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THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY A. D. BROCK.
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DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age]

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Not far away—in mist and shadow lying
Behold, oh spirit! where thy life begun;
Arouse thee! on thy youthful pinions flying
Soar to thy noon of life, as soars the sun.

In vain thou call'st—in vain—my wings have failed me,
In death cold dew are drabbled all my plumes,—
At earliest morn, the cruel hawk assailed me,
And I must perish ere the evening glooms.

All halo-crowned, the future throned victorious,
Unfolds its burning visions to my sight,—
Not here, oh, mortal sink to death inglorious,
Up to the contest with thy arms of might.

Alas! no mail of proof have I to shield me,
The arrows drink my life blood where I lie;
Now, can no earthly hand assistance yield me,
And I must bear this anguish till I die.

With music on their golden hinges turning
The gates of Heaven swing wide for many a soul;
Yet not for thee,—oh, child, thy restless yearning,
Not yet, hath brought thee nigh unto that goal.

Where is the balm that now can bring me healing?
The cup of death is pressed unto my lip;—
Oh bitter cup! each mortal sense and feeling
Shrink back in anguish, while compelled to sip.

Lift up thy veil—oh! world of dazzling beauty
Here comes a soul to gaze into thy face,
And yet the shining chords of Love and Duty
Long years shall hold it in this gloomier place.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

BY ROLAND CLIFFORD.

My home is where the cherubs bathe
On the rosy tints—in the golden wave—
On Eden's peaceful river;
Free from the stroke of the dreaded dart
That broke the strings of the throbbing heart,
And fetid the soul forever!

And I wander on, and forever new—
The lovely vales that rise to view
And the sweet sequestered bowers;
I join with the sainted bands that sing,
And they dip their plumes and the golden wing,
In the dew on the faded flowers.

And the plains are full of the sweetest strain
Attuned to the lowly Jesus slain,
And it murmurs on forever;
It thrills from a thousand trembling strings,
And gushes like celestial springs
That swell the mighty river.

And the heart ne'er knows the pangs of grief—
Not a dying branch or a withering leaf
Is seen on plain or mountain.
And the soul is free from the sting of pain,
And the eyes shall never close again—
For we drink from life's sweet fountain!

And the sin and strife of the vale of tears,
Through glorious flight of the endless years
Shall reach us never, never!
And, while celestial music rolls,
We'll join in the ceaseless march of souls,
And travel on forever!

O! I WOULD LIVE.

BY NAOMI GREY.

O! I would live once more to look,
On spring's sweet early flowers,
To hear again the babbling brook,
And see the sunny hours;
O! let me not be laid below
The winter's cold, cold bed of snow.

Say not "her life is almost fled,
Her cheek has lost its bloom";—
O! lay me not among the dead,
Within the cold lone tomb;
Earth never looked so fair before,
As now, when life is almost o'er.

I'd live to hear the wild bird's strain,
Come softly o'er the lea—
To see the flowers upon the plain,
Blooming in beauty free;—
That I may see the spring time smile,
Bid Death to stay his hand awhile.

Then gently lay me down to sleep,
When spring is bright and fair;
Each blossom will its vigil keep,
While I shall slumber there;
Then when the trees in verdure wave,
Let sunset deck my early grave.

Correspondence.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As we live in an age of agitation, may I be permitted to drop one thought-pebble into the great Ocean of mind, to blend its vibrations with the myriad pulses that are shaking the world into reasoning life? The radiations from the master minds that figure in your conferences, are sprinkling gems before your reasoning readers, and cutting their way deep into time-bound souls.

The problem of evil, which of all subjects is most worthy investigation involves the mind in a mass of principles, that will require ages to elucidate to the comprehension of earth's immortals. Few minds have been found bold and broad enough, to sweep the Universe with the clear eye of Reason, and proclaim to the world that "All is good and beautiful." And, though I cannot synonymize the words right and wrong so as to see everything, alike, lovely and meritorious, I *do* see *much* beauty where I once saw *none;* and from this I infer, that I may yet see goodness where now I see but evil; and who shall say that a large growth may not open to my soul *all* the beauties that dazzle the vision of Dr. Child? Be this as it may, we cannot deny that there is much to learn, ere we can settle this great question, compatible with philosophy, and the moral intuitions of the soul; and hence, the able discussions of honest minds which are calling out so many criticisms from various sources, are the very things that we need; and I can but marvel at the manifest disposition of many Reformers to stifle free expression with the plea of "A Dangerous Doctrine." This cry has been raised against every new unfoldment from time immemorial. When Jesus first lifted his voice against the murderous dogmas of Moses, and proclaimed mercy and forbearance against revenge and intolerance, saying to the adulteress "neither do I condemn thee," he was hunted by the Church as a "dangerous" innovater, and at last, paid the penalty of his beneficence, by an ignominious death! When the all-embracing charities of Universalism first sounded the glad tidings of Infinite and Impartial love to the children of men, the creed-contracted world stood aghast, and trembled in view of this "Pernicious and Dangerous Doctrine!" So, too, when the voice of Immortality first broke upon the world in the character of "Spiritual Rappings" and sent the sparkling of free thought flaming through the souls of Earth, the slaves of education rallied to the rescue, and attempted to muffle the mouth of heaven, lest her immortal hosts should open a new vein of thought, and lead earth's famishing millions to the feast of Freedom and Truth!—But the tide moves on, and no power of earth can stay its progressive march. But still that voice is heard, whenever a daring mind utters his boldest and broadest thought; and it may be well that it is so; *for* it calls out the soul's energies to scan closer, to probe deeper, and prune the subject of all objectionable conditions. But let us examine the subject more closely. It is urged that the doctrine which ignores evil, is doing a ruinous work, plunging many who adopt it into dark and fearful errors! Now, it is very easy to find a subterfuge for selfish and debasing gratifications, when the mind is constantly on the alert for such an excuse; and such minds may attempt a vindication of their course, by involving the noble souls who have opened their liberal ideas to the world with candor and honesty. But where is the philosophy in such self-justification? Are we to surrender our individuality, and attempt to torture our souls into heaven, because a great mind believes that the darkest deeds are fraught with the elements of ultimate felicity? If a man be told that, by plunging into a caldron of boiling oil, he will come out a shining seraph, will he be likely to try the experiment, without first attesting the matter, by his own judgment? If you urge me to drink arsenic, that I may the sooner taste the bliss of Paradise, think you that I should put the cup to my lips? Never! But, if a man *love* vice, nothing short of growth in the moral department of his nature, can possibly eradicate his proclivity thereto.

If a man has murder in his heart, is he nearer heaven because he dare not execute it? And, if a man have *not* murder in his heart, can sophistry generate it there? Whoever has not the selfhood to think and to *do* for himself must *need* bitter experience to develope an individuality. The mind that *does* think and adopts principles for *himself* will *never* be in danger of the sad disasters complained of. Nature *will be* herself despite our sophistry; and the only possible way to aid in human development, is to give free scope to the largest and most radical thoughts, and labor to cultivate high and pure feelings in ourselves, that by our daily example and aspiring sympathies, we may carry a perpetual moral tone in our souls, strengthen those who are struggling with organic weakness, and trembling in the grasp of alluring vices. Our life consists not so much in what we *do* as in what we *feel*. It is not the *word* that reaches the soul, but the heart-life that is *in* the word. If our inner life be true and pure, we have little to fear from the errors of the head. The soul must first *desire* to do good, and the effort to satiate that desire will be forthcoming. Let us labor then, to stimulate that desire in *ourselves first* and others will soon catch the flame. The feelings of the heart will soon correct the failings of the head; and, if Dr. Child is theoretically in error, then it behoves us, instead of carping at his 'Pernicious influences," to correct the "sophistry" by practically demonstrating the difference between right and wrong. To attempt the correction of an error, by proscribing free discussion thereon, is tacitly admitting that that error, with an equal chance, is a match for the Truth!

L. C. HOWE.

NEW ALBION, Jan. 14th, 1860.

BROTHER NEWTON: Enclosed is a communication from my daughter, Jane M. Shaw.—She was of a teachable mind, and in all her associations among her relations and loved school mates, her mind was a loving and confiding one, unto all. The mother passed away to the spirit land some three years before her daughter. I send this as a test. I have many written messages from the departed daughter through my own medium powers.—The voice accompanies the writing, so that they can be spoken out, as the pen moves.—I have a writing on time-passing from John Bailey, called by learned men and ministers of sectarian belief, words of true wisdom.—The message that is from my daughter was by MRS. GLEASON, a tipping-medium; the table was elevated about four inches clear from the floor, and moved and canted upon my breast, and then returned to its original place. You may take what part of the writing that you think convenient.

Yours, &c.,

NATH'L SHAW.

Portland, January 5th, 1860.

DEAR FATHER: I am always glad to talk with you—mother can come nearer to you than I can without the aid of a medium, so she said I might talk now—oh, father, I am so happy here; I have beautiful birds, and flowers—oh! so much more lovely than any you ever saw on earth. I wish every one could know what a beautiful home is awaiting them,—what different lives would they live, when they realize that their every act is the seed that is to make their spiritual garden bright and fragrant with heaven's choicest blessings, or dark with the bitter fruits of repentance.—To be sure they have the privilege of erasing the misdeeds of the past, by the good they may do, by returning to earth, and counseling the weak and erring to be wise and strong, but I think, dear father, it is much better to sow the good seed while on earth life, so that we may have our garden ready for us when we get home. May all good angels attend you, showering choicest blessings upon you,

Is the wish of your

Spirit Daughter,

JANE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You say, "We hardly think it was necessary for Bro. Osgood to qualify his assertion to the editor of the Banner 'in relation to the liberalizing tendency of Spiritualism.'" To a late communication of mine in the Banner, in which I said a few words favorable to the liberalizing tendency of Spiritualism "in *this* community," the editor appended an irrelevant note dissenting from my statement. I thought I was as competent to speak of the influence of Spiritualism within the sphere of my own observation as he could be, and so informed him. According to his usual disingenuous method of treating every thing which I have communicated to his paper creditable to Spiritualism, he makes use of my correction in a way to imply that I had "*qualified*" my statement to him. A fair sample of the justice I have uniformly received from that paper, in response to my demand for a correction of its misrepresentations of whatever I have communicated to it on this subject. I agree with you fully in regard to the liberalizing power of Spiritualism on the minds of people everywhere, as well as in this vicinity. If this were not its tendency, I would not advocate it, for I am heartily sick of the narrow sectarian and partizan spirit which rules most persons who *assume* to give direction and character to denominational enterprises.

Of the "Banner man's sphere of spiritual observation," I have nothing to say. I do not wish to bias the minds of others, but for myself I have no further need of the peculiar kind of light reflected from the Banner as a spiritual luminary.

Yours for freedom and progress in truth,

H. P. OSGOOD.

Foxcroft, Jan. 19, 1860.

APPLICATION.

BY C. M. N.

There is no one thing so greatly needed in the performance of the duties of this life, and whose neglect so surely brings defeat, or bitter regret, as untiring application.

It is the key to success, and he who diligently, and faithfully applies himself, will overcome every difficulty that arises and threatens to thwart his purpose by its seeming greatness. He who possesses a persevering energy will surely find his efforts crowned with victory, and he who does not possess superior powers, can only hope to succeed in life by severe application.

Each must be the architect of his own fortune—must succeed by his own efforts or remain forever buried in seclusion and poverty.

Would any one believe that Fortune would shower down immense riches at his feet, though he make no exertion but to ask? Would one hope to gain distinction and eminence by simply asking, and never acting? No, surely not! that would be impossible; and yet some imagine Fortune has been partial, while they make no effort to secure, by their own exertion, what others have struggled hard to obtain.

Let them be deluded no longer, but tax their *own* brains—exert their *own* powers for beneficial results—apply themselves *vigorously*—search for hidden treasures—*then* may they hope to exhibit wonderful achievments as the result of untiring perseverance, and no longer find cause to complain of Fortune.

In the distance they will behold the temple of Fame glittering in the effulgence of glory. With "*Labor Omnia Vincit*" for a motto, and a firm resolute heart to cheer them, they reach at length, the pinnacle of greatness.

O, tell me not, there is no fruit, no desirable result in these long years of toil and study. Thousands have said it, and the "grave of oblivion" covers them.

Let us seek happiness by tasking our minds and expect it as a reward for noble efforts. Anticipation may herald rich blessings, and great achievements, but Disappointment is her sure companion if Application, Perseverance and Energy are wanting. Then let us be ambitious, and let education, the cultivation of the mind, be the *object* of our ambition.

PORTLAND, Jan. 16th., 1860.

TWO GHOSTS OF ONE HAMLET.—Strange things occasionally occur in a theatrical life. Some few years ago, at a benefit given to a Fire Company in Philadelphia, a new aspirant for histrionic honors appeared on the boards of the Walnut street Theatre. The play was "Hamlet." Just before the curtain rose, the gentleman engaged to play the "*Ghost*," struck for "wages," and the Manager was forced to supply his place as best he could.

In due time the play went on; and the Ghost in blue armor appeared saying in his usual lugubrious tone—

"Hamlet, *I am thy father's Ghost!*"

When, even as the Prince of Denmark was contemplating the image of his father's ghost, a voice was heard from another wing—

"Don't you believe him, Hamlet; I am your father's ghost—this fellow underbid me."

And with the word, another "*Ghost*" in blue armor, of course, stepped on the stage.

The embarrassment of Hamlet was extreme. *Two* ghosts of *one* father, both dressed in blue armor, speaking at once, and each claiming to be the ghost Simon Pure, as thus

"Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost," began No. 1.

"No, Hamlet, I'm your father's ghost," cried No. 2.

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth," continued No. 1.

"No, Hamlet," said Ghost No. 2, insinuatingly, —"It's me that's doomed to walk the earth—not him. You see, he plays for five dollars a week; and I would not do it under six. I'm your father's Ghost, Hamlet."

At this juncture, while Hamlet stood looking from one to the other, in most unprincely confusion, No. 1 again rallied—

"I could a tale unfold," he said.

"All fudge, Hamlet; it's me that could the tale unfold," cried Ghost No. 2. "This fellow ain't got any tale to unfold. I'm your father's ghost, my boy."

At this crisis the curtain fell, leaving Hamlet to settle the matter with the Ghosts, behind the scene, while the audience were shedding tears, but not of sorrow.—[Cleveland Plaindealer.

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.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD STONE MILL—THE LAST TWO HOURS AND THE STRANGE EVENTS THEREOF.

"No sooner had I recovered from my surprise at this occurrence, than the old man bade me look again. The night had come down rapidly during the time we had been shut in by the curtains. The thick, vapor-laden clouds effectually excluded every ray of starlight, and the night had become almost pitchy dark, with the exception of that dull, red mist which I had seen the previous night, and which now again cast its lurid sheen upon all surrounding objects.

"During the three hours I had been absent from my home the weather had undergone a change. Occasional flames of sheet lightning lit up for a moment the scenery around, and then left a still deeper gloom behind.

