THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY A. D. BROCK.
OFFICE, 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS: $2.00 PER YEAR.
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1860. VOL. I.---NO. 23.

Poetry.

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

Some have thought that in the dawning, in our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents ever know,
And that, if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech

How it is I cannot answer, but I knew a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover and the bees, was running wild,
And he came one summer evening with his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!"
And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of careless way,
And he drank the cooling water from his little silver cup,
And said gayly "*When it's morning, will the Angels take me up?*"

Down he sank with roguish laughter in his little trundle bed
And the kindly God of Slumber showered the poppies o'er his head
"What could mean his speaking strangely?" asked his musing mother then,—
"O 'twas nothing on his pillow; what can be of angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaned her ear to listen if his breathing could be heard;
"Oh," she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word?"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracings rest the mother and her child;
Up she starteth from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear—
And it comes from little Willie lying on his trundle near,

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder catches, travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room
And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me" will be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover will be chase the humble-bee;
Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope;
And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side:
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not angels that met him there,
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet—
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale;
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing in river, and bay, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death is waiting for me.

Correspondence.

CREATION AND THE ASSUMED FALL OF MAN.

BY JOHN W. EVERTS.

In treating upon this subject, in the position of a reasoner instead of a skeptic, it will require me to give a respectful hearing, on the part of myself, to all previous advanced authority. But, at the same time, I am unwilling to attribute to any man any greater authority than that which I claim for myself—that of reasoning according to the order of things.

The Mosaic account of the creation of things, and the first appearance of man, is the only one which the present age of civilization seems to be willing to accept as bearing historical testimony; and it has been a common thing for historians to content themselves with this simple plan. (As a parenthesis, here I will aver that it is the cause of history being so unphilosophical as it is.)

Even science, through a long and continued reign of kingly despotism, has never, until lately, had the courage to take a position in regard to creation, without bowing down before, and becoming reconciled to the most intolerant dogmas that the Church and State were able to invent.

In the darkness of history, and the murky, but luring tendencies of science, geology has stepped in, encouraged reason to tear down the rites of intolerance, and taught us the simple lesson of creation. *Rocks* and *monuments* are silent, but truthful preceptors. In the former we find the marks made by God, and in the latter those of man.

In this essay I design to illustrate the law of creation, and to show that *all things receive an identity through the progressive elements of nature:* the result of which reasoning will prove that the idea of a momentous creation is the offspring of instinct, and that the *fall of man* is an ignorant assumption.

It would be a vain endeavor to search the fabulous notions of decayed nations for light upon this subject. To study them would lead the historian into darkness and the philosopher into mystery. The principles of nature, as discovered in the order of creation, are sufficient to prove that the elements of matter are controlled by creative intelligence; and also to establish, beyond the skill of skepticism, the course which this intelligence has taken in causing all things to appear—earth, vegetation, animal life, and man!

The Great Alchemist of Nature hath so arranged the Universe that one supreme, eternal law, governs all things, and permeates all being. The operation of this law is seen in as many different aspects as there are different phases of the different things in the Universe. Each flower and tree, and man and beast, live upon this law by a legitimate combination of the elements of Nature. One eternal transition characterizes the action of Nature's law, as seen in the elemental world. Immortal identity is the great infinite principle that exists in the combination, the dissolution, and the reorganization of all things.

How grand, and how sublime, is the scene, when we behold the different places of material transition! Observe the past, present, and future of a grain of corn: from an identity of being corn through an unlimited past, it preserves its identity as corn through future time, as eternal as the uncreated elements! Or observe the varied conditions of your own mind, during the short period of your consciousness on this earth, and how perfectly does it preserve its different attributes of identity, as it passes from one condition to another: the godme is preserved; and it proves itself immortal: it proves that material and elemental identity are as eternal as the law of life—gravity!

When wisdom has reached that condition of developement as to be capacitated with the power to create an element, and when love has reached that condition of purity as to have the power to assimilate the elements created; when these two principles have arrived at that point of perfection as to be capable of acting each other's part of attraction and distribution, of love and assimilation; then we have, in the embodiment of these two principles, the Great First Cause; the Author of All Things; the Creator of the Universe; the Eternal Good!

Creation's plan is consistent with itself.—The whole *System of Good* exists upon harmonious principles. If the principle of *harmony* in the laws of the Universe was lost, then ALL IS LOST! nor could there have been a Universe without it; and, were there such a thing as annihilation, the principle of inharmony would be the first cause to produce it;—for, without harmony there is discord; where there is discord there is pain; where there is pain there is decay; and where there is decay there is death!

Harmony is the primary principle of all life. The mechanism of mankind is so uniform that the anatomy of one man is that of the whole human race. The mechanism of every species of animals is represented by one of its kind. The mechanism of one bird is that of myriads; and one fish will answer for its kind throughout the ocean's depths.

Every species of animate life works upon the same principles that all animate matter is brought into action upon—the principles of attraction and repulsion. We repel all things that are not adapted to our nature; i. e., every thing that does not gravitate to the central I AM of a thing of life, is repelled from it: everything that does not belong to an organization cannot come to it. We attract all things that are our own—we attract nothing else.—We may retain things for a time, that we have obtained by extraordinary power, but we cannot retain them forever. We may retain things that we should repel; and, until we repel such things, we cannot attract those things which we should not repel. The bucket that is full can hold no more. Take out a thing that is not wanted, and you can put in a thing that is wanted. Why is a millionaire in destitution? Why in utter want? Because he has not his own: others have what is his, and he has what belongs to others. He has lost his own in the interior extravagance of the "poor man of learning." The poet's exterior penury is caused by the millions which his interior is retaining. The rich man may retain for a time, the wealth of the Indies; but the law of gravity is such that it is bound to hold every thing eternally in its proper sphere!—Relative gravity may hold the shining ore to a man's bosom; but there is a universal gravity which will attract it to the earth forever!

Creation is the attraction of the element of Nature to some positive centre. When the acorn is planted in the ground it begins its attractive operations. It does not attract those particles which would be taken up by the maple; it will repel all matter that will not help to make the oak. Man cannot exist where the elements of matter are such as man cannot take up into his organism. The moon of this earth will be the habitation of man whenever it has attracted to, itself the elements which help to compose the human body. Wheat contains the phosphate of lime; but the unprogressed phosphates which we dig from the rocks will not help make wheat. Progressed matter can find association only with progressed matter! Thus it is with progressed mind: it cannot associate with mind on the sensuous plane. There is no attraction except where there is a want in the ME; and no repulsion except where the ME is throwing off something not its own.

Having now portrayed some of the beauties of creation, and dwelt sufficiently long enough upon the laws of life, I will turn to that part of the subject which claims an explanation of the reaction of the great fundamental principle of the universe—that of progression—and show that no such reaction can take place, except in a relative sense. If there is any such thing as evil, then there can be such a thing as a fall. But if "all partial evil is universal good," then every fall is a gradual rise in the scale of being. Geology teaches that there was a time when man did not exist upon this earth; and it even goes so far as to prove that neither animal nor vegetable life of any kind could have possibly existed in its early stages of development. This is testimony that the theorist cannot run over without yielding to its authority. There is living proof to show that man has existed in a condition but little superior to that of the beast. We can find specimens of the human form in all of its stages of development, from civilization to barbarity, and from barbarity to brute-creation. With such testimony as Nature is constantly displaying before the vision of man, we must, after awhile, become tame to the sublime instruction. We have a teacher always by our side, to guide and direct us in the delightful walks of life, if we would only accept of Nature's kind attention. She, and the god-me, these two, can develope a mighty being—a being, "wonderfully and fearfully made."

I will now turn my attention to a book, termed the "Bible," for testimony against the doctrine of human depravity. I will refer to the original testimony upon that subject, as found in the book called "Genesis." It is the only testimony that there is in the book that has the least show of authority upon it. All else upon the subject is but comment upon what I shall here refer to.

The impression that man is a fallen being has been generally accepted all over the earth; but what seems the most strange is that it is founded upon a few passages in the "Bible," which have never been read by its devotees in an understanding way. I will here make a few quotations, and comment upon them in such a manner that "he whoever may read."

"And the serpent said unto the woman: Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, *then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil.*" (!) Man is here raised to a higher place of existence. "And unto Adam he (God) said: Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying thou shalt not eat of it, *cursed is the ground for thy sake.*" Here we see very plainly that God does not curse Adam, but he says, "*cursed is the ground!*" "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and *thou shalt eat the herb of the field.*" It is not commanded that man shall eat thorns and thistles, but that he "*shall eat the herb of the field!*" It is the highest teaching of the Harmonial Philosophy that the most progressed men should not eat flesh, but that they should also "eat the herb of the field." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou *eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.*" "Eat bread all of our earthly existence!—good!"

"And the Lord God said: Behold the man is become as one of *us.*" To rise to the majesty of a God would not be falling in any being; and to become like the "Lord God," arising from a state in wisdom, must have been a definite progress, and not a "fall."

"Now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever, *therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden.*" What was it for? Why, "lest he should take of the *tree of life*" From fear that man would live forever! What a reason! God Almighty afraid of a thing of his own creation! But thus it was that man was turned from the garden of Eden because God feared he would rise and live forever as a God.

In the above manner do I dispose of the subject; and the ideas in relation to human depravity are so obsolete that they are only referred to in a ridiculous relation.

God foresees the working of his designs; and therefore, everything in the Universe takes place according to his order. To sin against God would be to frustrate his designs; and if the will and authority of God are susceptible to frustration, it must appear evident that the Universe would be in a continual chaos, and the government of God an anarchy. I shall content myself with the happy belief that Infinite Wisdom is at the helm of the Universe; and that all things were to be as they have been, as they are, and as they shall be throughout all Eternity.

New York, Jan. 21st, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Last August in the Supreme Court of this State, I obtained a divorce from my wife, (Ada L. Coan;) the proceedings were conducted in private, in compliance with an agreement with her that she would drop my name and assume her maiden name after the divorce; but as she is now advertising in the "*Banner*" as a medium under the name of Coan, I write this hoping you will do me the justice to publish it in the "AGE," that my friends may know that I am in no way responsible for her acts, and am in no way connected with her.

Yours, Respectfully,
WM. B. COAN.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—Daniel Webster used to relate the following anecdote of Father Seard, the minister of his boyhood. As was the custom in those days, the old gentleman used to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather, and getting out his pair one Sunday morning from an attic in which they had been hanging during the summer, found a nest of wasps in them. By diligent labor he succeeded in removing the intruders, as he supposed, and started for church. Just as he was in the middle of the services, some of the insects still remaining, gave him a pierce, which caused him to jump and slap his thigh. Such treatment infuriated them, and the more he jumped and slapped, the more they stung. The congregation began to think he was crazy, but he soon explained the trouble by saying, "My hearers, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches."

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal says, in regard to this: "Eat the green shoots of asparagus raw, sleep and perspiration will be induced, and the disease can thus be cured." This remedy proved effectual to a man in Greece after the paroxysms had commenced.

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 XII.

The events just recorded were revealed by the woman, just as she received the account in after years from a mighty one who attended the council of the Moments, and bore the record thereof to her listening ear. There is a mighty truth contained in what has just been read. Ponder upon it, dear reader, and learn. * * * *

Let us now record the events in the Canal street house.

Flora continued her narrative, saying: "The morning sun shone bright and clear through the windows of my room, but the curtains were closely drawn about my bed. As I opened my eyes I heard a familiar voice say to some person else in the room, "Well, doctor! what do you think?"

The second person replied, in answer to the question, "She has a very high brain fever, and must have experienced something very terrible, thus to affect her, and bring her to death's door in twelve hours!"

