and in full view of all who stood at its base, was a throne of jasper, literally embossed with diamonds, agates, corals and onyx. Its cushion seemed to be composed of white satin, tufted with feathers of the bird of Paradise. Its canopy was a single sea shell, from the curf of which depended floosed fringes of the ostrich plume. Its arms were of silver richly chased, and its front was arabesqued with strange signs and figures. Toward this throne there marched a being from one of the cars that had descended at the foot of the hill, and he seated himself thereon with an air of stateliness which defies my power of description. His majesty was ineffable! almost awful! Napoleon the First is said to have taken lessons in dignity from that great master of it, Talma, the eminent French Tragedian, in order that he might be enabled to appear to greater advantage on State occasions, thereby adding to his *prestige*, and commanding a greater degree of respect. I have seen hundreds of impressive looking men, Preachers, Orators and Statesmen; I had naturally a critical eye for the dignified and stately; yet Talma, Bonaparte, and all *I* had ever seen, even if all their stateliness were condensed ten thousand times over, the product would fall infinitely beneath that which I saw, and the highest conceptions would fail to represent a faint idea of the majesty of the being who sat upon that jasper throne.—All the greatness that I had ever beheld was but as a single drop in the sea, compared with that which sat so easily upon the brow of the stately being before me, and whom I instantly conjectured to be the dreaded monarch of the great Avernus.

"Around the hill, and nearly filling the vast crescental arena, stood a host of lesser potentates, clothed in garments, seemingly composed of parti-colored light; and I may here remark that the soil itself looked far more like dense vapor than anything else. The colors I saw all around me were altogether different and superior to any of the solar rays on earth; and it struck me that they were not reflected or refracted, but were innate, integral and real.

"Turning my head to observe the persons behind my back, I saw that a guard of honor surrounded my car, and also that the mouth of the cavern through which I had come was no where to be seen; it had disappeared, and all about me was empty space, save the plain on which I stood, a spectator of a convention of powers ultra-human if not infernal. Was I in the heart of the earth? Was I in a comet? Had I been spirited away to the courts of the sun? were queries I had, but which elicited no satisfactory response. On the brows of that mighty host care evidently rested. I can scarcely describe their appearance. All I can say is that they looked like human beings, except that they were much larger and infinitely more perfect anatomically. Their heads were full and dome-shaped, their color light olive, their noses straight, teeth pearly white, hands long and slender. Each one wore a starry crown, and from their loins something grew out which resembled small, but beautifully modelled wings; and there was a look of youthful vigor and mental power about them, which I never saw even an approach to upon the earth. I soon discovered, however, that what I took for wings was but a mark of rank, and not a portion of their bodies. They had no horns or cloven feet, like the monsters artists so love to depict upon their canvas. Neither had they golden pinions, the effeminate softness, nor the womanly smile of painted angels. On the contrary, they looked like men in every thing, if we may except their stature and infinite superiority in form, aspect and bearing. I dare not even attempt a description of the central figure, as with a gesture of imperial dignity, he slowly rose from his throne and advanced three or four paces toward the front. As he did so, a silence deeper than the grave of human hopes fell upon that vast and mighty host. This lasted for ten seconds or more, and as soon as he stood still, a herald from behind his throne came forward, and through his trumpet blew three biasts, which were echoed far and wide. When the sound died away he commanded silence and pointed to the king, who held in his hand a wand or sceptre—symbol of power, which he slowly waved thrice through the air over his head, and then prepared to address the congregated multitude, who kept as silent as death itself while the monarch said—what follows.

(*To be Continued.*)

*This edifice is supposed to be of Scandinavian or Druidical origin. EDITOR.

A CARD FROM THE REV. DR. POMROY.

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

The following Statement of facts and personal feelings, deemed to be due both to myself and the Christian public, has been delayed till the present time, that I might be able to speak with more calmness and self-possession. Many things have been said, inferred, surmised, and taken for granted, some correctly, others not so. But I have never authorized the publication of any statement which may have appeared respecting the offense which has been alleged against me It is perhaps proper to say, that considerable portions of this communication were sent, some days since, to the Church of which I am a member. Details will neither be expected nor desired.

I have admitted, and do now admit, that there were *three instances* in which I was made a victim; and that, where foolishly or otherwise, I did pay certain sums of money from my own private resources, to be relieved from circumstances and dangers into which I had been drawn. Exact dates are unnecessary, but the three instances referred to occurred several years since, and all came within the compass of perhaps fifteen months, possibly a little more. Some of the payments extorted from me were, however, of a more recent date. There is too much reason to believe that the persons concerned in these transactions were in league with each other, and operated together for the accomplishment of their objects. I am aware that these facts, and some others which have been made public, present an unfavorable aspect, and seem to authorize dark suspicions. I do not attempt to exonerate myself from blame. Far from it. I ought not to have gone where, nor to have done what I did. To put in jeopardy such momentous interests was an aggravated offense, and wholly without excuse. This I confess with shame and deep self-abasement before God. At the hand of a righteous God, I deserved all that has come upon me, and infinitely more. At the same time, I have never admitted, and do not now admit, the actual crime which has been so extensively alleged, or taken for granted. However great my guilt in the sight of Heaven and that it was very great I freely admit—still, I have denied and do deny the actual crime. It was not committed, and therefore no testimony can prove it.

The brief "Card," published by the Committee of the Board with which I was connected, was based entirely on statements I myself had made, in peculiar circumstances, and without consultation with others. There has been, I believe, no other testimony in the case, except my own admissions Whatever thoughts I may have had respecting that official document of three sentences, they will not be uttered here.—It has gone forth, is doing its work, and cannot be arrested. Its effect upon my character and standing among men, I regard as a part of the heavy trial by which it was needful that I should be overwhelmed. The hand of God was in it, and I desire to say always, "The will of the Lord be done." I will only add that I have not a doubt that the Committee, in this matter, did no more than what they thought the emergency demanded.

There is another general view of the case which I would not overlook. The tempest which has been beating upon me for a month past, has not come by chance, but has been permitted by that Providence which governs all things for just and holy purposes. Considering the case in this light, and looking at the infinite scandal resulting from it, I feel that there have been and are abundant reasons why He should have dealt with me as he has. My guilt in the premises was greatly aggravated by my Christian and ministerial profession, the position I occupied, my extensive acquaintance in this and orher lands, and by all the vast and precious interests involved in my official character and relations.—No finite mind can comprehend the injury that has been done. It seems to me infinite. If an offended God and Savior should see fit to exclude me from the sacred office and from the visible church—nay, more, if He should leave me to unutterable and eternal despair, I should have no ground of complaint. God is righteous in all his ways. He has done me no wrong. I would throw myself on infinite and sovereign mercy, offering no apology, making no excuse, but pleading simply that atoning blood which has been shed for sinners.

If I could address my former brethren and friends in the Christian ministry, one and all, I would say to them: Dear brethren, forgive me in this great wrong. No words can express the sorrow I feel for the reproach I have brought upon you, and the anguish of which I have been the occasion. For nearly 35 years I have been numbered among you, though most unworthy, and I can never cease to love and honor you, whatever my lot may be in time to come. When I think of the thousands of Christian people whose friendship I have enjoyed, and the many thousands more whose esteem and confidence I have shared, I feel as if I must say to them:—Dear friends, I have grievously injured you, and the cause which lies so near your hearts. I entreat your forgiveness. You can never know what has passed within my heart during the days and nights of this closing month of the year 1859. But it shall be known to ONE, who condescended to be "numbered with the transgressors." That I may have some little share in His forgiving love. I intend to pray God helping me, while life lasts. Thus much my heart prompts me to say, and here pause.

S. L. POMROY.

SUNDERLAND, Mass., Dec., 1859.

THE PHILOSOPHY; RAIN.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity is proportionally greater in warm than in cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates. Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?—Scientific Journal.

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

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
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WHAT IS A SPIRIT?

The *Spiritual Telegraph* courteously copies the exceptions to its peculiar theory of "mundane Spiritualism," which were recently expressed in these columns; and, acknowledging the great importance of the question raised, recalls all offensive expressions, and holds its conclusions in abeyance for "a kindly interchange of facts, proofs, and theories, with a view to elicit truth, and to come to just conclusions on this important subject."

Most heartily do we respond to appeals from any source for a fraternal and respectful comparison of views on topics of importance; hoping by such interchange, in a teachable spirit, to gain something of value to ourselves, if we cannot impart it to others. The following is

THE TELEGRAPH'S REPLY.

"We are aware that most Spiritualists think that no essential change in characteristic manifestations is produced by death. But let us see if this involves 'inconsistences, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities,' from the *Spirit* or in Spirit manifestations. Do not all these things in the *earth-life* pertain to the earthly man, which is laid off at death? The Spirit being an *eternal* thing, would seem naturally to preclude 'inconsistencies, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities.' But all these things *are* consistent with vacillation, transition, change, and corruption. They seem to be kindred to a temporal physical body. Besides this, we think, at least, that there is *something* in him or her which constantly remonstrates against *all these things*. What, then, is this incessant—this eternal monitor and reprover of these things? Is it the *real* immortal Spirit, or any part of it? If so, it shows Paul to have been about right when he said, 'I perceive another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.'

"This eternal opposition within man to these things seems to be a prophecy that it will sometime overcome error and antagonisms; and is it not fair to say that they *are* overcome by the death of the body, which seems to be their life and source? It appears to us irrational to suppose that the thing which remonstrates against wrong can *itself* be a participant in the committing of the same wrongs. According to A. J. Davis and others, as well as according to common observation and experience, the characteristics of men *on the earth* are given from hereditary, educational, and circumstantial influences; in other words, the earthy characteristics of men pertain to the earthy physical man. The spiritual character being the last to develop, it seldom appears to very much control the man on earth; and perhaps Christ is the best illustration of the interior man and spiritual character on the earth. Therefore we can say with our brother, who comes to a different conclusion, 'that no essential instantaneous change of character'—that is, interior or spiritual character—'takes place in mankind as they pass to the Spirit-world,' and, we can add, for the very good reason that no such change is necessary, for the *man* who goes into the Spirit-world was always right and true, and constantly sought to overcome the errors of the flesh or earthy man, and to spiritualize his manifestations or character.

"We will join issue with neighbor Newton on the following sentence. He says, 'The fact of Spirit-manifestation through almost every medium *proves* the existence of untruthful Spirits as clearly as that of truthful ones.' This assumes the very question at issue—What are *proofs* of Spirit-manifestations and Spirit-characteristics? We admit that there are abundant manifestations and communications, *usually called Spiritual*, which exhibit the mundane characteristics of men; but all these, besides being characteristics of earthly men, are at least equally susceptible of an explanation through the mundane, mesmeric, and clairvoyant influence; and being claimed both as evidence of mesmerism and Spiritualism, they can not be fairly cited as *proofs* of Spirit-manifestation.

"The manifestations of Spirits can be demonstrated by a different class of proofs, and a class, too, which is not susceptible of two explanations—by facts which entirely transcend mesmeric phenomena and every other material theory. In investigations for truth we must not fear consequences. If truth destroys Spiritualism, *we think we had better* let it be destroyed. Neither should we come to hasty conclusions, or be more unjust to Spirits than to mortals. We should give them a fair trial, and rule out all hearsay evidence and facts which may be explained by other well-known theories. Now what facts have you, friend Newton, which '*prove* that there are *untruthful Spirits*,' or Spirits guilty of immoralities and vulgarities? We shall be glad to give them to our readers when furnished. Such facts and proofs are becoming more and more essential to a constantly-developing philosophy."

RESPONSE.

Before proceeding to adduce *facts* of the kind called for, we will endeavor to state what seems to us the true *theory* of man's spiritual constitution, as distinct from his earthly nature. Popular notions on this subject are very indefinite and confused, leading to much confusion in the use of terms. The words, spirit, spiritual, spiritualism, etc., are made to stand for very different ideas, by different persons.

In our analysis of the complex creature called man, in the light of the modern unfoldings, we have been unable to get along without the recognition of a *threefold* distinction in his make-up;—namely a visible, ponderable body, which all are acquainted with—an inmost spirit, which few know much about, but which may be considered an emanation from the Divine, "always right and true"—and besides these "a *third* something," intermediate between the two, which is more properly the *spirit-body*.

This spirit-body we understand to consist of the electrical elements, or aromal essence, pertaining to the ponderable particles composing the visible body. It is thus the life-element of the earthy body, in which reside all the energies, affections, desires, will, intelligence, etc., of the external man. It may be called *spirit* or *spiritual*, in the sense that it is the life and force of the material or animal body; but it is not *spiritual* in the highest sense of *morally pure*, and should never be confounded with the inmost or pure spirit, which is of Divine extraction. It is an organized structure, as truly as is the visible body, and is synonymous with what in the Bible is usually called "soul,"—sometimes "mind of the flesh," "will of the flesh," etc. Paul speaks of "body, soul and spirit," thus recognizing this triune constitution.

It seem hardly necessary to do more than *state* this theory,—of an intermediate structure between the ponderable flesh-and-blood body and the pure spirit in man,—to have it accepted at once, at least by all Spiritualists. Every one knows that the visible body, the moment the life-principle has departed from it, has neither desires nor intelligence. *That in which these resided is gone.* What has become of it?—Do these organized imponderable elements, which exist in and control the earthly body with such power during its animated period, become annihilated, or dissipated altogether, when they are dissevered from association with the ponderable particles?

Whatever may be the case with the lower animals—which are not supposed to be endowed with any divine or immortal life-principle, to act as a central magnet, holding and cementing their materio-spiritual elements together in a perpetual organic union—it seems to us altogether rational and probable that the same elements in the *human* animal, on dissolving partnership with the visible body, *adhere to and are carried with the inmost spirit into the next stage of existence*, and there become its body, or outer form, in place of the ponderable body which has been cast off.

What, then, in common parlance is termed *a spirit*, is not a purely spiritual entity, but a being possessing both an inner spirit and a spirit-body, conjoined. The idea of an absolutely *disembodied* spirit is to us a fiction—a creature of the imagination solely. We use the term *disembodied* only in a relative sense.

This spirit-body, composed of the most refined substances of the natural world, and evolved therefrom in man as in animals, has the same essential nature in both—that is, it is characterized by blind attractions and impulses, seeking *gratification* as an end. In man, as in the brute, its desires are wild, imperious, and thoroughly selfish, except as restrained, guided and purified by a higher principle—that is, the inmost spirit, which always seeks the right and the good.

Moreover, it is the loves, hates, forces, weaknesses, etc., having their seat in this spirit-body or human selfhood of man, which constitute *individual character*. Deprived of these, men become divested of their distinguishing characteristics as moral beings—in fact, are changed into different persons. For if their *inmost* spirits are "always right and true," as affirmed, then there are no diversities of character. The inmost spirit, as to its absolute essence, cannot be distinguished, that we see, from the Universal Divine Spirit. The earth-derived spirit-form is necessary to give *individuality* to spirits. If it is "laid off" at death with the ponderable body, and with it "all the inconsistencies, contradictions, immoralities, falsehoods," etc., which have their source in it, then men become in a moment not only essentially changed in character, but in fact *annihilated* as to all their individual loves and peculiarities, and thus blended into one indistinguishable mass!

To us, then, it seems neither "fair" nor reasonable to suppose that "all error and antagonisms are overcome by the death of the body." This is but the doctrine of the old-fashioned ultra-Universalists, which we had supposed was long ago out-grown by the more philosophical of that sect, and which has been blown to the winds by the demonstrations of Spiritualism as generally received. It is a puzzle to us how any *spiritual* philosopher,—who has learned to look for the sources of all manifestations *beyond* the merely visible and ponderable surfaces of things,—can suppose that the diversified *moral* characteristics of men pertain to and originate solely in "the earthy physical man," and are with it deposited in the grave! Can *materialism* be more materialistic than this?

If, on the contrary, every human being carries into the spirit-life a spirit form or body, evolved from and through the earthy body, consisting of those finer elements in which the animal life inheres,—then he carries with him *the character* formed in this life. He is still invested with a "body," whose imperfections, vices and perversities remain to be removed by the same processes of reform and purification that are applicable in this life.

But want of space compels us to defer some farther conclusions, and the citation of *facts* in support of this theory, to another paper.

A. E. N.

CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

We perceive in the above paper that Bro. Cobb, its editor, and H. Elkins of Vermont, have been having some sharp talk between them—Mr. Elkins being, in this immediate instance, the assailant.—We confess, in this matter, our sympathies are with the latter, as we cannot help thinking that Bro. Cobb is a very disingenuous and sophistical man,—so much so that it avails very little to good to hold a controversy with him. He has a trick of regarding *young* opponents with quite undeserved contempt. Why bless us, Brother, you were once a young man yourself! And yet if he happens to have occasion to reply to any little remonstrance these young men make to what they deem his critical and Spiritual despotism, the *length* of his rejoinders implies a lurking consciousness on his part that he is palpably hit. If the remarks of these yonkers are so feeble, why does our ponderous brother take such *extended* pains to reply to them? A mere squib from one of them brings upon their devoted heads a tremendous broadside from our stately Brother's spiritual frigate.

Another peculiarity of Bro. Cobb is, if any of his universalist brethren presume to exercise a little latitude of opinion, and transcend his theoretical sweep, he drops the pleasant prefix, "Brother," and coldly adds that of the formal "Mister!" Now the brotherly love that depends on such a slight contingency as an honest difference of theological view, is neither deep or sincere. When we see a man whose zeal against what he presumes to be *heresy*, out runs his essential Christian love, and causes him to ignore the brotherhood of the obnoxious heretic, we are very sure his Christianity is merely nominal—or at least sectarian—no matter how emphatic may be his assumed zeal for the purity of Christian doctrine.

Brother Cobb has a morbid fear that some of these young heretics will smuggle themselves into his little theological pen; therefore he stands before it, brandishing, right and left, his flaming sword—or rather his steel pen—to keep them out. Why not take them in, Brother, and "labor with them" after you get them there? Do get rid of a little of your pharisaical holiness! You will thus be better qualified to do good on every hand. Your very nice righteousness is a great hinderance to the exercise of a broad and truly *working* Christianity. Be kind to these "young men"—take 'em by the hand, and by the logic and the power of the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, bring them into the Christian fold in very deed. Remember, you claim to be a *Universalist*;—don't belittle the meaning couched in this broad term.

We will so far vouch for the power of Christian truth, as to say that it does not require for its defence the excluding exercise of either Bro. Cobb's voice or pen. Its own intrinsic force is its best defence. To this all foes and rebels will yet willingly succumb. *

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received quite a number of communications, from various sources, touching the question of Slavery, which express a variety of opinions respecting it. We shall be obliged to decline all such articles, without respect to persons, as the AGE was not established for the discussion of that question. Should we open our columns to writers upon this vexed topic, we should have little room left for the consideration of Spiritualism, which it is mainly our business to attend to. The *principles* we hope to advance will, we think, be potentially subversive of all forms of Slavery.—We can hope for no permanent deliverance from any phase of wrong but through the quiet operation of heavenly principles.—Angry discussion—crimination and recrimination—seem to us to be powerless for good. Let every advocate for freedom—whether it be for physical, moral or spiritual, have an interior witness that he is *himself* free,—else his advocacy will avail little to free others. At any rate, we do not mean that the AGE shall be the arena for any species of wrangling. We require that contributors, in speaking of those whose views are obnoxious to them, shall write in a courteous and charitable spirit. We have no faith that contemptuous epithets will reform offenders either against righteous principles, or good morals. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," unquestionably. For that reason we shall be obliged to decline the article which reflects somewhat severely upon Dr. Child and his views. It is too personal.

From the above remarks, our friends, "Cosmopolite," "J. S." and "G. W. M." will see why we do not print their well-written articles. We have nothing to complain of in relation to the *temper* of their articles,—for they are fairly and courteously written,—but because they will lead to responses from others, and we shall have no end to a sort of discussion which we would avoid,—not from motives of fear, but because we have proposed for our paper a different kind of reformatory work. We shall be glad to hear from all our Spiritual friends upon matters appertaining to the legitimate ends of our paper, if they will take pains to write presentable articles.

There are some good thoughts in "Morning Meditations," but the author is a grain too ambitious and far-fetched. "Expand" as much as the writer will, it will be difficult for either him or her to reach the "very verge of high infinity." In our view of infinity, it *hasn't* any "verge." To suppose it has, would serve to spoil the general conception of its illimitedness. Try your hand upon a subject that does not require such an inordinate sketch of Imagination's wings. Give us, if you sincerely can, something of the "low, sad music of humanity, not harsh nor grating, but of sufficient power to soften and subdue." There are many subjects to poetically meditate upon, that lie close to us.

We shall let Dr. Robbins "chat with the ladies," if our compositors can make out what he has to say to them. We shall feel much obliged to our correspondents if they will make their writing very plain. *

SCRAPS FROM GOETHE.

FATALITY.

"Observe how the Mohammedans educate a votary: They give their young people, as a religious foundation, this doctrine: that nothing can happen to man, except what was long since decreed by an overruling divinity: with this they are satisfied for a whole life, and scarce need anything further.

I will not inquire whether this doctrine is true or false, useful or pernicious, only observing that we all, without being taught, share this faith to some degree. 'The ball on which my name is not written, cannot hit me,' says the soldier in the battle-field; and how, without such a belief, could he maintain such courage and gayety in most imminent peril. What we are taught in our Christian law, 'No sparrow falls to the ground without the consent of the Father,' comes from the same source, intimating that there is a Providence, which keeps in its eye the smallest things and without whose will and permission nothing can happen. "Destiny alone, connecting itself with the moral side, leads to certainty at last."

NATURE.

"I will tell you what will be of service to your future life. There is, in nature, an accessible and unaccessible Be careful to discriminate, with due reverence, betwixt the two. He who cannot make this distinction torments himself, perhaps his life long, about that inacessible, without ever coming near the truth. It is, indeed, hard to say where the one begins and the other ends. But he who is prudent will labor only what he considers the accessible; and, while he traverses every part, and confirms himself on all sides of this region, he will win somewhat even from the inaccessible, while he must confess, that only a limited insight is possible in certain matters, and that nature *has ever in reserve*, problems, which man has not the faculties capable of solving."

THE WILL.

"It is incredible what power the moral will has in such cases. (of contagion) It penetrates, as it were, the body, and puts it into a state of activity which repels all hurtful influences. Fear, on the contrary, induces a state of indolent weakness and susceptibility, which makes it easy for the free to take possession."

GOD'S LOVE.

"He from within lives through all nature rather,
Nature and Spirit fostering each other;
So that what in Him lives, and moves, and is,
till feels his power, and owns itself still His."

Did not God inspire the bird with his all-powerful love for his young, and did not similar impulses pervade all animate nature, the world could not subsist. But ever so is the divine energy everywhere dispensed, and divine love everywhere active."

HATE.

"Hate injures no one; it is contempt that casts men headlong."

MUSICAL TALENT.

"The musical talent may well show itself earliest of any; for it is innate; its life is within; it needs little nourishment from without, and little experience drawn from life. Really, an apparition like Mozart remains always an inexplicable prodigy. But how would the Divinity find anywhere opportunity to do wonders, if it did not sometimes try its powers on extraordinary individuals, at whom we stand aston-

ished, unable to understand w[illegible] they come."

SIMPLICITY OF NATURE.

"I must ever repeat it, the world could not exist, if it were not so simple. This ground has been tilled a thousand years yet its powers are ever the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each Spring it grows green again.

ON GOVERNMENT NO. 2.

THE RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL HARMONIA.