"On being told to look, I replied 'I do, but nothing can I see, except the trees, the grass, and the mill when the flashes occur.'"

"'You are looking behind you, then,' he said, 'just turn your head a moment.'

"When I did so, I could hardly credit the soundness of my senses, and even questioned if I was not asleep and dreaming; for that which I beheld was of a such a character as to make a person doubt himself—his sanity and what he saw. The eastern portion of the mill had disappeared entirely, and in its stead I beheld in a clear light, as if coming from ten thousand chandeliers, the front of what appeared to me as a colossal Temple, whose front was plinthed, columned and capitaled.

"I could hardly believe my eyes, yet there it stood in massive grandeur, towering away toward the skies! In its centre was a massive gate, studded with what seemed to be large brass spikes; and on each side, upon huge pedestals, stood two bronze griffins, as if they kept watch and ward over the untold secrets and treasures within the castle.

"During my lifetime, up to the previous night I had loved to hear tales of the marvelous; and had delighted to conjure up strange pictures, but had never seriously believed in witch-craft, black art, magic or sorcery. I had entertained no belief in Larvæ, Bidures, Eons, Spooks, or Toubilum,—no not a word—nor had I the remotest faith in the existence of beings intermediate between men and angels, *but totally distinct from either.* Such is no longer the case! What could I do to avoid believing in what I saw, heard and felt? I that night could no longer refuse credence; because that which I formerly regarded as the mere idle fantasies of hot-brained mystics, I now *knew* to be truth-founded, and perfectly reliable. The façade of the Temple appeared to be thirty yards distant, and as I gazed upon the splendid structure, the gates slowly swung upon their hinges, and revealed a large, paved circular court within, in the midst of which I dimly saw a host of strange looking beings, whom I took to be either human or their simulacra, so perfect, that the difference was scarcely to be detected. Suddenly I fell off into a kind of doze, and when I revived again, it appeared that in the interim I had been transported within the court, near the southern part of which I observed a door which appeared to lead into a a large building, separated by a stream of water from the court itself. Over this stream a very narrow bridge was thrown, and at the ends of it stood two infernal looking monsters in bronze, representing a nondescript, half elephant, half devil. In order the better to remember what took place while I was there, I subsequently threw it into verse-form, which I will now repeat to you. I have called my lines

THE INITIATION.

Mont Faucon ne'er witnessed such a sight
Of fear as I beheld that night,
Within that temple of the dead, where demons glide and
vampyres tread;
Who laughed with glee at the daring mortal.
There within Death's gloomy portal.
Asphaltine lights were burning pale,
And sulphur fumes weighed down the gale;
While ever and aye, a horible cry
Rose on the air; and o'er me spread—
That shriek of despair—a fear like that we feel of the
dead!
Transfixed I stood; ran cold my blood, each hair upon
my head
Stood up with fear, and a briny tear upon the earth was
shed!
How great the cost! My soul is lost!
No more on earth to move and be,
Ah! woe is me! Ah! woe is me!
Fiercely through the darkness beaming, horrid demon s
eyes were gleaming;
Terror filled my heart with fear, as certain ominous
words I hear;
Sung to music sad and low, like that which from torn
hearts outflow,
In moments when the soul is left alone, all blessings
from it reft—
When lute and harp are swept in sorrow, and Hope can
paint no bright to morrow,
These words in measured cadence fall, and echo through
that gloomy Hall.

THE SONG OF THE UNSEEN.

"Listen mortal, daring stranger, warning take and flee
from danger!
Seek no farther for the Galeyea,* lest ye meet with death
and failure.
Turn ye from us, we are vantoms, vampyres, foliots, genii, phantoms.
Back to earth, ere we enthrall thy soul, and horrors on
thee fall;
For it is written 'Hell shall warn its victims thrice, twixt
night and morn,'
And thus to thee we say beware, go back, repent in fast
and prayer.
Secrets fearful such as ours, give the knower magic powers;
He can mercely ride the storm, command the lightnings,
change his form—
Strew death broad cast o'er fields of earth; change joy
to grief, and pain to mirth—
Call spirits from the vasty deep, where unborn worlds
and Monads sleep—
Keep death at bay ten thousand years, and bathe in salt
seas sorrow's tears!
But the trials ere you reach them, fearful are, and would
ye teach them.
Greater still, for then the Being, Dark and Solemn, all
things seeing,
Applies a text in proper Person! Remember 'MENE, TEKEL, PHARSIN!'"

"The voices died away, and the music stopped awhile, and for a time all was still. But soon I heard another band apparently within the building over the bridge. I lost the first verse of the song they sung, but soon recovered my self-possession sufficiently to note well, and retain all the others. It seemed that three voices only sang the burden, but the refrain and chorus were swelled by apparently a hundred at least. They sung

II.

'Who stands at this iron gate,
Which opens on roads blank, drear and dark?
Who is it doth refuse to wait
Till Time and Death shall quench the spark?
Woe! woe! woe! to whoever found know
The secret of ways whither,
Sought only of days thither
Bringeth man from below!

III.

Who stands without this brazen gate,
Leading to seas where foaming billows loudly roar,
In fury, maimess, rage and hate?
Ire! ire! ire! on whoever dare aspire
To the brigat Eonic crown;
Who would from Alai tear it down,
From its taravel of fire!

IV.

Who stands without this silver gate,
The door of Nature's private land,
Where rubies, jewels, precious—great,
Like forest leaves bestrew the strand?
And songs, songs, songs, sung by beings pure and holy
Are heard of angels and seraphim,
Antarphim, cherubim,
In the regions of Vemoly!

V.

Who stands at this golden gate,
The shore of bright Vemloia's ever sunlit sea,
Whose every drop is big with the fate
Of an unborn world; on whose shores the tree
Of Life! Life! Life! is ever watered by the fountain—
'Eutaphiar—the golden star—
Through the valley Delaxar
Flowing from the mighty mountain?

VI.

Who stands without this awful gate,
Whose beams are fate; whose solid bars are time—
Which sphinxes guard, and gorgons wait
To seize the being who dare climb?
Is it man, man, man. whose days are but a speck,
Who woul sail o'er seas infernal,
To reach the port supernal,
Where suns the azure fleck?

VII

Who stands without this crystal gate,
Which leads to shores whose sands are strewn with pearl,
Beneath a dome of most majestic state,
Whose floors are diamonds, sapphire, beryl
Grand! grand! grand! are the mountains of that shore,
And precious stones, like sighs and moans
From Earth made homes—
From gold-hued clouds out-pour!

VIII.

Who stands without this mystic portal,
Seeking for it- hidden treasure?
Who is; who is the daring mortal?
Speak! and let us know thy pleasure!
Vast! vast! vast! are the secrets of the crater;
And the scoriac oceans rolling,
And the hell forever toiling;—
Vast and mighty—none are greater!

CHORUS OF THE UNSEEN.

'Tis the passage to the infinite; to regions where eternal
light
Sets off a sea of blackest night!
The Awful Vortex—Matter's forge—
Where Power, Systems runs, disgorge—
Whence Comets spring to outer day,
And Worlds leap forth their part to play—
Whence Spirit, Matter, Soul emerge,
And where Centralia's forces urge,
Forever and forevermore, her waves upon a boundless
shore,
And stars rain down like wintry hail!
Mortal tremble, lest you fail!
Shrink but a moment, and no power
Can save you in that tearful hour!'
* * * * * * * * *
The voices ceased, their song was ended,
And silence with the darkness blended,
When a sudden groan groan. groan,—
Came a soul tearing agony, heart-racking moan,
And wept tears like blood
As in panic fear I stood
In that tomb, tomb, tomb.
And a terible dread, like the touch of the dead,
Came over me there; and my heart stopped beating,
And stood every hair. What, what, what
Means this horrible spell, brewed by demons of hell?
Oh! would that I were once away from this spot,
'Tis as dreadful as Hades, where the worm dieth not!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Came a roaring sound from the caves under ground.
Then my soul sunk with dread,
I was like a man dead.
Gloom, gloom, gloom,
Environed my being; the terrible tread
Of the demon I hear, and I hide from the sun and the
moon with fear—
Feeling soon, soon, soon, I shall yield my last breath
To the angel of Death, and pass on to a region forever in
gloom—
No starlight to cheer me; no sun and no moon!
* * * * * * * *
O'er my spirit then came stealing, slimy horror, yet revealing
That the song was meant for me.
And I answered, lowly whispering, scarcely speaking, only lisping,
"I want, I want the golden key—
I would go to Nature's college; drink from out her sea
of knowledge—
Drink and drink forevermore—
I would climb the lofty mountain, bathe my soul within
the fountain—
Bathe and drink and thirst no more!"
These the words I spake while seeming,
All to me was like a dreaming
Of horror, mingled with supernal
Pleasures, dashed with fears infernal,—
Terrors mixed with joys elysian.
Like the Prophet in his vision,
I too, felt a river roll, adown my being, thro' my soul—
A sea whose waves were keen delight,
But each one crest with fear and spite.
* * * * * * *

*The secrets of the immortal Gods—the sealed mysteries of Le Croix Rouge.—ED.

Once the music rose and then
These words were sung by spectral men,
'The time has not yet come, (fated mother of a son—
Doomed to taste the cup of sorrow, and to know a strange
to-morrow,)
For thee to lift the mazy veil, and bear to earth the wondrous tale—
Not thou, but he shall sleep the SLEEP, and probe the
secrets of the deep,
Return, return, return,
Once more to life, and care and strife, erewhile the day
will dawn,
When he and thee, from sorrow free shall know a wondrous morn;
Then child of crime abide thy time—
Return once more to the Earth's bleak clime,
Return, return, return!
Thy coming son the man may be
To sleep the great Sialam Booghi!"*

"Scarcely had the sound died away, when the whole structure began to diminish by degrees, until at last I saw it no more. Involuntarily I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, a new chapter of wonders lay spread before my astonished gaze.

"I was again seated on the cushion within the old mill, whose grey walls before me were illuminated by I knew not what means; while behind me all was dark as Erebus itself, with, as I said before, the exception of the dull red haze in its immediate vicinity. Everything beyond was invisible by reason of the thick darkness of the starless night. When I turned my head towards the veil the same phosphorescent luminosity was seen gradually increasing its intensity until it was quite light.—My position was diagonal to the veil itself, which now was restored to its former place, and directly in front of me I saw clear as the noon-day, what I at first took to be a very large and finely executed painting.—The figures on it were as large as life, and having always felt a fondness for art, I, totally oblivious for the moment of all I had seen just before, imagined that it really was a picture, and inwardly thanked the old conjurer, who still sat by my side, for his kindness in giving me so pleasant a surprise, for in my innocence, I did not for a moment suspect that this was not a *real* painting, and that he had, while my eyes were closed, arranged it for my inspection and gratification. If all this should seem strange and unnatural, you must bear in mind that I resembled other women in scarcely any particular whatever, save sex and age, my mind being entirely different.

"I was very speedily awakened from my illusion; for on looking more attentively, the objects on the apparent canvass were seen to change positions as in a diorama.—Before me rolled a large and magnificent river, between richly decked flowery banks. As it smoothly glided onward, there rose from its bosom a soft and dream inviting haziness, which, together with the peculiarities of the vegetation upon its sides, indicated that the scene before me was a tropical one. In the rear fore-ground stood a large and stately Palm tree, beneath which, luxuriating amidst a heap of flowers, which it had gathered, lay a child, the exact image of the one now asleep on that bed; although the fact never struck me till to-night. The scene was so natural, the child so beautiful, that I found it utterly impossible to realize the whole to be a phantom.

"The babe exactly corresponded to my highest ideal of infantine perfection. There was nothing lacking; the realization was complete! I was carried away with admiration, and instantly forgot where I was, or what doing; and instinctively and involuntarily stretched forth my hands toward the darling image. As I did so there came a loud laugh as of a dozen rude voices, which had the effect of recalling my recollection.

"Before me the scene was one of open day; and after the strange noise had aroused me, I remembered the hour was that of dark midnight; while the spectacle was nothing but a phantasmagoria, conjured up by the weird one at my side.

"Do I sleep? am I sensible? or in that trance called mesmeric? No! It cannot be; and yet it appears so. I know there really was no river, trees, or child before me; and yet I saw them plainly all, yet realized that above and all around me was the heaven and the walls of the old ruin;—knew I had my proper senses, for I felt the cold damp air fan my fevered cheeks, because I was excited by what my eyes beheld. I even felt a sort of defiant spirit pervade, and nerve my frame. The wizard did not cause me much uneasiness himself, but I felt a sort of fear lest the mystery should never be cleared up satisfactorily, and an apprehension, and presentiment that something hung upon the balance of fate which would ere long fall, and which was to affect me for weal or woe. I trusted the former but feared the last.

"The babe was all alone, and lay basking under the shades of the tall tree, full of life and animation. Ever and anon he plucked the flowers at his side, and tore them to pieces as soon as culled, just as children of a larger growth are wont to do;—who see an object of beauty,—run mad and wild after it,—sacrifice anything for its possession—obtain it and—then destroy it for ever and ever:—out upon ye, things miscalled men, I blush for ye, indeed I do! The golden locks of the babe streamed down its face of loveliness like hairs of sunshine on a garden of choice roses; rendering the beauty far more lovely still. Notwithstanding I felt it was but a shadow which lay before me. I could not resist the instinction to stretch my arms and invite it to them. As I was on the point of speaking to it, the old man, who keenly watched every movement on my part, made an impatient gesture, and thus bade me desist.—Then hastily pencilling a few lines on an ivory tablet he reached it to me. By the light from the veil I read these words. "Stir not; speak not; or the scroll of fate will pass away and forever be unread."

'In an instant I comprehended his meaning and as quickly resolved that, let the temptation to disobey the caution be never so great it should be resisted, come what would. As soon as I returned the tablet the little seraph deliberately rose from where it lay, and appearing to quit the canvass it approached me. My heart beat quickly; my blood was on fire; I saw its tiny lips move, and, great God! I heard it speak these words. "Mamma! *dear* mamma! Love me, mamma!" As it spake, it attempted to throw itself into my willing arms, and——*succeeded! I clasped it passionately to my heart! the child was flesh and blood, if ever flesh and blood existed!* It was *a living boy;* and his little arms clasped my neck, while my lips were covered with its lavished kisses.

"For an instant the rapture was so great that I did not offer to return his embraces and endearments; and when, at the end of the first surprise, I bent forward to embrace the precious dear, a wild unearthly shriek escaped the lips of the old wizard. I started and turned round to ascertain the cause, and beheld his face blanched with a pallor absolutely ghastly; his lips were like white marble; his eyes rolled most fearfully; he trembled as if struck with death; while his teeth chattered as if his soul were in its last agony. I looked on him a moment, and then turned toward the child, which had unclasped its arms from my neck at the instant of the shriek. But the beautiful boy was gone; not a trace of him remained.—The entire scene had vanished utterly, and another widely different one filled its place. But on this occasion

I.