"And what became of you after your illness?" asked the man, or whatever it was that had found an entrance into Flora's room, on that dark, tempestuous night, during which the events of the past were related to him by the lonely woman. He still sat on the side of the bed, with his strangely jewelled fingers resting upon the head of the sleeping infant, which occasionally gave proof by a laugh and crow that it still dreamed. Of what could it be dreaming? The three invisibles were also still occupying the same positions they did when last the reader saw them, while Flora also sat in the same place she had when she began to relate her story to the man in red, who, by his own statement was of

> Ces pauvres gueux, pleins de bonaventures,
> Ne portent rien que des choses futures.*

"I will tell you," she replied briefly:—"I lay on my bed three weary, long and pain-marked months; and when I was sufficiently recovered to bear it, was told that some farmers from the Neck, on their way to market, long before day-light, had taken the road by the old stone-mill, and when exactly abreast of it, they were startled by a loud shriek which was evidently, from its tone, that of a man, and which was almost instantly followed by another, unmistakably that of a female, at the very acme of fright and terror. Alarmed, they had pulled up, and after fastening their horses to the fence, had leaped it, and ran with all possible speed in the direction of the screams. They entered the mill, and one of them stumbled over an object which proved to be a dark lantern with the slide closed, which they opened, and found the lamp still burning, and evidently with perfumed oil Availing themselves of this timely and unexpected aid, for the night was very dark, they searched the interior of the mill, and found the body of a young girl, evidently just murdered, for the blood was yet streaming from her head. They soon, upon inspection, however, became convinced of their mistake in that respect, for the wound was not deep, and the blood flowed from a number of small cicatrices, as if she had fallen against the rough points of the mill-walls. They took her out into the open air and the dew, and cold soon revived her. The first thing she did after opening her eyes was to stare wildly about, wring her hands, and exclaim, 'Where is he! oh! where is he! my son! my son! oh! that horrid serpent! oh, that serpent!' and instantly relapsed into the swoon. These words astonished the farmers, for the girl was evidently but a child of sixteen, therefore could not be supposed to be the mother of a son; and as for serpents, it is well-known there are but few on the island, these few being of a harmless nature, and none at all being ever seen in the immediate vicinity of Newport; consequently they concluded that she was deranged, and were speedily convinced they were right by an old, venerable-looking man, who entered the mill, weeping bitterly and crying out 'My daughter is killed! my child is dead!' They soon gave him comfort on that point, and he then stated that she was subject to these fits; that she had left home that night in a state of high excitement; that he, her father, had, after a long search found her in the Old Mill; that on being discovered she had at first attempted to stab him with a knife, which caused him to shriek, and afterwards, in attempting to escape from him had struck her head against the wall, and falling as she did so, her scream attracted the farmers, but he, being ignorant of their close proximity, had started off for help, but in turning his head he had seen the light moving about in the mill, and therefore had come back, knowing help had arrived. This story, coming as it did from the lips of a gray-haired old man, was too plausible not to be accepted as true by the farmers, who, at the request of the father, agreed to convey the senseless girl to her home, to which he gave them ample directions, and, after placing a well-filled purse in their hands, left them, as he said, to find and fetch a physician to his dear daughter's aid.

"About twenty minutes thereafter," continued Flora, "a loud knocking was heard at the door by the members of my family, none of whom were aware of my absence."

"I say," cried the man who knocked, "come down and open the door; here is somebody as belongs here, as is sick,—a girl what's been murdered half to death somehow or other; and she's bleeding badly!"

Every soul in the house was up in a minute, the doors were thrown open, and,

"Good heavens!" exclaimed a member of my family, "it is Flora. Why, how came this?

"We don't know, ma'am, how it happened. The old gentleman, her father, says as how she's subject to these ere fits.'

"Old gentleman!—Father!—Fits!—why, what do you mean? She never had a fit in her life, and her father has been dead these fifteen years! Why, what does it all mean? Surely there is some foul play here."

"Not as we knows on, ma'am: but sartain it is, we expected the old gent as was a crying, couldn't be anybody else nor her father; more'n that, he went hisself for a doctor, ma'am, and paid us for bringing the pretty corpus as like to ha been, here to her home!"

Not much further time was spent in questioning, for the girl was bleeding badly from the wounds on her temples; and so after telling when and how they found her the countrymen took their leave, remarking as they did so, hat it was "a strange piece of business." "Yes! it sartinly is queer, *rayther*, Ben, but then we are well paid for our trouble," said one to the other, "for the old chap, whoever he is, gave me a tidy little bag of jingles; and as I put it in my pocket, I heard the well-known chink of the yaller boys, and I felt the doubloons plain as preachin; more'n that, I'll bet a plug o' cavendish, its the best night's work we ever made, or will make this side o'Jordan!"

"Well, Pete, s'pose we count the shiners an' dervide the spile!"

"All right, my fine feller, here's the dust!" said the other, producing his handkerchief, in which he had taken the precaution to wrap the purse. He unwrapped the treasure, and by the light of the lantern gazed at it, and instantly changed color;—and well he might; for instead of the purse of golden coin, he held in his hand nothing but a blood-stained rag in one end of which was a knot. It was untied, and lo! the contents were three pebble-stones and a rusty nail! At that moment the lantern fell and went out; they looked and felt for it, but it never could again be found!

* * * * * *

Let us leave the farmers to their wonderment and surprise, and turn for awhile to other parties in this strange history—*of facts.*

"Doctor Jones! Doctor Jones! get up instantly and come down to Carson's Block, in Hazard's Lane, next door to the Grammar School, for there's a murder been attempted, and queer doings going on!"

These words, coming to the worthy physician's ears at such an hour of the night, operated like magic. Hastily he leaped from between his comfortable sheets, threw up the window, and saw standing upon his doorstep a female whom he well knew.—Two minutes sufficed for his *old acquaintance* to inform him that a terrible assault had been made upon a young girl, and that his presence was urgently required. While the doctor dressed himself the female messenger disappeared.

In less than ten minutes the good-hearted M. D. knocked at the door of the house where the young victim was lying.

"Why doctor, how glad I am that you have come!" said the good woman who admitted him, "because poor Flora has had a terrible fit and fall, and has bruised herself horribly!"

"Why what are you talking about?" said the astonished doctor. "I thought you said an awful assault had been committed on her, and that she was all but dead!"

"Me! doctor," replied the woman, in her turn surprised beyond measure. "Why, I never said such a thing in my life! When pray?"

"Why," replied the other, "about fifteen minutes ago, when you stood on my doorstep, as I talked to you out of the window!"

"Why, doctor Jones! you surprise me! I have not been outside my doorstep since eight o'clock last evening; and Flora has just been brought home half dead in that wagon which you see yonder just turning the first corner—and that over five minutes ago."

"Well, I could have sworn it was you; are you certain of all you tell me, madam?"

"I am doctor—upon my honor I speak the truth."

"Humph," said the doctor. "By Jupiter *it is very* strange!". * * *

Slowly my health was restored. Many were the questions put to me as to the cause of my illness, but remembering the caution of the old man, I sternly refused to tell it, but gave evasive answers. Finding I would not speak upon the subject, it was dropped, and by all save myself, after awhile forgotten, * * *

Once, after some months had elapsed, as I lay on my bed wide awake, I saw an angelic looking being enter my chamber, who told me that he was the Lord of light, and that in my hour of greatest need he would appear to aid and assist me, but not until I was "Ready for Him," and this night I took you to be that angel, and that is why I said "I am ready Lord!" * *

"Some few years rolled away. My female rivals effectually destroyed my peace of mind—especially after the adventures of the Mill. I saw no more of the old wizard, yet have ever been conscious that I was never left alone, but that invisible beings attended me for good or ill by night and by day The memory of those two awful nights was ever like my shadow, present; and scarce a day elapsed that I did not mentally recall the whole scenes.—Years rolled away; great changes took place in my person and my fortunes. At length circumstances induced me to marry. A family grew up around me, and poverty succeeded to competence, owing to changes in the habits of my husband, who was kind and tender at first, but when the pains of child-bearing had faded the roses from my cheeks, and maternity had worn deep, long lines of care upon my brow, he sought the society of others, and left me to suffer in penury, sorrow and neglect. Surely, I need not rehearse to you that bitter, bitter story; Suffice it to say, that I became lonely and to a degree unsocial. I compared my present poverty with my past affluence, and I have to this day reserved the remnants of my wardrobe as precious souvenirs of the pleasant days I once enjoyed.

"Night after night, when my children slept, I have crept softly down the stairs and hied me to a city of the dead—a cemetary not far from where I dwelt. There I would sit for hours on a tomb, and unseen by mortal eye, assuage my grief in floods of tears. I was too proud to weep in presence of the living, for it hath ever seemed to me that I naturally hated the living, and loved the departed to the same extent; because from *their* invisible sympathy I found the truest balm for sorrow. I loved to think that the souls of the mighty ones of days long syne were near me, and that by them was I beloved in spite of the care-lines on my brow.

"I had a son, whom I lost, and in that loss I could but recognize the fulfilment of the prophetic panorama of the Willow in the old mill.

"My husband's neglect increased with years, and he sometimes left me for months together, till what little affection I had for him grew colder by degrees. Who can blame me? Affection is a thing that quickly dies unless it be tenderly nursed. Thus situated I began to cast around me to provide for my children. William and Caroline died early; Harriet I had sent to Vergennes; Chloe to Burlington, and Hannah to Middlebury, all in the State of Vermont.—My daughter Martha I placed at service in Skaneateles, New York, and her sister Mary near her; and having done this I felt resigned to whatever it might please God in his mercy to inflict. The child on that bed is not quite two years and one month old. My husband returned after an absence of two years! I met him with gladness, and fondly clung to his neck, thinking that this time I would retain him forever by my side. Vain hope! The next night he was absent from home, nor have I ever seen him since. A month afterwards I found myself likely to become a mother again, and now comes the most singular part of my story.

"About the time that I made this discovery, I lay asleep one night and was all of a sudden aroused by a great blaze of light in my room, in the midst of which I beheld a benignant looking being, who said to me "Woman! I love you, wilt thou love me?" I answered "yes." It disappeared, but came again each night for three months, since which I have mourned its absence.—Then came another spirit, who said, "Woman, I know much, wilt thou learn?" I answered "yes." For months it taught me many and strange things, and I felt that from the one I drew much love, from the other much of wisdom, and that I did infuse both into the being of my unborn child.

"I asked the names of these two beings, and the first called himself "The Stranger," and the second told me his name was—"Dhoula Bel."

CHAPTER XIII.

> "'Tis a strange tale, Bernardo—by my faith a strange tale;—a right curious history, and well told, too. Aye, man, well told."—De Lagellas.

The woman Flora finished her narrative, leaving only an episode connected with the paternity of her last child untold. She then turned towards the singular being, to whom the tale had been repeated, and who she had forgotten, had, on his entrance into her chamber, announced himself as Dhoula Bel—to observe what effect her recital had produced.

The attentive reader will have observed that, although the events of this first book, up to the present chapter, cover a period of many years, yet that mainly, and in another sense we have written only the history of three hours, namely, the period that elapsed since we first saw her pacing the solitary chamber in the Canal street house, on the stormy night of December, 1827, till she completed the rapid sketch of her past career to, and at the request of the singular personage who claimed geniscience and genipotence as to the Future, but who knew, according to his own statement, nothing whatever of the Past, except wherein that was connected with the present and the future, by a single thread, which thread related solely to the business concerning the Neutral men—their condition, hopes, fates and prospects.

For a minute after she ceased to speak, the wizard, if such we may call the being robed in red, rested his head upon his hand, and appeared to be musing.

Presently his lips began to move, and in a low—very low and tenderly cadenced voice, but without looking up, or in any wise changing his position, he slowly chanted:

CHANT OF THE RED GNOME.