* * * * * One of the most fundamental principles of an Harmonial State, is the Right of the Subject to a sufficient soil to produce his subsistence; this soil guaranteed to him, through the Divine Authority of the Ruler, to so dispose of the earth's surface. Thus, no one man shall be competent to possess an exclusive title to soil even the first inch; but this soil shall be controlled by the Harmonial State, and by the Governor of that State, so partitioned as to secure the subsistence of every member of the race, over which he presides.

So long as Government enacts a title for individuals to possess earth's surface, who can pay the price of a deed of it, so long will the soil be held by some, to the exclusion of others, and therefore poverty and starvation must ensue.

Government, therefore, is to recognize man's primary, natural right to be on the earth; not to compel this right to be purchased; not to hold or regard any man's ability either to sell or buy land; not to permit the earth to be held at a price, the which, as it ever happens, many are not able to pay, and thence are always destitute of this first great condition of their subsistence.

Here now, I most emphatically state, that if ever there was a radical defect in the world's political institutions, more fatal than another, a defect which even Republicanism does not attempt to remedy, it is the absolute negation of that Divine Right to the earth, by the enactments of human laws, which Divine Right to the earth, God most distinctly asserts in His words, "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.*" I can easily demonstrate that almost the only original source of the poverty of millions of men, the source of human cupidity and avarice, and the attended distresses of these evils, is the virtual annulment of God's exclusive title to the earth and the fulness thereof, through the granting by human laws of deeds and titles of it, to such individuals as are fortunately able to pay the price, at which it is held.

There is a deal said in this our day, in denunciations of landed aristocracies and landed monopolies. Now so far as the subsistence of millions of men who could never pay the price of an acre, is to be taken into account, I see no difference in the cases, where ten thousand acres are monopolized by one man, and where the same number of acres are monopolized by forty men. That one individual should acquire an exclusive title to thousands of acres of the earth's surface, should hold in absolute right all the products thereof, to the distress and destitution of a hundred families, who cannot pay the value of a deed, is thought exceedingly abusive by our modern land reforms; and the evils of such a case can be easily perceived, as a subject wanting the attention of Statesmen and political economists. But I declare with the fullest evidence in proof of it, that this manifest evil here, which it is sought to remove from community, is not from the fact of an individual's laying exclusive claim to a thousand or ten thousand acres—it is that individuals may acquire any exclusive right to earth and its products, even if it be but a foot's surface. This homestead exemption principle—this petition of Government to give away its public domain to actual settlers, will help to remove poverty, from a few comparatively, so long as they live. But where is the guarantee that their children, amid the vicissitudes of fortune, shall possess the boon of their fathers, or have a natural privilege granted and recognized even to stand on the earth? This land reform, by which it is desired to banish poverty from the country and world, only transfers the monopoly from one hand, into hands of a dozen, which is after all not a particle of relief to those millions on the globe, whose fortune never permits them to be able to secure a title of earth sufficient for subsistence. A mere transfer of monopoly, a single partition of exclusive titles to soil, among several persons, results in no benefit to others not included in this partition; and since it is impossible to include all in this partition of land monopoly, so long as new persons are born into society, and so long as one man may sell or buy the soil, therefore I say, one of the most gigantic effects of all political institutions of the day, is, that the Lord's earth, and the fulness thereof are held at a price, and one individual [illegible] portions of it, while his neighbor is dying with the distress of hunger.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." I appeal to any Christian landlord of these free Republican States, if he, while holding a deed of his soil, is not annuling the truth of God's Word! I appeal to him, and distinctly declare, that so long as he holds a deed of land, if it be but a foot, the Divine Right to that soil is made void by him, and God's declaration of this Right already quoted, is made to be a falsehood. I appeal to this Christian landlord, and ask him if the earth is really the Lord's! If he say yes, I then ask him to allow me to subsist from his farm; for I am a creature of God, like himself.—And what will be his reply to this request? "This land is mine—I hold a deed of it, wherein the Republican Government of the United States guarantees, that I may have and hold to your complete exclusion of right thereto, even if you and your family are houseless, naked and starving in consequence." And do the reformers and statesmen of the age, think to redeem mankind from political distress, so long as this Christian landlord is able to say this to his neighbor?—so long as God's earth is held at a price?—so long as a man can be born into society, without the absolute recognition of some power of his natural right to stay somewhere, since he must occupy space on the earth?

From these remarks you can readily perceive how very great is the necessity, in a perfect and Harmonial State, that the soil should be under the absolute control of that One, who by Divine authority and appointment is to rule and govern, for the subsistence and development of his particular race. It is only the principle fully recognized and practically applied in the State, that the earth is God's and also its products, and that the State's duty is, to apportion enough of it to each individual for him to subsist during his term of life, and then to apportion it to another, without granting a title to either, of the soil itself, that mankind can ever expect political ease, or respite from the uprising of hungry and distressed masses periodically asserting their right at the point of the sword, to live and reside on the earth, and be fed and clothed. Thus far, therefore, in these lectures on Government, I have demonstrated the Divine Right of One to rule and govern, for the subsistence and development of his people; and hence, since the soil is a necessary condition of human existence, it is to be the duty of a true Harmonial State to exercise absolute control, in the person of its Ruler, with regard to the soil. This much for the subsistence of concentric races.

The proper development of the subject is another important provision pertaining to the Harmonial State, and with regard to which, in the persons of their Rulers, they are to supply all necessary conditions, as the inalienable right of the subject to receive.

Existing political institutions are not only defective, in that the majority of men can hardly obtain a comfortable subsistence, and many not even a supportable one, but also, in that the majority never receive in life any adequate development of their faculties.

It is not enough to say that in these free Republican States, much the greater portion can read and write, or even possess a common education. This all is far from an adequate development of man's whole moral, mental and physical being. And what is vastly a greater evil than this inadequacy as regards those who do receive a common learning, there are thousands upon thousands who receive no development or educatien at all. In the existing state of things for man's subsistence, whatever may be the facilities for development, the constant necessity of toil for subsistence affords little time for attaining any thorough education. And thus, the most of men pass through the world with knowing only barely enough to enable them to live.

Human existence on the earth, attaches to itself a Divine Right, first, to subsist, and secondly, to be developed. God has provided [illegible]ary conditions for both of these, and it is the duty of Government to fully recognize these rights and absolutely guarantee subsistence first, and then development, to every man. It must therefore enable every man sufficient time, aside from his labor to live, to receive instruction and also provide instruction competent and accessible. In order to this end, it will be easily perceived that a Harmonial State must absolutely rule and govern in the person of its ruler and governor, whatever regards the development of the subject.

So we have now demonstrated and explained our definition of Government, so far as is concerned the attainment of Divine Right in One, to rule and govern in that which regards the subsistence first, and then also the development of concentric races. It remains for me only to explain what are concentric races.

All men possess an internal congeniality for certain of their fellow men. This congeniality is founded upon an internal consanguinity and lineal descent. Men possess an internal ancestry, a spiritual genealogy, as well as a natural one. And it is according to this law of descent, that concentric races are unfolded; each logically dating and converging in the primal ancestor, who is that One in whom the Divine Right rests, to rule and govern this race. Thus the human family, according to internal qualities and consanguinities, descends into many races, each concentrating in one individual, who becomes the father of his people, and is their natural head. Each of these races also, comprises and corresponds to a distinct series or circle of the Divine Wisdom and Love, and is naturally unfolded into existence, from that particular portion of God's essence.

In an absolute political stature on earth, such as exists in the other spheres, all these races would become harmonially united upon the basis and precedence of Divine Rights, founded upon the real internal qualities of each; and thus would the Divine Order of the higher, become extended and realized into this higher sphere; so that all spiritual and human concentric races, would form one endless, blended, and perfect harmonia. And to effect *this is the mission of Spiritualism!*

I would here close this lecture, and thus relieve you of wearisome attention, did not the subject demand, and did not your minds require to receive some intimations, how this recognition by the State, of God's absolute right to the Earth and the fulness thereof is contemplated to be attained through Spiritualism; and once attained, so practically embodied as to furnish an everlasting guarantee to man, that each individual shall be gratuitously furnished with enough of soil, enough of its products, enough of the conditions of subsistence and development, to ensure his industrial ends, and make all men not without a home on earth.

When Jesus taught among men he said, "go sell thy goods, and give to the poor." In this direction to the young man who sought of Jesus how to attain eternal life, you have at once a vast principle of reform, and a solution of a mighty question—how is God's Right to the earth and the fulness thereof, to be verified and recognized by mankind? In this very direction of the Son of man, this Divine right to the earth is acknowledged and the means and mode of verifying or attaining it is pointed out.—The language of the Saviour to every landlord on earth is, "sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, destitute humanity."—Jesus required of this young man to cancel and deliver up his deeds, thus to acknowledge and acquiesce in God's right to his land and its products. Jesus requires of every man, who holds a deed of earth's soil to do the same, when he shall have invested his worthy and Divinely attested servants, with the wisdom, love, authority to so apportion the earth's soil, and to make it subserve for the subsistence of every human being. In due time, through the intervention of Spiritualism these servants of Christ, duly invested with authority from him, will make their demand upon the proprietors of the earth's surface, to yield up their illegitimate rights thereto, cancel their deeds, and submit that God's earth never more be sold or held at a price, nor even the fulness thereof. Thus Spiritualism, in the own good Providence of God, will lay the foundation of Harmonial States throughout the world, by causing that truth to be recognized. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. □

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT; AND ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.—The last issue of the *Independent* has a lengthy article on this its pet and basic doctrine. The article contains no new argument in favor of this God and man-disgracing dogma—nothing that has not been a thousand times refuted—nothing that the most obvious reason does not repudiate, yet the writer thereof goes on to reiterate it with matchlessly cool assurance. He says:

> Not only the Scriptures, but a vast deal outside of Scripture, indicate the same fearful truth. The very existence of evil and misery in the universe suggests it to us. Men talk about the Divine Goodness as being against the endless suffering of the wicked. If the argument is valid against that measure of suffering, it is valid against any suffering. One pointedly challenges, "I will undertake to explain to any one the final condemnation of the wicked, if he will explain to me the *existence* of the wicked." We certainly deem it wise to be on the side of belief in this fearful doctrine—wise to believe, because of the vast amount and weight of evidence to the point—evidence enough to prove it, if proveable;—all nature, all law, all revelation, uttering the doctrine, so that it is an amazing stretch and energy of unbelief not to believe it,—implying a moral state and position that will not receive it on any testimony; however clearly, and unqualifiedly, even to the exhaustion of the capabilities of language, God himself may declare and affirm it.

Now what is there "outside of Scripture" that "indicates the same fearful truth?" Nothing but the perverted, and we may say malignant hearts of human beings. Most surely this doctrine is not taught in Nature. *That* suggests nothing but the infinite love of its Author. There is nothing in its constitution, when rightly apprehended, that does not reflect the supreme love of God toward all the creatures of His hand. To deny this very obvious truth would be, to use the strong language of Coleridge, "the superfetation of blasphemy." This writer says that the "very existence of evil and misery in the universe suggests it to us." Yes, suggests it to those whose depraved reason and hearts lead them to so grossly misinterpret the *uses* of evil and misery. If these things "evil and misery," are to be regarded as *absolute ends* they prove more than this writer would be willing to admit—the essential malevolence of God!—for can we doubt, taking the most literal language of Scripture for authority in this matter, that God has clearly decreed all the *ends* of His Creation, without the least reference to the will of His creatures? This writer is a most ruthless and reckless confounder of distinctions. For instance, he says "if the Divine Goodness is valid against a measure of suffering it is valid against *any* suffering!" What if that suffering is to "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" What if suffering was ordained as an instrumentality of a greater ultimate bliss? We *cannot* reconcile suffering, as an *end*, with the "Divine Goodness"—with the Divine love!—And this writer knows it, if his reason be not by vicious education, entirely inverted. Suffering as an end, cannot result from Divine Goodness, for it is not in the nature of Goodness to so manifest itself. This is a self-evident proposition—and only "an amazing stretch and energy of" sophistry and attachment to virulent falsehood can avoid its force.

And then this old twattle about "being on the safe side!"—as if there were any special "safety" in believing that the "Father of our Spirits" is infinitely malignant! And this belief, too, is denominated a *higher one* than the belief in the unchanging tenderness of His infinite love! What a perversion of language, as well as an inversion of everlasting principles!

This writer talks as if belief were a matter of volition, and as if politic motives should guide us in matters of conviction.

We had thought that truth should be believed for itself alone—that our full and hearty assent should be given to it because of its comforting and vastly sanitary tendency. The "Spirit of Truth" is called the "Comforter." Is the thought—the assurance that millions and millions of our race will be eternally tormented, a *comforting* one. It may be to the editors of the *Independent*; and if so, what are we to think of them? Why, they will have to be

"Pardoned, their bad hearts for their worse brains!"

*

[From the Atlantic Messenger.]

OBITUARY.

Gone to her Spirit Home, Dec. 9th., Mrs Amelia wife of George Billings, and youngest daughter of Dea. Isaiah Cragin, of Grotton, aged 25 years.

For the first time in nearly forty years has the Death Angel entered this family circle, and, passing by the aged and suffering there, has crossed the threshold of this little quiet, happy home, (a branch from the parent home) and called away one whose youth and apparent health gave promise of a long life on earth. This world had many attractions for her, and life was full of hope and promise. She had entered upon married life a little more than a year since, under most favorable and agreeable circumstances; but now the brightness of that home is eclipsed, and its sweet music is hushed; as she, who was the bright star of it, has faded out from its horizon;—but as she disappears from her earthly home, let us follow her with the eye of faith and trust to her bright spirit home,—as she closed her eyes upon the silvery *dreams* and *shadows* with which her earth-life was fraught, she opened them to the *realities* of the spiritual, which are far more glorious, and more to be desired than aught that earth can offer; and when under the guardianship of loving angels, she will be continually progressing to a higher and higher state of unfolding forever. She has thrown off the perishing garb of mortality, and is now clothed with immortality—with bright spiritual robes which will never know decay, but which will assume new vigor and beauty with ever accesion of love and truth and in this higher state of existence, when freed from earth-stain, she will be permitted to be a ministering angel to those sorrowing ones whose love had nutured her from ill, but who knew not the depth their attachment, until now—when its object is removed. "She will now, in her turn, prove a guide to them, in ways to angels known."

May he who is the life of the soul, sweetly comfort all who mourn in this blighting of earthly hopes, and perfect us unto His image and likeness by whatever means He sees to be necessary to bring us into a state of oneness with Him,—a state of perfect acquiescence in His will. Though our dearest hopes and prospects are crushed; yea, though every earthly support be removed, still may our prayer be,

> "Nearer my God to Thee,—nearer to Thee,—
> Though it be a cross that raiseth me."
> God gave,—God taketh,—let Thy will, Thy will be done;—
> Let us breathe this low prayer above the dust of our loved one;
> And stay our aching heats on Him who knoweth all our woe.
> And he will bear our spirits up,—our tears will cease to flow.

Four things come not back; the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth; we never can see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

The writer who uses weak arguments and strong epithets, is like a lady who gives weak tea and strong butter.

Interesting Miscellany.

A NEWFOUNDLAND AND BULL-DOG STORY.

The Newfoundland dog's name was Tippoo. The Bull-dog's was Boxer. They were neighbors of mine in early life, and I was personally acquainted with both animals—though on widely different grounds of intimacy. Tippoo was my bosom friend, and I loved him. Boxer was Tippoo's most relentless and cruel enemy, for which reason I hated him, and would have sought his blood, but that—being of tender years and cautious temperament, conscious, moreover, of presenting an appetising display of bare leg, insisted on by the sumptuary laws of the period—I thought it possible that he might take a fancy to mine; and so, as a rule, kept discreetly out of his way. For he was an ugly dog was Boxer, and vicious; a bandy-legged, black-muzzled, truculent, nervous-eared, tight-skinned, implacable, ill-conditioned dog, ery like my *beau ideal* of what the Champion of England ought to be. Terrible was the ferocity of his bead-like eyes, and the aggressive protrusion of his gladiatorial chest. In justice to the dead (for I am happy to anticipate the announcement of the offensive brute's demise), I feel bound to say that he had a somewhat humorous expression of countenance, which I can honestly assert to be the only redeeming characteristic I remember to have noticed in the creature's generally repulsive appearance.

Tippoo was a very different kind of quadruped. I believe him to have been the most perfect gentleman that ever stood upon four legs, just as I believe Boxer to have been the most consummate ruffian that ever was lifted, by the agency of hemp-cord, from any number of those locomotive supports. Tippoo was nearly as tall as myself; I could just look over his glossy silken-ringletted back, when cuddling his noble neck. He wore a full suit of black and white, particularly snowy at the bosom. He was as strong as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb. Next to playing with me (which I am proud to believe was his pleasant pastime,) he delighted in nothing so much as the exercise of carrying in his mouth a favorite cat, attached to the household of which he was so conspicuous a member, to the bottom of a steep lawn; then releasing, and running a race with her to the top. The cat was generally the winner, and always seemed to enjoy the triumph immensely. To this day I believe Tippoo made a point of running slowly on purpose, so as gallantly to concede victory to the weaker vessel.

Tippoo belonged to a country gentleman (a sort of "half-squire," and as they would say in Ireland) who resided opposite to my father's house. In my opinion, and in that of the majority of my playmates, Tippoo was the most respectable inhabitant of the village, up to the advent of Boxer, who came among us unexpectedly, on a visit to Tippoo's master, in the train of a sporting lawyer of detestable memory. As soon as that subversive brute (Boxer—not the sporting lawyer,) had made his appearance, we felt much as the loyal servants of King Louis the Sixteenth must have felt on the outbreak of the Great French Revolution. Monarchy was deposed in favor of blackguardism. But the blackguard was strong and merciless, with a set of terrible white teeth, ever eager to bite. So that we poor little partisans of the ancient *regime* were fain to clench our impotent fists in secret.

Tippoo had no chance against Boxer. What is the use of a well-dressed gentleman, let him never be strong or skillful in the use of his digits, descending from his cabriolet to do battle with a scavenger armed with a mud shovel? He sedulously avoided Boxer, who, on his side, lost an opportunity of hunting out and persecuting Tippoo. Tippoo was losing character dreadfully. He neglected his food, kept his kennel, and was unanimously pronounced a coward of the most contemptible stamp. His very court flatterers (we were no better than the more matured and ambitious of our species), began to blush for their sovereign's pusillanimity.

One day the masters of the two dogs stood on the lawn already alluded to, in amicable converse with a third person, no other than my own father, to whom I am indebted for the details of this instructive story. Boxer stood between his proprietor's legs, which, like his own, were bandy. I have the keenest recollection of those legs—master's and dog's—and I remember that the whole six were modelled upon the same pattern, which was one extremely distasteful to my feelings.

"Halloa!" said my father, "here comes Tip We shall soon see him sneak away when he discovers Boxer. Dreadful coward, that big dog of yours, Matthews, to be sure."

"Well, he used not to be so," said Tippoo's master reluctantly, "but I must confess that since Wilkins has been here with his bull, the overgrown cur has made me ashamed of him."

"No call for that," said the bull-dog's master, "better dogs than Tip have funked at the sight of my Boxer. By jove though he hasn't bolted yet. He'd better, or Boxer will murder him!"

Boxer certainly showed playful indications of a desire to attempt that experiment, by pricking up his ears and starting off at a brisk trot in the direction of Tippoo, who, however, to the astonishment of the spectators, made no movement towards recovering the shelter of his easily accessible kennel. On the contrary, he seemed to wait for and encourage his aggressor's attack.

"The dog's mad, clearly," said the lawyer.

"Looks like it," Mr. Matthews assented.—"He isn't acting like a dog in his senses."

"Getting very near the water though, for a mad dog," observed my father.

And in truth, *to get near the water*, was the main object of Tippoo, than whom a more thoroughly sane dog did not exist at that epoch of canine history.

There was a deep dyke running at the bottom of the lawn, fed from the reservoir of a neighboring tin-mill, and which had been greatly swollen by recent rains. Tippoo, keeping his large full eyes carefully fixed upon his approaching foe, sidled in a coquettish, serpentine manner towards the brink of this artificial stream.

There the bull-dog flew at and pinned him. Tippoo crouched on the grass prostrate, submitting to the outrage without a growl.

"Call him off, Wilkins," said Tippoo's master, in excited tones. "The purest Newfoundland in the country! I wouldn't have him injured for twenty pounds!"

"Hi! Boxer! Here, boy! Good dog! Let go!" the sporting lawyer clamored, as a shower of sticks and stones were launched by the trio of spectators to enforce the command.

But Boxer would not let go, and Tip would not resist or run. He merely kept on slipping, sideling, and lumbering towards the brink of the water, dragging the bull-dog, with him by the mere inert force of his superior weight.

Suddenly a splash was heard, and the triumph of Boxer was at an end. The combatants had rolled together into the swift, deep current of the dyke, and there they speedily changed places. I say "speedily," narraing, as I do, an actual fact; though I am aware, that it may seem to require some explanation, inasmuch as the grip of a bull-dog is supposed to be a final affair, lasting a life-time of the pinner or the pinned. I can only suggest that my gentlemanly friend Tippoo was from the first so completely on the alert as to prevent his ruffianly antagonist from getting a sure and firm hold. However that may be, Tippoo, released from custody, in his turn seized his assailant by the neck, held him under the water, and *drowned him!* The brave, sagacious water dog, wrongly imagined to be a coward, knew his own power in his own element, and had watched his opportunity. Would that we were all as wise!

Ere the just execution had been thoroughly accomplished Tippoo's glossy, patrician hide was pretty well cut to pieces by the missiles now hurled at him instead of his agressor. But he received them all without a wince, till he felt that his enemy under the water was thoroughly dead. Then he brought the ignoble carcass out of the stream between his teeth threw it on the grass with a jerk, and stood with his fore-paw resting on its flank with a calmly defiant expression, that might clearly be translated by the words—

"*Now*, let this dirty, ugly rascal presume to take liberties with his betters. Make the best of him as he lies there!"

I know this story to be a true one, for my father told it to me. Moreover, I remember exulting over the sight of the drowned Boxer's disfigured remains, (just the least thing in the world ashamed of the feeling, perhaps, but I certainly felt it) and doing my best to console my darling Tippoo for his unsightly wounds, by gifts of stolen refreshment—the best medicine I knew how to offer. I suppose that Tippoo, also, is dead by this time. Most of my early friends are, and it may be my turn next, as likely as not. I have finished for the present.

PAUL WARD.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

A VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

It was what Shakspeare calls a raw and gusty day, when we rode in an open jaunting car from Port Rush to the world-renowned Causeway. It was a fitful, spleeny day, too, and although the wind blew chill over the hills, as it does in drear November, and cut our faces and hands keenly, yet the sun now and then came out in mockery, and made the face of the country glad and smiling, and then withdrew in a few minutes, and left the sky more murky and dun than ever. Now and then wild spatters of rain dashed about, and drenched our feet and ancles, and altogether it would have been a very bad day to see the Lakes of Killarney in. But happily, the Lakes of Killarney are not the Giant's Causeway, and what brings out the beauty of the one does not develop the grandeur of the other. Were it not for the capricious rain and its inconvenience, such weather as we had to see the Wonder of the North, would have been most suitable.—For at the Causeway the words of the Witches in Macbeth are true, and

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

As we approached the Causeway the shore grew more wild and stupendous, and the waves had been playing a fierce part with the rock bound coast, and had left it all scarred and maimed. like the face of a Heidelburg student after a friendly duel. The Basaltic formation began to appear, but not regular and beautiful, but we marked the well known color of the Causeway, a deep brown, approaching to black. In about five miles it was plain that we were near the wonder by the presence of men and over-grown boys along the road, who, in the distance, looked like station keepers, but who proved to be guides. The car would pass one, and he [illegible] and skip along to get employment. One of the fellows fastened himself to me like a briar, commencing the conversation by asking if I was an American. The sharp sightedness of guides in Europe is remarkable.