'Twas a cold and stormy evening, Moonlight fell in silver lines;
Airy voices, sad were grieving, in the music haunted pines.
Pale a mother watched her dearest, wept she o'er her darling boy:
"O! mother, mother hearest thou these distant sounds of joy?"

II.

"Oh! hush thee, hush thy sobbing; lean thy head upon my breast!"
"Mother, how thy heart's low throbbing, seems to whisper me to rest.
"As I slept upon my pillow, I saw before me stand,
"A broad and waving willow, leaning o'er a silent land.

III.

"'Mong its darkly waving branches, murmured voices sweet and clear,
"Like an organ, when it launches silver music on the ear.
"On that verdant wide savannah there stood no other tree:
"Its darkly waving banner, was all that I could see.

IV.

"As I gazed upon its brightness, forth a lovely creature flew,
"She was clad in snow-bright whiteness, as she caught my startled view,—
"Took my hand in her cold fingers, leaned my brow upon her heart,—
"Oh!—like ice her cold touch lingers, will it never more depart?

V.

"See! the willow now is swinging! Now its music cometh near;—
"Now grows faint; now sweetly singing, falls upon my listening ear!"
Bowed the mother in deep sorrow; fell her tears like April rain,
Sadly drooped she on the morrow, for the child ne'er spoke again.

* * * * * * Deep silence followed this mournful scene. Slowly the figures and the scene grew dim and faded before me. My heart was well nigh bursting; and a flood of tears, came to my relief.

The scene once more grew dark, and then by slow degrees waxed lighter. As it did so, I observed the first scene reproduced. The same river, flowers, trees and laughing child were there. As soon as I had recognized him the darkness hid him from me, and when he had entirely disappeared it grew light, and again I saw him once more, but this time greatly changed.

"He was now apparently five years older.

"Again it became dark, and when next the form appeared it was greatly expanded and ten more years apparently were added to his life. Once more the phantoscope revolved, and my eyes fell upon a spectacle almost withering.

"I saw a hideous monster—a horrible serpent, slowly writhing his slimy coils over a widely extended and arid plain, upon which not a vestige of vegetation was to be seen; not a shrub, nor blade of grass, not a single green thing. But scattered here and there were the trunks of gigantic trees, dead, blasted, and petrified, while large masses of rock, and innumerable deep chasms and clefts, varied the dismal monotony, and told that God had turned his back upon that thrice accursed spot, and left it drear and desolate as the play-

* Metcalf.

*Pronounced Seolom Bohee, Pehlavan for deep sleep, that which we are told fell on Adam when God took out his rib. It is a doctrine of the Rosicrucians that whoever sleeps it can see in it all the events of 500 coming ages, as well as 500 of the past.—EDITOR.

ground of the earthquake, and the haunt of every unclean and detestable thing.

"In the immediate foreground I saw a vast unshapely mass of volcanic scoriæ, and the glaring eye-balls of a huge serpent were intently fixed upon a youth who, like the image of despondency, sat alone upon its summit. Although sadly altered in aspect, yet the features of this youth bore and unmistakable resemblance to the child—the boy—the darling of my former visions.—A strong desire to be assured whether I was right in my conjecture concerning his identy, was evidently perceived in my mind by the old man, although unexpressed by words, for with a sigh he waved his hand and bowed his head in token of confirmation. The poor youth looked sad dejected, weather-beaten and like one, whose short, but eventful life had been a stormy one. The marks of high and vigorous intellect were stamped upon his broad and lofty forehead, and a noble philanthropic, but all too trusting spirit had written itself in characters unmistakeable upon his speaking brow, which not even all his anguish and sufferings, nor the tempestuous waves of social life had been able to obliterate or wash away; albeit they had left deep-traced lines of grief and care and soul-sorrow, as they passed over him, in their onward rushing course. In his eye, black as mid-night, was to be seen the flickering fires of ambition, dimmed, yet smouldering still, and burning with its own intenseness. The skilled in psychography might have read therein the sad, but oft repeated story of blasted expectations; hopes never to be realized; aspirations noble, manly, godlike, checked by the twin friends Poverty and Circumstance, and an experience of sadness, bitterness and woe. His torn and travel-stained garments, emaciated and hungry look, weary aspect and dejection of soul, all betokened that the stern hand of misfortune had long rested upon him; that it had crushed the sleeping lion but had not yet quite killed it; for the occasional fiery glance that shot forth as the thought of what he might have been passed across the broad waste of his soul, the firm set mouth, the compressed lips, the tone of *Selfitivity*—if I may coin an expressive word—was there, so distinct and clear, that it required no second observation to convince me of two things; first, that there slept within his bosom a vast volcano of pent up fire, which needed but a vent to cause it to leap forth with resistless energy and power; and secondly, that it needed no second look to decide that that fire would spontaneously light the road to Truth's great victory, against the combined forces of Bigotry and Ignorance. But alas! the fiery mountain was passive only. Misfortune had subdued truly, but could never quench its power. Aye! those tattered garments, that weary frame, frail and weak for want of exersise in its proper and heaven-intended field—that exhausted body, all were so many gyves and chains which served to imprison a soul. Ah, god! What a soul!

"Like the child in the first vision, if such it may be called, this youth was also conscious of my presence, and the very instant that his glance rested upon me, he became aware of the approach of the deadly monster, which had never for a moment lost sight of the boy, notwithstanding that many rocky boulders, declivities, and stumps of blasted trees intervened, and obstructed his path-way towards the scoriæ pile, and the lad who sat thereon, whom it soon became evident the huge snake intended to destroy; for as he crawled along, his eyes seemed to dart infernal shafts of fire, and his accursed folds appeared to throb and swell with triumph. Unceasingly the monster followed his dreadful bent.

"At the moment that I caught the lad's eye, I repeat, he also saw his foe. A strange result ensued, for no sooner had he fairly seen it, than all his strength seemed to fail him on the instant. The old man whispered in my ear, 'This is Fate!'

"The youth was unarmed, no way of escape was there. He stretched out his arms imploringly toward me for relief.—I was powerless to help. My blood ran chilly through my veins. I also rose, and extended my arms towards him, while with a soul of sympathy I met his gaze. The serpent drew nigher and still more nigh.—Another moment, and—and—great and merciful Heaven! it was too horrible; the slimy monster had seized the youth in his terrible coil. He wound his folds around the victim, contracted them, and I saw the red torrent gush from his lips, his eyes, his mouth; I heard him cry in his agony, 'Save me! save me *mother!* or I am forever lost!' I leaped forward; a sudden light darted like wild-fire across my brain. I felt—I *knew*, that struggling boy was bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.—It was *my son* who struggled in that scene of unmitigated horror. My soul was on fire; liquid lava ran through my veins.—I leaped toward him, resolved to save, or die with my suffering boy. But scarcely had I moved an inch, when the same unearthly, deathly shriek from the old man

rung shrilly out, like a death knell, upon the midnight air. For an instant it arrested my steps, but in the next a sea of blood floated before my eyes, my brain reeled, and madly waving my arms, I fell senseless on the turf."

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME—THE CONGRESS.

'Hearts! breaking hearts! Who speaks of breaking hearts.'—King of the Commons.

* * * * * * *

'Bright clouds come up like sinful visions to distract the soul of solitary men.'—Anon.

"'Sound the clarion; blow the trump; let all the hosts of Aidenn hear!' spake the silver voice. And the swift-winged winds bore the mandate far and wide; and all the courts of Aidenn, and all the Dome of nether Space, and all the vast ethereal vaults rang with the sound thereof. And now, lo! from all quarters gathered a mighty host. The good were there, and the brows of the shadowy legions might have been seen intermingled with the bright faces and glowing forms of the bands of Ooromallah and Vemolia; and as before, so now again, anxiety sat upon every countenance. And thus they stood around the flaming altar—throne of Alcyone. And again that wondrous voice of melodious thunder was heard. But the words only commanded silence. * * * * * * Two stately and majestic beings stood aloof from the rest, near the center of the circle, before the throne of the *Secret One*, who dwelt within the heart of the great orb, whence only he came forth to dictate laws to the myriads who acknowledged his imperial sway. On the right a mighty army stretched its lines—the legions of the Light—while to the left the dense columns of the Shadow might be seen. The two central figures were their respective leaders. And when, obeying the mandate of the voice from the throne, all was hushed into serene repose and silence, two beings, one a male figure, with a large book in his hand, and the other a female form, of more than celestial grace and loveliness—both delegates from a power superior to aught within this universe, and far—far more potent than the monarch of Alcyone, came forth and stood before the veiled throne. The one with the book opened it and read therefrom these words: 'It is written that all beings shall be brought through great tribulations to perfect peace at last. Thou art about to contend for power. It is permitted. But look ye well to it that ye strive justly; power against power, force against force; and let the victory incline to that side toward which man uninfluenced by his physical organization, climate, education, faith and outer circumstances shall turn. Eternal Justice so ordains it; and thus hath it been written in the Book. No undue force shall ye bring to bear; no undue advantage shall ye take, of man or one another.

"'Hear ye! listen ye, and obey! for thus hath it been written ye shall do, or be thenceforth cast into the state, whence ye may not escape till untold cycles shall away. Listen and obey.' He ceased, and the female came forth and said, 'Behold I give ye each a weapon. This to the Light—Feeling. This to the Shadow—Thought. The one is Love, the other Intellect, alike powerful but diverse. Go forth; ye are equal.'

"Thus saying, she took from her girdle two wands, and pre-enting one to each of the chiefs, stepped, with her companion, lightly into a gossamer car, drawn by winged winds, and almost instantly were out of sight.

* * * * * *

"Once more the deep melodious voice of the Mighty One was uplifted, saying to the assembled hosts, 'Ye have heard the mandate of that August Potency, beneath whose sway ourself and all beneath us reverently bow. Ye are the Shadow and the Light, about to engage in a fierce and important conflict, the former, for a successor to a throne of Power, the latter for subject of the Sacred Slumber. If the latter prevail, the doors of a new Temple, stored with wondrous knowledge, both for mortals and those who never die, will be opened through the instrumentality of the Neutral mortal who shall sleep the strange eventful slumber. If the Shadow prevails, then that Power becomes possessed of an heir to its strange and marvelous glories, and a new order of things thenceforth will be initiated on the earth.'

* * * * * *

"The voice ceased, and straightway he who appeared to be the leader of the army of the Light, stood forth, and facing both hosts spake as follows:

"'The final mystery of Being, none can know; all that is permitted is the Knowledge of Being and Deity. We of the Light feel the first, and know the other; and first, of the last it is mine to tell you that in this present affair it is ours to surround the living Neutrals with such influences that the sleep will be spontaneous in the one, and a happy departure from earth the lot of the other. Failing to achieve which our next duty is, if possible, to prevent the Neutrals from meeting, under the auspices of the Shadow. Another great task lies before us, which is, to go down to yonder peaceful looking, but discordant earth and instruct the race of mortals thereon in the rules of Goodness, as we understand them. We must restore them to our ideal of what they should be, and what they would have been but for the two successful efforts of those who now, as in the past are arrayed against us. Man must be taught to love the arts of Peace, and discourage those of warfare, for they alone can make him what he ought to be. We must effect a revolution in all his feelings, sentiments and motives. Shall we not strive bravely for the victory, O! ye Powers of the Light—shall we not strive, and striving conquer?'

"A loud responsive 'Yea!' from the ranks of his followers indicated the success of his appeal. He stepped aside to make room for the leader of the opposite host—(the stately being already described in a previous page of this book)—who also facing both multitudes, spake, saying. 'We accept the contest and the gage, and thus set forth the issues for which we intend to triumphantly struggle. First, to prevent the sleep of Sialam Booghi. Second, to secure the blending of the Neutrals, and thus re-establish the succession of our Power, when by the decrees of a greater than we, ourself shall proceed to a different sphere of action, and to the development of a greater destiny than that already so victoriously achieved. In addition, it is our intention to practically demonstrate to Man that what is falsely called Evil, is in fact his only good and truest hope for the future—and that warfare, bloodshed, and wholesale slaughter his best occupation, and disease and early death his best school; for all these things are medicines essential to his final purification, and installation in the Temple of Happiness. Let the race fight on, and die, and suffer. It will be the cause of a final abandonment of his present system of suicide. We intend to teach him that action—action, constant and unremitting, of *all* his faculties, appetites and passions can alone develope him as he should be, and that contrasts and antagonisms are the only means that are efficient to a proper expansion of that which constitutes him man. And as observation alone can inform him of that which is best, we intend to keep his faculties in an active state by surrounding him with difficulties from which he must be extricated by the new faculties which under that discipline will develope and manifest themselves, as occasion may demand; and consequently we shall appear at a disadvantage at the first, but in the end, will have proved ourselves his greatest and best friends.—Knowledge being the great lever of the universe, we foster and cultivate it, at the same time learning man to imitate and emulate us. You, our foes, the Powers of the Light, are, in fact, man's greatest foes, because your policy is a selfish one. You deny the human family its right of free and untrammelled investigation, arrogate to yourselves the totality of Knowledge, and hence, by perpetuating ignorance, serve only your own selfish ends. We go to earth to dispel its darkness; you to increase its density. You preach peace; we counsel war. Man believes you, but follows the path *we* indicate, proclaiming all the while what excellent doctrines yours are. You teach that evil perpetuates; we that it destroys itself. War and its exigencies sets and keeps man's faculties in exercise Man invents destructive weapons and with them sweeps the earth as with the besom of destruction. What is the consequence? Why the lowest mortals become food for powder and cold steel—die and give place to a superior, set in the first place; and secondly, the belligerents, after slaying each other's forces, have a season for thought and reflection, which they improve by inventing still more deadly instruments of destruction. By and bye these will become so perfect, that war in any case will be suicidal policy; arbitration will replace it, and smooth words will be bandied about instead of rough bullets. When that point is reached, which, under our teachings we trust it speedily will be, war will be superseded by the principle of conservation, an amicable rivalry will take its place, and bloodshed and carnage be known no more forever. You call us cruel; but are we really such? when by fostering the spirit of contention, and the sacrifice of a few billions of lives, we gain an end in a dozen centuries, which you, with all your peace-preaching could not attain by the sacrifice of myriads in a decade of Eternities. Inculcating peace, you have really fostered warfare. Religion, as you call it, has been the prolific mother of contentions, strifes, and hatreds. It has shed more blood, and rendered more hearts and homes and hearths desolate, and has brought more misery on man than any one thing in the universe. Deny it who can. Nor has it helped man forward in a single instance, but hath retarded him greatly, and planted bitter-fruit bearing vines in the soil of the whole human heart. We go to earth to open man's eyes, not in your *goods of faith*, and religion, and the so-called virtues, but to the excellencies of knowledge. You have told man that his salvation from all evil depends upon certain beliefs in one who was executed by certain conservatives, and in a peculiar combination of black characters on white paper, which we deny. You have made man believe a fabulous account of his origin, and have hidden the true one from him. You have never told him the true nature of his mind, nor of his true destiny. You have told him that but a few thousand years have elapsed since he came upon earth, which you know to be untrue. You have told him that ignorance is his, and that 'tis folly to be wise *above what is written*. All this we intend to undo; our words are not empty; we intend to fight you on these issues, as well as that of the Neutralmen.'