"Thou hast sighed, and suffered long;
Thou hast told me all thy grief
I trust me, daughter, for thy wrong,
I to thee will bring relief.
Trust me, daughter—well I know the anguish deep within thy breast
Well I mark the silent flow of briny tears. I know thy rest
Is broken,—heart aches bear thee down,
Sorrow hovers, bliss deserts thee, and the hard and iron crown
Presses on thy weary brow, and crushes thee to earth e'en now.
Thou think'st no joy remains for thee;
Poor child! thou longest to be free
Thou deem'st the heaven gloom-enshrouded; think'st no star will ever beam.
All thy hopes are overclouded; specters haunt thy every dream.
Thou art lonely and benighted; every path is strewed with stones—
Paths where others have been lighted,—music-cheered, but for thee groans.
Yet remember the darkness must come to an end,
The storm find its calm, and thou find a friend,—
Yet he'll rob tuce of life, and steal thy last breath,
But give comfort for strife, and a Heaven for Death.
There's a star beaming out, o'er the hill, by the sea—
'Twill light thee to lands of the noble and free—
The home of the happy, up in the bright sky.
Then be not distressed; 'twill be right by and bye!"

"Ah!" said Flora, "could I but believe and realize thy glowing picture, my sorrows would end, provided I had an equal assurance of the welfare of my boy, after my life's madness is ended forever."

To this he replied, "Doubt not that he also will be happy. I will swear to protect and guide him safely, if of thy own free and unbiased will, he is put into my hands, and under my guardianship!"

These words were spoken in a low but very anxious voice. It seemed for the first time since they had been conversing, that he trembled with anxiety for the words in answer that might fall from the woman's lips. Other eyes than his were at the same time bent eagerly upon her face, and she felt a peculiar freedom from all extraneous bias and influence at that moment, such as she had never felt before. It was plain that neither he nor the others present, dare disobey the Great Junction.

"Think well of it, and decide only after mature deliberation," said he, resuming.—"Thou hast the power to yield or not, as best suits thy mind. And that thou wilt decide wisely I well believe. Thou hast nearly completed thy pilgrimage of sorrow. I have come to let thee know it, and that I have long desired to aid thee; and will if thou wilt give the guardianship of thy youngest child to me, in whom, daughter, thou beholdest thy fast friend, Dhoula Bel, under one of the three forms in which he has visited thee. In me behold one, who, like thyself, is destined to encounter strange vicissitudes; but whose nature differs from time; whose power is greater, and who hath thy interest deeply at heart. I am compelled to inform thee now, *as I have before*, that two great and mighty powers coexist in this Universe,—which by no means includes the totality of Being,—and that by these Powers, I, being a representative of the Principle of Knowledge, have been selected for a purpose regarding not only thy sleeping child yonder, but the entire human race, present and to come. *Vos etat me fait pitie;* and I will help you, if you will permit me. We are not alone in this room, for there are other eyes which gaze upon us here; there are other ears which listen; other lips which can speak, and other hands to punish the servant who would do thee wrong, by telling thee an untrue tale. My mission to Day and to thee is one of neither absolute good nor positive evil. It is one greater than either, being that of Knowledge, as the three other, but to thee invisible beings now in this room, can testify. These beings are, in some respects, less powerful than myself, but in others more so; because not being so highly organized, my affinities to matter are stronger; hence I can attract by the power of my will certain electrical and carbonic particles, which are ever floating in the air, and which are given off from certain human bodies when they are of a peculiar electrical and chemical construction. These particles cling to my invisible body, and thus render it opake for the time being—a feat easily performed by spirits; but the process differs with them in certain respects from my own. Theirs is a shell, mine a solid body—theirs is mostly a coating for the time, while mine is a complete structure in all respects. I attract lung particles from human lungs, heart from heart, and so on throughout. I am prevented from injuring you, by these other beings, even if I had an inclination to do so, which of course I have not."

He spoke the truth, for the two bright invisibles smiled assent; while he in red gave an impatient gesture, as if to say that it was indeed beneath his dignity to seek to injure a mere mortal.

"Not long since," pursued Dhoula Bel, "I said that I had appeared to you under three different forms. You shall have the proof. Now I am Dhoula Bel, as you see; but just turn your face toward the floor and gaze steadily upon that dark green spot upon the rug for a minute or two, nor look up until I shall tell you to do so."

These words affected Flora greatly. She knew not what to say, think or do, now that she found the web of mystery closing about her more and more closely. She however resolved, now that she was immeshed in it, to go on until the end; and in furtherance of this resolution, obeyed the wizard, and fixed her eye firmly upon the green spot on the carpet rug. The wizard was behind her. Probably not half a minute elapsed before she heard a voice say to her, in tones as soft as the summer's sigh, "Turn! Woman, I love thee! lovest thou me?"

The sound of that voice fell on her ear like the sweet music of the sky; for well she knew from whom it came; well remembered she those silvery, gentle tones, and with a cry of gladness she immediately raised her head, and saw that although both globe and tripod stood where she last had noticed them, yet the wizard was gone, and in his stead, standing at the farther end of the room, enveloped in a thin, but resplendent cloud of light, the same mysterious being, to all appearance, by whom she had been so often visited, during the first three months after her husband left her, and some few months previous to the birth of the child then sleeping on the bed. It was the same being who had so completely won her heart, and chained her spirit in a magic bond of love, divine and pure; and who had, when he left her, at the end of ninety days, called himself "The Stranger." And now again, there he stood, smiling blandly, yet sorrowfully upon her. As she caught his benignant eye, a full tide of emotion swept across the strings of her soul, awakening music the more sweeter in the cadences of a dying nightingale. Throwing herself passionately upon her knees before the beautiful vision, she exclaimed, with an overflowing heart, "O, Heaven! I thank thee; for my life, my light, my love has come again!"

But the lovely being before her waved his hand, as if in token of slight displeasure at her attitude of adoration; and said, in a tone of voice, whose liquid melody fell upon her soul like rain-drops on the sun-scorched Arab, "Worship me not, woman; adore only the Dweller in the Dome!"—pointing upward with a wand which he carried in his right hand—"I am only thy good Genius; my mission is to thy soul; I am thy better part, and henceforth shall leave thee to Destiny and to God; I, too, have an errand to lay son through thee, as well as he who hath left thee but now, to return again and finish his labor with thee and mine. I, too, have a mystery to impart to thee. I have listened to the recital thou gav'st the absent one, though unseen by thy clouded eyes. Through me, thy son and the records yet to be written of thy soul-experience, shall a principle be illustrated to the minds of men on earth. It is this; that man does not make himself what he is, but is formed, mentally, morally, socially, physically, in exact accordance with the conditions which surround him before birth—while yet in the mother's womb, and after he becomes a citizen of the world.—These conditions affect the real being—the immortal principle within, favorably or the reverse of this; as are the surroundings of the mother of each babe; and when man understands this truth, he will be happy! but until he does, there can be no peace on earth, good will among men!"

"And it must be known ere happiness can reign where strife and misery now hold their pestilent court. Man's external or body is only real for a season. Its nature is transitory and unstable; the inter-

*Devils full of mystic lore, of nought but future things possess a store.

nal, or spirit, only is real, because it is sempiternal. I tell thee, woman, and through thee the wide world, that the amount and kind of mental power and moral force of character is not, as many think, determined by the size of any given human brain, but by contour and refinement, which also determines the kind of motive—the hidden springs of action which underlie—and prompts man to all his outward manifestations. There exists certain external signs—which by the properly initiated can be read—by which are infallibly indicated the conduction not only of the spirit within the body, but the general and particular physiological condition as well of the subject as the parents who brought them into being. Show me a child and I will tell you what the parents are. Clairvoyance is a natural power pertaining to all mankind.

"Man is the image of God. God is infinitely clear-seeing, and man's natural heritage is a finite or limited clairvoyance when he comes into its possession by proper attention to his education. So, therefore, there are two methods by which to arrive at a knowledge of the character of any human being. The first is external observation, or scientific analysis; the other, by a psychical investigation—a synthesis of the spirit itself, which is obtained, when by means of magnetically quickened clairvoyance—another name for Intuition, whether by foreign agencies or self-induced, a sympathetical rapport is established between the observer and the observed. By this process alone can man discover the great truth that Contour, or Symmetry, and the attenuation or refinement of the atomic particles composing the entire frame—which in every case depends upon the degree of happiness enjoyed by the mother previous to the birth of her child, and the happiness of her general and particular *surroundings*—invariably indicate and determine the mental calibre, moral status, and physical stamina—which never depends upon mere gross coarseness of structure—as many persons of feeble frames live longer and endure far more hardships than thousands of rougher mould—of all who live upon the earth. Men must learn through you and your son, that the springs of human action, or first motives are triune or three-fold, and that self-love is the first member thereof—that it lies at the very center and is the primal source of all human action—the focal point around which all the faculties revolve. But where it predominates too much over the other two members, the man is limited, warped and cramped. It should be the center but never the tyrannical governor of others. The second member is Fraternal Love. When it has its proper and legitimate scope and influence, the mind is brighter, smoother, and altogether more expansive. The soul is quickened into life and vigor, and the mental manifestations are broader, deeper, fairer, and the spirit yearns for sympathy, while it imparts a genial warmth to all around. Universal Love is the third member of the trinity. At present it is nascent in almost all hearts, but will spring into life ere long under the influence of man's Sixth Sense—a sense not yet developed. As either of these primal loves predominates at man's generation or procreation, so will he be the legitimate result. This may be an unwelcome truth, but it is truth nevertheless. It is a law of Nature, of God; for behold, as the tree falleth so it lieth. As is the seed, so will be the product. As are the parents, so will be the child; but above all, *all*, ALL, as is the *mother*, so will be the offspring. Like never attracts, but always produces like. The fact is accepted by mankind as illustrating a principle so far as horses, pigs and oxen are concerned; and why not be equally true of human beings? A couple have four children. Isaac is a fool; John a lecherous debauchee; Henry a model of intellectual perfectness; and Mary the very soul of moral sentiment and seal of affection.—How comes this to be so? How account for it? I answer: surely the parents, particularly the maternal one must be blamed. They, through their children give an incontestable proof that the following states of mind obtained in the parents when each of the above beings were called into existence respectively; namely: Number one is the embodiment of mental (intellectual) blankness of mind. Number two is *incarnate, vivified lust*. Number three of mental activity, and number four of the *emotional love* principle. This through you is a hint to the people of the world. May they take it kindly. For lo! on an absolute knowledge and observance of these primal laws of life, depends the happiness or misery of countless myriads of the human family yet to be. Nor must it be forgotten that every faculty has a three-fold mode of action: an inverted, a passive or normal, and an extreme, perverse, and consequently abnormal or unhealthy one. The two extremes are wrong; the central one only is right. Another truth it is part of my mission to enforce upon you. It is this: All souls come direct from God in essential forms; pure, serenely beautiful, and holy beyond thy comprehension. Most men in Christendom believe that man is all unclean; that his heart is tainted naturally, and desperately wicked. They also believe God to be a merciless tyrant, who made a burning Hell in sport of power so to do, and amuses himself by eternally damning his children—his own divine handiwork and masterpiece thereto. All this is false, and a direct libel on the great Creator. Such doctrines have exerted a baleful influence on the human race, retarded its moral growth, impeded its onward progress, crushed its ever rising aspirations, blasted its fondest hopes, and enveloped the human mind in the appalling folds of a darkness most terrific. They must be outgrown and cast aside as utterly worthless ere man can attain his perfect stature and stand forth as he should, in the bright garniture of wisdom, and the similitude of his Creator—God! Fear must give place to the attraction of love or he must ever remain unhappy. Having so long been told by those who knew better, that his nature was corrupt, to the extent of requiring a God's blood to cleanse and purify, man has at last come to mainly believe it, and therefore acts accordingly, solacing himself with the idea that he can't be worse than he finds himself, and therefore might as well give a loose rein to his perverse and perverted faculties; precisely as a child, who being told every day that he is a thief, at length resolves to make good his claims to the little thus conferred, and actually learns to steal. This ought not to be; nor will it, when the True Harmonial System of Philosophy, based on a correct Anthropology is understood—and practiced. Man must learn the rudiments, first of *his* nature, and then he will begin to move in the right direction. Amongst these primary truths is this, namely: that all essential souls are perfect in quality, but are inactive of themselves, until matter shall quicken them, and send the divine sparks of Intelligence on their mission of untold magnitude and importance either for good or ill. All that man can do is to furnish the means, and provide the conditions physical for the incarnation and conscious development of these essential souls. The Eternal Center of the Infinite Universe'um—the ineffable, thrice glorious Over-Soul of All, breathes forth these soul essences—spirit-monads, as human beings exhale the carbonic gas from their lamps, or the damask rose its perfume—The very air is full of them, and thousands surround every human being on every earth within the material system of the Universe of universes.