And more remarkable is it here in the North of Ireland, where few Americans come, and where the guide's chance of meeting them are not good. I had on a cap made in no different manner from hundreds of English or Irish caps, the rest of my clothes were French and German, and no article in my dress was distinctively American except my shawl. I appeared a little hurt, and asked him if he judged I was an American by my shawl?

"No, it was not the shawl."

"Well, how did you know I was an American?"

"Och, I cannot till, but I tuk ye's to be an American,"

"Yes, but how?"

"I knew you by your *brogue*."

The idea of a man's having a *brogue* who had been brought up on Worcester's dictionary struck me as richly ludicrous, and I burst into a hearty laugh. And then my "brogue' must have been apparent before I had spoken, which I should pronounce not only ludicrous, but, on reflection, should deem impossible.—However, I could make no further headway, and entered it to his credit, under the head of "intuitive convictions."

The guides began to pester like swamp flies in August. They increased in a geometrical ratio, till we arrived at the hotel near the causeway, where they swarmed, with knick-knacks and specimens for sale. They too seemed to have "intuitive convictions" that I was an American, and clung like chestnut burrs. They hedged my way, they beset me behind and before. I remembered David when surrounded by his enemies, and quietly waited till delay should relax their ardor and set me free. Before long the numbers began to abate and some fell away, and my allowance for shrinkage was proved correct. But one fellow in a round topped hat and red face and shaggy jacket, commenced a small siege. He followed, he importuned, he forewarned me of danger from sea and stone if I went without him; then he silently went along and volunteered descriptions of the first objects, which, as they were not heeded, were a fair intimation that the "one-and-six" would not be forth-coming at the end of all his toil and talk. I had an idea, which my companion shared with me, that it would be pleasanter to walk over the causeway alone, and feel its grandeur, without a man to hurry us from rock to rock, and tell us by what epithets men had nick-named the parts of this master-piece of God's creation, and we were heartily glad to find our burr relax his hold, and drop back into his natural insignificance.

But soon another burr appeared, in the shape of a boy of thirteen, who, it was very plain, had made up his mind to take charge of us, and conduct us to every rock, and stone, and joint of the Causeway. He would do it for "saxpence," then for "fo'pence," then for "thruppence," and finally he would do it for nothing, and rely on my honor to give him "thruppence," if I did'nt think he earned it.—The easiest way, and the quickest way, and the most foolish way, would have been to order the boy off in a loud and savage tone, with the suggestion of a specimen fragment of basalt sent after him by the "air line," if he was not soon out of sight. But this might have been unfavorably received, and God's universe, which is now well nigh choked with bad passions, would have held a few more oaths, to echo on to the ends of time and space; this is what the philosophers call the "objective" view of the matter; while "subjectively" I should have been thrown out of poise, and have lost that sweet serenity which a man ought to have at all times, and more especially when travelling with a gifted lady of sensibility and taste. So I resolved to endure what could not be gently put by, and the boy came off triumphant and was soon rattling away with his nimble tongue, telling us what stone was tweedledum and which was tweedee.

Well, it is a long walk from the [illegible] down to the Causeway in my telling, and in truth it was, and I have taken a good deal of printers' ink to describe it, but with this amplitude of detail, it is not long as the original walk, when the wind blew so impudently, and the rain fell so coldly, and the skies looked so frowningly, and the guides importuned so inexorably. At bye and bye we were there and began to tread the rich tesselated pavement of the Causeway. I had expected to be amazed by its stupendous grandeur; I was delighted with its rare beauty. There are cliffs along this shore, at whose base you may sit in a boat and admire with wonder and awe where the great columns rise as if God made the music of the seas with an organ large enough to peal forth the mighty [illegible], and compass the deep reverberations, and these the organ pipes; but when we were there the sea was rough and no boat would venture out, and we had to pace the Causeway and admire its beauty.

And in truth there was enough to admire.—And the day was so adapted to the scene that we thought little of wind and rain. The sea came in with cresting waves, for Boreas had been tossing it for three days, and had vexed it into a fit of ungovernable temper, and the billows came madly on, and dashed themselves against the rocks with a deep and sullen roar and the spray flew light and feathery. Once in a while the sun would patronize the place a little, but was chary of his smiles, while nearly all the time the blinding sea mists gathered around us and clothed the rocks with a gloomy gray mantle. These things helped our wonder. Were it not for this—had the sun been steadily shining, the sky clear, and the ocean lying as a man in deep sleep, peacefully breathing upon the rocks, the Giant's Causeway would have remained a mere thing of beauty in the memory; but now, by the aid of these surroundings, some grand and some glum and sullen, it becomes an object of mingled awe and beauty.

I shall not try to describe the wonder; the pictures present it to you as well as words can do it, but neither pictures nor words can truthfully suggest the Giant's Causeway. The portion which strangers visit reaches out into the sea like a triangle, each line of which is about an eighth of a mile in length. Along the shore line the piles of jointed rocks rise about thirty feet above the water, and they steadily diminish in height to the apex of the triangle. Thus you go down a flight of steps, as it were, the Causeway growing narrower. The stones are mostly six and seven sided; those of five are numerous, while here and there are triangles and diamonds, and octagons and nonagons. They are not all regular; it is only in a few places that you find regular polygons at the Causeway. Yet they have to the eye a nicety and a symmetry which could hardly be heightened were they regularly perfect. The joints, it is needless to tell you, are each about a foot and a half in diameter and of varying height, from one to two feet. There was one feature which I had never seen in the specimens in America, though there may be some which I have not seen there, namely, the convex and concave upper sides of the joints. As you remove a joint of stone you do not know whether the surface exposed will be hollowed or rounding. Some of the specimens are very striking, and might be used as a wash basin.

But I will not be betrayed into a description of what is indescribable. In one sense the Causeway is stupendous, in another it is not. Its extent is not stupendous, its regularity is. It is and ever will be a standing emblem of the Order which is one of the elements of the divine character. If Mount Blanc is God's temple, the Causeway is its fitting organ, and full music it peals when the sea and the winds play upon it. Or it is the pavement upon which the King of all the earth walks and gives his laws. Or it is his throne wherein he sits and nations come to him for judgment.—Or it is a gallery of his wherein he keeps a little store of his wonders of grace and symmetry, and men come from afar to see them and say with Job, "Lo, these are a little part of his doings, but the thunders of his power, who can comprehend?"

GUZMAN.

THE MYSTERIOUS STONE AT HEATH.—We have been furnished with some further particulars in regard to the mysterious stone found at Heath four years ago. Dr. Hitchcock and Prof. Shepard of Amherst have examined the stone and do not find it to be an aerolite, but a common stone, found not only in Vermont but in Massachusetts. It has no appearance of being detached from a larger mass, but is a worn tone, with rounded corners. It could not have [illegible] Vermont, as it hit the tree near [illegible] it was found on the south-east side, and [illegible] therefore have come from that direction. At the time the stone was found there was two feet of snow on the ground, covered with a crust sufficiently strong to bear a man. Dea. Hart Brown had occasion to pass through a tract of woodland about 100 rods from his house, and noticed a stone of considerable size lying on the top of the snow, the crust not being broken under it. It struck him as something singular, as there were no tracks in the vicinity and no conceivable inducements to any one to take a stone 47 pounds and leave it there. On examining a flat side of the stone it was found to be covered with pulverized hemlock bark, which filled the crevices, and a hemlock tree, standing about four feet from the stone, showed where the bark came from, in the loss of its bark from a space about eight inches square and four feet above the surface of the snow. The bark, which was an inch thick, was worn away and the wood beneath was bruised, indented, and slivered. The stone must have come in nearly a horizontal direction toward the tree, striking it with great force.

Our own impression from the description given is that the stone was rapidly revolving and that it so hit the tree as to continue to revolve upon it, thus pulverising the bark, and so breaking its own force until it slid gently toward the ground with so little violence as not to break the crust of the snow. If that idea had occurred to Dea. Brown it is quite likely he would have discovered marks upon the tree as well as upon the snow which would have established the fact of the rotation of the stone. It does not by any means follow that the stone is not an aerolite because it is like stones found on this earth. The facts that aerolites hitherto found, differ in formation from the stones on the earth does not by any means prove that there are not aerolites which are identical with our earth stones in character. Our scientific men are apt to limit their field of discovery by establishing negatives in that way, but it is not a scientific method by any means.

The stone has been carefully preserved, and is in the possession of Rev. Isaac Esty, of Heath. The facts in regard to its discovery are sustained by good authority.

[From "All the Year Round."]

HOW BALZAC DID HIS LITERARY LABOR.

When he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labor and self-sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on this work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to ensure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner, he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more.

His house-door was now closed to everybody, except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing-dress was fastened around the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they come, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued, with extraordinary rapidity, till six, then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine till noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee,

From one o'clock to six he returned to work At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again; and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that, when he appeared once more among his friends, he looked in the popular phrase,like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draft of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to and end, it had only begun for Balzac. In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions, which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the begining of the manuscript and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the begining, or middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing office, it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent in on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections, fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgements of that, not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indiscribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were his corrected were more hopelessly puzzling still. The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue at work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises" —that is to say, the proofs embodying alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, seperate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at least, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors; and he himself described his process of work a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied, myself, when all is done."

HARRIET MARTINEAU ON MODERN DRESS.—Do the petticoats of our time serve as anything but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favorite toy in my infancy.—The fit is so the reverse of accurate as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit: while, at the same time, it is not an easy fit.—The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of getting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage-wheels, or rails, or pails, or nails, or, in short, everything they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers, or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach, for want of room. As for the children —how many have been swept off pathways, or foot-bridges, or steamboat decks by the pitiless crinoline, or hoops of some unconscious walking balloon! More children have been killed, however, by the extension of the absurd petticoat fashion to them. For many months past, it has been a rare thing to see a child under the tunic age duly clothed. The petticoats are merely for show; and the actual clothing, from the waist downwards, is nothing more than thin cotton drawers and socks, leaving a bare space between. For older boys there is a great improvement in dress—the tunic and loose trousers being preferable in every way to the stiff mannish tailed coat and tight trousers of half a century ago. But the younger children are at present scarcely clothed at all, below the arms; and the blue legs of childhood are a painful sight, whether in a beggar boy or a citizen's son.

BUTTERMILK AND LONGEVITY.

The constant use of buttermilk as food, it has been ascertained, would be the means of just doubling the term of a man's life, and woman's too, we suppose, though nothing is said about that. On the subject of longevity, the New Orleans *Surgical* and *Medical Journal* contains some interesting facts.

It seems that an eminent French chemist, M. Ed. Robin, in a memorial presented to the Academy of Sciences, has expressed the belief that human life may be prolonged, and he gives his reasons for it. He thinks human life may be compared to a furnace always kindled: life exists only in a state of combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes places in our chimneys, leaves a residue, a detritus ashes. This detritus, which is always accumulating, is, according to M. Robin, the principal cause of old age and serile death. He thinks that the mineral matter which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion, is left in our system to encrust and stiffen the different parts of the body, and to render imperfect many of the vital processes.

M. Robin sets forth many facts to prove the reasonableness of his position, but proposes to institute a series of experiments on animals whose lives are of short duration, to verify his theory. Among the series of experiments which he proposes is one which consists in administering a lactic acid with ordinary food.—The lactic acid is known to possess the power of dissolving the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilage and valves of the heart; and as buttermilk abounds in this acid it is moreover an agreeable kind of food—its habitual use, it is supposed, may free the system from those causes which inevitably cause death between the 75th and 100th year.

The author of one of the articles in the *New Orleans Journal* expresses his approbation of the labors of M. Ed. Robin, and gives, moreover, a reason of his own as to the probability that the period of human life may be extended. He makes the following formula, viz: "Every quality which appears to be an exception in a species, indicates a new rule, to which this species may be subjected." The author says—

"Applying this principle to the present subject, we say there are macrobites or centenarians in the human species; this macrobite is compatible with human organization, and since it exists, its cause may be determined. Now, to possess a knowledge of the cause is to be master of the effect; and that which has heretofore been an exception may become a rule."

To show that people do sometimes live to be very old—whether owing to buttermilk I cannot say—I condense some facts from the articles before mentioned:—

Ponce Lafarge lived	121 years
Eleanor Spicer	121 "
Madam Barnet	123 "
Grandez	126 "
John Newell	127 "
John Bayles	130 "
Polotiman	140 "
Thomas Parr	152 "
Obst	155 "
Joseph Surringen	160 "
John Bowin	172 "
Peter Zostan	185 "

And many others of similar ages who have lived in modern times, might be mentioned.—The instances of longevity below 120 years are frequent.

Some curious facts are related as to the habits of these individuals. Many of the old folks lived remarkably temperate lives. Jean Causer, who died at the age of 146 years, subsisted chiefly on milk food. Thomas Parr, who lived 152 years and 9 months, "subsisted all his life upon bread, old cheese, milk, whey, and table beer;" and Peter Zostan, who lived solely on vegetables—we think buttermilk must have been added to his fare—attained the remarkable age of 185.

After this statement, we have no doubt that all the churns in the country will be kept busy, and all the people converted to Oliver Twists, crying incessantly for that beverage of life, "More, more!"

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

When the late Gabriel Ralston, of Richmond, Va., had become wealthy, a poor woman, wretchedly clad, with a child in her arms, came through a violent storm of sleet and rain, on a cold day in December, to his counting-room, to beg. Among others present, was a sectarian, much prized in his day for godliness. Mr. Ralston did not wait for the woman to announce her errand, but divining it from her chilled and haggard appearance, stepped to his desk and handed her a ten dollar note. He was reproved as soon as the woman was gone, by the sectarian friend, who asked him if he knew whether the woman was worthy. "Worthy!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, "worthy! Good God! Sir, didn't you see how thinly clad she was, and that she was drenched with the rain?"

☞A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dine at the Revere House.—Codfish balls were served at table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corn dodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, and remarked in the most solemn manner—

"Something dead in that, Tom!"

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n6 2m

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

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

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

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Sept. 24, 1859. f

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46—tf

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[From the Saturday Evening Post]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

* * * * * *

The "spiritualistic" movement, of which so much has been said in America, is, strange to say, gaining ground widely in the Old World. As I remarked in a former letter, the new belief is very widely spread in England; many of the "believers" being of very high rank both in the aristocracy and in the Republic of Letters. I could give you a list of persons fully convinced of the reality of the "phenomena" in question, and of their "spiritual" origin, that would probably cause you no little surprise; but refrain from so doing for obvious reasons, one of these being the probability —not to use a stronger term—of many of those now so busily occupied in obtaining and transmitting "communcations," changing their opinions on the subject, and admitting the dangerous tendencies of this species of mental and moral excitement.

The same propagandism which has produced such results in England has been going on here also, and with similar effect; and the number of "spiritualists" in this very unspiritual city is now considerable, including, as in England, writers of high repute, men of sciencs, and people of rank and fashion. A friend of mine from England, who varies the round of London courtly dissipation by an annual visit to the Continent, and who, for a couple of years past, has been an ardent votary of the faith in table, has just been spending a few weeks here, and through her I have learned, with some surprise, how very numerous are her fellow believers, and how robust is their faith.—For so much ridicule is heaped on these people by those who do not accept the new "phenomena" as genuine or worthful, that the former have grown very shy of proclaiming their opinions to "outsiders;" and I have been much amused at suddenly learning that, even among the circle of my own acquaintance, lots of persons whom I have never suspected of a leaning towards the "spirits" were in reality "up to their eyes" in all the marvels of the new faith! "Circles" meet here, at certain houses, on stated evenings; experiments of all kinds were carried forward; counsels are bestowed on inquirers with great generosity; prescriptions are given to those who are ill; messages from the higher "spheres" come down "as thick as blackberries;" people see things in the air, in their minds, in crystals, in mirrors; hands and whole figures are perceived by the faithful; and a new journal called the *Revue Spirite*, is issued regularly.

Among the most famous "mediums" now here, and being caressed and petted by their confiding friends, is a German, the Baron Goldenstube, and his sister, of whose doings I have been hearing astounding things from my London friend. The Baron appears to be a *bona fide* nobleman, of well known *status*, and good fortune; his wife is a firm believer, but is not a "medium;" while his sister —said to be very clever and amiable, but the most weird, unearthly, elfin-looking little creature you can imagine—shares her brother's gifts, and even surpasses him in this line. The Baron and his sister, with a number of friends, have been in the habit, for two years past, of going to the churches here, placing bits of paper and pencil on the tombs, and finding messages written on the papers by the spirits of those whose mortal remains lie beneath the marble. I have not been to the scene of operations, but those who have been tell me that the Baron lays a bit of paper and pencil on each tomb from whose occupant they desire to hear, and retires a few paces from them; that in the course of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour the friends approach the tombs and take up the papers, when messages are found written on the latter. The papers are examined carefully before they are laid on the tomb, and are known to be certainly innocent of all trace of writing; the visitors remain within a few paces of them, so that no one could approach the tombs without being seen; and yet, when the papers are taken up, they are found to contain writing, sometimes legible, sometimes not, but always distinctly visible. The disappointing part of the business, however, is the extreme platitude and imbecility of these "messages;" yet one would think that if Charlemagne, Henri IV., Generls, Admirals, philosophers, and sages, who have had the advantages of centuries of reflection upon the events they witnessed down here, do really take the trouble to commmunicate with us of the present day, they would at least have something striking and interesting to say. But, judging from these messages, one is tempted to think that the minds of the writers have lost, rather than gained, by their sojourn on the other side of the Veil. A week or so ago my friend caught a violent cold in her left eye; I saw her on Thursday, and found the white of the eye changed, as it were, to a piece of red cornelian. It was frightful to look at, and I fully expected that she would find herself "in for" a long and painful attack, and a long bill at her occulist's. Before the attack had come on, my friend had been desired (by the "spirit" of some old Norman knight, with a very romantic, unknown name, who came to her one evening at the Baron's house,) to go, on the following Friday, to Sevres, to place a paper and pencil in the middle of the public road, at thirty paces from the entrance to the famous china manufactory, and to wait there for a message from him. Though her eye was so inflamed as to compel her to relinquish all invitations, Mrs. —— did not send for her doctor, (another "spirit" had sent her word "they were going to cure her,") nor did she hesitate protected by a thick veil, to go to Sevres at the time appointed. She and a friend, having counted off the thirty paces, held a bit of blank paper over the spot indicated, for a few minutes, "to magnetize it," and then laid it on the ground with a pencil, covering them with some stones, so as to prevent the wind (which was high and cold) from blowing the paper away. Mrs —— says that she hardly ventured to hope the writing would take place, as Baron Goldenstube, who with his sister, had been told to accompany her, took no part in the thing, but walked about with his sister in various directions, looking at the building and the fine prospect. Presently the two came up to Mrs. ——, and offered to place the paper for her.

"Thank you," said Mrs. ——, "I have placed it myself; it is under those stones yonder."

"But you will probably have no message," returned the Baron, "you are not yet a medium, and it would have been better to allow me to help you"

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. ——, "but I felt an impulse prompting me to try my own power; Miss —— and I have magnetized the paper before putting it under the stones, and by and by we shall see what is the result." At that moment, Mlle. Goldenstube suddenly went off into a sort of cateleptic vision, throwing up her arms, which grew rigid, and declaring, with a face of horror, that she saw a man in armor where the stones were; a javelin had struck him, under the arm, between the joints of his mail, and the blood was flowing in torrents.

"He will not die of his wound," she cried, "but he suffers dreadfully; he begs Mrs —— to take the paper from under the stone; he has written upon it, and says she must place the paper, as though it were a plaster on her eye to-night, when she goes to bed, and it will cure her."

I forgot to say in the right place, that Mrs. —— had been informed by the Norman Knight, when he gave her the rendezvous at Sevres, that he had been wounded at the spot indicated, ages before the manufactory was built, but had managed to escape, and was cured of his wound; a communication which Mrs. —— positively declares none of the Goldenstubes could possibly have overheard, and of which she said nothing to them.

On going to the spot, and lifting off the stone that covered the paper, the latter was found to be marked with a single letter—an L or an S—very indistinct, but so firmly traced, that the back of the paper was raised by the pressure of the pencil, and under it was a queer little mark, much better traced, which appeared to be not a letter, but a cabalistic sign. Intensely delighted with the success of her experiment, the party returned to Paris; and on retiring for the night, Mrs. —— laid the paper on her inflamed eye, tying it carefully in place with a handkerchief. Next morning, to her great satisfaction, the eye was cured! Now, it is certain that Mrs. ——, however much she may unconsciously deceive herself, is quite incapable of attempting to deceive others; and as to the fact of the sudden and inexplicable cure of her eye, I, myself, and numbers of her friends, are witnesses to its reality; but what is one to thinks of such an occurrence? In this case good seems to have been done; but on another occasion, when this lady was sitting in a circle at the Baron's she was suddenly addressed by a "spirit," who called himself George IV. of England, and as she detested him, she at once began to express her hope that he had repented of her evil doings on earth, repeating the uncomplimentary verses that a contemporary poet- Moore, I think—addressed to the royal sinner. Immediately on this, Mlle. Goldenstube screamed out that she saw him strike Mrs. on the shoulder, and, at the same instant, that lady's arm was drawn up by a violent cramp. Another friend of mine (an utter unbeliever who had gone there that evening out of curiosity,) was seated next Mrs. —— when this occurred, and she declares that Mlle. Goldenstube's exclamation that "she saw the King's hand on Mrs. ——'s arm," and the cry of pain, and the shrinking of muscles on the part of Mrs. ——, were really simultaneous. The Baron now came to Mrs —— and began "de-magnetizing" her arm, soon relieving her of the cramp; but for a day or two afterwards, the marks of her own nails were visible in her hands, and also a slight discoloration of her arm, on one of the places where the King had seized her. A pretty sample, at all events, of the "influences" to which those who enter into "rapport" with the friends of tables are exposing themselves, and calculated to give one anything but hopeful anticipations of the results of the reformatory "influences" brought to bear on one in the other world. Before closing this letter I must mention that it is at the house of the Baron in question that the famous experiments of obtaining writing by simply putting paper and pencil into a basket, the "circle" only placing their hands on the table, at a distance from the basket, are said to have taken place. Unfortunately, however, these wonderful writings are only vouchsafed when the incredulous people who can't believe such things on hearsay, happen not to be present.

Every different "circle" moreover, seems to arrive at a different set of conclusions. The "doctrines" propounded by one set of "spirits" being rejected as false by the others. It is therefore difficult to see, even granting the authenticity of these "revelations" to be all that their disciples believe them, of what use they can be for our enlightenment and guidance.

It is certainly difficult, when the numbers of "believers," and the intelligence and honesty of so many of them are taken into account, not to admit the probability that some things really do occur in the "circles," which our ordinary philosophy is unable to explain; but from this admission to the belief in their spiritual origin, or their intrinsic value, there is a very wide distance; and if it is difficult not to believe that there is something here which we cannot satisfactorily account for, it is equally difficult on the other hand, and with the abundant evidence we have already had of the aptitude of the so-called "Spirit Manifestations" to produce mental and nervous disease, to drive their votaries mad, and to kill them, not to admit their exceeding danger, and to deplore the spread of the new practices as one of the most deplorable tendencies of the day. QUANTUM.

☞ A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied by strong passions, as a great fire with great heat.—*Burke.*

WE suppose that toleration is carried quite far enough when men tolerate intolerance.