"He ceased, and the voice from the throne said,

"'Go to earth, let one of each party be the constant attendent of the coming child, and let the victory abide with him who shall best his duty do. Away! the council is ended. Away!'"

Correspondence.

NEWTON AND CHILD.

HOPKINTON, Jan., 3d, 1860.

These two men are fair representatives of two different views of most important truth—or truths; as such I use their names. As a practical fact, men have not yet grown to be perfect Gods—we think, are not just like God Mr. Newton speaks to them *as they* ARE,—as present man *should see* things,—as I think every man's consciousness testifies to be true of the Present and the Past. God—(I am taking it for granted that there is an intelligent Cause of all things—or of the forms of all things, as I believe it, and write to those who do. I think I am not a Unitarian, or Trinitarian, but am *Infinitarian*.) God—Gods—or this cause designed and formed more with this consciousness in his present *state* and present growth. It is truth—is a fact. Men do break a law when they *know better*. *All* men have probably done this. And so bring on suffering—*real suffering*—suffering in itself is an evil. That is, suffering *is* suffering. Sophistry can not make anything else of it. Men and beasts also suffer without any fault of theirs. (Jesus said such suffering was for "the Glory of God.") When the cat eats the mouse—the bird eats the worm, it is in strict harmony with the nature of the cat and bird. The mouse and worm *suffer*. I do not worship a God who requires me to ignore any fact in His universe. I was born very lame in one *foot*, and have suffered much from it. Even suppose this was the fault of my parents, (I can prove that there is no evidence that it was—as there is a multitude of ways in which it might have come in the clashings of Nature without their fault, or the fault of more.) I say, suppose it was a fault of my parents, (that Jesus was mistaken in his philosophy,) I can never for a moment hold any other being except God responsible to *me* for its occurrence. Anything short of this would so far make me a practical Atheist. I say then to man, sin and evil, and evil without sin, is actual—is *real*—is the highest truth and the lowest truth. So much for the Newton side of the proposition.

Dr. Child tells us how he thinks GOD sees and looks at all of this. My reason tells me that the Doctor must be right about it. To suppose that GOD sees real evil in the Universe, is, to my reason, so far Atheism, I never could see it in any other light. The existence of sin and of evil in the world, in the sense of which he affirms it to exist, and in which, nearly, if not quite, all men agree with me, has generally been admitted to be above reason, but not contrary to reason. It was always *contrary* to my reason. I cannot reconcile to my reason, what I know to exist, with the idea which I, and nearly all men have been compelled to believe of an intelligent Cause.—This is true if I look only at the animal existence, and the manner of it.

As to the practical effect of these seemingly opposite views. I know of many who ease their consciences in sin—in *injustice* to others sometimes their own families,—under the influence of Dr. Child's views. (I do not state this as neccessarily against his view, or the use he makes of it.) Others need to read the Doctor, perhaps, to enlarge their spirit of charity to evil-doers. The Dr. prophesies—and if men can ever become gods, Newton and I may be with him. To-day I am more often inspired to preach of wrong, and personal injuries.—Men are often unjust.

I have understood some writer in the AGE to convey the impression that Dr. Child personally exhibited more charity for the erring than Mr. Newton. I have not read the man, in the entire Spiritualist's ranks, who, to my mind, manifested a deeper charity, or a more tolerant and free spirit. I suppose I may be wide from some of his views—or he may be from some of mine;—but I am in love with his large heart and free spirit. It is true philosophy to *sometimes* tell men that they are wrong—sinners—to be blamed,—and it may be done with the deepest love and charity. It is not always truthful, or true philosophy, to deal *only* in the opposite language.

If any one objects to either of these last propositions, I will endeavor to demonstrate their truth, by the laws of mind in the AGE, or any-where that I can have a small space to do so.

AUSTIN KENT.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE.

There was in the days of Calvin's jurisdiction over Geneva one Servetus, who differed somewhat from him in his religious tenets.—He came as a mere traveler to Geneva, and intended to "tarry but a day." He had already engaged a boat to take him across the lake on his way to Zurich; but, as some would say, as fate would have it, he "must needs wander into the church," where Calvin was preaching. Some one recognized him and informed Calvin. He was seized, tried for heresy, convicted, and suffered a most cruel death, which unrelenting history says was on this wise:

"The wretched man was fastened to a stake and surrounded by heaps of oak wood and leaves, with his condemned book attached to his girdle. The wood was green and did not burn readily. Some persons went and fetched dry fagots, while his piercing shrieks rent the air, exclaiming finally, "Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!" he passed from the bourne of earth to a higher and fairer tribunal."

Now, then, when clergymen, laymen or whatsoever class or rank they may hold, when they denounce with the vile barbed tongue of slander *all* those who believe in, or countenance, a continual dispensation and revelation to man, of God's goodness, love, laws, requirements, and his doings for and with them here, and their sphere after "passing away" to a higher calling, and can find no place (in their whole vocabulary) not even the lowest hell—that is not too good for them, such vile seducer of "the weak and foolish" from the Christian Church—*what is the difference* in the spirit? and had they the temporal power that old Calivn had only a little over three hundred years ago, what would be the difference in poor Servetus' fate and those of the present day, as now denounced, because they are Spiritualists? Answer ye who will?

It is needless, perhaps, to rehearse any such atrocious crimes as this, but excuse and regret it as we may, yet when we see and feel the lamentable effects handed down to us by the supporters of the same, and nearly the same views and prejudices with so strong a tendency to act over and over the spirit of the letter upon others, it seems rather tame to ascribe it all to be an error of those days, which is now fully known and excused—does it not?

O. W. T.

ELM TREE FARM, AVON, Me.

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED.

Mr. Howitt gives the following interesting anecdote of the Duke of Portland:

The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer was falling into arrears for rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it through poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears.

"John," says the duke, as the farmer came to meet him, as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "Everything is in a bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do. I must take the farm into my own hands. You shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages."

Of course, there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The duke rode over frequently.—The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Crops and stock flourished, fences and out-building were put in order. In two or three rent days it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was paying its way. The duke on his next visit said—

"Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again. You shall be tenant again, and as have now your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there."

The duke then rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was, when on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the duke was the happier man of the two.

A MONSTER AIR-FISH.

A new apparatus is just now being exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, by M. Vert, one of the aspirants to the honor of solving the problem of ærial navigation. It consists of a large bag of gold-beater's skin, in the form of a fish, containing the hydrogen gas commonly used for filling balloons; it is hooped with iron, and carries a small boat fitted with various contrivances for propulsion; the tail of the fish serves as a rudder; the whole machine is seven metres in length, and is in the aggregate heavier than atmospheric air; so that, when left to itself, it slowly descends. In the car or boat there is a small steam engine, of a power equal to that of a man; it serves for the purpose of driving the propellers fore and aft, constructed on the screw principle; there are besides four rotary planes, which may be so adjusted as to make the apparatus rise or descend according to an inclined plane. It must be remarked that the model before us is not large enough to bear the weight of a man, and that the exhibitor consequently remains on *terra firma*, keeping his machine secured by a rope; but he by no means guides the machine, for the rope remains generally slack, and is only held in the hand in order to haul the apparatus down when it is necessary to arrange something in the gear. The remarkable fact which this invention at once decides is this: that air may be managed like water by means of paddle or screw; for to the surprise of the intelligent beholder, this machine, which, as before stated, is heavier than the atmosphere, rises of itself as soon as the propellers are in motion. Hence it differs materially from the common balloon, which derives its ascensional power exclusively from the difference of specific gravity existing between hydrogen and atmospheric air. The machine also obeys the rudder just as if the latter acted in the water. To sum up, this apparatus is a decided step in advance in so far as the possibility of directing a ship in the air is concerned. Whether the conditions would be the same on a large scale, however, still remains doubtful. —[Galignani.

ANTICIPATING EVILS.—Enjoy the present whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing that it may be ill to-morrow—when you are full of to-day's dinner, to fear that you shall want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's afflictions? But if to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it: let your trouble tarry till its day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the cares of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours—we are dead to the morrow. He, therefore, is wise who enjoys as much as possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof;" sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evils of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—[Jeremy Taylor.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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A STIR AMONG THE CRITICS.

Mr. OWEN'S book, Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World, has started the critics anew on the tracks of Spiritualism, but we do not see that they have now any truer scent of the game they would hunt down than they had at the start.—They are completely nonplussed in this matter of Spiritualism, though they have not the candor and honest grace to acknowledge it. They still keep up their flippant, silly and wise-acre witticisms, at its expense, because, probably, they have no other way of delivering themselves of the stuff that would otherwise oppress their crowded(!) brains. But still, it is quite amusing to see how they try to screen the poverty of their knowledge of the matter they presume to judge. In all this, they palpably betray their conscious ignorance; but still, "appearances must be kept up." They have been forced, much, apparently, against their wills, to admit the existence of mysterious phenomena, but they are unaccountably unwilling to concur in the Spiritualistic solution of them. Anything else but *that*—no matter how absurd—how marvelous—how unnatural *any other* explanation may be, they prefer it to the only rational one. We can hardly account for it, but men seem to hate the truth—especially if it do not condescendingly accommodate itself to their rather obtuse and mechanical understandings. Because their dull mental optics cannot discern the moving springs of these marvels, the next best thing *they* can do is to get up a little of *very* stale merriment concerning it.

There is another class of perhaps a grain more candid deniers of Spiritualism. They put on patronizing airs, and are willing to say there is *something* in it. They are a semi-philosophic set of individuals, and learnedly refer the phenomena to, or identify them with, somnambulism, mesmerism, "hypnotism," etc. Well, what do they know even about these things? Nothing, we verily think.

Then they have a good deal to say about the "occult forces, and powers of the human soul," which, unknown to consciousness, play sweetly and skillfully on musical instruments, (without the use of tangible fingers) lift heavily laden tables to the ceiling; set them to dancing in most expert and intelligent style; rap in all manner of out-of-the-way places; answer correctly ingeniously propounded and sometimes difficult questions; grasp people palpably by the hand; tip them out of chairs; write on paper well-expressed sentences in places where no hand of flesh could reach; and do a great many other things "too numerous to mention."

Now to believe that human beings have in their souls occult powers or forces, that can do all these most wonderful things without tangible instruments, and without *willing* to do them, and without *knowing* that they do them, requires a stretch of credulity far greater than it does to believe that these things are the works of spirits who have "shuffled off this mortal coil."—But the wise-acres, to demonstrate their independence, (we may add of all reason!) prefer the most difficult and blind solution of the two.

It is fashionable, too, for the critics to negate—it is so easy to do it. One can do this without the trouble of investigating; and if it be done with a show of learning, and in accordance with the popular plane of knowledge, which we all should know is never critical, they are sure they can come off with the credit of being mighty knowing fellows! They have only to provide themselves with a few technical phrases from the vocabularies of demonology and mesmerism, put them forth with sounding flippancy, and they will pass with the mob as great philosophers and unanswerable critics! But we may account all of their twaddle as nothing, and have only to lament that those who assume to be judges of what is true and what is false, should be so complacently and consciencelessly ignorant.

And again: These negators of Spiritualism or Spiritism, if they prefer so to call it, still claim to be believers in the Bible and in the existence of spirits. They do not seem to be at all aware what a fatal assault they commit upon the authenticity of the Bible when they so triflingly attempt to deny the genuineness of modern spirit manifestations. They seemingly do not care to see that the characters of the Bible and latter-day Spiritualism are *identical*. To admit the claims of the one, as a book grounded on Spiritualistic manifestations, and to oppose those of the other with a supercilious and sneering negation, is a monstrous hiatus in logic, which should subject the offenders to a perpetual seat among the incorrigible dunces. *

BREVITIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

IS THE UNIVERSE A HUMBUG?—or is any section of it a cheat and a lie? Is it not a *real*, genuine existence, or entity, having solemn, good, permanent, and blessed uses? We ask these seemingly gratuitous questions, because much of the language and practice of the world of man seem to imply that it is a somewhat hap-hazard affair—a sort of wild-goose-of-passage—whose feathers will serve a temporary end, and which must be plucked how and when they can! Men do not appear to look at it as a stable, methodical, *truthful*, purposeful, wisdom-devised entity, wherein they were designed to have an eternal, *lawful*, and joyful good! Look at human society, and see if it acts at all up to this last view of the universe! What hurry, what discord, what disgraceful scrambling after what becomes a very questionable good from the manner and spirit in which it is acquired and appropriated! It is even with society as it would be with a company of ill-mannered and ignorant men who should sit down to a bountiful feast, abounding in all good things, and with ample time afforded them to leisurely satisfy every want, but who should nevertheless seize the food before them with the ravenousness of dogs, *bolt* it without mastication, and perhaps choke themselves in the process! Society, either from ignorance of the true *uses* of the universe and human life, or from want of faith in its *integrity*, makes but a meager good out of all the boundless *material* therefore furnished at its hands by the creative bounty and loving kindness of the Lord. This world needs but an assured, intelligent, and quieting FAITH to have, in accordance with the Lord's prayer, the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven. *

"There is," says a writer in a recent number of Blackwood, "something inexpressibly cheering in the contact of an honest mind. We are all, at times, depressed and saddened, by the spectacle of what seems the privileged dishonesty of trade, politics, and literature, which fills us with forebodings as to the future of our race; and yet, after giving utterance to such gloomy forebodings, our faith in human integrity, and our hopes for human progress, are revived, whenever we have direct experience of one cheering exception. Enlightened by that one example, we reflect that the world must have salt enough to keep it at least from petrifying." *

TRUTH FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

Why is it that the world does not have entire faith in the truth for its own sake? What vice is it of the will that prevents man from not desiring, first of all, to know the whole truth, and nothing *but* the truth? Do we not know, and if we do, do we not forget, that truth, be it what it may, is *omnipotent*?—that we *must*—that it is for our highest good—to acquiesce fully in its decisions? What perversity is it that leads us to mix up with the sovereignty and fullness of truth, some miserable device of our own? "It is, and always has been, rare to find a man deeply impressed with the importance of truth, merely as truth." It does not go down with us, until it receives some superaddition of our own, which is sure to neutralize its otherwise ennobling influence. *