"'If this be so,' you ask, 'what then was the origin of the first human beings, who as you say, serve only as the laboratories wherein the necessary elements for the incarnation, embodiment, hypostasis, and development of these essential or monadal spirits is prepared and compounded?' I answer: you have questioned well and wisely; and even so will I solve the knotty problem for you. Mark one thing well. Man was not made literally of clay, dust or matter, as many have been taught to think; nor could any combination, compound or extract of material elements ever constitute the thing called Soul. Because matter contains nothing within itself akin to mind. It is always and ever will be nothing but the patient or *acted on*, while soul is ever the *actor*. The refined essences, extreme attenuation, or ultimate sublimation of matter, constitutes Spirit, which is but the vehicle of Soul, and the medium whereby only can it come into relation with that which is so infinitely beneath itself in point of excellent parity.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

'Tis midnight's solemn hour. Hark! the deep-toned bell peals forth the knell of the departing day, and ushers in the morn; the stars, those "gems of heaven" spangle the azure cope. The morn just piercing the fleecly tissue clouds, tinges yon grey tower with her pure beams. The streets are hushed—naught is heard save the quiet murmur of the rippling waves as they gently kiss the pebbly beach and softly whisper their good night. Truly seems it gazing on a scene like this, as if no tear could dim the eye, no blighting sorrow crush the heart.

But hark! what means that wail of anguish in yon stately mansion? Ah! the rider of the pale horse hath entered there; for neither bolt nor bars nor regal splendor can forbid his entrance, nor tenderest affection stay his progress. The strong man is laid low. Sad sorrows flit softly around the couch of the sufferer, and bending near wait for his parting blessing. "Weep not for me" he said, the angels have sent their "pale-browed brother" to bear me home, my Father calls me, fare ye well.

How sweet to remember there is a world from which death and sin the cause of death is forever excluded.

A Capital Story.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE BALL OF THE OPERA—A CURIOUS RENCONTRE.

It was in November, 1851. I had been wandering over the continent for years, with no particular aim or object—I had nothing, in fact, to do in the world, except to kill time, until that old mower-down of humanity should be ready to kill me. That generally tedious and desperate avocation had been for more than a year, however, a good deal lightened by a course of political events in France. Most of my friends in that kingdom were, like myself, sturdy republicans, and I can afford to confess, now that I have no apprehension of finding a "*mouchard*" always at my elbow, I was pretty deep in their secrets and their schemes.

So it was in November, 1851, that I came back to Paris, and reinstalled myself in my old lodgment au premiere, Rue St. Honore, No.——

The evening of my arrival, the first *Bal de l'Opera* opened its fascinations to the multifarious throng of pleasure-seekers who crowd its dore and intoxicating hall. Unmasked, and in simple habit of "gentilhomme," I dropped in about midnight.—The ball was at its height, or rather under full headway for that giddy elevation which it commonly reaches about the small hours. I idled about, and bore with proper flegm the assaults of an indefinite number of travestied young women of the *quartier latin*, not less malicious than beautiful—till I grew weary of being the but of a persiflage, agreeable enough to novices, but stale to an old habitue like myself. Wearied with it, after a little while, therefore, and recognizing none of my friends anywhere among the surging and whirling crowd, I went and sat down in one of the boxes, resolved to watch the scene below awhile, and then go home and to bed, like a good boy, before daylight.

I had not been long seated when a second person came in also, and sat down in the opposite corner of the box. I looked, of course, and saw that it was a woman. Women being the "feature" of the place, however, and I in rather a crusty humor, I took no farther notice of her. I expected that, as usual, she would launch at me some of the ordinary challenges to conversation; but I was mistaken. So, after waiting sometime in a dead pause, I began to feel a little curious to know what could be the reason for such an anomaly as a silent French woman at the *Bal de l'Opera*. I drew back in the box a little, therefore, and fell to examining her carefully. She was completely enveloped in a black domino, and closely masked. There she sat, half screened by the curtain, and peering down fixedly on the moving crowd below—and motionless as a statue. A delicate and rounded hand, perfectly gloved in white kid, rested upon the ledge of the box.—That was all, however, that could be seen, by which to form a surmise as to her character or looks. There was not a bow of ribbon about her dress, nor even a stray curl peeping out beneath her hood, to mark her for recognition. Neither, as she sat there, could you form any idea of her figure beyond the fact that she was certainly not a large woman. Even her eyes showed through the holes in her mask only like two little points of light; for the holes were smaller than usual, and evidently meant to conceal their size and character. There was, in fact, not a shade of coquetry about her dress or herself. And that fact piqued my curiosity in a manner which the most elaborate attempt at fascination would have failed to do. Directly, however, she drew from under her domino her other hand, and this held in it a little handkerchief. As she raised it, apparently with an involuntary motion of habit, to where her lips should be, but the mask was, she was attracted by something in the crowd below, and leaned over the front of the box. As she did so the handkerchief fell from her hand. Her agitation at this was so marked that I rose instantly, and said:

"There is no necessity of being agitated. If Madame will remain here, I will bring it to her in a moment."

The lady bowed, and I went off on my errand. I had no difficulty. A gentleman, who had picked it up, was standing at the same spot, and returned it to me at once.—I went back much more slowly than I had descended, and took the chance of examining the fairy web of lace by the way. It was a marvel of manufacture, and perfumed with one of those delicate, half-scents which I own always suggests to me an idea of good taste and distinction in the user. There was neither cipher nor mark upon it, but tied in one corner was a little gilt key. That accounted for the lady's agitation. There could be no mistake about its use. It was the key of a "Brahmah" lock, and that lock I resolved at once was on the lady's writing desk. If that key could only have talked!—but it was only a gilt key, and no key to the mystery of the lady, or the lady's writing desk.

I regained the "loge," shut the door, and presented the rescued "estray." She received it, and thanked me in a very low sweet voice. I thought her accent was a little foreign—not, in fact, exactly "Parisienne,"—but the voice was certainly charming. At any rate, the ice was broken; and as the lady did not offer to speak, I did. So I said:

"You do not come here, I see, fair masque, for the same purpose as the common crowd. You are not gay. You are, in fact, sad and *distrait*. Are you afraid of this noisy crowd, or of me?"

The lady turned half towards me, and said in the same tone of voice, but through which, I fancied, pierced a touch of irony:

"I know you too well, Monsieur, to be afraid of you."

"Ah!" said I, laughing, "you are a fortune-teller."

"No," said she, in the same low, half-mocking way. "That is not necessary.—Without being a witch, I can easily convince you of my knowledge. For instance: you came to Paris to-day direct from Rome. You were accompanied only by your servant, a negro, very venerable, gray, and pompous. You drove first to the Rue Vaugirard to call upon a friend. From there you went to the Ministry of Police and registered your name, and received permission to reside in Paris. It was a wise act."

This was said with an emphasis that made me shiver a little, and fancy that perhaps the "iron" hand of the police was under that particular "*gant de velours*."

"From there," she continued, "you went to your apartments, Rue St. Honore, No.——, and—"

"From there here," said I, affecting a gayety I did not feel; for decidedly the lady knew too much. "But in your *role* of prophetess you ought to know the past and future, as well as to-day. We have met before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In Italy, in England—everywhere."

"You are my good or evil genius?"

"That will be as you make it."

"How can I control it?" said I hastily.

"The good genius has been with you," said she, slowly and almost solemnly, "for three years. I have determined to protect you. I have done it."

How?" said I, with a little anger; for I hate to be mystified, and began to think she was carrying the joke too far even for an opera ball pleasantry. "How and where?"

"In Rome, when you conspired with Mazzini. You were discovered. You received a note, warning you of your danger, and fled in time. That note was mine. At the bloody field of Navarra. You fought and fell. Insensible, you were carried from the field to a neighboring 'Podere.' My servants carried you—it was by my orders. While insensible, or wild with the fever which followed, I nursed you—it was my mission."

I began to be in a new fever.

"If," I cried, "I am under so many obligations to you, you will not be so cruel, so heartless as to wear that mask any longer. You have told truth enough to make me believe all true you tell me. Let me at least learn to know who I owe so much to."

"Mr. Heyward,"—I started again, for that was my name indeed,—"Mr. Heyward," she said coldly, "does not know me. It is not probable he ever will. My face would be strange to him. This I tell him upon my honor. But he cannot see it."

"But, Madame"—

"Sufficient sir," she said, haughtily; "such is my will. Know, however, that I came here to-night purposely to meet you, and to tell you that on condition of obeying me implicitly we meet again."

"Madame," said I, now completely under the dominion of this strange creature, "I promise implicit obedience. Allow me to see you again—often again—and no slave shall be more absolutely obedient."

"Do so," she said, "and I promise you"—

"A little love?" said I, with a pardonable impulse of vanity yielding to the suggestions of the place and time.

"No," she replied, in a quick, hard tone, altogether different, "The love of man to woman is a thing common, and generally worthless. I promise something better—friendship and protection. You will need both."

Here she rose, and said:

"Mr. Heyward, I must now leave you. I forbid you to leave this box until fifteen minutes after myself. You have given me your word, as a gentleman, to obey me. Keep it, and you will have reason to congratulate yourself on your good faith. Break it—even in thought—and this is our last meeting.

When I turned she was gone.

CHAPTER II.—A CRIMINAL AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

From the opera ball and its strange adventure I went home thoroughly excited, and a little alarmed—alarmed for two reasons: first, the woman knew too much about me; and second, I felt too much interested about her to be comfortable. I was resolved to see her again, and probe the matter to the bottom—to find out all about her, and make her tell me all she knew about myself or—what "or?"—That I didn't fill up. Full of my purpose I haunted every public place for a week, in vain; not a sign of my tormentor was to be seen. Perhaps I had seen her, really, a thousand times during that period, and did not know her; for I had seen only a hand gloved, and Paris is full of little hands and perfectly-fitting white gloves.

So the last day of the week I came back to my lodgings, weary and savage, threw my cane one way, my hat another, and lastly my eyes on the table—and a three-cornered note. I pounced upon the note and tore it open. It contained two lines:

"My carriage will call for you to-night, at ten o'clock. LE GANT BLANC."

From that hour till ten, I confess, seemed ten ages; but ten came at last, and so did the carriage. I shall not undertake to describe the curious mixture of sentiments with which I took my place in it, and found myself beside a gigantic negro; but I was in for the adventure, whatever it might result in, and braced my nerves for all haps and hazards. But, in truth, I really did not apprehend danger as one of the results of the adventure. The lady had professed to have done me too much good at odd times—such as in Rome, at Navarra, &c.,—and I believed her too well to be at all alarmed. My agitation, therefore, was rather the nervous excitement of hope than fear. During the ride, the negro was as silent as his mistress had been. The carriage was closed; the curtains drawn; I could not see where we went. Only, after a while, I knew, by the sound of the wheels, that we had left the pavement of the city, and were riding over a country road. At last, after an hour's ride, the carriage stopped at the garden door of a large country house. The night was pretty dark, and I could merely see by the outlines, and those vague and wavering in the obscurity, that it was a handsome chateau, apparently quite old. My guide opened the gate, and led the way, by another side door, into the house. Following him closely, I came to an inner door, which he opened, and, closing behind me, locked, and left me standing alone. I listened, and heard him descend the stairs and, I fancied, go out of the house.