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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.

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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. 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, Columbta 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

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.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE ROSARY.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

We have all a rosary of woe!
No matter how the faint heart bleeds,
Or how the silent tear-drops flow,
Our trembling hands must tell the beads.

Some tell them o'er in gorgeous homes;
Pale fingers count the beads of gold,
With breaking hearts and bitter moans,
Until their rosary is told.

Some tell them clasp'd to another's breast,
Some all alone in the piercing cold,
With not a place their heads to rest,
They weep until their beads are told.

Some keep the rosary in their hearts.
Hidden beneath a smiling face,
The beads corrode like poisoned darts,
And rankle in their hiding place.

Some, where the ocean bleakly foams,
Look yearningly o'er open graves,
To loved ones in their Island homes,
And sigh while sinking neath the waves.

"Alone!—alone in the roaring sea,
Life's rosary is over-past!
The waves of death float over me,
The fearful beads are told at last!"

It is ever thus! Through all the earth,
In hovels and in homes of light,
Sorrow's rosary hath its birth,
And casts o'er all its withering blight.

It is well to see God's hand the while
The chastening rosary is told,
And feel when it is through, His smile
Will lead us to the gates of gold.

Within those portals broad and fair,
We'll hold a rosary of light,
We'll tell our beads in Heaven's air,
Within our Heavenly Father's sight.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle fields and glory;
If writ in human heart a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it:
If men relied on love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal:
If love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would ACT the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it by rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe her knife,
Till good and truth were universal;
If custom, grey with age-grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone in truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To violate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it!

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE TEACHINGS OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY DAVID BARKER.

What matters where the bar may be
To which our world is cited,—
Though here, or in eternity,
Each wrong must ye be righted,—
No drop of blood was ever spilt
That washes out another's guilt.

There is no bankrupt laws for sin,
Though heretics may preach it;
No limitation act steps in,
Though Paul, himself, might teach it;
For ages though the time's delayed,
Each moral debt must once be paid.

The felon tried and doomed to die,
Might shuffle off his sentence,
And claim the largest liberty,
By pleading true repentance,—
And good that plea, and righteous, even,
If sin could ever be forgiven.

To sell an orphan child its bread,
And cheat it in your measure,
Or steal away to Virtue's bed,
And rob her of her treasure,
But dream not that a simple prayer
Can hush the voice of justice there.

When life has closed, whoever gains
The station God assigned him,
And pays his debt and breaks the chains
Which sin has forged to bind him,
Is fitted for the bliss of Heaven,
And never needs to be forgiven.

Correspondence

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

EDITORS OF THE AGE.—Randolph the Unique, the great unapproachable has been here—spoke six times in one week, and left us in a whirl of absolute amazement—as the hundreds who listened to him—hundreds of every shade of opinion will abundantly testify. It is of no use to endeavor to describe either the man himself, nor the manner and matter of his discourses. "It *cant be did*." Both were *Randolph*; and both alike indescribable.

We have listened to speakers in this country, both in and out of Spiritualism, in our Lyceums and elsewhere, but the best among them all, are not to be spoken of in the same breath with this truly wonderful man. His lectures here, have created a commotion never felt before; and we feel sorry at the thought that we shall never hear him again, as he retires from the field within a month. Cannot something be done to keep this incomparable orator, and unquestionably good man, in the field? *Must* he be absolutely *compelled* to leave the sphere of his usefulness, for the want of *means* to maintain himself and his family? I say sincerely, God forbid!

During his stay here, he showed me his account book and it exhibited a balance on the *money side* of about *thirty or forty dollars*. People seem to forget that *mediums* must "*pay as they go*"; for hotels, stages and railways, soon eat up the miserable pittance so grudgingly dealt out by the parsimony of those who ought to do better.—Here we have one of the best mediums in the *Country*, perhaps in the *world*, absolutely *driven* from the field, because he *cannot* support his family, and pay his own expenses from the mite that *penuriousness* gives him in payment for the "bread of life." As with Randolph, so with *scores of others*. We pay some *third or fourth rate* speakers the same sum that we pay the *first* class; while the latter are obliged to perform long journeys to keep their engagements, and the former can be found near home.

Brother Spiritualists, this state of things will not do! Most of you help to pay fat salaries (or have done so) to your parsons, for *second hand stuff*, while you permit those who are *truly* the *mouth pieces* of the *living truth* to *saw wood* and *carry coal* in order to keep soul and body together.

Brethren, this is not right. We *must* open our *purses* as well as our *ears*; and unless we do this, the better class of speakers will be *compelled* (like Mr. R.) to quit the lecture field, and leave us to be bored with the fanatical attempts of persons who are better qualified to murder the "King's English," than to *teach us* what we seek to know. Yours in the Cause of Justice,

ALBEMARLE.

A MARKED TEST.—We have recieved from Mrs. L. T. B King of Portland, the following remarkable test of the truth of Spirit communication, with the promise of receiving others equally conclusive. We are well acquainted with Mrs King, and with her powers as a test medium. Through no other person have we received such convincing evidence of the *bona fide* presence of spirits clothed with immortality. She has also given many others quite as undeniable evidence of the existence of their friends who have exchanged their earthly for heavenly and imperishable bodies. Mrs. K is a lady of retiring habits, but a most effective and reliable laborer in the new Spiritual vineyard. She is an excellent trance speaker also. We have heard her speak many a time, and have always, through her speaking, caught some radiant glimpses of new spiritual treasures.

While visiting in Fitz Williams, N. H., in the fall of 1857, a young gentleman by the name of Henry C. Allec, a tipping medium, called upon me, and requested me to go to the house of his father-in-law and *sit* with him. I went rather reluctantly, as my health was so poor that I did not expect I could be controlled.

But when I arrived at the residence of Mr. Lawrence, (the father-in-law of Mr. A.) I was then requested to sit at a small table or stand, with Mr. Allen, his wife, her mother and sister being present. The table soon tipped, Mr. Allen then asked the spirit if I was the *one?* the reply was, yes! Mr. A. then requested me to give up to the influence, and give my "impression." I was very soon strongly impressed to go out into the field back of the house. I thought it singular, as I was a stranger to them, and in a strange place; but I felt that I *must* go, but knew not for what purpose. I told Mr. A. of my strange impression, and he requested me very calmly, to go if I wanted to. I went, accompanied by himself, wife, and her mother.

After going a short distance I stopped. The spirit shook my head, and said "no; not here." I then were impelled to go on. At last my feet seemed riveted to the spot upon which I stopped. I could not step nor raise my feet from the ground. Mr. Allen then asked the spirit to reveal to me what he (the spirit) wished. I closed my eyes, soon the ground seemed to open at my feet, and I saw the bodies of three Indians and an animal resembling the deer. Mr. Allen then requested the spirit to loose my feet, and he did so. I immediately repaired to the house, and sat for a controlling influence. The spirit then communicated that his bones might be found three and a half feet from the surface of the earth, that they were decayed, but that the horns of the Deer was in a state of greater perservation, that all could be recognized in their present state, &c. He also said that Mr. Lawrence (who was a sceptic,) and his son Fred'k L. should dig and find them. He said they should not be private about it but tell every one what he (the spirit) said, and dig before all that would come. The table then tipped and affirmed all I had said was correct. It was decided that I must be present at the time of digging. I went again at the time agreed upon. They began to dig. The spirit told me they were not digging in the right place. I went into the field and told Mr. L. what the spirit said. I put down my foot and said, "Dig there!" Telling him the length and breadth of the grave. They dug as I told them and found all true that the spirit had said. Decayed bones were found, also the horn of the deer, at the distance of 3 1-3 feet from the surface, as the spirit communicated. The fact of this Indian being buried on that farm, I was told by Mr. Allen, had been told him by the spirit nearly two years before but he had kept it secret.

The spirit told him also that he would influence a Speaking Medium to come there within two years and tell him the precise spot. And that the medium should be a lady. Mr. Allen then called the names of every lady medium he had ever heard of, but to all the answer was, "no!" When he heard of my arrival in town, and that I was a Speaking Medium, he was impressed at once that I was the "One" as the spirit said. This Indian seemed truthful, intelligent and good had been a long time in the spirit land. He claimed to be Mr. Allen's guardian spirit. There were several witnesses of these facts, the names of whom I send in the order in which they were signed, testifying to its truth.

Frederick C. Lawrence; Henry C. Allen; Calvin Lawrence; Nathan Morse; B. B. Boyce; Eleanor M. Allen; Mary A. Lawrence; Louisa A. Fisk.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I suppose yon may have seen the account published in the Boston Evening Traveller of Dec. 30th, 1859, of an alleged "New Scientific Discovery" recently made in Paris, which is this:—

"A patient is caused to gaze at an object held before his eyes, until he sinks into a state of trance, so performing that he becomes insensible to pain." And the process for inducing a state of cataliptic insensibility is announced by the Paris correspondent of a Boston paper, as a most wondertul "New Discovery," precisely as if the same process had never been heard of in these United States, more than twenty years ago. This idea was set forth in "*The Magnet*," a periodical I published in New York, in 1842; and, also, in different books and pamphlets I have published since that time. The IDEA in Pathetism was this:—

That the phenomena known under the name of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, and, the results peculiar to Dr. J. R. Buchanan's theory of Neurology, are *self-induced*, simply by associating them in the patient's own mind with any processes, adapted for their development. The process is of no account, only, in so far as it is calculated to secure the patient's *attention* upon the *expected* results to be produced. He may gaze at any object, or hold any substance in his hand; there is no venture in such objects whatever, only in so far as they secure the attraction of the patient. I conceive it to have been a fraud, therefore, when seven years after the announcement of this Idea of Pathitism, precisely the same thing has been proclaimed as a "new discovery," and presented to the public under the new fangled names of "Electrical Psychology," "Mental Alchemy" and "Electro-Biology." And hence it was, that, when I found my experiments imitated under these new terms and preposterous claims made in behalf of the "ulna nerve grip," and a piece of "zinc and copper" held in the hand, I discarded these processes of operating, and I believe it has now become quite obsolete throughout the country.

An attempt was now made ten years to inaugerate the "zinc and copper" process in this city, and although the lecturer had some 500 adies and gentlemen in his classes, at $10 each, his attempts proved a miserable failure; for, he was exposed and denounced by one of his own pupils, (Capt. George P. Kettill,) and he left the city in no very good repute. But a slight acquaintance with Pathetism is sufficient to show:—

1st. That the trance is generally, and, it may always be, *self induced*. The processes are merely incidental, and may be dispensed with wholly.

2d. It is never brought on by the mere volition of the operator, until a *relation* very strong has been established between him and the patient, which very rarely occurs, very rarely indeed, much more so than is generally supposed. Out of the thousands whom I have entranced (by suggestion,) I have known but two or three whom I could, after long trial, control by mere volition.

3d. The trance comes on from *suggestion*, from the *thoughts* of it; from seeing it in others, (sympathetic immulation) from the laws of association, and the force of *habit*. When persons have been once entranced, it comes on by merely *expecting* it, or from any *words*, *motions*, or *places*, with which that state has been associated. And hence it would not seem strange if this state, coming on so often, and so easily, should now and then be attributed to remote causes, which in reality may have nothing to do with it. The immediate cause, always, is *in the mind*, the nervous system of the patient, but, the suggestive or remote cause may be as far off, and as inefficient as the unseen star in the heavens.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

BOSTON, Jan. 2d, 1860.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Jan. 2d., 1860.

MESSRS EDITORS: The case is by no means in a state of quiescence here. Father Cluer has visited us and excited an interest among friends and foes. Rev. Mr. Buckley of Dover lectured here with the vain attempt to demolish the faith of the believers, many of whom heard him.

Bro. Cluer was there and took notes, and on a subsequent evening replied to the satisfaction of all candid minds. Mr. Buckley's discourse was a re-hash of the old stuff commencing with a notice that he should not *discuss* the subject. These lectures do us more good than harm, for the *free* men and women are sure to come to our Hall to hear the other side and be benefited by spiritual discourses. The truth is in the hearts of energetic men and women and cannot slumber. Bro. Cluer has done a good work here and the points of his labors will be seen and felt in this, as well as in the other life. There is no such thing as stagnation where he is. He is an earnest, forcible speaker and people will go to hear him.

Yours, BERTRAM.

A MIRACLE INDEED.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Please give the following facts to the public that the power of spirits operating through mediums may be more fully known.

My child, a daughter eight years of age, for several years had been troubled with a disease of the eyes, which had increased until the sight of one was completely gone, and was fast losing the other. Her physicians declared that ulceration in the head had destroyed the optic nerves, and in this condition the case was treated by eminent oculists without benefit. At last she was taken to Dr. Geo. Atkins, at No. 3 Winter st., and wonderful to relate, without the use of medicine or instruments, but simply by laying his hands upon the head of the child once a day, for three days, both eyes were fully restored, and have remained perfectly healthy ever since.

MRS. L. JOHNSON,
Putnam Corner.

IT costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

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

DHOULA BEL;

—OR THE—

MAGIC GLOBE.

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BOOK FIRST.

[CONTINUED.]

"The sun had dispersed the clouds as if by magic power, and the glorious flood of light streamed forth in rich luxuriousness, as if in the very wantonness of wealth and brightness, in every direction, making all things glad; but as if God, himself, had smiled forth an overwhelming refutation of the sceptic's argument, and a flood of liquid truth—an ocean of Deific logic wherein to drown the atheist's doubt, and baptize the world anew! a light which extinguished by its superior brilliancy, the feeble phosphorescence of the dogmas horrible, presented for my acceptance by the being at my side: For, as the glorious sunbeams fell upon the head of the old gray-haired scoffer, it seemed to me that Heaven itself was crowning him with pity! It appeared to my mind that no sensible being could witness sunset like that, and be a sceptic still. With the least refinement, the least spark of human sympathy or generosity at he rt. it appeared impossible that any human being could gaze upon the gorgeous scene and remain at bottom a scoffing doubter. I thought the sun was a glorious and most eloquent preacher, and I think so still; and that whoever pays proper attention to his sermons must be convinced of the existence of an indulgent parent;—must believe the story of progression; in life, death, and the resurrection; an existence beyond the dark portals of the grave; in the better and the happier land, where care and sorrow enter not to disturb the weary spirits' bland repose!—and where hopes awakened, but which can never be realized on earth, shall fructify: Hopes which it seemed to me must bear fruit somewhere, because earth's soil is too sterile, the world's all too small, and life's all too contracted here below. Enraptured with the scene, filled with its inspiration, I exclaimed in the words of Addison's Cato:

"'Plato, thou reasonest well!
This longing after immortality.'"

"In the enthusiasm of the moment I cried aloud, 'whoever says man is not immortal, lies! lies to his own soul, to Nature, and to God!' I was inexperienced then, and full of the virgin fire of a young, ardent and artless soul. But since then I have learned more of philosophy, life, and mankind. I have since discovered that man can, not only live a sceptic, but that he can daily curse his God, and then calmly sink to what he believes will be an everlasting sleep. Truly education, education it is that moulds man into the frame of hero, saint, demi-god, or devil.

"That the old man read my thoughts, was clear, for he said, as we seated ourselves upon the grassy turf, "daughter, your reasonings are false, your conclusions erroneous, and your thoughts being the enthusiastic upgushings of your exceedingly spontaneous nature, you reach your goal from a pre-determination to stop at none but the coveted and foreseen point; consequently your conclusions are valueless, because foregone. I blame you not; I chide you not, because you but follow universal precedent; and like most Christians, believe you are immortal because you are discontented here, and desire to live hereafter. I rather admire Parrhasius, the Athenian painter, who, when the slave whom he had chained to a rock in order to transfer the experiences of his miserable agony to his canvass—to paint a dying groan, exclaimed against the artist's cruelty, reminding him that there would be a future reckoning, replied,

"Hereafter! aye, hereafter!
A whip to keep the coward off!
What gave death ever from his kingdom back
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story, I
And I may take some safer paths to glory."

He wanted proof; and that is the trait I admire him for. In you, daughter, the esthetic element rather predominates, and no mere poet, artist, or worshipper of the beautiful was ever yet a true and sound philosopher! I am ready to admit with you that poetry is a harmony; the voice of the angels; the music of the spheres; the royal harp of love; the parent of much purity and the benign instrument of charity. I agree that poetry breathes sweetly in the passing zephyr,—sings lullabys in the majestic symphonies of Boreas; that yonder sea echoes its music, and that the waves as they dance along and roll onward without cessation or rest, now calm as an infant's sleep, now boisterous as a battle-field, doth express its very soul. I agree with Percival, that

"The world is full of poetry, the air is living
With its spirit, and the waves dance to the music
Of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness."

All this I admit, and much more to the same purpose, but poetry deals with flowers, and a mind given that way can never reach really sound philosophic conclusions, and all the genuine poetry in the world stands for nothing alongside of one cast-iron *fact*! True philosophy begins at first principles, and must be based on true science. It has nothing to do with visionary notions, poetical, rhapsodical, and as empty as the heads that give them birth.—Science is cold and slow, poetry warm and quick. To be wise you must take time to consider all sides of every question, and always distrusting your feelings, critically watching the processes of your intellect, decide only when you can no longer find a loop to hang a doubt on. All poets are babies; all artists children, and all enthusiats are fools. When you aver that whoever denies immortality to man lies, you take too much upon yourself, for you cannot prove it. On the other hand, whoever asserts it is not true, gets himself into trouble as much as you do who affirm it.—The dogma of immortality has never yet been admitted fully by the most sensible scientific minds. It cannot be proved on scientific grounds. Ten thousand theories exist upon the subject, all very pretty *to read*; all perfectly clear and plain sailing until you reach a certain point—the *main one*, and then you are compelled to see the broken links peep out and disclose themselves—else take a tremendous leap forward over a vaultless, bottomless chasm, or turn round and hurry back in confusion and dismay to the original starting-point.—For a tremendous hiatus exists between each premise and every conclusion.

"'Intuition is mainly relied on to prove it, just as if it could prove anything whatever. Extolled as the safest, it is in fact the blindest of all guides, because it is mere intellectual fungus. Brain, like everything else, must be exercised, or it will most assuredly rust. In this world but a small portion of brain in the aggregate is used; the balance grows mouldy and mildewed, and the oxyde of common sense, or carbonate of brain is—intuition! The proof of this resides in the fact that no man with active reasoning powers ever has it 'large.' Constant exercise keeps the abilities acute, sharp, and in good case; there is no mouldiness of sentiment there, no extract of moonshine, no canker of brain, no carbonate of common sense, no essence of spirituality, no oxyde of thought, nor torrefaction of intellect.

"'Mark me well, daughter, I have not denied that man is immortal; I merely say I cannot see it through the telescopes provided by the theological opticians of the world, that is all. I insist that it has never yet been satisfactorily proved. A man is placed in what is called bad conditions; for instance, he is a native of the polar regions. Now human nature is everywhere essentially the same, and therefore he has intuitions as well as anybody else; and these may whisper to him of warm latitudes, green fields, flowering gardens, genial sunshine, and a thousand other things which he has not, and which his eyes have never beheld; just as the civilizee dreams of Utopias, Paradise, and the gorgeous pageantry of Heaven. Now what is the source whence both these intuitional conceptions spring? Philosophers have descanted most learnedly upon it. Ponderous volumes have been written upon its supposed intricate and divine nature. It has been averred to be the celestial indicator of actually existing facts—a sort of spiritual compass tending ever to the poles of truth. It is said to be the *afflatus dei* in the soul of man—the voice of the Mighty One whispering to his children. These, and a hundred equally absurd notions, far-fetched and musty, have been brought forward to account for the universal sixth sense of man, Intuition. One of the strangest is the notion that man preexisted as an intellectually conscious monad in God himself, and that in its second state of being it retains vague memories of what surrounded it, and infilled the universe, ere it left the monadal state to assume a homo-individuality. As usual, the philosophers, in attempting to find a tenable theory, strayed too far from home; for in reality the solution of the difficulty was easy, and its elements lay right beneath their very noses, snugly coiled up in that very little word—suggestion. Everything about us conveys a lesson, if rightly interpreted and understood. All negatives, whether of thought, word, deed or situation, are eminently suggestive of positives, or antipodes. This wonderful sense, therefore, is found to be nothing more than the conjectures of the mind of the existence of the opposite of the phenomena which is present at the time the observations are made. They are instant, pass into the memory-chambers of the soul, and are thence brought forth as occasion may require, and paraded as authoritative proofs. Such witnesses ought always to be impeached.

"'Pain suggests pleasure; grief hints at joy, mortality, eternal life; and so on through the whole eternal chapter. The exigencies of the Boreal life must inevitably suggest an idea more or less glowing and vivid, according to the mental stature of the subject, of the antipodal or opposite condition of things. The Laplander wants heat because he is cold; surrounded by icebergs and eternal snows, he fancies it would be pleasant to live where perpetual verdure met the eye, and genial summer forever reigned—good to be where fields are ever green, and no fierce storms of winter hail sweep over land and sea. By dint of constant dwelling on such a theme, he at last arrives at the belief that there *must* be such a place *somewhere;* and in the course of time it becomes rank heresy to doubt it, notwithstanding no mortal thereabouts has ever laid eyes on the coveted realm. Although he is in the end right in his conclusions, yet it is accidentally true only. His notions got at somehow, can never be admitted in evidence that such places really have an existence, for the reason that the same natural wants would attend the Polarian and the same suggestions arise in his mind were the whole world one vast ball of frozen snow. The fierce storms would speak to him of calms just the same then as now. The bleak snow would suggest green fields, precisely as if no such thing ever had a being. Upon the same principle the daily deaths men suffer suggest a happier state of being and another life in a better world.