LOUIS NAPOLEON, although we cannot have much faith in the purity of his motives, is yet, we feel, to work out much good to Europe. He is unquestionably the child of Destiny, in more than the ordinary sense of the term. The ruling Divinity does work in, to us, "mysterious ways His wonders to perform," and he makes use, ofttimes, of instrumentalities that seem quite questionable to our faulty moral sense. He does, in very deed, "make the wrath of man," or the bad conduct of man, "to praise Him," and, in a strange circuitous manner, restrains, or renders abortive for evil, what cannot be turned to divine account. So, we doubt not, He deals with Napoleon Bonaparte. He is to make him the instrument of wresting temporal power from the Bishop of Rome, and turning that great ecclesiastical influence to more spiritual and legitimate purposes than has heretofore occupied its attention. We do not think that God is to utterly cast aside that great organization, the Papal Church, but is rather to make it more directly subservient to the great ends of celestial truth. In what manner reform of that Church is to be brought about, does not yet appear; but we believe it is to be done. It must either be brought to "vindicate the ways of God to man" in some more pure and manifest manner than it has ever yet done, or it must be restrained or utterly abolished. We think it will be reformed, and the first stage of this great work will be a total arrest of its temporal power. We may, however, be mistaken in our view of this matter. *

NOTWITHSTANDING the great diversity there is in natural human character and personalities, there is yet in them the marked distinction of good and bad, beautiful and ugly. But to prevent the envy, and the tormenting self-disaffection which the ill favored might otherwise experience in contrasting themselves with the more favored, every mortal of us is endowed with a complacent self-love which causes us to be entirely satisfied with our own identities; and we would not exchange them for another's, however much superior it might be to our own. To be sure, we may not be altogether pleased that the world should judge others to be *better*, more *beautiful*, and more *talented* than ourselves; but while we would often gladly swap *external conditions* with our neighbors, we still would not consent to trade identities with them—even though our judgments were persuaded that we should get the best of the bargain! How completely is "the wind tempered to the shorn lamb" and how beautifully all natural things are adjusted for our benefit, if we could but see them in that providential light. *

"We are a part of the Past, as the blossom is the root. Life is not a theorem which can be constructed; society is an organism which must *grow*." *

IT SEEMS to be the impression among leading theologians that there is to be some larger and comparatively sudden development, or advance among men, of the Kingdom of God, the present year,—or during a time not very distant. Even the not very hopeful theologians of the *Independent*, are moved by the spirit of prophecy in relation to the soon coming augmentation of the fold of the Good Shepherd. One of them says,—and probably he speaks for the rest,—"this opening year points us to signs of portentous interest in their relation to the Kingdom of Christ. There are *events just on the poise*, as it were, which, according as the scale shall turn this way or that, will *bring in that Kingdom with visible power and glory*, or retard its manifestations for years, if not for generations." Who with a true faith can doubt that "the scale shall turn" precisely as God shall will it to turn; and which ever way it may incline, will be the direction best adapted to further His sublime and glorious purposes on earth. "Man proposes, but God disposes," let us most devoutly believe.

A writer in the last Westminister Review, thus closes a very able article on "Spiritual Freedom." He alludes to a crisis analogous to that spoken of by the *Independent*. A large Spiritual freedom to Christendom is doubtless, to result from this "coming struggle:"—'Yet the mutterings of the coming struggle have been heard, and the crisis seems approaching for the determination of 'this momentous question, which,' as Dr. Arnold says, 'involves in it a shock to existing notions, the greatest, probably, that has ever been since the discovery of the falsehood of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come, and *end*, in spite of the fears and clamors of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth.'" *

MILTON ON THE APOCALYPSE.

"The Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and facts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The following is also his view of true poetic inspiration:—

"It is not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." *

CREEDS.

The trouble with creeds is that they *cannot be broad*. The very principle of them implies something short of the *whole*. They are the covenants of limited and, in some sort, selfish interests. If they aimed at the largest possible culture of the whole, they would contain liberal provisions for all orders of mind, and *invite* rather than *repel* the honest skeptic. Sectarians have great fears of skeptics—and in this they but show that they are skeptics themselves,—skeptics as to the all-conquering power of truth. Now there is in pure truth an all-competent self-defensive energy which her devotees may safely rely upon. They have to represent it truly; and this will be all that it requires at the hands of those who stand sponsors for it. It invites scanning—confronts all forms of falsehood with a noble, complacent, yet loving aspect of self-reliance, quite unlike the paltry, forbidding, fearful, and sometimes bristling attitude of sectarians. Sectarians have, necessarily, narrow minds, however expert they may be in chopping logic. But it must be borne in mind that their logic is of the cat-stick sort, growing from the shallow soils, and limited enclosures of their creeds. *

"————Fame with men,
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love,
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one."
Tennyson.

The "*Clarion*," a paper devoted to Spiritualism, and edited by Bro. U. Clark, is an excellent paper, and rolls through all the "region round about" its place of publication, the sound of a true Christian warfare. It is a clear-sounding and efficient instrument of Spiritual truth. *

THE greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

THIS world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.

THAT man will one day find it but poor gain who hits upon truth with the loss of charity.

To Correspondents—Mrs. "M. R. W.,"—your verses are not suitable for our columns. The spirit who spoke through you, is not of that class who can successfully edify the public, especcially as a poet. *

RELIGION.

"All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told."

SECTARIAN NARROWNESS.

We believe all religious sects claim to be the receivers and defenders of Truth. The trouble with these communions is, they start with the assumption that *their view of truth is complete!* Truth in their keeping is not allowed to grow. It is walled in by impassable creeds, and is no more, with the sectarians, an open question. They fix upon a species of logic, agreeing with their contracted premises, with which they defend their limited possessions with a stubborn and bigoted zeal which is born of the poverty of their so-called faith. If the formal views entertained by these sectarians ever *had* in them the vital blood of truth, it has become stagnant, if not *putrefied*, by reason of being isolated from the great aorta of truth. Not being permitted, by their selfish holders, to receive fresh and continual accessions from the great life-fountain, the heart of verity, these former limbs of truth become dead and can not, therefore, longer bear the fruits of righteousness. But thanks be to God, Spiritualism, armed with a free, mighty, and immortal force, has already made breaches through the walls of these petty, dead enclosures, and the waters of the "River of Life" are flooding into them, and it is hoped, if every *germ* of life is not utterly extinct within them, that they will "flourish green again." *

SUNDAY MEETING IN BROMFIELD HALL.

Beyond all cavil the best Spiritual meetings ever held in Boston are now weekly occurring in the Hall attached to the office of this paper, under the wise and admirable management of Mr. Pecallis Clark, who seems to be specially adapted to the work. Every meeting is full, sometimes densely crowded, and all who once attend are sure to come again—the best possible proof that there is to be found a supply for a great demand—more light on Spiritual matters.—Last Sabbath young Hayden, the lad spoken of last week, lectured acceptably to a full house in the forenoon. Some weeks ago Mr. Randolph lectured to a large house in Bangor, on the Political future of America, and entered into an agreement with a gentleman in Charlestown to speak on the same subject in a hall there, under the influence of the same spirit. Mr. R had made arrangements to have the speeches reported and printed, but when the day came it proved that the gentleman referred to was afraid to announce the subjects, and as the lectures were intended for the outside world, ten only Spiritualists were present, Mr. R. refused to give the proposed lectures under that gentleman's auspices, but proposed to wait till he could give them on his own individual responsibility, and face the music *alone*. He did well. If the medium was willing to be controlled to speak on such a subject, why should any one else be afraid to accord him a fair hearing? For ourselves we are not afraid to listen to any spirit on any subject, and that Mr. R. obeyed his highest instincts of right and fair play in deferring the lectures, we are firmly convinced. For ourselves we would go about five miles to hear old Hickory thunder through the lips of this medium, feeling confident that the business would be attended to as it ought to be, and we apprise our readers when the arrangements for these lectures are made and the time announced, that if they would not miss a great treat not to stay away. Beyond all question when the lectures are given in Boston, as they soon will be, thousands will go—there's no mistake about *that!*

It is said to be an ill wind that blows no good to anybody, and so it proved last Sunday; for, being disappointed, Mr. R. and a troop of his friends adjourned to Bromfield Hall, where a large audience had already assembled to listen to promiscuous trance speaking. As soon as he entered, a call was unanimously made for a speech, and he complied, and chose for his text "The Heaven, Earth and Hell of Human Experience." What everybody says may not be true, but is certainly worthy of attention, and in this case "Everybody" said that no speech ever made in that Hall could begin to compare in depth, force, pathos, human eloquence and common sense, with the one delivered during two hours by Mr. Randolph. Certainly nobody was displeased; certainly everybody was surprised.—And yet, notwithstanding that the praises so justly lavished on the speaker would be very apt to turn the heads of most aspirants to distinctions, yet it falls like rain, on and off Mr. R. He seems intent, not to gain fame but to do his *duty* while here on earth. This spirit of humility is drawing thousands of hearts toward him, and we augur success in all that is really valuable or worth having to and for this eloquent apostle of the gospel of to-day. "I had rather be right than be President," said Henry Clay. "I had rather be the servant of God, than the wielder of a kingly sceptre," says Randolph. He is right. Heaven is on his side, Truth aids him, and all well meaning people can but wish him God-speed in the great and glorious work he now is doing.

Troy Lung Institute.

The cautious portion of readers of newspaper advertisements, doubtless, generally look upon the Medical portion as quackery, or as a money making speculation. We beg to as-

sure our readers that such is not the case with the TROY LUNG AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE. We are assured by the Editor of the "*Waterliet Democrat*," who has visited the Institution, that DR. STONE, the attending physician, is a man of great experience in general practice, which he brings successfully to his aid in now treating, as a speciality, a class of extensive maladies, known as nervous debility, leading to premature decay in the young. His advertisement in this paper should be read by every victim, and they should lose no time in consulting such an able physician for this deplorable class of maladies.

A treatise on "The Premature Decay of Youth," recently published by him, should be obtained and read by every youth in the land. —[Livingston Union, Sept. 21st. (See advertisement in another column.)

A Book of Thrilling Interest for the Young.

A TREATISE ON THE CAUSE OF THE EARLY DECAY OF AMERICAN YOUTH.—A work of thrilling interest to the Young of both sexes; detailing some of the most striking cases and incidents in the practice of the author, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

We take pleasure in our editorial capacity of calling the attention of our readers, especially the youthful portion of them, to the merits of the above work, for we know of no book that is better calculated to do good both in a moral and physical point of view, than this little work, written by DR. STONE, the distinguished physician to the TROY LUNG AND HYGIENIC INSTITUTE. The work treats in a masterly manner, in chaste yet thrilling language, on the many, though hidden causes for the early decline of our American youth.—While we advise every youth, both male and female to obtain a copy, we also advise every parent, for its timely perusal might be the means of saving many a fond parent from burning, choking regrets, which often come but too late, when they witness the sable pall cast so prematurely over the wreck of body, and the blight of the fairest and most promising intellects in a beloved son or daughter.—[Lansinghurg Gazette. (See advertisement in another column.)

MEDIUM MEETING AT BROMFIELD HALL.

The third of these interesting re-unions took place on Friday evening last, and was attended by a goodly company of Mediums. These meetings have been instituted for the purpose of perfecting the material conditions of those who are susceptible to extra-mundane influences, and the result last session was such as not only to strengthen the faith of those engaged, but also to encourage *all* in the hope of better things yet to come. During the first part of the evening little was done beside singing, but at about 8 o'clock Mr. Randolph dropped in, and had scarcely taken his seat in the circle before he was influenced by the spirit of Martin Luther, and for about ten minutes poured forth a stream of eloquence that fairly thrilled the hearts of the entire audience, so electric, so powerful, so commonsensical, cheering and consolatory was it.—Scarcely had this man taken his seat, before another medium—Mr. Lincoln of Boston was influenced, and made a spirit-stirring speech, deprecating the backwardness, coyness, and general unwillingness on the part of mediums to yield to the control of spirits. He then most eloquently portrayed the benefits to accrue to *every body* who took hearty interest in Spiritualism; and the spirit closed with a glowing picture of the good time coming, when high and noble spirits should be able to express their Heaven-forged thoughts through good true and holy-minded mediums. After this a gentleman was controlled to speak in some foreign language, probably to demonstrate that the spirits could control a willing medium to speak in any human tongue. This exhibition was deeply instructive and interesting.—Subsequently Dr. N. O. Lewis was controlled by a spirit to personate a cork-legged man, which was done *perfectly*; after which the company was favored with some very appropriate and sensible remarks upon the necessity of properly organizing the circles. Dr. Randolph was again brought to his feet by what purported to be the spirit of the illustrious poet, Dante, and many persons declared that the speech given exceeded anything they had ever heard, even *through his* impassioned lips.—But the manifestation, *par excellence*, was yet to come. The medium was Mrs. Danforth.—Previous to coming from home to attend this meeting, a lady, Mrs. Wait, had taken up the photograph of a deceased daughter, and had knelt and devoutly prayed that God would that night permit her to be *fully* convinced of the truth of immortality in the circle she was about to attend. She rose from her knees feeling that her prayer would be answered—and it was, in a manner so thrilling that no room for doubt was left. This lady was a Spiritualist, yet like thousands of others, felt a doubt most harrowing and painful, that perhaps after all she was deceived, and that the manifestations she had theretofore beheld, might be accounted for, and explained away on some other ground than the spiritual. We now proceed to describe what occurred:

After the spirit of Dante had closed his remarks, Mrs. Danforth was observed to pass into a very deep trance,—not the mere passive state, with mind and body half asleep, half awake, but a deep, profound trance, so closely resembling death, as to strike a thrill of absolute horror to the hearts of the hundred persons present. Indeed, several ladies and two gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Randolph, could not endure the thrilling spectacle, and were forced to retire to the ante-room. Mrs. Danforth's visage became cadaverous and livid; her lips were firm-set and blue; her arms and extremities cold and rigid; her eyes deep-set and rolled upwards, until not a vestige of the pupils were visible—nothing but the cornea or white being distinguishable—and this, be it known, is extremely difficult to be imitated, not one person out of fifty could do it successfully even after weeks of practice. Soon the people began to crowd around her, when suddenly she stretched forth her hands, and recognized Mrs. Wait, the lady above referred to. The recognition was instant and mutual, and for awhile the intense joy and emotion of the mother, at thus hearing her prayer granted was touching to the last degree. Her daughter presented unmistakable evidence of her identity. And as these affecting scenes were transpiring, not a heart present but throbbed with a new-found joy, for in this supremely convincing manifestation of the splendid truth of immortality, all shared alike the joy and gladness of the hitherto bereaved mother; and not a man or woman left the Hall that night but felt another weight of doubt removed from their souls, and felt that they had a new hold on life and immortality which could never be lost again. The mother then exhibited the photograph to the audience, and related the history of the day, as already referred to above. Mrs. Waitt and Mrs. Danforth were till the event occurred, perfect and entire strangers, hence the idea of any previous knowledge on the part of the medium, of the facts of Mrs. Wait's family affairs, is altogether preposterous. *It was a Spiritual Manifestation, and no mistake.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Winter," which is a good poetic article, got mislaid until it is too late for its insertion.