Then I began to look around me. The chamber into which I was introduced was furnished luxuriously, and dimly lighted by an argand lamp, in silver frost work, hung in the centre. A profound silence reigned everywhere about it. Directly, however, a door, concealed by curtains of pink silk, opened, the drapery was put side, and the unknown entered—*masked*.

I was about to throw myself at her feet, and utter some of the common places of passion, which all this scene naturally suggested; but she drew back haughtily, and, with the air of a queen, motioned me to a seat. I obeyed; in fact, I could not help obeying, her air was so imposing. She also sat down opposite me, upon a small Grecian couch, and faint as the light was, I could now see that, whatever her face might be, her figure was as faultless as the white-gloved hand which first attracted me. She was in demi-toilette, and a Spanish waist and full sleeves permitted to be seen an arm and neck white and round—all that lover the most passionate, in fact, or critic the most fastidious, could desire.

I attempted to be gallant and affectionate. She stopped me instantly—not harshly, but decidedly—saying:

"I told Mr. Heyward, when we met last, that I knew him; I sent for him to-night to prove it, not to hear professions of love. Those are the common coin of our daily life. I have something more important for you."

"Madame, or Mademoiselle," said I, "whichever you may be, for Heaven's sake tell me what you know of me, and believe me, my most sincere desire is that you may know or think nothing which will prevent your accepting from me more than a common profession——"

"Of love?" said she.

I bowed and laid my hand on my heart.

"M. Heyward," she continued, "I am a woman of condition. I am young. My life has been irreproachable, and—I will be frank with you—I love you. Stay!—approach me, offer to rise, even, till I bid you, and I disappear."

[[Continued on 6th page.]

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Principal Office—No. 14 Bromfield Street, (up stairs,) Boston, Mass.
New York Office—At Ross & Tousey's, No. 121 Nassau Street.
Chicago Office—No. 61 Dearborn Street, opposite the Post Office.
McNALLY & CO., AGENTS.

SATURDAY FEB. 4, 1860.

PARTING WORDS.

TO THE READERS OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—When this paper was transferred to new proprietors, in August last, the undersigned engaged to contribute for a season to its editorial columns. That engagement has now terminated, and his connection with the paper is at an end.

In making this announcement, I deem it due to myself to state (since many of the readers of the AGE seem to have misapprehended the facts)—that since the change of proprietorship above alluded to, I have had no control of or responsibility for either the editorial, mechanical or business departments of the paper. My services have been limited to the contribution of a specified amount of matter weekly, over my own signature—beyond which I have had no part in preparing its contents. In fact, I have had no opportunity even of examining the proof-sheets of my own articles,—in consequence of which they have often appeared in a sadly mutilated condition, much to my mortification, if not to the misleading of readers.

It is also but just that I add, that the general management of the paper, since the transfer, has afforded me little satisfaction, and much disappointment. I have, however, patiently borne with what I had no power to remedy, hoping that the publishers would be able to overcome the difficulties which hedged up their way, and fulfill the expectations they had raised. The present proprietor is now confident that he is on the eve of accomplishing his intentions, and furnishing a paper of the first class. That he may succeed, is my most earnest wish—as it doubtless is that of all the old friends of the AGE. It is, however, his design to make it in some measure the exponent of a new issue or movement, which has already been to some extent foreshadowed in these columns. Of this I know too little as yet to be prepared to identify myself with it, or even to express an opinion upon its merits.

As regards the Spiritualistic movement, in general, though its present position as a Moral, Social and Theological Reform, is not all that could be wished, or that may be reasonably anticipated ere long, yet it is matter for congratulation that its basis fact—the existence and communicating power of disembodied spirits—is firmly established in the convictions of a large portion of the intelligent and well-informed classes, and is silently but surely leavening the entire public mind. That the beneficent providential ends intended in this world-wide movement will in due time be wrought out, and through heaven-directed instrumentalities, I cannot doubt.

Whether any further part in the *public* advocacy of Spiritualism will devolve on me, or whether my work in this field is done, ill be determined by the future.—Never having *sought* the notoriety, the weighty responsibilities, the crushing and peculiarly unremunerated toils of editorial service in this unpopular cause, a release will be most thankfully accepted, if *Duty* grants it. I retire with the sustaining consciousness of having labored long, earnestly and honestly, to the extent of my means and abilities, to furnish a Spiritualistic journal which should be creditable to the great movement of our day—which, alike in its literary, moral, philosophical, religious and practically reformatory tone, should represent the best phases of this grand revolution. The failure of health, and the lack of that *substantial* co-operation which might have been reasonably anticipated, interrupted these labors some months since. The paper passed from my control, and the rest is known. It is surely not greatly to the credit of the reputed millions of believers in Modern Spiritualism, that no publication devoted to its advocacy has been able to obtain a competent support without resort to extraneous and sometimes questionable aids.

The undersigned is not unaware that between the Spiritualism advocated by himself, and much that under this name, is prevalent throughout the country, there exists an "irrepressible conflict." But whether his future position shall be a public or a private one, he hopes ever to remain an earnest advocate of "*Rational Spiritualism and Practical Reform*,"—an uncompromising opponent of all superficial, sensualistic and *un*spiritual theories which may be promulgated in the name of Spiritualism. No system can be worthy of that title, or of value to the world, which does not tend practically to purify the individual from all selfish and fleshly lusts, and to elevate human society to the angelic state.

The sundering of a connection so long held with the Spiritualistic press, gives rise to emotions that cannot here be expressed. In these years of toil and endurance in behalf of an unpopular cause acquaintances have been formed and friendships cemented which, I cannot doubt, will continue in

"The Land of the Hereafter."

I will avail myself of the present occasion only to say, that the remembrance of numerous deeds of kindness from friends whose only bond of obligation was interest in a common cause—deeds and words which have tended to lighten burdens that seemed otherwise insupportable—will go with me through life as a perpetual source of gratitude and strength. Earth has "ministering angels," as well as heaven. May their number increase till earth shall be fully pervaded by the spirit of heaven!

Firmly believing in the ultimate triumph of *true* Spiritualism, and cordially wishing to all the enjoyments which flow from *spirituality* of heart and life, I have but to add, ADIEU! A. E. NEWTON.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., Jan. 27th, 1860.

EXPLANATORY.

We are sorry to be obliged to apologize to the readers of the AGE for its non-appearance in its proposed enlarged and improved form this week. Those who are acquainted with us best, know that we had every reason in the world to suppose that the promise we made in this respect a month ago, would be amply redeemed with this number. They know, too, that every faculty we possess has been taxed to the utmost to accomplish a consummation so devoutly to be wished. But man proposes and God disposes.

But while we very much regret that we were induced to make promises, to our readers which must cause them disappointment, we are consoled with the knowledge that what we at first regarded as an unmixed evil, is now shown to have been the deliberate result of an unseen intelligence far above that of our own. We feel content, therefore, to labor on until our efforts are crowned with that success which patient, earnest effort must always achieve

Some good friends of the AGE complain of the mysterious manner in which the paper has been conducted for some time past. Well, we confess there is a mystery about it—a mystery which has involved the writer hereof in its toils for more than seven years. That mystery he has been vainly trying to solve, to penetrate, until now, when he feels that the solution is well nigh reached. And when we become convinced that we cannot unravel the web, we intend to make "a clean breast of it" to the public when we are satisfied, it will unravel itself. And when that is done, we believe and know that we shall have done the world an essential service, either in developing an important movement, or in exposing a strong and prevalent delusion.

Bear with us then, friends, a little longer. Three numbers more will complete a half volume of the AGE since our connection with it. We have no reason to doubt that we shall then be able to present our readers with a journal which will be creditable to us and the cause it represents. We shall have something more definite to say in our next.

△

SCRAPS FROM GOETHE.

PLAGIARISM.

"How absurd!" says Goethe in speaking of the charges of plagiarism which are often brought against writers. "We might as well inquire, when we see a strong man, about the oxen, sheep, and swine which he has eaten, and which have contributed to his strength.

"We have faculties indeed, to begin with; but, for unfolding them, we may thank a thousand influences of the great world, from which we appropriate what is suitable to us. I owe much to the Greeks and French; I am infinitely indebted to Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith; but in saying this, I have not pointed out all the sources of my culture; that would be an endless as well as an unnecessary task.—What is important *is to have a soul that loves truth, and receives it when it can find it!*"

NATURE.

[Will our reflecting friends ponder well upon what follows. It strikes us that it is full of truth. *]

"Nature understands no jokes; she is always true, earnest and severe; she is always right, and all failing and error must belong to man. She discriminates the inadequate; only to the adequate, true and genuine will she reveal her mysteries."

THE DIVINITY.

"The *understanding* can never scale the loftiest heights. Man must rise through the highest reason to approach the Divinity which manifests itself in the primitive phenomena, physical, and moral, behind which it dwells and which proceeds from it.

"DIVINITY works in the living, and not in the dead, in the BECOMING and CHANGING, and not in the *become* and *changed*. Therefore Reason aspiring to the Divine, deals with the becoming, and the living, but the understanding with the become, the already stiffened, which it can apply to use. Mineralogy is the science for the understanding, for practical life, its subject is the dead, which cannot rise again, and gives no room for synthesis.

"The subject of meteorology, on the contrary, is living, what we see daily working and changing; so this science supposes synthesis only so great an accumulation of observations is needed for this, that man is not yet prepared.

"We steer by hypotheses, by imaginary islands, but the proper hypothesis will probably remain an undiscovered country; and I do not wonder, when I see how difficult it is to obtain a synthesis about such small things as plants and colors."

"While we are children we are sensualists, idealists when we love, and attribute to the beloved object qualities which she does not possess. Love wavers; we doubt her fidelity, and we are skeptics before we think of it. The rest of life is indifferent; we let it go as it will, and, like Indian philosophers, with Quietism."

KNOW THYSELF.

It has from the olden time been said repeatedly, that man should strive to know himself. To this singular requisition no man either has fully answered or shall answer. Man is by sense and custom lead outwards into the world, and has a great deal to do that he may know and make use of this. He knows himself only from joy and sorrow, and only in this way instructed what to seek, and what to shun. Man is a darkened being; he knows not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world, and less of himself. I know not myself, and may God protect me from it! But this I can say, and in my fortieth year, while living in Italy, I became wise enough to know this much of myself that I had not a talent for the plastic arts, and that this tendency of mind was a false one.

MAN AND THE CREATION.

"The teachers of whom I speak would think they had lost their divinity, if they did not adore him who gave the ox horns to defend himself with. But let them permit me to venerate him who was so great in the magnificence of His creation, as after making a thousand fold plants, to comprehend them in one; and after a thousand fold animals, to make that one which comprehends them all—MAN.

Farther, they venerate him who gives the beast his fodder, and the man meat and drink, as much as he can enjoy. But I worship him who has infused into the world such power of production, that if only a millionth part of it should pass out of life, the world would swarm with creatures to such a degree that war, pestilence, fire, and water could not prevail against them. That is *my* God.

MRS. PEABODY.—This lady is fast gaining an extended reputation as a powerful healing medium. Some of her cures as related to us, are truly wonderful. Let any of our friends who know of "desperate cases," of disease, procure the aid of Mrs. P. We can testify to her remarkable powers as a clairvoyant, but have fortunately had no occasion to test her as a healing medium, which is her strong point. More converts are being made to Spiritualism through the astonishing cures performed by mediums than by all the lecturing and writing of the day, powerful as these instrumentalities are. △

☞ If we rightly understand the doctrines of the author of the Sermon on the "Fall of Man," and those of Mr. Everts to be found in another part of this paper, there is no substantial disagreement between them. The essay of the latter gentleman is well worthy of careful study. Shall we hear from the writer often? △

ERRATA.—In the article in last week's paper, entitled "Sunday Meeting in Bromfield Hall," 26th line, for "steps" read "and," which very materially alters the sense. Also, in 40th line, for "about" read "afoot."