"'Another monstrous conclusion, because unwarrantable from the age-accepted predicates, is the notion of man's sempitemality, or that he will live on forever, even admitting him to be immortal. The latter by no means proves or implies the former, although it is supposed to do so; nor does it even follow that because man is miserable here, he will be happy hereafter.*—Look, my child at yonder unsightly caterpillar upon that broad leaf. Now it is certain that the worm *thinks*, just as all other creatures do; the thoughts being graduated, and their character determined by the greater or less perfection of the organism. To-day, inspired by the bright sunshine, he grows ambitious; he revels in the sense of his ow great importance, and lays out plans to be followed when he shall become king of all the worms; for it is clear to him that he shall be so in time. else why does he feel so royal—why the joyous sense of royalty which swells, almost to bursting, his proudly-beating wormish heart? He has just made a kingly repast on that bit of mullen leaf, and feeling renewed strength, and being in high spirits, as well as an amateur mechanic, he proceeds to exercise it, and forthwith builds himself a comfortable house. By and by he gets tired and resolves to rest a brief while, and take a comfortable nap. And so, after taking a survey of his premises and like all worms—human or not—getting rather vain of his own skill, he enters his mansion, proceeds to the royal chamber throws himself upon the couch and in a little while falls fast asleep. See, he moves and twists about uneasily. What can be the matter? Ah! he dreams—for all ambitious worms have visions, and his happens to be a very interesting one. In the deep sleep which falleth upon worms he sees a glorious landscape lying, all flower-decked, before his enraptured vision. All things are radiant, balmy and beautiful. And a strange change has taken place in the dreamer, for he sees himself metamorphosed into a new form. He is no longer a worm. Oh, no! but on empurpled wings, dusted with gold and emerald spangles, having rainbow-tinted edges, he soars away through the perfumed air, and his soul rejoices as he drinks in the rich aroma of the myriad flowers. Happy worm.—Pleasant dreams. The prospect before him is lovely and boundless; the nectar which he now quaffs, instead of that—'atrocious mullen'—is unlimited; his bliss is—almost too great for utterance. Suddenly a bright and glorious form flits before him. The blood rushes to his heart, he feels a strange excitement inwardly, and presently loses his appetite every time he thinks of that ravishing form. What can it be? he asks himself. Alas! poor fellow! he is in love! His heart yearns, his soul longs, his pulse beats for a more intimate acquaintance with that other 'blessed being;' for he has made the discovery that he is *alone*—sole monarch of all he surveys—and feels that it would be a pleasant thing to have some one to share his 'bed and board.' He speedily arrives at the conclusion that the being, bright as the morning ray, beautiful as the day-beam, whom he saw not long since is the very identical individual to supply his wants, and minister to his necessities.—She too has made a like discovery, and feels a thermalousness about the heart which requires something she possesses not to refrigerate or allay. Just like her human compeer she makes a very important discovery, that the being of whom *she* caught a glimpse was well calculated to supply her peculiar wants; that he has a heart, and that she can not by any possibility have either peace or rest until she has made it throb and flutter and ache almost to bursting, for *her* sake; and therefore she commences her tactics, parades her fine colors, plants herself before him, leans languishingly against a rose bud, faints away, displays a few of her greatest attractions—of course accidentally—and the upshot of the matter is that he, poor fool, is very speedily taken in and done for—incontinently swallowed up in the triple tide of passion, love and—folly. Lovers always grow suddenly heroic; and accordingly he imagines it behooves him to declare bloody war against all nature, who had the temerity to dare to mix up a little bitter with the sweet in the last rose his darling sipped from, besides permitting ten thousand thorns to grow upon its stem—just as he will find the case when he wins and wears his idol butterfly rose. Well! the worm dreams on. His ladylove repents, relents, or something of that sort, and consents to—make him miserable. Happy butterfly! Ah, what bliss! See, she kisses him on either cheek; and mark how she blushes as he passionately returns the wonder-working favor. What a thrilling drama for a poor worm! yet he sleeps on and awakens not. A day passes by, and the impatient nuptials are celebrated—the company has dispersed, and—and a very critical moment approaches—the dream rapidly draws toward an eclaircissement The poor worm grows very uneasy in his sleep; his heart beats violently, his bride, all blushes, hastens to his side—he rises to meet her; another moment!—Ah! oh! see, he rolls about strangely on his cocoon couch. He clasps her; she is his. The rapture is too intense for his caterpillar nature. He swells with emotion till he fills the royal chamber from roof to floor; and still he swells. Down go the partitions, and, *Mirable dictu*, he fairly bursts his house asunder, and as he does so, wakes, and lo! it was not all a dream; he finds himself greatly changed. He is no longer what he was when he went to sleep—a mere unsightly worm, but is in very truth a gaily-painted butterfly, as beautiful as his dream. 'Joy! joy!' he cries, 'I am a worm no longer; but being immortal shall live forever, and have nothing to do but sip nectar and sleep on beds of rosy petals; of course not; there's not the slightest doubt about the matter; and so I shall commence with a sip of harebell wine over yonder.' And so he goes, borne on spice-laden zephyrs, with scarcely a movement of his broad and magnificent wings. He soon reaches the flower, rather likes the flavor of the honey, and speedily becomes so absorbed in the search for sweets under difficulties, that he is oblivious of everything else. Just then along comes a swallow—a bird of taste, with a settled penchant for raw butterflies. He sees the dreamer, likes his appearance most decidedly; for swallows have esthetics 'large;' and expresses his admiration with a whizz—whirr—snap—and, 'that was a plump fellow, and no mistake. Let me see, he was the twenty-first I have eaten to-day—I like butterflies—'pon honor I do,' says the bird to himself as he flies homeward to digest his supper. Now the worm was immortal but not eternal. Man is but a worm, and may not my fable be perfect with regard to him?'

"Thus spake the old man, whose face glowed with light and fervor as he talked. During our conversation he had given me several startling proofs of his unaccountable power of reading my unexpressed thoughts as plainly as if from the printed page.

"The sun had by this time sunk beneath the horizon, and as the last red streak disappeared from the heavens, the old man pointed to it with his long, thin, clayey-looking fingers, and I thought I detected a slight shudder as he did so. Still pointing to it, he murmured, 'This is but the beginning of the ending. Meet me to-morrow night, daughter, at ten o'clock, near the fountain at the foot of the Mall. I have a great deal to say to, and show you, which cannot be done or said at this time and place. You must now go home, but take care and mention nothing that you have heard or seen, strange, mysterious or otherwise, for if you do I shall never teach you again. I know you think me half demon, half man, but you are in error. I am a good, well-read, travelled, learned but eccentric being, and if you are courageous to-morrow night, I shall put you to the test. I am old, therefore you need not fear to be with me alone, even though the shades of night do rest upon the earth.—Farewell till then.' And so we parted."

*The reader will by and bye discover why this apparent argument against immortality is used by the weird personage of this remarkable drama; and the sequel will display one of the most magnificent towers of logic, based upon these identical premises, by this very personage, in favor of human immortality, that was ever constructed in any language by any one whatever.—Ed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD STONE MILL.

DIABLERIE! PHANTASMATA EXTRAORDINARY! A NIGHT IN HELL!

"That very night," said Flora to the man in red, who had entered her chamber in Canal street so mysteriously—a being who declared the Future an open—the Past a sealed book to him—"that very night strange things occurred—things which people will find it hard to believe, yet which were nevertheless true, however incredible they may appear in the recital.

"Upon reaching home I took a sparing supper; for my relish for food had given place to a consuming appetite for knowledge. As soon as possible I retired to my chamber, threw myself upon the bed and pondered long upon the singular events of the day, especially the conversation, which became so welded to my memory that it can never be sundered or effaced.

"Thus I lay thinking and wishing for more light on several dark hints thrown out, when all of a sudden I lost consciousness, and when I revived, found myself in the street, with hair dishevelled, and streaming in the night-wind, and was rushing with maniacal speed up ——— street, toward the open country. I seemed endowed with supernatural powers of endurance, for, although I flew along with the speed of the wind, yet I did not feel at all fatigued. I kept running for at least an hour, and by that time had skirted the entire town, and then stopped at a point which could easily have been reached in ten minutes, had I approached it in a direct line. It was plain to me that I was under some magic spell, and the display of superhuman power became painfully interesting. I found myself arrested under the north-eastern arch of the antiquated structure known as the old stone mill.—Why it is so called is by no means apparent, for it really bears no more resemblance to a mill than it does to the Mausoleum of Trismegistus. The night was apparently far advanced. Every thing was as silent as the grave; not even the rustling of a leaf, or the sighing of the winds broke the deathly silence of the hours. I was strangely agitated, and felt as the huntsman does when on the point of striking the prey that has baffled him long—a kind of mad triumph. I felt as the soldier feels who has just tasted the demoniac joy of human slaughter, or as the gamester, when he glares on heaped up gold which he is sure of winning. I felt that I stood upon the awful threshold of the temple of Knowledge, with the courage, will and means to force an entrance, even though I had to brave a world of devils, or board and defy the Arch-Fiend himself. These sensations I felt fullest just after I ceased running. They gradually subsided as my frame grew more composed; but I soon began to feel a vague sense of danger.

"Not a star shone in the heavens, and the fitful gleaming of heat lightning across the sky, rendered the darkness more profound. Presently, as I stood there under the arch, I heard what I took to be the clock bells of the town tolling out the hours. I listened and was soon apprised of my error; for I became satisfied that what I took for the sound of bells, more nearly resembled the clear, sharp ringing of a blacksmith's anvil. These sounds became more and more frequent, and whence they came I could not even form a conjecture, for there was no forge within two miles of the old mill, and it was improbable that laborers would have wrought there at such an hour, even if there had been.

"While mentally trying to solve the riddle, a flash of lightning, more vivid than its predecessors, illumined the scene and disclosed to me the fact that a thick mist was slowly moving over the plain; and I became sensible of the approach of that peculiar heaviness to which persons at times are subject just previous to a summer or an autumn rain. One thing surprised me greatly, which was that the last flash of lightning did not leave the darkness so deep as it found it, but seemed to have imparted a portion of its luminescence to the fog which settled with a dull, reddish haze upon the face of the land. I must have stood an hour noting these changes. At the expiration of that time, a sound like the clanking of heavy chains, rose clearly and unmistakeably from the grounds within the mill walls, and not three paces from where I stood, as I thought, alone. I was frightened; all my courage forsook me like it does the majority of people—just when wanted most. I determined to run home as fast as possible, but in attempting to carry out my resolution, found to my horror that I could not move a step. For a moment I thought I was dreaming—that I was still at home in my bed; and that what seemed to be transpiring about me, was nothing more nor less than a nightmare, and I said aloud, 'dear me, how vividly I dream;

I know I am in bed and yet it seems to me that I am at the old stone mill.'

"Scarcely had the exclamation escaped my lips, when a voice, soft as sweetest flute note, said, 'you are not asleep my dear.'—I turned to where the voice appeared to issue, and to my utter astonishment, beheld, not the female I expected from the sound of the voice to see, but the same old man whom I had conversed with on the beach that very evening. The dull, reddish, misty light of which I have spoken, enabled me to discern him under the opposite arch, leaning against its pillar, a supporting column of small, flat stones laid in mortar.—I was on the point of asking an explanation of him, but seeing my intentions, he waved his hand and said, 'Not now, my daughter—I know all you would say—wait awhile and see more; no harm will befall you.' There was an impressiveness and authority in his voice and gesture, that at once repressed my desire to speak, and his assurance carried comfort to my heart, and allayed my fears. I knew not why it was, but I certainly felt stronger, now that I knew *him* to be near me; nevertheless I had a strong suspicion that himself had brought all these strange events to pass.—Finding I had company—not being permitted to speak, nor able to move, I solaced myself by looking; nor did I take my eyes from off him until they involuntarily closed as though oppressed with an over-burden of sleep. This drowsiness grew upon me in spite of all my efforts to shake it off.—Once I did succeed in opening wide my eyes for a single instant, during which I observed a singular smile on the lips of my companion; again their lids dropped and all again was dark, dark, numbing darkness. A deep and oppressive silence ensued, not broken even by the peculiar clangor I had recently heard. At the end of ten minutes, as I judged, my eyes opened as they had previously closed—involuntarily. But what a change had taken place! The old stone mill had, to me, entirely disappeared—the neighboring trees had gone, and as I gazed forth upon the scene before me, a dizzy giddiness, approaching to vertigo, seized upon me, and I reeled with fright; for I stood upon the very brink of an awful gulf.—Thick masses of smoke, black and dense as midnight on the stormy deep, rolled up in gyral volumes from out the hideous abyss.'

"Before and beneath me stretched away a vast cavern, whose sides, rugged and jutting, appeared to be rocks of dull, red fire. Here and there I saw numbers of what I took to be human beings, clinging with terrible earnestness to the jutting fire-crags, and desperately endeavoring to avoid falling back into the yawning gulf beneath them, and from whence issued a sound like unto the belching of flame through the gates of a blast furnace; and also to escape from the terrible chasm and incandescent pit, by reaching the top on which I stood, pitying, but unable to assist, save by prayer. It was an awful sight; and desiring an explanation I turned to look for my comrade, but he was nowhere to be seen—he had disappeared, I knew not whither. I was alone, and without the power to escape a great and iminent danger, as I then thought.

"In agony of soul I tried to cry aloud for help, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. There I stood upon the brink of Gehenna, utterly transfixed with genuine, deep, cheek-blanching, soul-aching, spirit-warping terror. I stood thus for about four minutes, when I discerned near me what I took to be a car. Almost involuntarily, I stepped into it, and in an instant afterwards found it in motion! 'Can it be possible,' I wildly shrieked, 'Oh! God, can it be possible!" It was too true, alas! and I, like Telemachus, was *descending into Hell!* As soon as I convinced myself of the fact, I recalled to mind the inscription said to be written over the gates of the infernal pit—

"*Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here!*" and I did so, mentally; for, thought I, it is useless to contend with fate; and as this thought flashed across me, the same wild and defiant spirit, felt on entering the mill, returned with ten-fold power and I resolved to meet Destiny half way. When I had descended about a mile, as I thought, I looked up to ascertain if possible, by what means the car was managed, and what upheld it; but nothing could I see. Bending over its side, its bottom was visible, but not the least vestige of machinery was to be seen. The vehicle was upborne by infernal power, I thought, and it afterwards proved that my conclusions were not far from wrong. Having satisfied myself on this point, I began to look about me, and that the ascending smoke did not occupy any portion of my descending route, but on the contrary, rose above the abyss and resolved itself into the form of a vast fire-flecked canopy or dome. The pit itself was illumined by myriads of white, red, green and amber-colored flame-jets. In the distance was heard the rumblings of what might be likened to the tread of a vast army, over a rough granite pavement; and at short intervals I caught upon my trembling ear—trembling with amazement, not fear—the sounds of an harmonious and mighty orchestra of every kind of instruments, whose effect was sweeter, and at the same time more soul-stirring than any I had ever heard before. Music in Hell! thought I, surely this cannot be the dwelling place of the arch-fiend—this cannot be the home of damned souls—this cannot be Gehenna! Thus I pondered, as the car still descended into that abysmal cavern, and so slowly that there was abundant time for speculation and thought. After I had gone down a distance of, as I thought, about five miles, the car entered a part of the cave where all things wore a magnificent green hue, so soft, so sweet and pure, that for a moment I imagined I must in a dream be passing through some rich naiadalia in the 'New Atlantis Isle.' To this succeeded a zone or belt of richest and most charming blue; then one of purple, changing to amethyst, then to orange, scarlet, sapphire, olive, ruby, violet and gold, each insensibly gliding into the other.—Thus I passed through atmospheric zones, embracing in the aggregate every known color, shade and hue. I repeatedly asked myself, was I dreaming, and ever came the response from my soul 'you are not,' and on reflection I soon convinced myself of that fact; for on entering the car I had torn my dress. *I found the dress still torn*; consequently a proof that I neither slept nor dreamed. Besides that I distinctly remembered every incident of the previous day, from the time I left home till I returned again after the interview upon the beach. I recollected the bathers—the boats—the old man—the conversation—his stern denial of Progress—his audacious infidelity and denial of holy writ and its authority. I recalled his taunts at Providence—his implied denial of immortality, and his ingenious fable of the dreaming worm. I remembered our parting—the proposed rendezvous at the fountain on the mall—the retiring to bed—my singular *furore* at the arch of the old stone mill.* All these things I retained most vividly, and therefore was not asleep and dreaming. I knew how I entered the mill, and the car—how I began the descent of the infernal maelstrom, as I then regarded it. Inwardly, I said to myself, 'If I ever return to earth, and tell my adventures, I shall be laughed at and derided; while my story will be scouted as the insane ravings of a maniac. And yet these things are true—true as that life and death exist as opposite principles! Will people lend a willing ear, I wonder? Was ever human, mortal being blest or curst with what I'm seeing?' These, and a thousand similar queries I put to myself, as with a rapidly descending, but very gentle circular movement, I descended down through the mouth of Hell.

"While thinking these thoughts I became abstracted, but was suddenly roused from the revery by a change in the movement of the magic car, whose direction from vertical became horizontal, and instead of the circular, or rather spirocular motion, now began to glide straight forward under a vast arch-way—a sort of gigantic tunnel. As it entered I observed that the colored zones existed distinctly, no longer, but the arch, which seemed to be filled with a very thin and velvety mist, was illuminated by their mingling and blending into one inexpressibly glorious melange, in which no one color predominated, but all seemed blent and melted together in one loving matrimonial embrace. The jagged, fiery juts of rock had long since disappeared, and the sides of the cavern through which I was now being so strangely conveyed was lined with green porphyry, most beautifully polished.—Against this splendid wall stood innumerable marble statues and idyls, executed in a style of excellence never seen on the surface of the earth. I noticed that not any of this extraordinary sculpture had been made for purposes of mere ornament. It stood in groups, and each figure represented the normal or abnormal working of a distinct human sentiment, quality, and passion. Here stood a group indicative of the four and twenty qualities and degrees of Love; there, stood the seven elements of Rage; further on was a collection of twelve figures showing the six healthful and the six hateful effects of Wealth. There stood the seven master passions of the human soul, Love, Ambition, Hope, Revenge, Fear, Anger and Remorse; here was a life-like conference between Peace and War. There stood Charity forgiving a Murderer; and here was Pity smiling on a Robber. On one pedestal Bigotry was trying to chain Honest Simplicity to the rack; while an Ant, the emblem of Activity, was eating through the iron. On the right hand stern Oratory was inciting to Rebellion; and on the left Eloquence was seen counselling Resistance. Here was a deadly struggle between Theology and Science, and there another between Faith and Philosophy; while near these two figures, representing Superstition and Common Sense, were poising darts at each other's breasts. The last of the gallery was a group representing the combat between Man and Destiny on the right, and the contest between Life and Death on the other side; the whole so exquisitely executed that the marble fairly seemed to breath and throb with the various emotions.

*This edifice is supposed to be of Scandinavian or Druidical origin. EDITOR.

"Before me stretched a broad and magnificent avenue, whose floor was tessellated in the highest style of art; and the outer edge of which, I observed were composed of the most intricate and beautifully inwrought mosaiced marbles. And still I moved forward, guided by the same invisible power. At the end of the avenue I emerged into a broad and save in the center, perfectly level plain. The light which illumined this vast plateau differed altogether in its effect and nature from that within the cavern, and was infinitely superior to anything ever seen on earth. Just as I reached the edge of the plain, I looked up expecting to behold the sky, but what was my amazement at beholding instead of the azure dome of heaven, myriads of chariots, cars, divans, seats and thrones, suspended in the air, and apparently wrought each out of one entire gem, reflecting the most gorgeous colors in every direction, and each one canopied with gold and scarlet, silvery white, and beautiful crimson-tinted gossamer. In these cars I could plainly distinguish moving bodies, but whether human, demoniac, or celestial, I could not yet determine, from their attitude in the atmosphere. At the same moment I saw this transcendental and magnificent spectacle, I heard the same rumbling noise I had previously listened to. It was the prelude to an exquisite melody, such as never before fell upon human ears. I almost fainted with the waving excess of its immortal sweetness. It was like the softest notes of the flute mingling with the dying tones of the Eolian harp, swelling out in one spirit-moving diapason, and its volume rose until the very air was alive with melody, and my soul was entranced with ecstasy. 'Oh, God!" I cried, "if such is the harmony of Hell, what must that of Heaven be?' For awhile the Pean rose to a perfect tornado of sweetness, and then gradually subsided, and died away in the softest melody that ever was born of Music's soul. As it faded away, I feared to lose it and stretching forth my hands, I tried to call it back. 'Oh! let me listen once again,' I cried. 'Let me hear that entrancing melody! let me hear it! Only once again—only *once*, *only* once more—

"Swell, swell in glory out; thy tones
Come pouring o'er my hoping heart,
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start!'

But it would not obey my mandate or request.

"My car proceeded nearly to the base of a gentle acclivity, and then rested; and at the same instant all the aerial panobly likewise descended from the regions apove my head. Looking about me I observed that the hill stood between the two horns of a crescentular plain, upon the summit of which, and in full view of all who stood at its base, was a throne of jasper, literally embossed with diamonds, agates, corals and onyx. Its cushion seemed to be composed of white satin, tufted with feathers of the bird of Paradise. Its canopy was a single sea shell, from the curf of which depended floosed fringes of the ostrich plume. Its arms were of silver richly chased, and its front was arabesqued with strange signs and figures. Toward this throne there marched a being from one of the cars that had descended at the foot of the hill, and he seated himself thereon with an air of stateliness which defies my power of description. His majesty was ineffable! almost awful! Napoleon the First is said to have taken lessons in dignity from that great master of it, Talma, the eminent French Tragedian, in order that he might be enabled to appear to greater advantage on State occasions, thereby adding to his *prestige*, and commanding a greater degree of respect. I have seen hundreds of impressive looking men, Preachers, Orators and Statesmen; I had naturally a critical eye for the dignified and stately; yet Talma, Bonaparte, and all *I* had ever seen, even if all their stateliness were condensed ten thousand times over, the product would fall infinitely beneath that which I saw, and the highest conceptions would fail to represent a faint idea of the majesty of the being who sat upon that jasper throne.—All the greatness that I had ever beheld was but as a single drop in the sea, compared with that which sat so easily upon the brow of the stately being before me, and whom I instantly conjectured to be the dreaded monarch of the great Avernus.

"Around the hill, and nearly filling the vast crescental arena, stood a host of lesser potentates, clothed in garments, seemingly composed of parti-colored light; and I may here remark that the soil itself looked far more like dense vapor than anything else. The colors I saw all around me were altogether different and superior to any of the solar rays on earth; and it struck me that they were not reflected or refracted, but were innate, integral and real.

"Turning my head to observe the persons behind my back, I saw that a guard of honor surrounded my car, and also that the mouth of the cavern through which I had come was no where to be seen; it had disappeared, and all about me was empty space, save the plain on which I stood, a spectator of a convention of powers ultra-human if not infernal. Was I in the heart of the earth? Was I in a comet? Had I been spirited away to the courts of the sun? were queries I had, but which elicited no satisfactory response. On the brows of that mighty host care evidently rested. I can scarcely describe their appearance. All I can say is that they looked like human beings, except that they were much larger and infinitely more perfect anatomically. Their heads were full and dome-shaped, their color light olive, their noses straight, teeth pearly white, hands long and slender. Each one wore a starry crown, and from their loins something grew out which resembled small, but beautifully modelled wings; and there was a look of youthful vigor and mental power about them, which I never saw even an approach to upon the earth. I soon discovered, however, that what I took for wings was but a mark of rank, and not a portion of their bodies. They had no horns or cloven feet, like the monsters artists so love to depict upon their canvas. Neither had they golden pinions, the effeminate softness, nor the womanly smile of painted angels. On the contrary, they looked like men in every thing, if we may except their stature and infinite superiority in form, aspect and bearing. I dare not even attempt a description of the central figure, as with a gesture of imperial dignity, he slowly rose from his throne and advanced three or four paces toward the front. As he did so, a silence deeper than the grave of human hopes fell upon that vast and mighty host. This lasted for ten seconds or more, and as soon as he stood still, a herald from behind his throne came forward, and through his trumpet blew three biasts, which were echoed far and wide. When the sound died away he commanded silence and pointed to the king, who held in his hand a wand or sceptre—symbol of power, which he slowly waved thrice through the air over his head, and then prepared to address the congregated multitude, who kept as silent as death itself while the monarch said—what follows.

(*To be Continued.*)

A CARD FROM THE REV. DR. POMROY.

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

The following Statement of facts and personal feelings, deemed to be due both to myself and the Christian public, has been delayed till the present time, that I might be able to speak with more calmness and self-possession. Many things have been said, inferred, surmised, and taken for granted, some correctly, others not so. But I have never authorized the publication of any statement which may have appeared respecting the offense which has been alleged against me It is perhaps proper to say, that considerable portions of this communication were sent, some days since, to the Church of which I am a member. Details will neither be expected nor desired.