"Never Despair" is not suitable for our use.

"Hymn to Death" will soon appear—it is good.

Bro. Everts' article on "Creation, and the Assumed Fall of Man," will appear soon.

Correspondence.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

This reverend gentleman has become a sort of institution. He lays the telegraph under contribution to his genius, a corps of reporters are at his elbow whenever he opens his mouth, and the general press teems with his Quixotic performances in religion and politics. He is, indeed, a prolific genius. He is everywhere at home.—He can court the flatteries of popular audiences, sneer at church piety, win golden opinions from Infidels, and straighway, by a most dexterous theological exploit, pluck the wrinkles from the dogmatic face of New Haven orthodoxy itself.

Ordinarily, summersets in religion and politics, are said to indicate a weakness in the spinal column; but this operator is an exception to the general rule, for after his leaps (and they are many) he alights squarely upon his feet, to the great delight of his crowded houses, reinvigorated by his effort, and in utter defiance of the laws of theological gymnastics.

He can make the meanest thing appear respectable, and he is certainly endowed with the rare faculty to make a respectable thing appear mean. He can give dignity to trifles, and he can trifle with dignity.

But I set out with the purpose to say a word or two in reference to his last Christmas sermon, as reported in the Banner of Light, from Luke 11: 10, 11. In the preliminary part of his discourse, Mr. Beecher says, "But there is nothing in nature, and there are no social relations, in which there is a provision for man's spiritual education." Farther on he says, "He (God) is everlastingly in the moral nature, and in social affections." But if "God is everlastingly in the moral nature, and social affections," then there is something in nature and the social relations to develope a spiritual education. But are the moral and spiritual so separate and distinct as to be cultivated to the exclusion of each other?

According to Mr. Beecher, they are as unlike as a system of Geometry, and a treatise on grammar. But he adds, "There must be something over and above nature," that is, that something which induces spiritual growth, as distinguished from social growth must be above nature, but anti-natural. Now, will Mr. Beecher tell us what he means by the phrase, "above nature." Is not God himself part and parcel of nature, apprehending nature to be whatever in mind or matter, is taken cognizance of by the human faculties? Are not God and outward nature, or matter and mind, subject to mutual limitations? It is not in the power of God to destroy the essential order, or constitution of matter; nor is it in the power of matter to obstruct the legitimate exercise of the power of God.—Each limits and defines the other. If there is anything, therefore "unnatural," it must exist outside of mind and matter, proper. It must be something not contemplated in the original draft of the universe, and must therefore be an interloper upon the Divine economy, working perhaps real mischief. Who knows? It is evident, that the human mind cannot transcend its own powers; that is, it cannot do more than it has power to do. If it could, then its act would be unnatural, and we should reach the solution of the Rev. Doctor's phrase, "above nature." But of course, all this will be answered by the old theological scheme of miracles. Again he says,—All God's previous teachings, the early history of the race, especially the miraculous history of the Jews, were but preliminary to his grand advent upon earth,—or in his words, to "God's own visible appearance on the globe."

He then describes his departure on the momentous business of the atonement, as if himself were present on the occasion, to witness the scene,—thus: 'God left the temple gate of heaven, drew in his majesty, and circumscribed his proportions and power, that he might become weakened and reduced;" then of course he did become "weakened and reduced." But who would imagine that the Deity, instead of strengthening his broad shoulders, whereon to lay the sins of the world, should have curtailed his power. But at any rate it must have been a surprising spectacle in heaven, when God volunteered to quit his throne, to leave the imperial splendors of his ancient court, and exile himself for the space of thirty years, among his enemies, and upon this insignificant planet. But above all what wonder must seize the arch-angels, Michael and Gabriel, when they beheld the great God, voluntarily abdicating his throne, without disclosing to them the secret, or even naming a regency. But more appalling still, must have been the sight, when by his own voluntary act, the Infinite God shrunk into the dimensions of a human being.

It is possible however, that the intention of God had been known in Heaven, long before his actual advent upon earth, and that Lucifer, by some means becoming apprised of the contemplated scheme, had determined to put himself upon the throne. And it is probable that the timely discovery of this plot of Lucifer, and his expulsion from heaven, saved the kingdom from civil war, if not from disruption and ruin. We are quite in the dark however about this matter, but for more precise information, let the reader consult Milton's Paradise Lost.

Mr. Beecher has given us a new definition of the gospel. He says: "It is the brief history of God, inspheared upon this earth." Thus we have in the gospel about thirty years of God's history, and wonderful history it is, taking Mr. Beecher as our authority. But the reverend gentleman has not left us totally in the dark respecting other portions of God's history, although we confess to some labor of imagination in following out that history, as indicated by Mr. Beecher, in the following original sentence—"that his (God's) earthly embassy was only one single one of the thousand just such things as God loves to do" This must be regarded in the light of a discovery. The crust of old theology is fairly cracked, and with its crisped and hardened shell, here is an oasis, fresh and green, as any handiwork of nature. We have heretofore supposed that the Deity, in his personal appearance upon earth, only *initiated* the great work of redemption, and that after his death and resurrection, he resumed his royal prerogative, and in conjunction with his son, (or more properly with himself,) determined to complete the work of saving and glorifying the elect, who were among all tribes and nations, scattered all along down the stream of time to its final end. But not so. Our authority being Mr. Beecher, the life of God has been one constant series of immolations and resurrections, each one of which wrought out the salvation of a world, or a part thereof, such vessels as were not made for dishonor. Reader, imagine the Infinite God flying from planet to planet, offering himself a sacrifice for the sins of the people. Mr. Beecher estimates that his earthly embassy may have been repeated ten thousand times, and allowing him thirty years for each world, it would take him 300,000 years to visit 10,000 worlds. But if 10,000 worlds stand in need of the sacrificial scheme, why may not a 1,000 000, or, indeed, all the worlds in existence.

The original work of creaton was undoubtedly God's, and I take it that he pays these official visits with a view to revise and correct it, and when he shall have ended his mission, we shall have the second edition of the universe stereotyped in blood, and bound in thunderbolts forged therein.

But if such an idea were worth attempting to refute, seriously, we should say that God in the first instance, made his work all wrong, and then found himself under the necessity of sacrificing himself to rescue it from total ruin, and upon the admission of so much, it would follow that his second work might be defective also, and require still a repetition of the dreadful experiment of blood. But this last work, this supplement to the general act, we leave to the faithful to explain and defend. Again, he says, "No reasonings can ever drive from the earth the transcendent conception, not of an *unwieldly* and *brute* incarnation of *Vishnu* or *Brahma*." But let us assure this divine, who puts forth his doctrine of an incarnated God, dragging it forth from the dark depths of Heathen Mythology, thrusting it upon the reason and the knowledge of these times, with such an air of triumph, that clumsy as may be the incarnation of Vishnu, it may be well brought forward to dispute the claims of Christianity itself to originality, in the darling idea of God manifest in the flesh.

Let us see. Sir William Jones, in his Asiatic researches, written 1784, says, "In the Sanscrit Dictionary, compiled more than two thousand years ago, we have the whole story of the incarnate deity, born of of a virgin, and miraculously escaping from the reigning tyrant of his country" In another place Sir William says: "Chrishna, the incarnate deity of the Sanscrit Romance, continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women. The sect of Hindoos, who adore him with almost exclusive devotion, have broached a doctrine which they maintain with eagerness, that he was distinct from all the orators, (or prophets) who had only a portion of the divinity, whereas Chrishna was the person of Vishnu (God) himself in a human form."

It is not improbable that the Christian story of incarnation was borrowed from this ancient legend of the Indians. The Chrishna is the original, and the Christ (the miraculous not the natural Christ) was the copy. Remember, that these citations from the distinguished Sir William, put this story back 2000 years ago. The conclusion is inevitable,—one is the father, the other the child. Again he says, "If man will not let this truth, that Christ is God stay as theology it shall as poetry, and in the end, the poetry shall be stronger than theology." We agree with the Rev. Mr. Beecher, that, should theology drop the fiction, that Christ is God, poetry would alone pick it up. It would never intrude itself upon the world as a matter of fact, and would forever keep a respectful distance from books of God's natural science and philosophy. Again, says Mr. Beecher, "I think it may be said, that there never was a system of ethics, till Christ came into the world." We dissent from this entirely. Dr. Adam Clarke whose authority as a scholar will not be questioned, and whose orthodoxy is approved of all men, says that "Christ originated nothing." All his sayings, says Clark, may be gathered from the literature of the Jews, and neighboring nations of that time. Of course, then, if Christ originated nothing, he did not originate a system of ethics, nor did he originate the ethical philosophy of the New Testament. But any reader of history, knows that the Golden Rule was long anterior to the time of Christ.

Pythagoras, who flourished 500 years before Christ, said "it is better to suffer than to kill a man," that is, it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. But, let us hear this sublime philosopher further. Read his description of God and then compare it with Beecher—'God is neither the object of sense nor subject to passion, but invisible, only intelligible and supremely intelligent. In his body he is like the light, and in his spirit he resembles truth. He is the universal spirit, that pervades and diffuseth itself over all nature. There is but one God only, who is not, as some are apt to imagine, seated above the world, beyond the orb of the universe; but being in himself all in all, he sees all the beings that fill his immensity, the only principle, the light of heaven, the Father of all." He produces everything, he orders and disposes everything, he is the reason, the life, and the motion of all beings." Now read Mr. Beecher's idea of God. "He (God) becoming alarmed for the condition of the human race, the workmanship of his own hands, and moved by his great compassion and benevolence, to devise some means by which he could recover his alienated children, and yet preserve the unbending justice of his broken law, left the temple gate of heaven, drew in his majesty, circumscribed his proportions and power, became weakened and reduced," so that he could endure humiliation and shame, and die the death of the malefactor. But the Brooklyn minister is still an improvement upon the evangelical Poet, whose hymns he reads to his congregation.

Hear him:

> "His nostrils breath out fiery streams,
> He's a consuming fire,
> His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
> And raise his vengeance higher."
>
> WATTS.

Confucius, a Chinese philosopher, who lived several hundred years before Christ, uttered the following sentiments:—"Do to another what you would he should do to you, and do not unto another, what you would not he should do unto you. Thou only needest this law alone. It is the foundation and principle of all the rest."—Remember, this was the language of a Heathen philosopher, 500 years before the advent of Christ. Query, is the New Testament a copy?

We have waded through this sermon thus far, loaded down with the dead weight of bloody theology, and we are glad of the little relief afforded us in the following rather poetical, but not theological observation, "There is no reason why we should not read of the career of Christ, as we would of the career of any other hero, whether in novel or history." In this passage of the Christ, the Redeemer, the Emancipator, the Saviour, the Everlasting, Infinite God, becomes the property of the novelist, and is really invested with the dignity of romance, In Mr. Beecher's estimation, he is a hero. He puts him fairly into the category of novel heroes, and we agree with him again, that taking him out of theology, he naturally passes into the field of romance, and

[Continued on 8th page.]

Interesting Miscellany.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

A SKETCH OF SOCIETY.

"Is *this* seat engaged?"

The questioner was a gentle-voiced, modest-looking little woman, in very plain, though neat traveling attire. The scene was a railroad car, with passengers two and two occupying every settee except one, which contained only a lady and her *et ceteras*. She could scarcely have failed to observe the other as she entered at the front of the car and passed through near its entire length, casting her eyes right and left in unsuccessful search, but she made no movement until addressed with the proposal for a seat by her side.

She responded, by gathering up in no very amiable manner an exquisite traveling basket, a parasolette, a boquet, a fan, a bottle of smelling salts, and an embroidered handkerchief; last of all, narrowing the sweep of her rich, silk flounces. The little woman quietly took the vacated place.

Work box, boquet, fan and handkerchief, were now displayed in the lap of the owner, who, from time to time, brought them severally into requisition; now drawing up from the box a little mirror by which to examine her eyebrows, and water ringlets; now fanning her head affectedly, now smelling daintily at the flowers, and now applying to her lips the extravagant bit of gossamer.

It was fortunate that she who shared the settee with her required but a limited space, for the mass of flounces though drawn back periodically, would still come in contact with the dress of the plebeian neighbor, and at times threatened to quite envelope and to hide from view, the little person.

A dandy, seated immediately before, occasionally threw a glance back; the magnificent lady was evidently creating a sensation under his latest style hat. He shortly managed to begin a conversation. Facing about, with a touch at the very minute tuft of furze, that might have been mistaken for a hair-mole, at either corner of his mouth, and a bow and smile intended to be charmingly irresistible, he enquired whether the "aiah did not entaw too freely to suit her pleashaw."

Receiving a smile in return, and being graciously permitted to serve the regal lady by lowering the window, the exquisite felt at liberty to promote further acquaintance. After an allusion to the merits of "Hot Corn," a copy of which he held in his hand, the scented gentleman introduced more personal topics, when it was presently elicited that the lady was destined to the village of N———, to visit a friend.

Here the little woman in the Quaker-like habit looked up with sudden interest. The great lady curled her lip; her new devotee twined his feeble moustache around his ring finger, and affected a smirk of conceit. The little woman then looked down again.

"I think you infawmed me," drawled the dandy, upon sufficiently recovering himself, "if I rightly understood you, a moment since that you were au—intending to visit relatives at N———?"

"Not relatives," corrected the lady, sweetly smiling, "I said friends; I should rather have said *a friend*—it is the lady of Judge S———; I shall probably spend some weeks with her."

"Ah, how foine—how very foine," remarked his dandyship. "I have the honaw of a passing awquaintance with his honaw, the Judge—that is, au—I have seen him frequently on the bench; having been myself an impawtant witness in impawtant cases which at different times were tried before his honaw."

The lady rejoined that she had never seen either the Judge or his lady, but that some recent circumstances had induced a correspondence between the latter and herself, which resulted in an invitation with which she was going to comply. She ended with a toss of the head, such as indicated that she was fully aware of the self-agrandizement attaching to so delightful a mission.

Before the dandy had time to respond the train halted at a station, and his attention was diverted to the business of investing a bright copper in an evening paper, proffered by a newsboy. The plain little woman embraced the opportunity, when it would not be interrupting, to inquire of the person at her side—

"Were you ever in N———?" adding—"my home is there."

Not a syllable of reply was deigned, but the proprietor of the many flounces, by an impatient movement, turned more away from the enquirer, while her countenance expressed most palpable contempt. Her admirer returned to his privilege seasonably to reinforce her by an exhibition of positive disgust, and issued a corresponding exclamation against "rustic forwardness."

The little woman leaned back in her seat, and very singularly evinced quiet amusement, rather than any stronger sentiment, in return for this insolence.

"As I am to pass through N———," said the fop to the flounced lady, "it would rewly be my highest pleasure to attend you from the depot to the Judge's—ah—residence; it would be most especially delightful to call upon the lady, and I can go on—that is, I can proceed in the next train."