CONTENTS OF SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1860.—Calendar for 1860, Speakers' Almanac, Greeting, Spiritual Theory, What Spiritualism Has Done, The Soul's Authority, Living Inspiration, Reunion of Friends, True Reform, Individual Freedom, Spiritualism and the Bible, Can Spiritualism Stand Alone, The Spiritual Dispensation, Mediums Defended, Agitation, Radicalisms, Reforms, Search the Scriptures, Angel Helpers, Great Minds, Spiritual Progress, True Marriage, Vision of Progress, Spiritual Theory, Spiritual Intercourse, Trial and Triumph, Divine Love, Speakers, Places of Meeting, Mediums, Journals, Publications, Schools, Spiritualists in America, Summary.

A limited supply of this Fourth Annual Register, is still on hand, and will be mailed free of postage, one copy for ten cents, fourteen for one dollar; one hundred for five dollars.

Address, Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

A POEM.—We have received from Mr. W. S. Haywood a poem delivered by him at the celebration of the "One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Westminster, Mass." Though it does not come up to the highest reach of poetic art, yet it contains good rhyme, which embody good common sense thoughts. The poem, in a word, contains much quaint and homely wisdom. It is the production of Mr. H's pen. We have looked it over with a good deal of satisfaction and edification.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our Socratic friend, "Excelsior," who writes smartly, shall appear, if he will give his real name. We want to know our correspondents.

Bro. Shaw's favors will appear in due season.

AN ANGEL WITH BOOTS ON.—There is no accounting for little children's inventions and explanations of things. Two little prattlers were looking out of a window at a weathervane on the top of a steeple of a Universalist Church. This weathervane which was put up there to tell which way the wind blew, was in the shape of a man with boots on. The children wondered what it could be. "It is an angel!" says one. "No," said the other, "it can't be an angel, because angels have wings, and angels don't wear boots." "Oh!" said the first, "I'll tell you what it is, it's a Universalist angel with boots on, going to heaven on foot."

Disapointment is the sorrowful child of the elate hope. We all experience the birth.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM

ITS RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE.

LECTURE I.

If there is any one thing now-a-days; more evident than another, it is that the entire Religious, Political, and Social Systems of the age, are afflicted with the most inflammatory species of rheumatism.

The darts and twinges of this exceedingly rheumatic state of things are flying from limb to limb, from muscle to muscle, and are piercing to the very vitals. The different schools of physicians who have attended upon this patient for many centuries past, all seem to accord in the opinion that there is a manifest disease here, of very long standing, but they differ widely as to its origin and ultimate causes. The remedies hitherto applied in this case partake of the character, as I believe, of too external application, so that it is not surprising, if this be the real mode of practice adopted, that the malady still rages violently, and that the Religious, Political, and Social systems are still in a painful, suffering condition. There was a remedy brought to light, however, some eighteen hundred years since, which, if properly applied, and administered with sufficient skill, would surely effect, as I believe, a hale, hearty, healthy, and ruddy state.

I allude to Christianity; an old and somewhat antiquated prescription to be sure, and one that has been tried and administered for ages, without resulting in any real recovery. There has also been run up such enormous bills of fees, and such exhorbitant salaries have been paid for attendance upon this case, that not a few are now disposed to dismiss the physicians, lay aside the old prescription, and try something altogether different.

I confess myself more conservative than this, and advise that we still adhere to the old prescription. There is a measure, however, which has been proposed quite recently, and to which I give my hearty, entire assent and approval. Indeed, all my hopes, all my confidence in removing this exceedingly rheumatic state of Society, Politics, and Religion, are founded upon the adoption of this new measure which has been proposed.

It is, to call in other counsel—counsel from a higher school, a more elevated sphere of practice. I propose as this counsel those who receive constant instructions immediately from the Great Physician; those who have themselves been entirely healed of this disease, who therefore understand its pathology, its primary causes, and know precisely how to administer this hitherto inadequate Christian antidote.—And, behold, my Masters, this counsel is already at the door, have made the alarm, and now seek to be admitted into this outward Lodge, by "three distinct raps!"—This counsel professedly comes with vouchers from the Great High Priest, with true words, with unmistakable signs, and "after strict examination, and legal information," on my part, I am prepared to hail them as worthy brothers and fellows, from the Celestial Tabernacle! "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

My heart is stricken with sadness, as I behold the church on earth. I see how it has suffered trial, has struggled and fought for ages with sin and error, till now it is weak with years, covered with wounds, shorn of its strength, and how it has become a by-word among the nations. Man has been led round and round the altar of God, without yet approaching it. He now needs some more competent instructor, who shall teach him how to advance, at the order of the Great High Priest, and bring him to the light. We have, it is true, the Holy Bible in our midst, and each revolution of the mighty press brings forth another volume of that Second Word, which is being borne on the wings of every wind, and read by every nation and tongue. But, alas! who comes with competent authority to open that Book, and explain its

hidden meaning? Nations, churches, sects, neighbors, brothers, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, strive and war over its pages, and indulge in perpetual quarrels over its teachings.

Every species of bitterness, hatred, animosity, and contest is engendered for this want of competent authority and wisdom to unfold the real meaning of God's Word; and this contest is carried into the very heart of society, into the sanctuary, the house of prayer, and into that place, where, of all others, harmony and affection should dwell, the domestic circle. Nor has there ever been, or is there now, the slightest prospect of being, so far as human wisdom is able to effect, the nearest relief from this rending, tearing state of things, which now preys upon the whole religious world.

We must admit this counsel, brothers and fellows, for they come with competent skill and authority from the Most High, to administer this Christian antidote, and heal mankind.

As for the Political world, every one knows that it could hardly be made more wretched, chaotic, and diseased. Even in the very best and freest governments, political virtue, real devotion to the interests of the State, is almost a wonder, and a rarity of the rarest occurrence. There are not only rumors of war all round the globe, but that war must surely and inevitably come—a war between castes; a war waged for a tolerable, supportable existence on one hand, and to maintain its despotic hold upon the body and soul of humanity, on the other hand.

Nor is this the worst of it. No human foresight can tell when this war will end, or what will be the result, whether it will rage like a tempest for an age, impoverishing and devastating the whole earth, or continue but for a little season, giving mankind but a gentle shock; or whether it will finally result in the elevation and emancipation of humanity, or in a deeper, stronger hold of tyranny, upon the neck of man.

But suppose, as the more sanguine hope and expect, that it should terminate in the establishment of Republicism throughout the earth. Still man will be as selfish as ever he was, as avaricious, as grasping, as lustful for power, as unwilling to labor, as ready to support himself in luxury, out of the toil and poverty of his neighbor, and thus there will be as much hollow pretence, as much conspiracy against the general good, and as much effort to hoodwink and ride over the masses, as there now is in every State, however free and enlightened.

All this is but the lesson taught us from day to day, by the experience of our own Nation. Are we then to hope and look for the Political redemption of mankind through Republicanism? For my part I never have looked for this, and probably never shall.

Our own government, with all its virtues, its freedom and suffrages, has been to me, and is a sufficient lesson here. We may, therefore, put the best construction upon the present and prospective aspects of the Political world, that it is possible and reasonable to do, in the absence of a more competent authority, wisdom and purity, than humanity affords, and then we can expect nothing from them, in comparison to what ought to be done, and must be done, to relieve mankind of its political yoke, and plant the germs of righteous government throughout the earth. We can expect comparatively nothing from these indications, unaided by an authority, an energy and purity, emanating constantly and directly from a higher sphere of thought and wisdom, a more immediate proximity to that Divine Presence from whence cometh all right, "all power and might."

Admit, if you please, as I have already suggested, that Christianity, the Holy Scriptures afford a complete antidote for this vast Political malady, and still there will remain for our consideration the vital question, whether, from the experience of the past and present, there is not an absolute necessity for a higher than human skill and wisdom in administering this remedy, and my most emphatic answer to this inquiry is we must call in counsel from the spirit-world, to aid us, even in the Political redemption of mankind. And again, I say, my Masters, this counsel already knocks at the door, and wishes to be admitted into this outward Lodge!

That which now presents itself as the greatest and most radical evil in society, growing out of the impurity and selfishness of mankind, is the incessant war of interests which rages throughout the whole social structure; a war which exists, not only as between the different classes, different trades, and different occupations, but between the members of the same class, trade and occupation; a war which exists, not only between neighbors, but between brothers and sisters, often waged even over the lifeless remains of a deceased relative; and finally, a war of interests, which exists even between the sexes; and which, but for the meekness, gentleness and submission of the fairer, would long ere this have resulted in actual contest, and the annulment of the most sacred of human ties.

It has become a maxim, "Competition is the life of trade;" the real significance of which, is, that the only possible way for men to live, as things now are, is to prey upon, and lacerate each other! And do man's physicians expect to cure him of sin, do they think to make men honest, pure and benevolent, so long as every selfish instinct of their natures, is constantly whetted and sharpened from day to day, so long as every generous sentiment of their hearts is being seared and withered by the very positions and circumstances in which society compels them to exist, or not to exist at all? Of what real significance, is the doctrine of fraternity and universal brotherhood? of what practical utility is all the breath and words said out in enforcing such a doctrine, when, under the present social organization, men might as well attempt to live with their heads severed from their bodies, as to act toward each other as brothers really ought to act?

Ministers and human physicians may scold and blame men for placing a higher estimate upon Money than upon Religion and Morality; because they will toil from Monday morning till Saturday night, struggling to keep up their individual interests even with the rest of the world, endeavoring to collect together a goodly portion of that which they know, and the world knows, is the only possible thing, as the world now is, which will save themselves and families from pain, pauperism, and perhaps absolute disgrace.

Ministers and human physicians may scold at men for Religious procrastination, for neglect of Divine Worship, for disregard of the Sabbath, for lack of Christian philanthropy.

But what shall that husband and father do?

He knows not but in another twelvemonth, perhaps in another week, that faithful companion of his youth, those little and helpless children, may be left without his arm to protect them, his hands to give them clothing and bread. Who will do this when he is gone? Who will ensure them a foot of earth to stand up on, and a roof to shelter their heads from the storm? Society will not do this; the Church will not do it; the Government will not do it.

These institutions may give them the pauper's portion while they live, and when they die, a piece of earth, "six feet due East and West" perhaps, to stretch their bodies upon, and hide them from the gaze of men.

What then shall the husband and father do? Surrender his companion and children to such a fate? or toil and struggle, at the sacrifice of every other human end, to obtain that which will save his family from poverty and a miserable life, were he to be called to leave them, without a competent means of livelihood. He knows money will do all this, and that nothing but money will do it. Then I say, ministers and teachers, until you can give that husband and father a prospect, that his wife and daughters shall have food to eat and clothes to wear when he can no longer help them; that they shall not be driven to the poor-house or to prostitution to avoid hunger and cold, until you can promise him that Society, the Church, or the Government shall fulfil these offices of affection to those he so dearly loves, don't, for the sake of God and human compassion, don't blame him for making money, any way; yes, any way, at any time, and at any sacrifice.

I confess that, in view of such a state of things, as Society now presents, in view of such trying alternatives, which the existing Social organization forces upon its members, I can see or acknowledge, no real and charitable meaning, to that conventional phrase, "right and wrong;" but in all the catalogue of criminals and evil existences, I feel to denounce Society, as it now is, the greatest rascal in the whole column!