I have admitted, and do now admit, that there were *three instances* in which I was made a victim; and that, where foolishly or otherwise, I did pay certain sums of money from my own private resources, to be relieved from circumstances and dangers into which I had been drawn. Exact dates are unnecessary, but the three instances referred to occurred several years since, and all came within the compass of perhaps fifteen months, possibly a little more. Some of the payments extorted from me were, however, of a more recent date. There is too much reason to believe that the persons concerned in these transactions were in league with each other, and operated together for the accomplishment of their objects. I am aware that these facts, and some others which have been made public, present an unfavorable aspect, and seem to authorize dark suspicions. I do not attempt to exonerate myself from blame. Far from it. I ought not to have gone where, nor to have done what I did. To put in jeopardy such momentous interests was an aggravated offense, and wholly without excuse. This I confess with shame and deep self-abasement before God. At the hand of a righteous God, I deserved all that has come upon me, and infinitely more. At the same time, I have never admitted, and do not now admit, the actual crime which has been so extensively alleged, or taken for granted. However great my guilt in the sight of Heaven and that it was very great I freely admit—still, I have denied and do deny the actual crime. It was not committed, and therefore no testimony can prove it.

The brief "Card," published by the Committee of the Board with which I was connected, was based entirely on statements I myself had made, in peculiar circumstances, and without consultation with others. There has been, I believe, no other testimony in the case, except my own admissions Whatever thoughts I may have had respecting that official document of three sentences, they will not be uttered here.—It has gone forth, is doing its work, and cannot be arrested. Its effect upon my character and standing among men, I regard as a part of the heavy trial by which it was needful that I should be overwhelmed. The hand of God was in it, and I desire to say always, "The will of the Lord be done." I will only add that I have not a doubt that the Committee, in this matter, did no more than what they thought the emergency demanded.

There is another general view of the case which I would not overlook. The tempest which has been beating upon me for a month past, has not come by chance, but has been permitted by that Providence which governs all things for just and holy purposes. Considering the case in this light, and looking at the infinite scandal resulting from it, I feel that there have been and are abundant reasons why He should have dealt with me as he has. My guilt in the premises was greatly aggravated by my Christian and ministerial profession, the position I occupied, my extensive acquaintance in this and orher lands, and by all the vast and precious interests involved in my official character and relations.—No finite mind can comprehend the injury that has been done. It seems to me infinite. If an offended God and Savior should see fit to exclude me from the sacred office and from the visible church—nay, more, if He should leave me to unutterable and eternal despair, I should have no ground of complaint. God is righteous in all his ways. He has done me no wrong. I would throw myself on infinite and sovereign mercy, offering no apology, making no excuse, but pleading simply that atoning blood which has been shed for sinners.

If I could address my former brethren and friends in the Christian ministry, one and all, I would say to them: Dear brethren, forgive me in this great wrong. No words can express the sorrow I feel for the reproach I have brought upon you, and the anguish of which I have been the occasion. For nearly 35 years I have been numbered among you, though most unworthy, and I can never cease to love and honor you, whatever my lot may be in time to come. When I think of the thousands of Christian people whose friendship I have enjoyed, and the many thousands more whose esteem and confidence I have shared, I feel as if I must say to them:—Dear friends, I have grievously injured you, and the cause which lies so near your hearts. I entreat your forgiveness. You can never know what has passed within my heart during the days and nights of this closing month of the year 1859. But it shall be known to ONE, who condescended to be "numbered with the transgressors." That I may have some little share in His forgiving love. I intend to pray God helping me, while life lasts. Thus much my heart prompts me to say, and here pause.

S. L. POMROY.

SUNDERLAND, Mass., Dec., 1859.

THE PHILOSOPHY; RAIN.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity is proportionally greater in warm than in cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates. Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?—[Scientific Journal.

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

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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WHAT IS A SPIRIT?

The *Spiritual Telegraph* courteously copies the exceptions to its peculiar theory of "mundane Spiritualism," which were recently expressed in these columns; and, acknowledging the great importance of the question raised, recalls all offensive expressions, and holds its conclusions in abeyance for "a kindly interchange of facts, proofs, and theories, with a view to elicit truth, and to come to just conclusions on this important subject."

Most heartily do we respond to appeals from any source for a fraternal and respectful comparison of views on topics of importance; hoping by such interchange, in a teachable spirit, to gain something of value to ourselves, if we cannot impart it to others. The following is

THE TELEGRAPH'S REPLY.

"We are aware that most Spiritualists think that no essential change in characteristic manifestations is produced by death. But let us see if this involves 'inconsistences, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities,' from the *Spirit* or in Spirit manifestations. Do not all these things in the *earth-life* pertain to the earthly man, which is laid off at death? The Spirit being an *eternal* thing, would seem naturally to preclude 'inconsistencies, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities.' But all these things *are* consistent with vacillation, transition, change, and corruption. They seem to be kindred to a temporal physical body. Besides this, we think, at least, that there is *something* in him or her which constantly remonstrates against *all these things*. What, then, is this incessant—this eternal monitor and reprover of these things? Is it the *real* immortal Spirit, or any part of it? If so, it shows Paul to have been about right when he said, 'I perceive another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.'

"This eternal opposition within man to these things seems to be a prophecy that it will sometime overcome error and antagonisms; and is it not fair to say that they *are* overcome by the death of the body, which seems to be their life and source? It appears to us irrational to suppose that the thing which remonstrates against wrong can *itself* be a participant in the committing of the same wrongs. According to A. J. Davis and others, as well as according to common observation and experience, the characteristics of men *on the earth* are given from hereditary, educational, and circumstantial influences; in other words, the earthy characteristics of men pertain to the earthy physical man. The spiritual character being the last to develop, it seldom appears to very much control the man on earth; and perhaps Christ is the best illustration of the interior man and spiritual character on the earth. Therefore we can say with our brother, who comes to a different conclusion, 'that no essential instantaneous change of character'—that is, interior or spiritual character—'takes place in mankind as they pass to the Spirit-world,' and, we can add, for the very good reason that no such change is necessary, for the *man* who goes into the Spirit-world was always right and true, and constantly sought to overcome the errors of the flesh or earthy man, and to spiritualize his manifestations or character.

"We will join issue with neighbor Newton on the following sentence. He says, 'The fact of Spirit-manifestation through almost every medium *proves* the existence of untruthful Spirits as clearly as that of truthful ones.' This assumes the very question at issue—What are *proofs* of Spirit-manifestations and Spirit-characteristics? We admit that there are abundant manifestations and communications, *usually called Spiritual*, which exhibit the mundane characteristics of men; but all these, besides being characteristics of earthly men, are at least equally susceptible of an explanation through the mundane, mesmeric, and clairvoyant influence; and being claimed both as evidence of mesmerism and Spiritualism, they can not be fairly cited as *proofs* of Spirit-manifestation.

"The manifestations of Spirits can be demonstrated by a different class of proofs, and a class, too, which is not susceptible of two explanations—by facts which entirely transcend mesmeric phenomena and every other material theory. In investigations for truth we must not fear consequences. If truth destroys Spiritualism, *we think we had better* let it be destroyed. Neither should we come to hasty conclusions, or be more unjust to Spirits than to mortals. We should give them a fair trial, and rule out all hearsay evidence and facts which may be explained by other well-known theories. Now what facts have you, friend Newton, which '*prove* that there are *untruthful Spirits*,' or Spirits guilty of immoralities and vulgarities? We shall be glad to give them to our readers when furnished. Such facts and proofs are becoming more and more essential to a constantly-developing philosophy."

RESPONSE.

Before proceeding to adduce *facts* of the kind called for, we will endeavor to state what seems to us the true *theory* of man's spiritual constitution, as distinct from his earthly nature. Popular notions on this subject are very indefinite and confused, leading to much confusion in the use of terms. The words, spirit, spiritual, spiritualism, etc., are made to stand for very different ideas, by different persons.

In our analysis of the complex creature called man, in the light of the modern unfoldings, we have been unable to get along without the recognition of a *threefold* distinction in his make-up;—namely a visible, ponderable body, which all are acquainted with—an inmost spirit, which few know much about, but which may be considered an emanation from the Divine, "always right and true"—and besides these "a *third* something," intermediate between the two, which is more properly the *spirit-body*.

This spirit-body we understand to consist of the electrical elements, or aromal essence, pertaining to the ponderable particles composing the visible body. It is thus the life-element of the earthy body, in which reside all the energies, affections, desires, will, intelligence, etc., of the external man. It may be called *spirit* or *spiritual*, in the sense that it is the life and force of the material or animal body; but it is not *spiritual* in the highest sense of *morally pure*, and should never be confounded with the inmost or pure spirit, which is of Divine extraction. It is an organized structure, as truly as is the visible body, and is synonymous with what in the Bible is usually called "soul,"—sometimes "mind of the flesh," "will of the flesh," etc. Paul speaks of "body, soul and spirit," thus recognizing this triune constitution.

It seem hardly necessary to do more than *state* this theory,—of an intermediate structure between the ponderable flesh-and-blood body and the pure spirit in man,—to have it accepted at once, at least by all Spiritualists. Every one knows that the visible body, the moment the life-principle has departed from it, has neither desires nor intelligence. *That in which these resided is gone.* What has become of it?—Do these organized imponderable elements, which exist in and control the earthly body with such power during its animated period, become annihilated, or dissipated altogether, when they are dissevered from association with the ponderable particles?

Whatever may be the case with the lower animals—which are not supposed to be endowed with any divine or immortal life-principle, to act as a central magnet, holding and cementing their materio-spiritual elements together in a perpetual organic union—it seems to us altogether rational and probable that the same elements in the *human* animal, on dissolving partnership with the visible body, *adhere to and are carried with the inmost spirit into the next stage of existence*, and there become its body, or outer form, in place of the ponderable body which has been cast off.

What, then, in common parlance is termed *a spirit*, is not a purely spiritual entity, but a being possessing both an inner spirit and a spirit-body, conjoined. The idea of an absolutely *disembodied* spirit is to us a fiction—a creature of the imagination solely. We use the term disembodied only in a relative sense.

This spirit-body, composed of the most refined substances of the natural world, and evolved therefrom in man as in animals, has the same essential nature in both—that is, it is characterized by blind attractions and impulses, seeking *gratification* as an end. In man, as in the brute, its desires are wild, imperious, and thoroughly selfish, except as restrained, guided and purified by a higher principle—that is, the inmost spirit, which always seeks the right and the good.

Moreover, it is the loves, hates, forces, weaknesses, etc., having their seat in this spirit-body or human selfhood of man, which constitute *individual character*. Deprived of these, men become divested of their distinguishing characteristics as moral beings—in fact, are changed into different persons. For if their *inmost* spirits are "always right and true," as affirmed, then there are no diversities of character. The inmost spirit, as to its absolute essence, cannot be distinguished, that we see, from the Universal Divine Spirit. The earth-derived spirit-form is necessary to give *individuality* to spirits. If it is "laid off" at death with the ponderable body, and with it "all the inconsistencies, contradictions, immoralities, falsehoods," etc., which have their source in it, then men become in a moment not only essentially changed in character, but in fact *annihilated* as to all their individual loves and peculiarities, and thus blended into one indistinguishable mass!

To us, then, it seems neither "fair" nor reasonable to suppose that "all error and antagonisms are overcome by the death of the body." This is but the doctrine of the old-fashioned ultra-Universalists, which we had supposed was long ago out-grown by the more philosophical of that sect, and which has been blown to the winds by the demonstrations of Spiritualism as generally received. It is a puzzle to us how any *spiritual* philosopher,—who has learned to look for the sources of all manifestations *beyond* the merely visible and ponderable surfaces of things,—can suppose that the diversified *moral* characteristics of men pertain to and originate solely in "the earthy physical man," and are with it deposited in the grave! Can *materialism* be more materialistic than this?

If, on the contrary, every human being carries into the spirit-life a spirit form or body, evolved from and through the earthy body, consisting of those finer elements in which the animal life inheres,—then he carries with him *the character* formed in this life. He is still invested with a "body," whose imperfections, vices and perversities remain to be removed by the same processes of reform and purification that are applicable in this life.

But want of space compels us to defer some farther conclusions, and the citation of *facts* in support of this theory, to another paper. A. E. N.

CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

We perceive in the above paper that Bro. Cobb, its editor, and H. Elkins of Vermont, have been having some sharp talk between them—Mr. Elkins being, in this immediate instance, the assailant.—We confess, in this matter, our sympathies are with the latter, as we cannot help thinking that Bro. Cobb is a very disingenuous and sophistical man,—so much so that it avails very little to good to hold a controversy with him. He has a trick of regarding *young* opponents with quite undeserved contempt. Why bless us, Brother, you were once a young man yourself! And yet if he happens to have occasion to reply to any little remonstrance these young men make to what they deem his critical and Spiritual despotism, the *length* of his rejoinders implies a lurking consciousness on his part that he is palpably hit. If the remarks of these youkers are so feeble, why does our ponderous brother take such *extended* pains to reply to them? A mere squib from one of them brings upon their devoted heads a tremendous broadside from our stately Brother's spiritual frigate.

Another peculiarity of Bro. Cobb is, if any of his universalist brethren presume to exercise a little latitude of opinion, and transcend his theoretical sweep, he drops the pleasant prefix, "Brother," and coldly adds that of the formal "Mister!" Now the brotherly love that depends on such a slight contingency as an honest difference of theological view, is neither deep or sincere. When we see a man whose zeal against what he presumes to be *heresy*, out runs his essential Christian love, and causes him to ignore the brotherhood of the obnoxious heretic, we are very sure his Christianity is merely nominal—or at least sectarian—no matter how emphatic may be his assumed zeal for the purity of Christian doctrine.

Brother Cobb has a morbid fear that some of these young heretics will smuggle themselves into his little theological pen; therefore he stands before it, brandishing, right and left, his flaming sword—or rather his steel pen—to keep them out. Why not take them in, Brother, and "labor with them" after you get them there? Do get rid of a little of your pharisaical holiness! You will thus be better qualified to do good on every hand. Your very nice righteousness is a great hinderance to the exercise of a broad and truly *working* Christianity. Be kind to these "young men,"—take 'em by the hand, and by the logic and the power of the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, bring them into the Christian fold in very deed. Remember, you claim to be a *Universalist*;—don't belittle the meaning couched in this broad term.

We will so far vouch for the power of Christian truth, as to say that it does not require for its defence the excluding exercise of either Bro. Cobb's voice or pen. Its own intrinsic force is its best defence. To this all foes and rebels will yet willingly succumb.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received quite a number of communications, from various sources, touching the question of Slavery, which express a variety of opinions respecting it. We shall be obliged to decline all such articles, without respect to persons, as the AGE was not established for the discussion of that question. Should we open our columns to writers upon this vexed topic, we should have little room left for the consideration of Spiritualism, which it is mainly our business to attend to. The *principles* we hope to advance will, we think, be potentially subversive of all forms of Slavery.—We can hope for no permanent deliverance from any phase of wrong but through the quiet operation of heavenly principles.—Angry discussion—crimination and recrimination—seem to us to be powerless for good. Let every advocate for freedom—whether it be for physical, moral or spiritual, have an interior witness that he is *himself* free,—else his advocacy will avail little to free others. At any rate, we do not mean that the AGE shall be the arena for any species of wrangling. We require that contributors, in speaking of those whose views are obnoxious to them, shall write in a courteous and charitable spirit. We have no faith that contemptuous epithets will reform offenders either against righteous principles, or good morals. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," unquestionably. For that reason we shall be obliged to decline the article which reflects somewhat severely upon Dr. Child and his views. It is too personal.

From the above remarks, our friends "Cosmopolite," "J. S." and "G. W. M." will see why we do not print their well-written articles. We have nothing to complain of in relation to the *temper* of their articles,—for they are fairly and courteously written,—but because they will lead to responses from others, and we shall have no end to a sort of discussion which we would avoid,—not from motives of fear, but because we have proposed for our paper a different kind of reformatory work. We shall be glad to hear from all our Spiritual friends upon matters appertaining to the legitimate ends of our paper, if they will take pains to write presentable articles.

There are some good thoughts in "Morning Meditations," but the author is a grain too ambitious and far-fetched. "Expand" as much as the writer will, it will be difficult for either him or her to reach the "very verge of high infinity." In our view of infinity, it *hasn't* any "verge." To suppose it has, would serve to spoil the general conception of its illimitedness. Try your hand upon a subject that does not require such an inordinate sketch of Imagination's wings. Give us, if you sincerely can, something of the "low, sad music of humanity, not harsh nor grating, but of sufficient power to soften and subdue." There are many subjects to poetically meditate upon, that lie close to us.

We shall let Dr. Robbins "chat with the ladies," if our compositors can make out what he has to say to them. We shall feel much obliged to our correspondents if they will make their writing very plain.

SCRAPS FROM GOETHE.

FATALITY.

"Observe how the Mohammedans educate a votary: They give their young people, as a religious foundation, this doctrine: that nothing can happen to man, except what was long since decreed by an overruling divinity: with this they are satisfied for a whole life, and scarce need anything further.

I will not inquire whether this doctrine is true or false, useful or pernicious, only observing that we all, without being taught, share this faith to some degree. 'The ball on which my name is not written, cannot hit me,' says the soldier in the battle-field; and how, without such a belief, could he maintain such courage and gayety in most imminent peril. What we are taught in our Christian law, 'No sparrow falls to the ground without the consent of the Father,' comes from the same source, intimating that there is a Providence, which keeps in its eye the smallest things and without whose will and permission nothing can happen. "Destiny alone, connecting itself with the moral side, leads to certainty at last."

NATURE.

"I will tell you what will be of service to your future life. There is, in nature, an accessible and unaccessible. Be careful to discriminate, with due reverence, betwixt the two. He who cannot make this distinction torments himself, perhaps his life long, about that inaccessible, without ever coming near the truth. It is, indeed, hard to say where the one begins and the other ends. But he who is prudent will labor only what he considers the accessible; and, while he traverses every part, and confirms himself on all sides of this region, he will win somewhat even from the inaccessible, while he must confess, that only a limited insight is possible in certain matters, and that nature *has ever in reserve*, problems, which man has not the faculties capable of solving."

THE WILL.

"It is incredible what power the moral will has in such cases. (of contagion) It penetrates, as it were, the body, and puts it into a state of activity which repels all hurtful influences. Fear, on the contrary, induces a state of indolent weakness and susceptibility, which makes it easy for the free to take possession."

GOD'S LOVE.

"He from within lives through all nature rather,
Nature and Spirit fostering each other;
So that what in Him lives, and moves, and is,
till feels his power, and owns itself still His."

Did not God inspire the bird with his all-powerful love for his young, and did not similar impulses pervade all animate nature, the world could not subsist. But ever so is the divine energy everywhere dispensed, and divine love everywhere active."

HATE.

"Hate injures no one; it is contempt that casts men headlong."

MUSICAL TALENT.

"The musical talent may well show itself earliest of any; for it is innate; its life is within; it needs little nourishment from without, and little experience drawn from life. Really, an apparition like Mozart remains always an inexplicable prodigy. But how would the Divinity find anywhere opportunity to do wonders, if it did not sometimes try its powers on extraordinary individuals, at whom we stand aston-

ished, unable to understand w[illegible] they come."

SIMPLICITY OF NATURE.

"I must ever repeat it, the world could not exist, if it were not so simple. This ground has been tilled a thousand years yet its powers are ever the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each Spring it grows green again.

ON GOVERNMENT NO. 2.

THE RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL HARMONIA.

* * * * * One of the most fundamental principles of an Harmonial State, is the Right of the Subject to a sufficient soil to produce his subsistence; this soil guaranteed to him, through the Divine Authority of the Ruler, to so dispose of the earth's surface. Thus, no one man shall be competent to possess an exclusive title to soil even the first inch; but this soil shall be controlled by the Harmonial State, and by the Governor of that State, so partitioned as to secure the subsistence of every member of the race, over which he presides.

So long as Government enacts a title for individuals to possess earth's surface, who can pay the price of a deed of it, so long will the soil be held by some, to the exclusion of others, and therefore poverty and starvation must ensue.

Government, therefore, is to recognize man's primary, natural right to be on the earth; not to compel this right to be purchased; not to hold or regard any man's ability either to sell or buy land; not to permit the earth to be held at a price, the which, as it ever happens, many are not able to pay, and thence are always destitute of this first great condition of their subsistence.

Here now, I most emphatically state, that if ever there was a radical defect in the world's political institutions, more fatal than another, a defect which even Republicanism does not attempt to remedy, it is the absolute negation of that Divine Right to the earth, by the enactments of human laws, which Divine Right to the earth, God most distinctly asserts in His words, "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.*" I can easily demonstrate that almost the only original source of the poverty of millions of men, the source of human cupidity and avarice, and the attended distresses of these evils, is the virtual annulment of God's exclusive title to the earth and the fulness thereof, through the granting by human laws of deeds and titles of it, to such individuals as are fortunately able to pay the price, at which it is held.

There is a deal said in this our day, in denunciations of landed aristocracies and landed monopolies. Now so far as the subsistence of millions of men who could never pay the price of an acre, is to be taken into account, I see no difference in the cases, where ten thousand acres are monopolized by one man, and where the same number of acres are monopolized by forty men. That one individual should acquire an exclusive title to thousands of acres of the earth's surface, should hold in absolute right all the products thereof, to the distress and destitution of a hundred families, who cannot pay the value of a deed, is thought exceedingly abusive by our modern land reforms; and the evils of such a case can be easily perceived, as a subject wanting the attention of Statesmen and political economists. But I declare with the fullest evidence in proof of it, that this manifest evil here, which it is sought to remove from community, is not from the fact of an individual's laying exclusive claim to a thousand or ten thousand acres—it is that individuals may acquire any exclusive right to earth and its products, even if it be but a foot's surface. This homestead exemption principle—this petition of Government to give away its public domain to actual settlers, will help to remove poverty, from a few comparatively, so long as they live. But where is the guarantee that their children, amid the vicissitudes of fortune, shall possess the boon of their fathers, or have a natural privilege granted and recognized even to stand on the earth? This land reform, by which it is desired to banish poverty from the country and world, only transfers the monopoly from one hand, into hands of a dozen, which is after all not a [illegible]e of relief to those millions on the globe, [illegible]se fortune never permits them to be able [illegible] secure a title of earth sufficient for sub[illegible]ence. A mere transfer of monopoly, a single partition of exclusive titles to soil, among several persons, results in no benefit to others not included in this partition; and since it is impossible to include all in this partition of land monopoly, so long as new persons are born into society, and so long as one man may sell or buy the soil, therefore I say, one of the most gigantic effects of all political institutions of the day, is, that the Lord's earth, and the fulness thereof are held at a price, and one [illegible] portions of it, while his neighbor is dying with the distress of hunger.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." I appeal to any Christian landlord of these free Republican States, if he, while holding a deed of his soil, is not annuling the truth of God's Word! I appeal to him, and distinctly declare, that so long as he holds a deed of land, if it be but a foot, the Divine Right to that soil is made void by him, and God's declaration of this Right already quoted, is made to be a falsehood. I appeal to this Christian landlord, and ask him if the earth is really the Lord's! If he say yes, I then ask him to allow me to subsist from his farm; for I am a creature of God, like himself.—And what will be his reply to this request? "This land is mine—I hold a deed of it, wherein the Republican Government of the United States guarantees, that I may have and hold to your complete exclusion of right thereto, even if you and your family are houseless, naked and starving in consequence." And do the reformers and statesmen of the age, think to redeem mankind from political distress, so long as this Christian landlord is able to say this to his neighbor?—so long as God's earth is held at a price?—so long as a man can be born into society, without the absolute recognition of some power of his natural right to stay somewhere, since he must occupy space on the earth?