The offer was coquettishly accepted. In a short time the whistle sounded, the train began to break up, and the conductor put his head in at the door to announce in a shout that they were arriving at N——— The dandy stood up with his slender cane and showy cigar-case; the train stopped; the great lady swept past her into the aisle; delivered over a half score of miscellaneous articles to the care of her new attendant; took his arm and was conducted to the ladies' room, to wait while a carriage should be ordered.

They soon had seats within a coach and the exquisite exerted himself beyond what had seemed possible, to induce the driver to set off without any other passengers. "It is so exceedingly annoying," he declared, "to be continuawlly forced into contact with vulgaw people."

But the coachman either considered too well what was for his own pocket interest, or indulged a wicked desire to torture our fine-grained hero, so the wheels never moved till the coach had a large fill of passengers—among them a dirty Irish woman, and a fragrant negress with two or three wooly-headed responsibilities.

Even then he did not drive directly to the house of Judge S———, which was no more than a quarter of a mile from the depot, but wound round, leaving a passenger here, another there, until, perhaps, two miles had been traversed.

"That is the residence of his honaw," lisped the dandy, directing the eyes of his companion.

She breathed an admiring exclamation.

"Very foine—very elegant," coincided he.

At the moment before the carriage drew up at the steps they recognized their despised fellow-passenger of the cars, just entering the house, having walked from the depot.

"Some servant, undoubtedly," observed dandy; "or pawthibly," he continued, tapping the head of his cane, "some seamstress or—governess."

A pleasant looking Irish girl opened the door, and on Mrs. S——— being asked for, invited them into a parlor, and withdrawing, said she would speak to her mistress. A moment after, the identical little woman, still wearing her traveling dress, entered the room, and with much sweetness of manner, bowed to her guests.

The person, who had all along imagined herself so illustrious a lady, drew an audible breath and dropped her face upon the arm of the sofa. The double refined gentleman stared and colored, and touching his pet moustache with the tip of a gloved finger, stammered:

"It—ah—cannot be; you—madam—excuse—it was Mrs. S——— we desired to see."

"That is my name," said the little lady, with perfect self-possession.

The dandy sprang up from the arm-chair and made bewildered strides towards the hall-door, which, before he could reach it was opened by Judge S———, who having received from his lady a brief account of the afternoon's occurrences, was fully prepared for the present aspect of things, except that he had not expected to identify, as he instantly did, one of the two visitors

"Ah, Mr. Fazleton," he said, purposely standing in the way of the fellow's egress, "it is sometime since we met. I trust you found your term in the penitentiary not over tedious."

"Sir," returned the other, struggling for a bold face, "awlow me—I assure your honor—my name is—you are slightly mistaken——"

"Yes, yes, I quite comprehend," rejoined his honor, losing his professional gravity. "I never yet forgot a face I had once seen in the prisoner's dock. 'Twas a larceny of jewelry; I well recollect. A couple of years and an incipient moustache have not changed your appearance so much as you imagine. If, by any good fortune, you grow a wisp of hair on the tip of your nose—which, by the way, appears rather suspiciously red—I shall still know you at a glance. Young man," concluded Judge S———, in a tone of cutting rebuke, "you well know why I have alluded to these things."

He removed his keen eyes from the quivering beau, and stepped aside, permitting him to make his exit, which he did without ceremony.

The position of the lady he left behind was scarcely more enviable. But she, instead of attempting to escape from the scene of her humiliation, begged forgiveness in deepest abasement; and gave the best evidence of her sincerity in an earnest striving to learn grace and humility of the lady she had scorned.—[True Flag.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

A VISIT TO HUMBOLDT'S HOME.

BERLIN, Dec. 7, 1859.

Now that one comes to Berlin and cannot see the grand old man who graced it so many years, it is a satisfaction to visit the place where he lived and thought, to enter his library and see his books, to try to catch the influence of his surroundings, and see if they can transform common souls into something of his greatness. But that cannot be. Oranienburger street in Berlin is filled with grocers and tradesmen of all sorts; all kinds of quiet families of comfortable people congregate there, but only one HUMBOLDT lived there. There was nothing in his surroundings to make Humboldt what he was; the street in which he lived is one of the most ordinary in Berlin; the house in which he lived is one of the most unpretending to be found anywhere—a simple, two story dwelling, in a city of great magnificence, nothing to be seen from his windows but houses of ordinary people, and plain shops and small stores. We turned into the doorway, by the side of which stood the well-known name, Seifert, ascended a broad flight of stairs, rang a bell with a rusty brass knob, and soon the faithful companion of Humboldt in the thirty-six last years of his life, stood before us, Seifert himself, so well-known to us in America, as the man who was Humboldt's "fidus Achates," the inheritor of his library; his servant and his friend. He is an old man now; I judge about seventy, well bronzed by time and well seasoned by travel. He received me with great cordiality, and showed me with minuteness the contents of the valuable collection which Humboldt's bequest has made his.

The main object which I have in writing this letter to the Boston *Traveller* and through it to some thousands of Boston readers, is to suggest that an effort be made there the place of all places to me as to every son of Boston, where it should be, to buy the great Humboldt collection, now offered by Seifert for sale. If that collection could be bought by Boston, either in its municipal capacity, or by its citizens, by private subscription, it would be one of the greatest attractions we could have. I would gladly see a small suite of rooms in some one of our public buildings devoted to the HUMBOLDT COLLECTION, where might stand the contents of his six rooms, his chairs, his bed, his pictures and maps, his books and casts,—in one word, the contents of Humboldt's house on the Oranienburger street. Would it not be grateful to every son of Boston to have a collection there to show his friends when they come up to the New England metropolis, and to show to his children, bidding them mark how independent of pomp and circumstance is real greatness, and how a man who is invested by nature herself with royalty is independent of the show which common men must make to have a royalty for lower degree, seen by men.

I grant that the money value which Seifert puts upon the collection is great, very great, for more than the books and works of taste or art would bring, if divested of associations with the name of Humboldt. As a collection, without associations, it would be valuable, indeed; probably the most valuable that has ever been sold in Germany, but the name of Humboldt invests each book with a new and peculiar value, which it would be hard to over-estimate.—The price at which Seifert values it and offers it for sale is $75,000. He is anxious above all things that it should go to America, because Humboldt loved America so much and watched it so anxiously, and I promised him that I would urge the people of Boston to do a deed worthy of the literary metropolis of our land, and buy the collection and possess it forever.

One visiting the suite of rooms passes first into a rather small and crowded room, containing many books, piled in promiscuous confusion on the floor, and the specimens of Natural History sent to Humboldt from all parts of the world, over which a large stuffed owl sits supreme and keeps guard.—There are pictures on the walls, amongst which I noticed specially a faded one of Rome, which looks old enough to have been owned by Goethe's father, and a large lithograph, by Hildebrand, of Humboldt in his study, which some Americans have seen. The next room is the library, a long, spacious, well-proportioned room, crowded with books, with a little space left for pictures, of which I remember but two,—I think there were no more in that room,—a likeness of Wilhelm Humboldt, the statesman, a most penetrating and scholarly face, but not so strikingly handsome, I judge, as the brother Alexander,—and a view of the late Baron taken from behind, by Hildebrand, having nothing but the outline of the form and the magnificent head of Humboldt, with something grand and even expressive in it even seen from behind. The books of the library are twenty-four thousand in number, are in all languages very miscellaneous in their subject matter, and indicate the breadth of their possessor's studies. Of course the larger share of them are of natural science, and probably the most complete body of scientific works ever collected by one man, and as such of great worth.

But yet they have their great value from the two collateral circumstances that they were Humboldt's books, and that they are, in very many instances, enriched by his comments. I took down many books whose fly leaves are covered with that well known fine hand, the characters of which are so small that they almost require a glass to be easily read, and which are each perfect. I saw many American books there, many from the Boston press, for Humboldt knew our literature well and prized it highly. The entire library embraced, as Seifert informed me, twenty-four thousand volumes, among which are some of great value. There are collections of photographs from Central America, and large books of engravings of great value, not to speak of the perfect collection of maps and charts.

From the library I passed into a large and attractive room, in which is the only arm-chair which I saw in the whole establishment—a room in which Humboldt sat to receive his friends, and the chair in which he almost invariably sat to drink his coffee. The room contains some books, but is more especially devoted to works of art. There hangs upon its walls the best portrait of Humboldt ever executed, taken by the distinguished Schrœder, very little art work of mere fancy, mostly portraits and casts or marble busts of men of great attainments in science. I noted particularly that well-known engraving of Washington standing by a stone column, so common in America. Still I would not speak of the objects of art as very rich or very striking. The next room, the fourth in the same range, contained little but pictures, but possessing no special value, excepting from the fact that they are all interpenetrated by the very simplicity of Humboldt's whole existence.

Most men of letters, or if I do not say of letters, most men of sensibility, have some passion which displays itself in their houses, which you meet at every hand in their collections; with some it is pictures; with some rare bindings; with some old books; with some curious plate; with some even diverse patterns of crockery ware—Sydney Smith's weakness. Humboldt seems to have had no such controlling special love; he was so admirably organized, that every quality in him was tempered to its just use. Every thing in his collection is good; nothing indicates a ruling love. The books are remarkably well bound, yet not so as to give rise to the thought that he had what we will call "a weakness" for rich binding; the pictures are interesting, yet not displaying any absorbing love for pictures or statuary; all that is signally rich, is just what must with him have been rich—the very weapons of his scientific studies, the invaluable collection of maps, and charts, and books, which bear upon the study of physical science.

From this range of four rooms we turned to one side, and entered the "Arbeit Zummer," the North Room, the little dark chamber where Humboldt gained his triumphs, and earned his fame. Some of my readers have seen the lithographs by Hildebrand, representing Humboldt in this room, but that picture while it does justice to the almost bold simplicity of the furniture, gives an idea of size and comfort which the room does not possees. It is a small, dark room; it has no prospect from its windows, not even the neat dull pavement of a still Berlin street. The table on which Cosmos was written is of pine, awkward and low; I did not notice an arm-chair in the room; a few books were on one side, a meteorological instrument or two were in sight, and that was all. I have seen the study of many a boy at school better furnished than the room where the most renowned man of the age lived and thought and wrote. This room had a carpet, a plain worn oil cloth carpet; I did not notice that any other room was thus adorned.

And out of this work chamber you step into the little bed-room where Humboldt slept and where he died. I can give you a very imperfect idea of its simplicity.—The bed had been taken away and burned, in accordance with the German custom after a death, I suppose; but the plain green curtains indicated where the bed of the great departed man had stood. One or two cheap German chairs were in the little room, a simple toilet stand, a mirror about a foot square—and that was all. It was the severest simplicity that I ever saw.—What sermons those two rooms might preach in our country, if their contents could be transferred there and set up just as they stand on the Oraninburg street in Berlin. Humboldt spent but four hours in bed, like the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon and other men whom nature has gifted with equal ruggedness and equal perseverance.

But I must not protract this letter. I should be glad to give a little summary of my conversation with Seifert touching his master and his character, but my space forbids: I write this letter with one definite purpose, and I close it with arguing once more that Boston should enrich itself with this fine collection which would be worth to us all that it would cost? Will not some reader of the Traveller see if $75,000 could not be raised to do it. If not, how much could be, that Seifert might have a definite offer for it.

GUZMAN.

The skeleton of a mammouth was recently discovered in a quarry at Czortkow in Gallicia. One of the teeth was much damaged by the workmen, who mistook it for a piece of wood, but there still remains a piece about two feet long and six inches in diameter at the base. The knee-cap is as large as a woman's head, and the ribs and bones are of enormous dimensions.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

[Extract from a paper read before the "Bristol Literary Club " by Dr. J. B. F. Walker.]

Of what does true education consist? This all important question cannot be better answered than by taking a few extracts from the works of some of our most learned and popular educators. Says De Fellenberg. "I call that education which embraces the culture of the *whole* man "—Says Dr. Dick, that very learned. sound, and judicious Scotch writer; "Education ought to embrace *everything* that has a tendency to strengthen and invigorate the animal system; to enlighten and expand the understanding: to regulate the feelings and dispositions of the heart; etc. Dr. Horne says "Education should have for its aim the development and greatest possible perfection of the *whole* nature of man: his moral, intellectual, and physical nature."

Man, then, is not an educated being until every faculty and power, whether of body or mind, has become fully developed. Though he may read the dead languages as fluently as his native tongue; though he may be able from a heap of fragmentary bones to construct the skeleton of some unknown animal; telling its species and habits: when and where it lived;—though the science of figures be with him as tools in the hands of the mechanic, yet he may still fall far short of being educated. There is something besides an intellect to be looked after, something more than mere book-knowledge. We are aware that the great masses of the people consider book-knowledge as the one thing essential; that if a person has pursued a regular course of study, been graduated, and received his diploma he is accounted educated; but is this the fact? Thanks to the Great Educator a light has commenced to shine, and the darkness and ignorance of past generations is fast being dissipated. With the Greek rhetorician, Longinus, we would exclaim that the sublimest passage ever uttered, is, "Let there be light!"

A man, to be educated, must have his intellectual faculties active and enlightened; his moral sentiments firm and correct: his spiritual nature purified and developed; his physical formation perfect and healthy, seeking to be as near the Great Model as possible. When this is attained the world will have perfect men and women;—and as progression is sure, we believe the time is not far distant when such will be the fact.

To be a true educator one must be capable of doing everything which shall tend towards perfection. How many at the present time do this? How many can do it if they would? and how many would if they could? Where is there a truly educated man? Such interrogatories as these should be considered as "home questions" meant for each and all of us. We know not of a single institution where all the elements of a true education are carried out. Our colleges stuff one with book knowledge and endeavor to force upon the attention a few morals. Our academies and high schools follow in the wake of the colleges, except in rare instances, where physical training receives a moderate share of attention in our primary and common schools the defect is still greater. Nine tenths of these regard nothing but the training of the intellect. What is the result? Hospitals are filled with those who have had but one nature educated at the expense of others; State Reform Schools are filled with young men and women who have either been educated on this one-sided principle, or not at all. Many of the youth who fill these institutions can read and write, and are often advanced in other branches of an intellectual education, but the moral and physical being having been neglected, they are what they are. Jails, too, are crowded with those whose morals have been wholly or partially neglected. These facts show how defective our is our present system of education. Though people preach that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, yet they practice the reverse. How consistent!

Give a man neither a moral nor an intellectual training, and he becomes as the savage; perfectly developed, perhaps perfectly healthy, but still ignorant and superstitious. He delights in nothing but the gratification of his own passions, and is but a little higher than the brute creation with which he is constantly at war or supremacy.—Educate the moral nature of man alone, and he at once becomes a religious enthusiast; a self-willed, one-ideal person. Some of these help to fill our Insane Asylum. Educate the moral and intellectual man, neglecting the physical, and we have a feeble, white-faced, chicken-hearted, theological student; one who, as it were, carries Death about with him; forever suffering from ill-health! Neglect everything but the intellect and we see the dishonest lawyer and tradesman—not that all lawyers and tradesmen are dishonest, but among them we oftener find our illustration.