Here is war, between man's temporal nature and his religious being; war between love and obedience to his Maker, and his affection for his wife and children: and this contest, this trying alternative, is incessantly forced upon him by the very position in which Society places him. Do we, then, ask why men are selfish?

Is it a matter of surprise that Christianity has not made, and cannot make mankind pure? Is the fault in the prescription? I answer, nay! It is more in the Social structure. It is in that war of interests between classes, trades, occupations, brothers, sisters, and even sexes.

It is in that roaring, cut-throat strife, in which one amasses a fortune, while another loses his all; in which this man multiplies his estates, monopolizes the products of the earth, sells them for gold, and locks the gold in his iron safe, while another fails to obtain enough of earth's surface to plant his foot-upon and much less to ensure him against absolute want.

But what shall be done with society?—How is this dislocated state of things to be removed? How is the whole tide and tendency of Social life so to change their direction as not to result in a vaster evil, but in a harmonious and healthy action of the system?

These are questions to which, as I solemnly believe, no human answer can be obtained. No existing Social, Political, or Religious theory affords a clue to the solution of these problems. Without some key to unlock the mysteries, yet hidden, of the written Word, without a higher authority, a knowledge of man's interior constitution and without a divine energy, such as only saints and spirits possess, who receive command immediately from the Grand Master of the Universe, I can perceive or entertain no well grounded hope in the Religious, Political and Social redemption of mankind on earth. We must interrogate the guardian spirits of our race.—We must hearken to those voices which now are whispering to us from the other side, the Jordan of death, appealing to our hearts, our faith and confidence, for permission to counsel and unite with man in erecting the temple of universal industry, righteousness and peace.

But there is another necessity which I conceive weighs with exceeding weight upon all true human progress. It is the necessity of a more complete and absolute demonstration to man, of the immortality of his existence; and this need is the greater from the incontestible fact that there can be no true theory of Religion, Politics, or Society, which does not refer to, and is not founded upon, a clear and constant perception of this one idea.

Perhaps I shall be censured, for even the intimation, that the Scriptures are not already sufficient to this end. But censure or no censure, I am not disposed to overlook facts—facts in this and in every community, in this and in every age. I allude to those serious, candid doubts, which very many have always entertained relative to the ruth and authority of Revelation, and the reality of a future state of existence. However satisfactory the evidences of a risen Savior, to a majority of minds, a very large minority exists, and always has existed, who cannot admit such testimony; and the number of these serious doubters proportionally increases, as humanity is further removed from that age, in which it is alleged man's immortality was miraculously attested.

But what is vastly more than this, the fact that even the religious portion of mankind, do not act with any degree of consistence with the idea of their future immortality, is sufficient evidence that even they need a more abiding consciousness, a more constant and absolute demonstration of the spirit's undying nature.

While they act consistently with the ends of this life, alone considered, they come far short of consistency respecting that other life, of which it is thought they are sufficiently demonstrated already. The truth is, I apprehend, that the future and the present existence must be equally certain, if we would have mankind act with reference to both, as men generally do with reference to this. Thus it is perceived, that not only the true Religious destiny of outward humanity, but also its true Political and Social destiny, infinitely depends upon a more satisfactory, indeed, upon a constant and complete demonstration, to the outward as well as inward senses, of a future immortality.

Here then, is another reason of no small importance, why we should earnestly seek that reliable and intelligent communion with the spirit, which shall enable us to receive light, purity and energy, adequate to the task of man's Social, Political and Religious redemption. And it is from these multiplied necessities, which we have seen rest so heavily upon our race at the present day as well as from many other things that might be named, that many are led to hope, and from their own personal experience and investigations even to know, that the time has at length arrived, when we can hold intelligent and reliable intercourse, with those of our departed race, who have been admitted into that celestial Lodge, whose light is fully revealed, at the command of the Great Presiding Architect of the Universe! This intercourse, I term Spiritualism; and its great importance to man, in a Social, Political, and Religious point of view, I have proposed as the subject of a series of Lectures, of which the present is the introduction. Indeed, I would not seek to disguise, that my expectation now is, by the exclusion of every selfish aim so far as possible, to spend the remainder of my days in endeavoring to establish those great principles of Religion, Government, and Society, which many have been able, and hope to be able to draw out from Revealed Christianity, through the aid of Spiritualism. Nor would I hesitate to say, that I have ceased to hope or repose confidence in any or all of the sects and associations of the day, so far as their ability is concerned, to render humanity any farther essential aid. Though I am far from being blind to the good done, and that will continue to be done, by many Religious, Political and Social organizations, now existing, and feel disposed to give full credit for this, I am nevertheless fully persuaded, that all this work will be done over again, ere mankind will have recovered in any good degree, from its multitude of diseases.

With these views of things, as they now are, and so far as mere human wisdom and power are concerned, seem most likely to continue, I have felt the propriety, and even the necessity of severing all ties, which bind me to sect or party, and this I have already done; declaring myself a free man, to think and act as God enjoins, acknowledging no authority, save that which He imposes. I therefore appear hereafter in the character of a Minister of the Gospel, in so far as that phrase signifies an humble Reformer; a signification, which, as you will doubtless allow, does not always attach to the clerical Profession. I am now fortunately able to look upon all religious, and political, and social sects with an unbiased view of their respective claims upon man, with an impartial feeling and regard and am equally prepared to yield assent to their truths, or expose their errors, according to my best abilities.

The sects and parties of the day, all appear inadequate in their theories and conceptions, and as utterly impotent, so far as their ability to effect any great and permanent change for the better, is to be regarded a criterion of their virtues.

Religion, as it has now become, I must regard as mere hollow pretence.

The best Political institutions of the age, are, in my view, inadequate to the wants and necessities of man. Society manifests its disease to the very heart, and is illegitimate, pestiferous in almost every part of its structure. And yet, how can I feel to blame these sects and parties, when my heart is weighed down with the conviction, that circumstances incident to this darker state of our being, have rendered it impossible perhaps, for them to have done more for the world's good. As before remarked, a painful sense of the trying alternatives forced upon men, and the war between their temporal and their spiritual good, which Society has imposed upon them, leads me to attach none but an uncharitable, misformed meaning to that conventional term *wrong*, as it is generally applied.

But in assuming the positions which I do, and expect to do, before my fellow men, I am fully conscious, that I subject myself to opposition from almost every direction, to every species of misrepresentation, to a falsification of my motives, and to the effected scorn of those, whose vanity exceed their sound and liberal sense.

I am conscious also, that so far as my temporal prospects are concerned, I lose all save a bare subsistence for myself and family, by disconnecting myself from those sectional interests, which support a salaried Ministry.

On the other hand, I am assured that in this and in every community throughout the land and world, there are those in all the walks of life, whose utmost, deepest desire is, to obtain more light.

Their true heroic natures prompt them to make constant inquiries of the spirit within and without, as to what God meant by man, as to what He wishes to say and do on earth, and that heroism will prompt them to act, whenever the time arrives.—Upon the kind and generous contributions of such souls, I feel that I can safely rely for all that will be found necessary to supply my wants from day to day. I can go to them without delicacy, conscious that I ask not for me and mine alone, but in behalf of humanity, whose sacred cause I hereby forever espouse, and add my humble name and talents at the foot of those, who freely think, and freely speak, and freely act, to benefit mankind.

The plan which I have proposed to myself, in a few consecutive lectures, on the subject of Spiritualism, considered with reference to Religious, Political, and Social theory, may be made known in few words. I have already received through the medium of Spiritual intercourse, and hope from day to day to continue to receive, such important intimations respecting prevalent errors, not only in theory, but in conceptions popularly deemed, of all things most sacred, such intimations of radical defects, in existing Social, Political and Religious Systems, and have been caused to experience and realize such vital and essential truths, connected with Religious, Social, and Political ends of man, as will enable me, I trust, so to point out important defects in prevailing systems, so to present higher and more Spiritual suggestions of wisdom and love, as to render you much better prepared to act and to labor toward the progress and regeneration of our race. It will hardly be expected of me, that I shall entirely avoid those errors in theory, conception and practice which may appear to me to exist in the world, however authorized they may have become, by time, sanctity and popular assent. Indeed, I fear that truth and conscience will force me to attack quite unceremoniously at times, many customs, and prevalent conceptions, which are held exceedingly correct, sacred, and essential to the general good. But in speaking thus, I will endeavor to use that candor, and I feel that my heart contains that regard and fraternal sentiment toward all men, as at least to extort from the most bigoted and prejudiced an acknowledgement of my manly and Christian sincerity, if not correctness and soundness of judgment and theory. I find, in fact, so many apologies for mankind, for what is generally termed erroneous and wrong, so many apologies, derived from a consideration of the trying alternatives and

[Continued on 8th page.]

[Continued from 3rd page.]

I sat down again, more and more puzzled.

"I *am* frank with you," she continued; "are you so with me?"

"By Heaven!" I commenced.

"No oath!" she said, quickly—"no oath, sir, or you may be *twice* forsworn."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "How can I be forsworn? I love you—madly, foolishly. I have loved you from that first night—loved without ever seeing your face. True, I cannot conceive it to be less beautiful than all your jealousy, or what you please, does permit me to form an opinion of. But this mystery, this strange vagueness, mixed with so much I know to be real, at once troubles and charms me. I hear you speak, and the tones of your voice are so gracious, so full of music, that it seems to me I never heard before a melody comparable to that voice. You move, and the careless grace of every change enchants me. At last, you complete my intoxication by telling me that you love me; and when, carried away with so much happiness, I would throw myself at your feet, you recall my promise—you check me—you are cold, haughty, distant: you are no longer the being you feign, but a strange contradiction, whose only real purpose seems to be to torment and mystify me."

"And why not?" she replied, bending forward, and fixing those points of light, which shone through the eye-holes of her mask, upon me as if they had power to penetrate, and dart their light into my very soul—"Why not? I confess I love you. I have a right to do so, for I am free and honest. You offer me love in return—you, who are neither. What kind of love, M. Heyward?"

"Of my whole heart, my soul, all my being!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"Indeed!" she continued, in the same tone of mingled passion, anger, and mockery. "He tells me that. He offers to make me all these. And because I, a woman who loves him, who have loved him for years, and, unknown, unseen, unsuspected, have followed him day by day, guarded him in danger, nursed him when wounded, sick, without a friend—I, who confess that my love for him is my life—I, who own so much of woman's weakness as to admit that to converse a little with him, to see at last, face to face, the man for whom I have done and felt all this, I take these strange means of meeting—he offers to make me his—what, sir, what?" she exclaimed, rising, and standing before me with folded arms, her bosom swelling, and her head thrown back, the very impersonation of superb scorn—so perfect that, although the mask hid it, I knew, as well as if I saw it, how her cheek flushed and her lip curled—"What? You dare not answer. Married, James Heyward, six years ago, in the United States. Your wife is still alive there, and yet you dare to talk to me of love, and offer me—what? what, as the reward of mine?—Dishonor, remorse, infamy! See, James Heyward, the difference between us; my love, in all its devotion, all its disinterestedness, has been the love of—a woman; yours, in all its selfishness—a man's.

She sat down, and leaned her head upon her hands.

I also sat for a little while, silenced and confounded by the energy, the character, at once tender and daring, passionate and full of principle, of this "terrible woman." But, alas! everything she did, from its very unusualness, from being out of the common track so utterly, only fascinated and chained me the more hopelessly at her feet. And as she sat there, so motionless after her fierce accusal, she seemed to me to be, as it were, a judge, having the right to condemn, the power to pardon, to whom I was under an absolute necessity of lying open all my past life, as a defence of what I had done and thought since that first evening at the opera ball. I obeyed the impulse, and told the story of my life; "as truly as to Heaven, I do confess the vices of my blood."

CHAPTER III.—MY CONFESSION.