From these remarks you can readily perceive how very great is the necessity, in a perfect and Harmonial State, that the soil should be under the absolute control of that One, who by Divine authority and appointment is to rule and govern, for the subsistence and development of his particular race. It is only the principle fully recognized and practically applied in the State, that the earth is God's and also its products, and that the State's duty is, to apportion enough of it to each individual for him to subsist during his term of life, and then to apportion it to another, without granting a title to either, of the soil itself, that mankind can ever expect political ease, or respite from the uprising of hungry and distressed masses periodically asserting their right at the point of the sword, to live and reside on the earth, and be fed and clothed. Thus far, therefore, in these lectures on Government, I have demonstrated the Divine Right of One to rule and govern, for the subsistence and development of his people; and hence, since the soil is a necessary condition of human existence, it is to be the duty of a true Harmonial State to exercise absolute control, in the person of its Ruler, with regard to the soil. This much for the subsistence of concentric races.

The proper development of the subject is another important provision pertaining to the Harmonial State, and with regard to which, in the persons of their Rulers, they are to supply all necessary conditions, as the inalienable right of the subject to receive.

Existing political institutions are not only defective, in that the majority of men can hardly obtain a comfortable subsistence, and many not even a supportable one, but also, in that the majority never receive in life any adequate development of their faculties.

It is not enough to say that in these free Republican States, much the greater portion can read and write, or even possess a common education. This all is far from an adequate development of man's whole moral, mental and physical being. And what is vastly a greater evil than this inadequacy as regards those who do receive a common learning, there are thousands upon thousands who receive no development or edueatien at all. In the existing state of things for man's subsistence, whatever may be the facilities for development, the constant necessity of toil for subsistence affords little time for attaining any thorough education. And thus, the most of men pass through the world with knowing only barely enough to enable them to live.

Human existence on the earth, attaches to itself a Divine Right, first, to subsist, and secondly, to be developed. God has [illegible]ary conditions for both of these, and it is the duty of Government to fully recognize these rights and absolutely guarantee subsistence first, and then development, to every man. It must therefore enable every man sufficient time, aside from his labor to live, to receive instruction and also provide instruction competent and accessible. In order to this end, it will be easily perceived that a Harmonial State must absolutely rule and govern in the person of its ruler and governor, whatever regards the development of the subject.

So we have now demonstrated and explained our definition of Government, so far as is concerned the attainment of Divine Right in One, to rule and govern in that which regards the subsistence first, and then also the development of concentric races. It remains for me only to explain what are concentric races.

All men possess an internal congeniality for certain of their fellow men. This congeniality is founded upon an internal consanguinity and lineal descent. Men possess an internal ancestry, a spiritual genealogy, as well as a natural one. And it is according to this law of descent, that concentric races are unfolded; each logically dating and converging in the primal ancestor, who is that One in whom the Divine Right rests, to rule and govern this race. Thus the human family, according to internal qualities and consanguinities, descends into many races, each concentrating in one individual, who becomes the father of his people, and is their natural head. Each of these races also, comprises and corresponds to a distinct series or circle of the Divine Wisdom and Love, and is naturally unfolded into existence, from that particular portion of God's essence.

In an absolute political stature on earth, such as exists in the other spheres, all these races would become harmonially united upon the basis and precedence of Divine Rights, founded upon the real internal qualities of each; and thus would the Divine Order of the higher, become extended and realized into this higher sphere; so that all spiritual and human concentric races, would form one endless, blended, and perfect harmonia. And to effect *this is the mission of Spiritualism!*

I would here close this lecture, and thus relieve you of wearisome attention, did not the subject demand, and did not your minds require to receive some intimations, how this recognition by the State, of God's absolute right to the Earth and the fulness thereof is contemplated to be attained through Spiritualism; and once attained, so practically embodied as to furnish an everlasting guarantee to man, that each individual shall be gratuitously furnished with enough of soil, enough of its products, enough of the conditions of subsistence and development, to ensure his industrial ends, and make all men not without a home on earth.

When Jesus taught among men he said, "go sell thy goods, and give to the poor." In this direction to the young man who sought of Jesus how to attain eternal life, you have at once a vast principle of reform, and a solution of a mighty question—how is God's Right to the earth and the fulness thereof, to be verified and recognized by mankind? In this very direction of the Son of man, this Divine right to the earth is acknowledged and the means and mode of verifying or attaining it is pointed out.—The language of the Saviour to every landlord on earth is, "sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, destitute humanity"—Jesus required of this young man to cancel and deliver up his deeds, thus to acknowledge and acquiesce in God's right to his land and its products. Jesus requires of every man, who holds a deed of earth's soil to do the same, when he shall have invested his worthy and Divinely attested servants, with the wisdom, love, authority to so apportion the earth's soil, and to make it subserve for the subsistence of every human being. In due time, through the intervention of Spiritualism these servants of Christ, duly invested with authority from him, will make their demand upon the proprietors of the earth's surface, to yield up their illegitimate rights thereto, cancel their deeds, and submit that God's earth never more be sold or held at a price, nor even the fulness thereof. Thus Spiritualism, in the own good Providence of God, will lay the foundation of Harmonial States throughout the world, by causing that truth to be recognized. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. □

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT; AND ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.—The last issue of the *Independent* has a lengthy article on this its pet and basic doctrine. The article contains no new argument in favor of this God and man-disgracing dogma—nothing that has not been a thousand times refuted—nothing that the most obvious reason does not repudiate, yet the writer thereof goes on to reiterate it with matchlessly cool assurance. He says:

Not only the Scriptures, but a vast deal outside of Scripture, indicate the same fearful truth. The very existence of evil and misery in the universe suggests it to us. Men talk about the Divine Goodness as being against the endless suffering of the wicked. If the argument is valid against that measure of suffering, it is valid against any suffering. One pointedly challenges, "I will undertake to explain to any one the final condemnation of the wicked, if he will explain to me the *existence* of the wicked." We certainly deem it wise to be on the side of belief in this fearful doctrine—wise to believe, because of the vast amount and weight of evidence to the point—evidence enough to prove it, if proveable;—all nature, all law, all revelation, uttering the doctrine, so that it is an amazing stretch and energy of unbelief not to believe it,—implying a moral state and position that will not receive it on any testimony; however clearly, and unqualifiedly, even to the exhaustion of the capabilities of language, God himself may declare and affirm it.

Now what is there "outside of Scripture" that "indicates the same fearful truth?" Nothing but the perverted, and we may say malignant hearts of human beings. Most surely this doctrine is not taught in Nature. *That* suggests nothing but the infinite love of its Author. There is nothing in its constitution, when rightly apprehended, that does not reflect the supreme love of God toward all the creatures of His hand. To deny this very obvious truth would be, to use the strong language of Coleridge, "the superfetation of blasphemy." This writer says that the "very existence of evil and misery in the universe suggests it to us." Yes, suggests it to those whose depraved reason and hearts lead them to so grossly misinterpret the *uses* of evil and misery. If these things "evil and misery," are to be regarded as *absolute ends* they prove more than this writer would be willing to admit—the essential malevolence of God!—for can we doubt, taking the most literal language of Scripture for authority in this matter, that God has clearly decreed all the *ends* of His Creation, without the least reference to the will of His creatures? This writer is a most ruthless and reckless confounder of distinctions. For instance, he says "if the Divine Goodness is valid against a measure of suffering it is valid against *any* suffering!" What if that suffering is to "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" What if suffering was ordained as an instrumentality of a greater ultimate bliss? We *cannot* reconcile suffering, as an *end*, with the "Divine Goodness"—with the Divine love!—And this writer knows it, if his reason be not by vicious education, entirely inverted. Suffering as an end, cannot result from Divine Goodness, for it is not in the nature of Goodness to so manifest itself. This is a self-evident proposition—and only "an amazing stretch and energy of" sophistry and attachment to virulent falsehood can avoid its force.

And then this old twattle about "being on the safe side!"—as if there were any special "safety" in believing that the "Father of our Spirits" is infinitely malignant! And this belief, too, is denominated a *higher one* than the belief in the unchanging tenderness of His infinite love! What a perversion of language, as well as an inversion of everlasting principles!

This writer talks as if belief were a matter of volition, and as if politic motives should guide us in matters of conviction.

We had thought that truth should be believed for itself alone—that our full and hearty assent should be given to it because of its comforting and vastly sanitary tendency. The "Spirit of Truth" is called the "Comforter." Is the thought—the assurance that millions and millions of our race will be eternally tormented, a *comforting* one. It may be to the editors of the *Independent*; and if so, what are we to think of them? Why, they will have to be

"Pardoned, their bad hearts for their worse brains!"

*

[From the Atlantic Messenger.]

OBITUARY.

Gone to her Spirit Home, Dec. 9th., Mrs Amelia wife of George Billings, and youngest daughter of Dea. Isaiah Cragin, of Grotton, aged 25 years.

For the first time in nearly forty years has the Death Angel entered this family circle, and, passing by the aged and suffering there, has crossed the threshold of this little quiet, happy home, (a branch from the parent home) and called away one whose youth and apparent health gave promise of a long life on earth. This world had many attractions for her, and life was full of hope and promise. She had entered upon married life a little more than a year since, under most favorable and agreeable circumstances; but now the brightness of that home is eclipsed, and its sweet music is hushed; as she, who was the bright star of it, has faded out from its horizon;—but as she disappears from her earthly home, let us follow her with the eye of faith and trust to her bright spirit home,—as she closed her eyes upon the silvery *dreams* and *shadows* with which her earth-life was fraught, she opened them to the *realities* of the spiritual, which are far more glorious, and more to be desired than aught that earth can offer; and when under the guardianship of loving angels, she will be continually progressing to a higher and higher state of unfolding forever. She has thrown off the perishing garb of mortality, and is now clothed with immortality—with bright spiritual robes which will never know decay, but which will assume new vigor and beauty with ever accesion of love and truth and in this higher state of existence, when freed from earth-stain, she will be permitted to be a ministering angel to those sorrowing ones whose love had nutured her from ill, but who knew not the depth their attachment, until now—when its object is removed. "She will now, in her turn, prove a guide to them, in ways to angels known."

May he who is the life of the soul, sweetly comfort all who mourn in this blighting of earthly hopes, and perfect us unto His image and likeness by whatever means He sees to be necessary to bring us into a state of oneness with Him,—a state of perfect acquiescence in His will. Though our dearest hopes and prospects are crushed; yea, though every earthly support be removed, still may our prayer be,

"Nearer my God to Thee,—nearer to Thee,—
Though it be a cross that raiseth me."
God gave,—God taketh,—let Thy will, Thy will be done;—
Let us breathe this low prayer above the dust of our loved one;
And stay our aching heats on Him who knoweth all our woe.
And he will bear our spirits up,—our tears will cease to flow.

Four things come not back; the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth; we never can see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

The writer who uses weak arguments and strong epithets, is like a lady who gives weak tea and strong butter.

Interesting Miscellany.

A NEWFOUNDLAND AND BULL-DOG STORY.

The Newfoundland dog's name was Tippoo. The Bull-dog's was Boxer. They were neighbors of mine in early life, and I was personally acquainted with both animals—though on widely different grounds of intimacy. Tippoo was my bosom friend, and I loved him. Boxer was Tippoo's most relentless and cruel enemy, for which reason I hated him, and would have sought his blood, but that—being of tender years and cautious temperament, conscious, moreover, of presenting an appetising display of bare leg, insisted on by the sumptuary laws of the period—I thought it possible that he might take a fancy to mine; and so, as a rule, kept discreetly out of his way. For he was an ugly dog was Boxer, and vicious; a bandy-legged, black-muzzled, truculent, nervous-eared, tight-skinned, implacable, ill-conditioned dog, ery like my *beau ideal* of what the Champion of England ought to be. Terrible was the ferocity of his bead-like eyes, and the aggressive protrusion of his gladiatorial chest. In justice to the dead (for I am happy to anticipate the announcement of the offensive brute's demise), I feel bound to say that he had a somewhat humorous expression of countenance, which I can honestly assert to be the only redeeming characteristic I remember to have noticed in the creature's generally repulsive appearance.

Tippoo was a very different kind of quadruped. I believe him to have been the most perfect gentleman that ever stood upon four legs, just as I believe Boxer to have been the most consummate ruffian that ever was lifted, by the agency of hemp-cord, from any number of those locomotive supports. Tippoo was nearly as tall as myself; I could just look over his glossy silken-ringletted back, when cuddling his noble neck. He wore a full suit of black and white, particularly snowy at the bosom. He was as strong as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb. Next to playing with me (which I am proud to believe was his pleasant pastime,) he delighted in nothing so much as the exercise of carrying in his mouth a favorite cat, attached to the household of which he was so conspicuous a member, to the bottom of a steep lawn; then releasing, and running a race with her to the top. The cat was generally the winner, and always seemed to enjoy the triumph immensely. To this day I believe Tippoo made a point of running slowly on purpose, so as gallantly to concede victory to the weaker vessel.

Tippoo belonged to a country gentleman (a sort of "half-squire," and as they would say in Ireland) who resided opposite to my father's house. In my opinion, and in that of the majority of my playmates, Tippoo was the most respectable inhabitant of the village, up to the advent of Boxer, who came among us unexpectedly, on a visit to Tippoo's master, in the train of a sporting lawyer of detestable memory. As soon as that subversive brute (Boxer—not the sporting lawyer,) had made his appearance, we felt much as the loyal servants of King Louis the Sixteenth must have felt on the outbreak of the Great French Revolution. Monarchy was deposed in favor of blackguardism. But the blackguard was strong and merciless, with a set of terrible white teeth, ever eager to bite. So that we poor little partisans of the ancient *regime* were fain to clench our impotent fists in secret.

Tippoo had no chance against Boxer. What is the use of a well-dressed gentleman, let him never be strong or skillful in the use of his digits, descending from his cabriolet to do battle with a scavenger armed with a mud shovel? He sedulously avoided Boxer, who, on his side, lost an opportunity of hunting out and persecuting Tippoo. Tippoo was losing character dreadfully. He neglected his food, kept his kennel, and was unanimously pronounced a coward of the most contemptible stamp. His very court flatterers (we were no better than the more matured and ambitious of our species), began to blush for their sovereign's pusillanimity.

One day the masters of the two dogs stood on the lawn already alluded to, in amicable converse with a third person, no other than my own father, to whom I am indebted for the details of this instructive story. Boxer stood between his proprietor's legs, which, like his own, were bandy. I have the keenest recollection of those legs— master's and dog's—and I remember that the whole six were modelled upon the same pattern, which was one extremely distasteful to my feelings.

"Halloa!" said my father, "here comes Tip We shall soon see him sneak away when he discovers Boxer. Dreadful coward, that big dog of yours, Matthews, to be sure."

"Well, he used not to be so," said Tippoo's master reluctantly, "but I must confess that since Wilkins has been here with his bull, the overgrown cur has made me ashamed of him."

"No call for that," said the bull-dog's master, "better dogs than Tip have funked at the sight of my Boxer. By jove though he hasn't bolted yet. He'd better, or Boxer will murder him!"

Boxer certainly showed playful indications of a desire to attempt that experiment, by pricking up his ears and starting off at a brisk trot in the direction of Tippoo, who, however, to the astonishment of the spectators, made no movement towards recovering the shelter of his easily accessible kennel. On the contrary, he seemed to wait for and encourage his aggressor's attack.

"The dog's mad, clearly," said the lawyer.

"Looks like it," Mr. Matthews assented.—"He isn't acting like a dog in his senses."

"Getting very near the water though, for a mad dog," observed my father.

And in truth, *to get near the water*, was the main object of Tippoo, than whom a more thoroughly sane dog did not exist at that epoch of canine history.

There was a deep dyke running at the bottom of the lawn, fed from the reservoir of a neighboring tin-mill, and which had been greatly swollen by recent rains. Tippoo, keeping his large full eyes carefully fixed upon his approaching foe, sidled in a coquettish, serpentine manner towards the brink of this artificial stream.

There the bull-dog flew at and pinned him. Tippoo crouched on the grass prostrate, submitting to the outrage without a growl.

"Call him off, Wilkins," said Tippoo's master, in excited tones. "The purest Newfoundland in the country! I wouldn't have him injured for twenty pounds!"

"Hi! Boxer! Here, boy! Good dog! Let go!" the sporting lawyer clamored, as a shower of sticks and stones were launched by the trio of spectators to enforce the command.

But Boxer would not let go, and Tip would not resist or run. He merely kept on slipping, sideling, and lumbering towards the brink of the water, dragging the bull-dog with him by the mere inert force of his superior weight.

Suddenly a splash was heard, and the triumph of Boxer was at an end. The combatants had rolled together into the swift, deep current of the dyke, and there they speedily changed places. I say "speedily," narraing, as I do, an actual fact; though I am aware, that it may seem to require some explanation, inasmuch as the grip of a bull-dog is supposed to be a final affair, lasting a life-time of the pinner or the pinned. I can only suggest that my gentlemanly friend Tippoo was from the first so completely on the alert as to prevent his ruffianly antagonist from getting a sure and firm hold. However that may be, Tippoo, released from custody, in his turn seized his assailant by the neck, held him under the water, and *drowned him!* The brave, sagacious water dog, wrongly imagined to be a coward, knew his own power in his own element, and had watched his opportunity. Would that we were all as wise!

Ere the just execution had been thoroughly accomplished Tippoo's glossy, patrician hide was pretty well cut to pieces by the missiles now hurled at him instead of his agressor. But he received them all without a wince, till he felt that his enemy under the water was thoroughly dead. Then he brought the ignoble carcass out of the stream between his teeth threw it on the grass with a jerk, and stood with his fore-paw resting on its flank with a calmly defiant expression, that might clearly be translated by the words—

"*Now*, let this dirty, ugly rascal presume to take liberties with his betters. Make the best of him as he lies there!"

I know this story to be a true one, for my father told it to me. Moreover, I remember exulting over the sight of the drowned Boxer's disfigured remains, (just the least thing in the world ashamed of the feeling, perhaps, but I certainly felt it) and doing my best to console my darling Tippoo for his unsightly wounds, by gifts of stolen refreshment—the best medicine I knew how to offer. I suppose that Tippoo, also, is dead by this time. Most of my early friends are, and it may be my turn next, as likely as not. I have finished for the present.

PAUL WARD.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

A VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

It was what Shakspeare calls a raw and gusty day, when we rode in an open jaunting car from Port Rush to the world-renowned Causeway. It was a fitful, spleeny day, too, and although the wind blew chill over the hills, as it does in drear November, and cut our faces and hands keenly, yet the sun now and then came out in mockery, and made the face of the country glad and smiling, and then withdrew in a few minutes, and left the sky more murky and dun than ever. Now and then wild spatters of rain dashed about, and drenched our feet and ancles, and altogether it would have been a very bad day to see the Lakes of Killarney in. But happily, the Lakes of Killarney are not the Giant's Causeway, and what brings out the beauty of the one does not develop the grandeur of the other. Were it not for the capricious rain and its inconvenience, such weather as we had to see the Wonder of the North, would have been most suitable.—For at the Causeway the words of the Witches in Macbeth are true, and

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

As we approached the Causeway the shore grew more wild and stupendous, and the waves had been playing a fierce part with the rock bound coast, and had left it all scarred and maimed. like the face of a Heidelburg student after a friendly duel. The Basaltic formation began to appear, but not regular and beautiful, but we marked the well known color of the Causeway, a deep brown, approaching to black. In about five miles it was plain that we were near the wonder by the presence of men and over-grown boys along the road, who, in the distance, looked like station keepers, but who proved to be guides. The car would pass one, and he would run and skip along to get employment. One of the fellows fastened himself to me like a briar, commencing the conversation by asking if I was an American. The sharp sightedness of guides in Europe is remarkable.

And more remarkable is it here in the North of Ireland, where few Americans come, and where the guide's chance of meeting them are not good. I had on a cap made in no different manner from hundreds of English or Irish caps, the rest of my clothes were French and German, and no article in my dress was distinctively American except my shawl. I appeared a little hurt, and asked him if he judged I was an American by my shawl?

"No, it was not the shawl."

"Well, how did you know I was an American?"

"Och, I cannot till, but I tuk ye's to be an American,"

"Yes, but how?"

"I knew you by your *brogue*."

The idea of a man's having a *brogue* who had been brought up on Worcester's dictionary struck me as richly ludicrous, and I burst into a hearty laugh. And then my "brogue' must have been apparent before I had spoken, which I should pronounce not only ludicrous, but, on reflection, should deem impossible.—However, I could make no further headway, and entered it to his credit, under the head of "intuitive convictions."

The guides began to pester like swamp flies in August. They increased in a geometrical ratio, till we arrived at the hotel near the causeway, where they swarmed, with knick-knacks and specimens for sale. They too seemed to have "intuitive convictions" that I was an American, and clung like chestnut burrs. They hedged my way, they beset me behind and before. I remembered David when surrounded by his enemies, and quietly waited till delay should relax their ardor and set me free. Before long the numbers began to abate and some fell away, and my allowance for shrinkage was proved correct. But one fellow in a round topped hat and red face and shaggy jacket, commenced a small siege. He followed, he importuned, he forewarned me of danger from sea and stone if I went without him; then he silently went along and volunteered descriptions of the first objects, which, as they were not heeded, were a fair intimation that the "one-and-six" would not be forth-coming at the end of all his toil and talk. I had an idea, which my companion shared with me, that it would be pleasanter to walk over the causeway alone, and feel its grandeur, without a man to hurry us from rock to rock, and tell us by what epithets men had nick-named the parts of this master-piece of God's creation, and we were heartily glad to find our burr relax his hold, and drop back into his natural insignificance.

But soon another burr appeared, in the shape of a boy of thirteen, who, it was very plain, had made up his mind to take charge of us, and conduct us to every rock, and stone, and joint of the Causeway. He would do it for "saxpence," then for "fo'pence," then for "thruppence," and finally he would do it for nothing, and rely on my honor to give him "thruppence," if I did'nt think he earned it.—The easiest way, and the quickest way, and the most foolish way, would have been to order the boy off in a loud and savage tone, with the suggestion of a specimen fragment of basalt sent after him by the "air line," if he was not soon out of sight. But this might have been unfavorably received, and God's universe, which is now well nigh choked with bad passions, would have held a few more oaths, to echo on to the ends of time and space; this is what the philosophers call the "objective" view of the matter; while "subjectively" I should have been thrown out of poise, and have lost that sweet serenity which a man ought to have at all times, and more especially when travelling with a gifted lady of sensibility and taste. So I resolved to endure what could not be gently put by, and the boy came off triumphant and was soon rattling away with his nimble tongue, telling us what stone was tweedledum and which was tweedee.

Well, it is a long walk from the down to the Causeway in my telling, and in truth it was, and I have taken a good deal of printers' ink to describe it, but with this amplitude of detail, it is not long as the original walk, when the wind blew so impudently, and the rain fell so coldly, and the skies looked so frowningly, and the guides importuned so inexorably. At bye and bye we were there and began to tread the rich tesselated pavement of the Causeway. I had expected to be amazed by stupendous grandeur; I was delighted with its rare beauty. There are cliffs along this shore, at whose base you may sit in a boat and admire with wonder and awe where the great columns rise as if God made the music of the seas with an organ large enough to peal forth the mighty [illegible], and compass the deep reverberations, and these the organ pipes; but when we were there the sea was rough and no boat would venture out, and we had to pace the Causeway and admire its beauty.

And in truth there was enough to admire.—And the day was so adapted to the scene that we thought little of wind and rain. The sea came in with cresting waves, for Boreas had been tossing it for three days, and had vexed it into a fit of ungovernable temper, and the billows came madly on, and dashed themselves against the rocks with a deep and sullen roar and the spray flew light and feathery. Once in a while the sun would patronize the place a little, but was chary of his smiles, while nearly all the time the blinding sea mists gathered around us and clothed the rocks with a gloomy gray mantle. These things helped our wonder. Were it not for this—had the sun been steadily shining, the sky clear, and the ocean lying as a man in deep sleep, peacefully breathing upon the rocks, the Giant's Causeway would have remained a mere thing of beauty in the memory; but now, by the aid of these surroundings, some grand and some glum and sullen, it becomes an object of mingled awe and beauty.