If we are persuaded that the views presented are truthful—and who can doubt them?—we shall naturally wish to know why it is that education should embrace the culture of the *whole* man. We have seen the results which follow the education of one nature of man at the expense of the others, and that such results do follow is a fact concurred in, by physiologists generally.

Man, by improving his physical condition, the more successfully promotes his intellectual and moral well-being; but that he may improve his physical condition it is neccessary that he should know the laws of health, and to know the laws of health he should be educated; hence the intellectual nature of man will become trained and developed, and in proportion as he becomes educated and improves his physical condition his moral and spiritual nature will be educated.—Thus we see that the development of one nature of man depend upon the development of the other, and that one cannot be either neglected or improved without affecting the whole. o o o

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THE BUSINESS OF 1859.—From the annual circular of Dun, Boyd & Co., mercantile agents, New York, it appears that the number of failures in the United States the past year was 3913, involving liabilities of $64,294,000. This is a decrease in the number of failures since 1858 of 312, and in liabilities of $31,455,662. Of the failures last year, 123, with liabilities of $4,659,000, occurred in Boston, and 160, with debts to the extents of $1,927,000, in the rest of Massachusetts; 61, with liabilities of $1,159,000 occurred in Maine; 25, with liabilities of $307,000 in New Hampshire; 36, with liabilities of $536,000, in Vermont; 20, with liabilities of $246,000, in Providence, and 10, with debts amounting to $359,000, in the rest of Rhode Island. The number in New York city was 299, with liabilities of $13,218,000. Of the whole number of failures last year, 401 are classed as swindling and absconding debtors, with obligations amounting to $5,650,000; as not dishonest but will pay little or nothing, 675, with debts to the extent of $7,932,000. The number likely to pay in full is 130, whose indebtedness amounts to $6,242,000.

The number of failures in Canada and the British Provinces was three hundred and fifty, with debts to the amount of $4,073,000.

The business of the year, the circular remarks, exhibits a general improvement, although probably not much money has been made. A healthy and moderate business has been realized, and the prospect is that an equally healthy and improving state of affairs will continue. The effects of the disasters of 1857 still remain, especially at the West, and no great enlargement of business the coming year is to be looked for. Such a cri is cannot be recovered from under four or five years.

The aggregate of the past three years shows a bankrupt debt in the United States and British North America of the enormous sum of $468,355,571, of which amount $262,908,508, will prove an absolute loss to the creditors. This is irrespective of the immense losses by railroad and other public corporate companies. In 1857 the failures in the city of New York were about eighteen and a half per cent. of the entire number; in 1858 a little over nine per cent., and, in 1859, rising seven per cent, thus proving that the effects of the crisis were more immediately felt in the cities of the Union, for the per centage of twenty-one cities shows about the same ratio. The failures of the past two years have been mostly confined to the country. The number appears large, but the amount involved is comparatively small.—[Boston Journal.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—In making repairs in a building of some antiquity in State street, the workmen discovered under the eaves a large number of ancient looking cartridge-boxes, belts and straps, all which had evidently seen service. The cartridge-boxes, which we are informed are as many as four or five hundred, are more capacious than those of modern date, and are so arranged as to carry a double complement.—With them were square cakes of blacking, in papers, neatly printed with a description of the article, and stating it to be "for Shoes, Boots, or any Leather that requires to be kept Black." On the face of each cake is a label, setting forth as "By the King's Patent. Cakes For Shining Liquid Blacking, Prepared by Wm. Bayley, the Patentee, and Sold by Bayley and Blew, Cockspur Street, London." The cakes are still "shining," and seem to be in first-rate condition. All bear the evident marks of an ancient date, and we learn that, from what is known of the building, the articles must have been where they were found, for at least eighty years. Here is an opportunity for an antiquarian.—[Courier.

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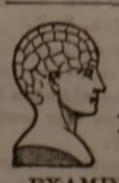
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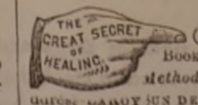
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B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

[Continued from 5th page.]

there let the miraculous Christ of the Church rest forever. For Jesus of Nazareth as a man, I have much respect; for him as a God, I have none. His life was excellent, and it is only when men shall turn away from the theological fiction of his death, to the grand reality of his life, that they will profit by his example.

THE CHURCH OF THE PRESENT.

A SHAKER'S CRITICISM UPON THE "CHURCH OF THE FUTURE."

SHAKER VILLAGE, New Lebanon, N. Y., January 7, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Some person has sent me No. 18 (Dec. 31) of the "SPIRITUAL AGE," and if its general contents are as valuable as are those of this copy, I do not marvel that it finds firm supporters in all its readers.

The article, "Church of the Future," as preliminary, and "No. 1, On Government," are worth a year's subscription. I freely indorse the idea of the "*Church of the Future*," with this amendment: that the "coming man," for whom the whole Theological world is so impatiently waiting, will surely prove to be a *woman*.

And what if she already stands in the midst of the people, and (like the Jews, in the parallel case of Jesus) they "Know it not,"—know *her* not?

When even the practical application, and seventy years' successful operation of precisely the very principles enunciated in "No. 1," fail to attract the attention, and to engage the investigating powers, of those eagle-minded men and women, who, since the advent of the Angel *Spiritualism*, are known to exist, it proves that, as the midnight thief in the house may be diligently doing his work, unknown to its inmates, even so, in the *nineteenth* century as in the *first*, may the *true Christ* be in the very heart of the country, assiduously laying the foundation of a second Christian Dispensation and Church, and the inhabitants thereof know it not, any more than did the citizens of Jerusalem know that the "coming man," for whom they had been for ages in devout expectation, was, even at that time, working at the carpenter's trade as an apprentice to one of their own people.

I am astonished to find such clear views of the *ultimate government*, emanating from minds not claiming to stand in the light of Christ's second appearing in and through the *female* order. The writer's exposition of the "Divine right *in one*" to govern, is so simply expressed, and so logically demonstrated, that I am curious to see how it can be rebutted. Also his idea of "concentric races," each having their own sphere and center, is naturally true.

Considering the inveterate and deep-rooted prejudice created in men's minds, by the age of abuse of the "Divine right" of kings and priests to rule mankind, and by means of which they acquired power, and used it to the injury of their fellow-beings,—their own flesh and blood,—it proves the writer, who dares to utter sentiments so unpopular, unrepublican, and I may add, judged by the fashionabe standard, unreligious, to be *a bold man*.

The *right to rule* inheres in those who possess the capacity for ruling, even as the right to *sing* inheres in the poet; or the right to *speak* in such men as St. Ambrose, Patrick Henry or H. W. Beecher.

In England, the Divine right of kings and queens to govern, was interpreted to teach that "the King can do no wrong;—that a thing becomes right when it becomes law. While the truth is, that nothing should become law that in itself is not right; and that a man should become a king only when he would not, could not, do wrong. And nowhere in our language is this sentiment more sublimely expressed than in the second book of Samuel, (chapter xxiii.):—

"Now these be the last words of David, David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet Psalmist of Israel, said: The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, *He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.*"

That was what the *Spirit* said; and that is what this as yet "great unknown" writer says. The only possible "Divine right" consists in doing *right*, and not doing any wrong.

"The right man in the right place" is the right political and religious maxim. But we do not want *two heads* of even Peter, or Jesus, upon *one* body. If indeed a man possessed *twenty* heads, and they all directed him just alike, they would in effect be but *one* head.—But, if they directed him diverse ways one from another, as do the hydra-heads at Washington, why, like them, they would prevent any consistent consecutive action, and each one would check-mate the other.

It is true that we have "two persons in the Godhead;" but then we have only one of a kind,—a Male and a Female,—Father and Mother. Nor do we want more than one of a kind as their vicegerents, to rule and govern us in all things, spiritual and temporal: a Father and a Mother, the Son and the Daughter, of Heaven and their successors *ad infinitum*. Upon this basis there is "perfect equality," for all have an equal right to be repentant, sincere, obedient, devout, joyful, and happy, according to the order of their creations, and each in his and her own order.

Beautifully and truthfully expressed is the proposition, that absolute authority, absolute dependence, and absolute independence, or freedom, are synonymous. Also, that the Spirit of God should select His and Her own, for the accomplishment of *their* own purposes, from among the masses, as in the cases of Deborah, Saul, David, Jesus, and Paul, together with the twelve Apostles, is consistent and reasonable. Thousands, in different ages, and on different places, have been thus chosen.—And to all such, it is right that the people should say, as the children of Israel did to Joshua: "All that thou commandest us we will do; and whithersoever thou sendest us we will go; *only the Lord thy God be with thee.*"

And, again, it is right, if this Divine right ruler go wrong, as in the instances of Miriam, Moses, David, Saul, Solomon, Peter, and Judas that, by the higher intelligence who anointed and appointed them, they should also be admonished and punished.

And when each of the "concentric races" of man, of which this writer speaks are thus governed, they will stand in the same harmonious relations to each other, and to *one general head*, that do the members of the human body.

Republicanism and Infidelity (or rather Materialism) are inseparable. The American Government indorses no religious system:—it is *un*-religious. It is *humanity* that has lost sight of *God*, as might a child, by wandering away from, lose sight of its father and mother. It is "without God, and without hope, in the world," having no hold of any other world than this material one—*earth*.

Jesus said to his disciples, "*Ye have not chosen me*, but I have chosen you." This is the antipodes of Republicanism; for which it is true "there is no analogy to be found in nature." A perfect government, and voting, are inconsistent; because voting implies two antagonistic parties. Thus on the political plane one says, "I am of Buchanan, of Douglass, of Governor Wise; another, I am of Gerrit Smith, of Greeley, of John Brown: but if on the religious plane, one says, "I am of Paul, or of Cephas, or of Mark, or of Peter, or of Jesus;" may it not be emphatically asked, "Is Christ divided?" Do Christians belong to opposing parties, or sects? They should see eye to eye, and the fittest man or woman, for a particular place, should go into that place by acclamation,—by universal impression and pressure,—by inspiration. Such a ruler would be the servant and the burthen-bearer of all, even as he was the election of *all*.

This, then, is my criticism; and this is my testimony, that these principles of government were advanced seventy years ago, by "Mother Ann;" and they have been, and are now, practically operative among those who claim to be her children in spirit and in the truth,—the *American Shakers*.

Whether the "coming man" will be *a man or a woman* is a question upon which I wish to make a few remarks.

"Who shall come after the king?" Jesus was the "*coming man*." He did all that a *man* "without the woman in the Lord" could do for the redemption of the race. He was obedient to truth unto death, internal and external;—consequently he accomplished all that any "coming man" could ever accomplish. In what respect did he fail, that another man alone should supply the lack?

The highest praise you have in store for your "coming man" is "You almost equal Jesus." The chiefest of his achievements would be but an approximation to the doings of the "King of kings and Lord of lords,—*Jesus*."

Rely upon it, my friend, that the "coming man" will be a *female*.

The Lord will perform "a new thing on the earth," and "a great wonder in heaven:"A *woman* shall compass a *man*"—the natural man and woman. "He will bring to pass his act, his strange act, his great work, and a wonder, which one shall not believe;" because it was a *woman* who *first* declared it to the world.—Whereas it is just as true as was the declaration of the "man Jesus," that he would "come again *in* his glory"—a woman—his "Bride"—"the Lamb's wife;" for "the woman is the glory of the man" as man is the glory of God.

This *woman* has founded a successful Community system; a thing which the wisest of *men* in "modern times" have not been able to do. The existence of eighteen Shaker communities attest and prove the truth of this statement. She has "confounded the wisdom of the wise men, and brought to nought the understanding of the prudent," in the perpetual and inexplicable failure of many natural men to inaugurate a Divine Right Government, a social system where every talent is consecrated to the benefit of those who have less of that particular talent, or qualification.

And as the combined wisdom of *men*, as *statesmen*, has failed to secure to *all* (and to equalize) the means of physical existence; so have the *theologians* failed in every effort for the salvation from sin, even of one individual, *not excepting their own selves*. "For, while they promise men liberty" themselves (the priests) are the slaves of selfishness, lust, pride and ignorance.

All that man alone, can do for humanity, he has had, *outside* of the *first* Christian Church, thousands of years to bring to pass; and he has now had some eighteen hundred years *inside* of that Church to the same end; and to what does it all amount? During the whole period *man* has monopolized all power and rule. *He has made* all the laws, and has *been* all the officers from the Pope to the Poor-master; from the emperor and king to the chief cook.

Presidents, senators, and representatives; generals and admirals; judges and lawyers; the strychnine-whiskey-water drinker, the door-keeper and midshipman, are *all men*; and down even to the archbishops and bishops, and to the pastor and the curate, they are all in the masculine gender. So that, if the world is not what it should be, let *man* be silent, and let woman speak; and, from her prison-house of lust "let her a tale unfold of man's inhumanity to woman, whose lightest word would harrow up the soul, freeze the heart's blood, and make the hair to stand erect, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Nay, nay! my good friends, avaunt! let carnal men stand back!—the "coming" spiritual *womvn* is the last hope of humanity. Hearken! listen to the breathings of the Holy Spirit:—

"Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen in gold of Ophir, whose name shall be remembered in all generations," and whom "the people shall praise for ever and ever," because she led "the *virgin* characters who followed her unto the King"—*Jesus*. Thus the "marriage of the Lamb [Jesus] has come; and his wife [Ann] has made herself ready;" and she is now making others ready to be clothed "in the righteousness of saints," that she was and is clothed with; and *she* shall be called *The Lord our righteousness*." (Jer. xxxiii. 16.)

And the "new heaven and new earth, wherein dwell righteousness" and the righteous, are now by them (Jesus Christ and Mother Ann, and their virgin followers) being created; for they are determined, in all things,—physical and spiritual—to do *right*; and also to give unto woman, even as unto man, *her* divine right to *rule in her own sphere and order*.

And thus, as the *first* appearing of the Spirit—*Christ*—perfected a *man*, JESUS; so has the *second* appearing of the Spirit—*Christ*—perfected a *woman* ANN LEE; and henceforth through their successors, *the Christ* continues to operate for the perfecting of their spiritual posterity unto the end of the world, and the beginning and establishment of the true spiritual order of the second and final Christian Church, which is the "end of the world" to all who enter it. For *Shakers*, or *Christians*, are those "upon whom the ends of the world have come."

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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.]

MRS. A. P. THOMPSON may be addressed at Lowell till further notice. Will speak in the surrounding towns on the Sabbath if desired.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture. Address at this office.

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

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

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

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

Residence 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MRS J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 11th; Lawrence, Dec. 25th, and Jan 1st.; Huntington, 8th; Moodus, Ct., evenings of 10th & 12th; Chickopee, 15th, 22d & 29th; Putnam, Ct., Feb 5th; Foxboro, 12th & 19th; Marblehead, 26 h. 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 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.

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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

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