I shall not try to describe the wonder; the pictures present it to you as well as words can do it, but neither pictures nor words can truthfully suggest the Giant's Causeway. The portion which strangers visit reaches out into the sea like a triangle, each line of which is about an eighth of a mile in length. Along the shore line the piles of jointed rocks rise about thirty feet above the water, and they steadily diminish in height to the apex of the triangle. Thus you go down a flight of steps, as it were, the Causeway growing narrower. The stones are mostly six and seven sided; those of five are numerous, while here and there are triangles and diamonds, and octagons and nonagons. They are not all regular; it is only in a few places that you find regular polygons at the Causeway. Yet they have to the eye a nicety and a symmetry which could hardly be heightened were they regularly perfect. The joints, it is needless to tell you, are each about a foot and a half in diameter and of varying height, from one to two feet. There was one feature which I had never seen in the specimens in America, though there may be some which I have not seen there, namely, the convex and concave upper sides of the joints. As you remove a joint of stone you do not know whether the surface exposed will be hollowed or rounding. Some of the specimens are very striking, and might be used as a wash basin.

But I will not be betrayed into a description of what is indescribable. In one sense the Causeway is stupendous, in another it is not. Its extent is not stupendous, its regularity is. It is and ever will be a standing emblem of the Order which is one of the elements of the divine character. If Mount Blanc is God's temple, the Causeway is its fitting organ, and full music it peals when the sea and the winds play upon it. Or it is the pavement upon which the King of all the earth walks and gives his laws. Or it is his throne wherein he sits and nations come to him for judgment.—Or it is a gallery of his wherein he keeps a little store of his wonders of grace and symmetry, and men come from afar to see them and say with Job, "Lo, these are a little part of his doings, but the thunders of his power, who can comprehend?"

GUZMAN.

THE MYSTERIOUS STONE AT HEATH.—We have been furnished with some further particulars in regard to the mysterious stone found at Heath four years ago. Dr. Hitchcock and Prof. Shepard of Amherst have examined the stone and do not find it to be an aerolite, but a common stone, found not only in Vermont but in Massachusetts. It has no appearance of being detached from a larger mass, but is a worn tone, with rounded corners. It could not have [illegible] Vermont, as it hit the tree near on it was found on the south-east side, and it therefore have come from that direction. At the time the stone was found there was two feet of snow on the ground, covered with a crust sufficiently strong to bear a man. Dea. Hart Brown had occasion to pass through a tract of woodland about 100 rods from his house, and noticed a stone of considerable size lying on the top of the snow, the crust not being broken under it. It struck him as something singular, as there were no tracks in the vicinity and no conceivable inducements to any one to take a stone 47 pounds and leave it there. On examining a flat side of the stone it was found to be covered with pulverized hemlock bark, which filled the crevices, and a hemlock tree, standing about four feet from the stone, showed where the bark came from, in the loss of its bark from a space about eight inches square and four feet above the surface of the snow. The bark, which was an inch thick, was worn away and the wood beneath was bruised, indented, and slivered. The stone must have come in nearly a horizontal direction toward the tree, striking it with great force.

Our own impression from the description given is that the stone was rapidly revolving and that it so hit the tree as to continue to revolve upon it, thus pulverising the bark, and so breaking its own force until it slid gently toward the ground with so little violence as not to break the crust of the snow. If that idea had occurred to Dea. Brown it is quite likely he would have discovered marks upon the tree as well as upon the snow which would have established the fact of the rotation of the stone. It does not by any means follow that the stone is not an aerolite because it is like stones found on this earth. The facts that aerolites hitherto found, differ in formation from the stones on the earth does not by any means prove that there are not aerolites which are identical with our earth stones in character. Our scientific men are apt to limit their field of discovery by establishing negatives in that way, but it is not a scientific method by any means.

The stone has been carefully preserved, and is in the possession of Rev. Isaac Esty, of Heath. The facts in regard to its discovery are sustained by good authority.

[From "All the Year Round."]

HOW BALZAC DID HIS LITERARY LABOR

When he had once made up his mind to produce a new book, Balzac's first proceeding was to think it out thoroughly before he put pen to paper. He was not satisfied with possessing himself of the main idea only; he followed it mentally into its ramifications, devoting to the process just that amount of patient hard labor and self-sacrifice which no inferior writer ever has the common sense or the courage to bestow on this work. With his note-book ready in his hand, Balzac studied his scenes and characters straight from life. General knowledge of what he wanted to describe was not enough for this determined realist. If he found himself in the least at fault, he would not hesitate to take a long journey merely to ensure truth to nature in describing the street of a country town, or in painting some minor peculiarity of rustic character. In Paris he was perpetually about the streets, perpetually penetrating into all classes of society, to study the human nature about him in its minutest varieties. Day by day, and week by week, his note-book and his brains were hard at work together, before he thought of sitting down to his desk to begin. When he had finally amassed his materials in this laborious manner, he at last retired to his study; and from that time, till his book had gone to press, society saw him no more.

His house-door was now closed to everybody, except the publisher and the printer; and his costume was changed to a loose white robe, of the sort which is worn by the Dominican monks. This singular writing-dress was fastened around the waist by a chain of Venetian gold, to which hung little pliers and scissors of the same precious metal. White Turkish trousers, and red morocco slippers, embroidered with gold, covered his legs and feet. On the day when he sat down to his desk, the light of heaven was shut out, and he worked by the light of candles in superb silver sconces. Even letters were not allowed to reach him. They were all thrown, as they come, into a japan vase, and not opened, no matter how important they might be, till his work was over. He rose to begin writing at two in the morning, continued, with extraordinary rapidity, till six, then took his bath, and stopped in it, thinking, for an hour or more. At eight o'clock his servant brought him a cup of coffee. Before nine his publisher was admitted to carry away what he had done. From nine till noon he wrote on again, always at the top of his speed. At noon he breakfasted on eggs, with a glass of water and a second cup of coffee,

From one o'clock to six he returned to work At six he dined lightly, only allowing himself one glass of wine. From seven to eight he received his publisher again; and at eight o'clock he went to bed. This life he led, while he was writing his books, for two months together, without intermission. Its effect on his health was such that, when he appeared once more among his friends, he looked in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. Chance acquaintances would hardly have known him again.

It must not be supposed that this life of resolute seclusion and fierce hard toil ended with the completion of the first draft of his manuscript. At the point where, in the instances of most men, the serious part of the work would have come to and end, it had only begun for Balzac. In spite of all the preliminary studying and thinking, when his pen had scrambled its way straight through to the end of the book, the leaves were all turned back again, and the first manuscript was altered into a second with inconceivable patience and care. Innumerable corrections and interlinings, to begin with, led in the end to transpositions and expansions, which metamorphosed the entire work. Happy thoughts were picked out of the begining of the manuscript and inserted where they might have a better effect at the end. Others at the end would be moved to the begining, or middle. In one place, chapters would be expanded to three or four times their original length; in another, abridged to a few paragraphs; in a third, taken out altogether, or shifted to new positions. With all this mass of alterations in every page, the manuscript was at last ready for the printer. Even to the sharp experienced eyes in the printing office, it was now all but illegible. The deciphering it, and setting it up in a moderately correct form, cost an amount of patience and pains which wearied out all the best men in the office, one after another, before the first series of proofs could be submitted to the author's eye. When these were at last complete, they were sent in on large slips, and the indefatigable Balzac immediately set to work to rewrite the whole book for the third time!

He now covered with fresh corrections, fresh alterations, fresh expansions of this passage, and fresh abridgements of that, not only the margins of the proofs all round, but even the little intervals of white space between the paragraphs. Lines crossing each other in indiscribable confusion were supposed to show the bewildered printer the various places at which the multitude of new insertions were to be slipped in. Illegible as Balzac's original manuscripts were his corrected were more hopelessly puzzling still. The picked men in the office, to whom alone they could be entrusted, shuddered at the very name of Balzac, and relieved each other at intervals of an hour, beyond which time no one printer could be got to continue at work on the universally execrated and universally unintelligible proofs. The "revises" —that is to say, the proofs embodying alterations—were next pulled to pieces in their turn. Two, three, and sometimes four, seperate sets of them were required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at lesst, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors; and he himself described his process of work a misfortune, to be the more deplored, because it was in his case, an intellectual necessity. "I toil sixteen hours out of the twenty-four," he said "over the elaboration of my unhappy style; and I am never satisfied, myself, when all is done."

HARRIET MARTINEAU ON MODERN DRESS.—Do the petticoats of our time serve as anything but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favorite toy in my infancy.—The fit is so the reverse of accurate as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit: while, at the same time, it is not an easy fit.—The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of getting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage-wheels, or rails, or pails, or nails, or, in short, everything they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers, or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach, for want of room. As for the children —how many have been swept off pathways, or foot-bridges, or steamboat decks by the pitiless crinoline, or hoops of some unconscious walking balloon! More children have been killed, however, by the extension of the absurd petticoat fashion to them. For many months past, it has been a rare thing to see a child under the tunic age duly clothed. The petticoats are merely for show; and the actual clothing, from the waist cownwards, is nothing more than thin cotton drawers and socks, leaving a bare space between. For older boys there is a great improvement in dress—the tunic and loose trousers being preferable in every way to the stiff mannish tailed coat and tight trousers of half a century ago. But the younger children are at present scarcely clothed at all, below the arms; and the blue legs of childhood are a painful sight, whether in a beggar boy or a citizen s son.

BUTTERMILK AND LONGEVITY.

The constant use of buttermilk as food, it has been ascertained, would be the means of just doubling the term of a man's life, and woman's too, we suppose, though nothing is said about that. On the subject of longevity, the New Orleans *Surgical* and *Medical Journal* contains some interesting facts.

It seems that an eminent French chemist, M. Ed. Robin, in a memorial presented to the Academy of Sciences, has expressed the belief that human life may be prolonged, and he gives his reasons for it. He thinks human life may be compared to a furnace always kindled: life exists only in a state of combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes places in our chimneys, leaves a residue, a detritus ashes. This detritus, which is always accumulating, is, according to M. Robin, the principal cause of old age and senile death. He thinks that the mineral matter which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion, is left in our system to encrust and stiffen the different parts of the body, and to render imperfect many of the vital processes.

M. Robin sets forth many facts to prove the reasonableness of his position, but proposes to institute a series of experiments on animals whose lives are of short duration, to verify his theory. Among the series of experiments which he proposes is one which consists in administering a lactic acid with ordinary food.—The lactic acid is known to possess the power of dissolving the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilage and valves of the heart; and as buttermilk abounds in this acid it is moreover an agreeable kind of food—its habitual use, it is supposed, may free the system from those causes which inevitably cause death between the 75th and 100th year.

The author of one of the articles in the *New Orleans Journal* expresses his approbation of the labors of M. Ed. Robin, and gives, moreover, a reason of his own as to the probability that the period of human life may be extended. He makes the following formula, viz: "Every quality which appears to be an exception in a species, indicates a new rule, to which this species may be subjected." The author says—

"Applying this principle to the present subject, we say there are macrobites or centenarians in the human species; this macrobite is compatible with human organization, and since it exists, its cause may be determined. Now, to possess a knowledge of the cause is to be master of the effect; and that which has heretofore been an exception may become a rule."

To show that people do sometimes live to be very old—whether owing to buttermilk I cannot say—I condense some facts from the articles before mentioned:—

Ponce Lafarge lived	121 years
Eleanor Spicer	121 "
Madam Barnet	123 "
Grandez	126 "
John Newell	127 "
John Bayles	130 "
Polotiman	140 "
Thomas Parr	152 "
Obst	155 "
Joseph Surringen	160 "
John Bowin	172 "
Peter Zostan	185 "

And many others of similar ages who have lived in modern times, might be mentioned.—The instances of longevity below 120 years are frequent.

Some curious facts are related as to the habits of these individuals. Many of the old folks lived remarkably temperate lives. Jean Causer, who died at the age of 146 years, subsisted chiefly on milk food. Thomas Parr, who lived 152 years and 9 months, "subsisted all his life upon bread, old cheese, milk, whey, and table beer;" and Peter Zostan, who lived solely on vegetables—we think buttermilk must have been added to his fare—attained the remarkable age of 185.

After this statement, we have no doubt that all the churns in the country will be kept busy, and all the people converted to Oliver Twists, crying incessantly for that beverage of life, "More, more!"

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

When the late Gabriel Ralston, of Richmond, Va., had become wealthy, a poor woman, wretchedly clad, with a child in her arms, came through a violent storm of sleet and rain, on a cold day in December, to his counting-room, to beg. Among others present, was a sectarian, much prized in his day for godliness. Mr. Ralston did not wait for the woman to announce her errand, but divining it from her chilled and haggard appearance, stepped to his desk and handed her a ten dollar note. He was reproved as soon as the woman was gone, by the sectarian friend, who asked him if he knew whether the woman was worthy. "Worthy!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, "worthy! Good God! Sir, didn't you see how thinly clad she was, and that she was drenched with the rain?"

☞A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dine at the Revere House.—Codfish balls were served at table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corn dodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, and remarked in the most solemn manner—

"Something dead in that, Tom!"

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Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, Trance and Test Medium. Examinations and Prescriptions given in an accurate form. Rooms. No 11 La Grange Place.
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J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering sealde letters, will visit the principal cities South and West, during the fall and winter. Letters addressed to him at No 3 Winter street, Boston, will receive his attention as heretofore.

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n6 2m

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Sept. 24, 1859. f

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

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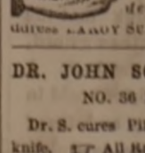
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[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

* * * * * *

The "spiritualistic" movement, of which so much has been said in America, is, strange to say, gaining ground widely in the Old World. As I remarked in a former letter, the new belief is very widely spread in England; many of the "believers" being of very high rank both in the aristocracy and in the Republic of Letters. I could give you a list of persons fully convinced of the reality of the "phenomena" in question, and of their "spiritual" origin, that would probably cause you no little surprise; but refrain from so doing for obvious reasons, one of these being the probability—not to use a stronger term—of many of those now so busily occupied in obtaining and transmitting "communcations," changing their opinions on the subject, and admitting the dangerous tendencies of this species of mental and moral excitement.

The same propagandism which has produced such results in England has been going on here also, and with similar effect; and the number of "spiritualists" in this very unspiritual city is now considerable, including, as in England, writers of high repute, men of science, and people of rank and fashion. A friend of mine from England, who varies the round of London courtly dissipation by an annual visit to the Continent, and who, for a couple of years past, has been an ardent votary of the faith in table, has just been spending a few weeks here, and through her I have learned, with some surprise, how very numerous are her fellow believers, and how robust is their faith.—For so much ridicule is heaped on these people by those who do not accept the new "phenomena" as genuine or worthful, that the former have grown very shy of proclaiming their opinions to "outsiders;" and I have been much amused at sudden ly learning that, even among the circle of my own acquaintance, lots of persons whom I have never suspected of a leaning towards the "spirits" were in reality "up to their eyes" in all the marvels of the new faith! "Circles" meet here, at certain houses, on stated evenings; experiments of all kinds were carried forward; counsels are be- protected by a thick veil, to go to Sevres at the time appointed. She and a friend, having counted off the thirty paces, held a bit of blank paper over the spot indicated, for a few minutes, "to magnetize it," and then laid it on the ground with a pencil, covering them with some stones, so as to prevent the wind (which was high and cold) from blowing the paper away. Mrs —— says that she hardly ventured to hope the writing would take place, as Baron Goldenstube, who with his sister, had been told to accompany her, took no part in the thing, but walked about with his sister in various directions, looking at the building and the fine prospect. Presently the two came up to Mrs. ——, and offered to place the paper for her.

"Thank you," said Mrs. ——, "I have placed it myself; it is under those stones yonder."

"But you will probably have no message," returned the Baron, "you are not yet a medium, and it would have been better to allow me to help you."

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. ——, "but I felt an impulse prompting me to try my own power; Miss —— and I have magnetized the paper before putting it under the stones, and by and by we shall see what is the result." At that moment, Mlle. Goldenstube suddenly went off into a sort of cateleptic vision, throwing up her arms, which grew rigid, and declaring, with a face of horror, that she saw a man in armor where the stones were; a javelin had struck him, under the arm, between the joints of his mail, and the blood was flowing in torrents.

"He will not die of his wound," she cried, "but he suffers dreadfully; he begs Mrs —— to take the paper from under the stone; he has written upon it, and says she must place the paper, as though it were a plaster on her eye to-night, when she goes to bed, and it will cure her."

I forgot to say in the right place, that Mrs. —— had been informed by the Norman Knight, when he gave her the rendezvous at Sevres, that he had been wounded at the spot indicated, ages before the manufactory was built, but had managed to escape, and was cured of his wound; a communication which Mrs. —— positively declares none of the Goldenstubes could possibly have overheard, and of which she said nothing to so many of them are taken into account, not to admit the probability that some things really do occur in the "circles," which our ordinary philosophy is unable to explain; but from this admission to the belief in their spiritual origin, or their intrinsic value, there is a very wide distance; and if it is difficult not to believe that there is something here which we cannot satisfactorily account for, it is equally difficult on the other hand, and with the abundant evidence we have already had of the aptitude of the so-called "Spirit Manifestations" to produce mental and nervous disease, to drive their votaries mad, and to kill them, not to admit their exceeding danger, and to deplore the spread of the new practices as one of the most deplorable tendencies of the day. QUANTUM.

☞ A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied by strong passions, as a great fire with great heat.—*Burke.*

We suppose that toleration is carried quite far enough when men tolerate intolerance.

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n 20.

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n 20. 1 mo.

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

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The Regular Spiritualists' Meetings, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, are held every Sunday in Ordway Hall, Washington street, entrance nearly opposite Milk street. S. J. FINNEY, Inspirational speaker, of Ohio, will occupy the desk during the month of Nov.

PUBLIC CIRCLES will be held at SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. 11tf

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Announcements.

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

—F. L. WADSWORTH speaks Jan. 1st, in Delphis, 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 Williamantic, 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. 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 L. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 5w

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

stowed on inquirers with great generosity; prescriptions are given to those who are ill; messages from the higher "spheres" come down "as thick as blackberries;" people see things in the air, in their minds, in crystals, in mirrors; hands and whole figures are perceived by the faithful; and a new journal called the *Revue Spirite*, is issued regularly.

Among the most famous "mediums" now here, and being caressed and petted by their confiding friends, is a German, the Baron Goldenstube, and his sister, of whose doings I have been hearing astounding things from my London friend. The Baron appears to be a *bona fide* nobleman, of well known *status*, and good fortune; his wife is a firm believer, but is not a "medium;" while his sister —said to be very clever and amiable, but the most weird, unearthly, elfin-looking little creature you can imagine—shares her brother's gifts, and even surpasses him in this line. The Baron and his sister, with a number of friends, have been in the habit, for two years past, of going to the churches here, placing bits of paper and pencil on the tombs, and finding messages written on the papers by the spirits of those whose mortal remains lie beneath the marble. I have not been to the scene of operations, but those who have been tell me that the Baron lays a bit of paper and pencil on each tomb from whose occupant they desire to hear, and retires a few paces from them; that in the course of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour the friends approach the tombs and take up the papers, when messages are found written on the latter. The papers are examined carefully before they are laid on the tomb, and are known to be certainly innocent of all trace of writing; the visitors remain within a few paces of them, so that no one could approach the tombs without being seen; and yet, when the papers are taken up, they are found to contain writing, sometimes legible, sometimes not, but always distinctly visible. The disappointing part of the business, however, is the extreme platitude and imbecility of these "messages;" yet one would think that if Charlemagne, Henri IV., Generls, Admirals, philosophers, and sages, who have had the advantages of centuries of reflection upon the events they witnessed down here, do really take the trouble to commmunicate with us of the present day, they would at least have something striking and interesting to say. But, judging from these messages, one is tempted to think that the minds of the writers have lost, rather than gained, by their sojourn on the other side of the Veil. A week or so ago my friend caught a violent cold in her left eye; I saw her on Thursday, and found the white of the eye changed, as it were, to a piece of red cornelian. It was frightful to look at, and I fully expected that she would find herself "in for" a long and painful attack, and a long bill at her occulist's. Before the attack had come on, my friend had been desired (by the "spirit" of some old Norman knight, with a very romantic, unknown name, who came to her one evening at the Baron's house,) to go, on the following Friday, to Sevres, to place a paper and pencil in the middle of the public road, at thirty paces from the entrance to the famous china manufactory, and to wait there for a message from him. Though her eye was so inflamed as to compel her to relinquish all invitations, Mrs. —— did not send for her doctor, (another "spirit" had sent her word "they were going to cure her,") nor did she hoistat them.

On going to the spot, and lifting off the stone that covered the paper, the latter was found to be marked with a single letter—an L or an S—very indistinct, but so firmly traced, that the back of the paper was raised by the pressure of the pencil, and under it was a queer little mark, much better traced, which appeared to be not a letter, but a cabalistic sign. Intensely delighted with the success of her experiment, the party returned to Paris; and on retiring for the night, Mrs. ——— laid the paper on her inflamed eye, tying it carefully in place with a handkerchief. Next morning, to her great satisfaction, the eye was cured! Now, it is certain that Mrs. ———, however much she may unconsciously deceive herself, is quite incapable of attempting to deceive others; and as to the fact of the sudden and inexplicable cure of her eye, I, myself, and numbers of her friends, are witnesses to its reality; but what is one to thinks of such an occurrence? In this case good seems to have been done; but on another occasion, when this lady was sitting in a circle at the Baron's she was suddenly addressed by a "spirit," who called himself George IV. of England, and as she detested him, she at once began to express her hope that he had repented of her evil doings on earth, repeating the uncomplimentary verses that a contemporary poet- Moore, I think—addressed to the royal sinner. Immediately on this, Mlle. Goldenstube screamed out that she saw him strike Mrs. on the shoulder, and, at the same instant, that lady's arm was drawn up by a violent cramp. Another friend of mine (an utter unbeliever who had gone there that evening out of curiosity,) was seated next Mrs. ——— when this occurred, and she declares that Mlle. Goldenstube's exclamation that "she saw the King's hand on Mrs. ———'s arm," and the cry of pain, and the shrinking of muscles on the part of Mrs. ———, were really simultaneous. The Baron now came to Mrs ——— and began "de-magnetizing" her arm, soon relieving her of the cramp; but for a day or two afterwards, the marks of her own nails were visible in her hands, and also a slight discoloration of her arm, on one of the places where the King had seized her. A pretty sample, at all events, of the "influences" to which those who enter into "rapport" with the friends of table are exposing themselves, and calculated to give one anything but hopeful anticipations of the results of the reformatory "influences" brought to bear on one in the other world. Before closing this letter I must mention that it is at the house of the Baron in question that the famous experiments of obtaining writing by simply putting paper and pencil into a basket, the "circle" only placing their hands on the table, at a distance from the basket, are said to have taken place. Unfortunately, however, these wonderful writings are only vouchsafed when the incredulous people who can't believe such things on hearsay, happen not to be present.

Every different "circle" moreover, seems to arrive at a different set of conclusions. The "doctrines" propounded by one set of "spirits" being rejected as false by the others. It is therefore difficult to see, even granting the authenticity of these "revelations" to be all that their disciples believe them, of what use they can be for our enlightenment and guidance.

It is certainly difficult, when the numbers of "believers," and the intelligence and honesty of

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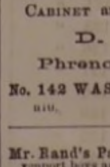
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M. P. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

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.

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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.

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