It will be remembered that, at the conclusion of the last chapter, I felt myself absolutely compelled to lay open all my past life to the "terrible woman" whose indignation I had so unexpectedly aroused. Thus I commenced:

"You say that I am married: I confess that it is so. I confess, also, all the wrong I have done you in my thoughts; but you do not know how great my excuse——"

"I have not asked you to excuse, to defend yourself," she said, mournfully, and without raising her head: "I have asked only how you dared to insult, to humiliate me; and I was wrong to ask even that, for I have invited it—I have laid myself open to it by my own weakness."

"You will let me make what reparation I can," said I; "if not for yourself, at least for me! You are too generous to refuse."

She bowed her head slightly, as if to say "Go on, sir, if you insist upon it: I must bear it."

"Madame," said I—

"I am am an orphan, and *I have no husband!*" said my mysterious tormentor, in a low but very marked tone.

"Pardon me, *Mademoiselle.* You say you know I am married, and I admit it; but, so strange has been my life since that event took place, that sometimes it passes from me entirely, and always, indeed, rather an uncomfortable dream than a reality of life. Six years ago I was married. I was an only son, and my father a widower. His character was violent and imperious. Our plantation adjoined that of Colonel Pickney's, who was also the father of an only child—a daughter. This young lady was seventeen, awkward, thin and sallow, and still farther cursed with a timidity and shyness which put herself and everybody who came near her into a state of perpetual misery. But it pleased our fathers to insist upon our marriage. I had simply disliked the young lady before, then I began to hate her. It was wrong, perhaps, but I could not help it. I had no option given me; I must either marry her, or risk my impetuous parent's curse, and be disinherited by him.—I married as a man goes to the gallows.—The ceremony over, I jumped on my horse, rode to the next town, took the cars for Baltimore, thence to New York, and thence by the first vessel for Liverpool. Since then I have lived in Europe. My allowance, which is princely, has always been paid by my father; but he has never written me a line. My own letters have not been noticed, and from the hour I was married I have seen neither my father nor —my wife. Judge, Madame, whether I am not excusable in sometimes—especially when tried as you have tried me—forgetting that I have neither the right to love nor to be loved."

I was agitated, and spoke rapidly and warmly. In truth, this woman had acquired such an empire over me, that, whether she spoke or listened, my thoughts centred upon her wholly, and took shape and color for my momentarily increasing desire to penetrate the mystery with which she so obstinately surrounded herself. Confessing that she loved me; relating to me constantly just enough to stimulate curiosity and deepen interest; revealing now new beauties by a toilette as studiously coquetish as her dress at the ball of the opera had been plain and baffling; yet still, as then, refusing to lift for a moment the closely fitting silk mask, and disclose a glimpse of the face it covered, the charms of figure, carriage, manner, conversation, the delicious quality of her voice, all she hid and all she discovered, alike added fuel to the flame, and at once so pleased and exasperated me, that I was not for a moment in my right senses, whether present or absent from her And she knew it; she practised on it. My weakness was her strength; my infatuation her glory; for I was infatuated to that point that, although maddened almost by her arts, and capable of the wildest actions I dare not approach her if the mere motion of her hand repelled me—I dare not disobey her, no matter how strange or despotic her commands or her restrictions.

Thus, when I had finished my confession, I waited like a criminal to hear her decision—sitting silently and still, without a thought of rebellion—no matter what it might be. After a pause, she said, slowly:

"Upon your honor, as a gentleman, you have told me the whole truth?"

"Upon my honor—my soul—I have!"

"And this—this girl—your wife—was—so repulsive, so awkward, ugly, that your heart revolted from her?"

I bowed assent

"Speak, sir," she said, almost harshly, "you have words at will. This girl—this wife—rather than even see her daily, you preferred exile and an aimless life?"

"I did!" said I, emphatically.

My tormentor broke into a little sharp, mocking laugh, which rasped on my nerves like the filing of saws, and went on:

"You excuse yourself well, sir; but it is with the common sophistry of your sex.—Granted that all the circumstances of your relation are truth, and I accept them as such, have you not deceived yourself in the motive of this aversion to the girl—your wife? Be frank; are you not one of those to whom marriage to any one seems an odious and galling chain?—to whom the oath and duty to love only one woman, and keep yourself to her alone till death separates you, appears such an infringement of your manly liberty—your heroic man's right to have all the pleasures of the world, without its sorrows or self-denial—that the touch of the marriage ring upon your finger transformed to hate what, under other circumstances—circumstances bent and fashioned to suit your wayward will—might have been love?"

"No!" I cried, impetuously. "That girl was a horror to me. Nothing could conquer my invincible repugnance for her. It was not the act of marriage, it was she alone who transformed me from what I might have been to what I am. From that moment I have avoided woman; I have never loved until——"

"When?"

"I saw you."

"And you wish me to believe this?"

"I am ready to prove it," said I desperately, "with my life, if need be."

"You wear upon your finger a curious ring," said she.

I looked instinctively to where she pointed, and there, to be sure, on the second finger of my left hand was my engagement-ring, a curious piece of gold-work, representing two hands clasped and holding between a single diamond. Given me by my wife before that accursed marriage, I had always worn it out of a kind of pity for the girl, since, abhorrent as she was to me, I could not help confessing, in my heart of hearts, that her case was little happier or more fortunate than my own.

"Yes!" I stammered.

"Do you value it very highly?" said she, carelessly.

"No!" said I; and I told the truth.

"Let me see it," said she; "it is unusual."

I took it off and handed it to her. She took it, rose, and walked nearer to the dim light, as if to examine it. At that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Enter!" said the lady.

And my conductor, the gigantic negro, entered, and spoke a few words to her.—Then they both went out, she saying only as she disappeared:

"Wait and trust!"

I sat, I know not exactly how long, after she left me—it must have been half an hour, perhaps more. At last the door reopened, and my ebony conductor re-appeared. He approached me, and placed in my hands a small package.

"But the lady," I exclaimed.

"Has left the chateau," he answered.

"And whither has she gone?" I cried, the blood rushing to my face, and my heart contracting with a vague sentiment of fear.

"She will be in Paris before us," said he laconically. "I am ready to re-conduct you."

There was nothing for it but to let myself be as blindly led back as I had been brought there, and so I did.

We left the house; the night had grown darker, and I could see still less of its appearance than on my arrival. I entered the carriage, sunk back into my corner, and fell into a fit of abstraction which lasted until we stopped at the door of my lodgings. The carriage rolled away, and I was left standing, stupid and again baffled, but more than ever infatuated, on the step of my own door. I looked after it till night hid it from me, and then sprung up stairs, passing the concierge in a way which must have given him an idea that an escaped lunatic from Bicetre had got into the house, instead of the ordinarily quiet Mr. Hayward, locked myself in my room, and tore open the packet which had been placed in my hands by the negro.

It contained a small jewel-box and a note. In the jewel-box was a ring in the form of a small serpent, holding in his mouth an emerald—green, a symbol of abandonment. I own the idea pleased me. The note, however, did not exactly suit me. It was written in one of those bold English hands, all of which look alike, and have no character to mark them as either masculine or feminine, and ran thus:

"I will keep your ring. This you can have no objection to, as you set no special value on it. In exchange I send you a symbol. It is for your wisdom to read it—it will be also wisdom to wear it. Remember, I see you always—I may be even looking at you while you read this."

I started, and looked hurriedly around the room, almost persuaded that from some dim nook or corner those little black diamond points of light, which had glittered through her mask so maddeningly, were peering out at me in reality. The note went on:

"We shall, at any rate, meet daily, as we have met so often in the last month—in the street, in society, at the opera, theatre, everywhere; but, when your good demands it, we shall also meet as we met to-night—I say your good, for perhaps, in your vanity, for you are a man, you suppose our meeting to-night was but to please a woman's fancy. You are mistaken. Remember—think—and you will know why you were taken from Paris this night. To-night, your companions met in the Rue de Helder. At eleven o'clock they were arrested by the police. Not a man escaped. At eleven o'clock *you* were at my chateau, and *you escaped!*

"THE WHITE GLOVE."

I crumpled up the note in my hands, and fell into a bitter train of thought. It was true; that night the society of ———, all republicans, and sworn to check the growing ambition of Louis Napoleon, had fixed as the night on which to meet, in the Rue de Helder, and formalise a plan of—insurrection, in short, if that extreme resort should be the only remedy, the only barrier remaining between liberty and despotism. I had promised to be there—my oath bound me to be there. My honor was compromised. What opinion would they have of me? Might they not even believe that it was I who had betrayed them? And to this a woman—a woman whose face I had not even seen—a syren who bewitched me by her voice—probably a secret agent of that very ubiquitous police into whose hands my brave and unfortunate companions had fallen—had lured me; she had turned from the path of honor and duty, and branded me forever with the ineffaceable mark of cowardice and treachery. I passed a bitter and sleepless night, alternately cursing myself and her.

CHAPTER IV.—A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

Towards daylight I fell into an uneasy sleep, from which I was awakened by unusual sounds in the streets. I rose hastily and looked out. A troop of cavalry, followed by a section of a battery of artillery, passed at full gallop—*rentre a terre.*" There could be no mistake about the sign. There was trouble in the good city of Paris—perhaps an *emeute*, perhaps a revolution.

It was the 2d of December, 1851. I dressed myself in feverish haste, and thrust my pistols into the pocket of my coat, and rushed out of the house. It was about nine of the morning. All Paris was astir, and troops moving in every direction.

As the day wore on, the result so well-known—the *coup d' etat* of Louis Napoleon—was developed in all its cool and malignant atrocity. The people were defeated, and his artillery proclaimed the terrible fact that against a battery of a hundred guns, in position, and covered by even a mere handful of veterans, a popular revolt is madness. It was a repetition of the 18th Brumaire, and his great uncle's triumph over the "Sections."

That was the result to the world of that day: to me it was very different.

In the thickest of the fight I threw myself recklessly. It was not bravery—I pretend to no superior amount of that quality—which impelled or supported me. I was simply tired of life and disgusted with myself. I desired to wipe out, by some desperate act, the recollection of the woman of the opera who had so tormented me, and my neglect and failure to meet my republican companions on the evening before; therefore, wherever there was the most promising and lively chance of being knocked on the head, I put my miserable head in the way of being knocked. Death, however, after the custom of that intractable monster, seemed studiously to shun me. At last, as the sun went down on that scene of pitiless carnage, I got what I sought, and went down with him. A bullet in the shoulder, and a sharp bayonet thrust—it seemed to be in my breast, but I was not certain—stretched me senseless, and all the rest was mere oblivion.

How long I lay there I know not, nor how I was taken away; but with the first faint gleam of returning consciousness I was aware that I was no longer lying in the open street, among a crowd of the dying and the dead. I felt that I was upon a bed. At first I did not even try to open my eyes, but lay long and quietly with them closed, striving to rally my thoughts and recall the scenes of the day which I supposed to be just passed. My confusion was that I had been taken up, and carried with the luckier wounded to the Hotel Dieu. On the contrary, it appeared to be a large, old fashioned apartment, richly furnished in the style of Louis XIV, and breathing everywhere of wealth and luxury. I was puzzled, but too weak and sick to think very hard, and would have sunk away into a dozy, dreamy state again, but something stirred in the room—somebody crossed it and came and leaned over me. I looked up—I was again in the hands of that *terrible woman!* The same mask was on her face—the same points of light shining through the eye-holes; but now she was dressed as a Sister of Charity.

She caught my eye, and instantly holding up her finger admonishingly, said:

"You must not speak—the doctor forbids it. You are safe, and in hands which have nursed you once before, and will nurse you till Heaven sees fit to make them no longer necessary to you. I know your impatience of character, and, to prevent your disobedience, I will tell you what I know you would most wish to ask. You have been here three days, always, until now, insensible. In three days more, the doctor says, you will be able to talk, perhaps to move. Now sleep."

And she sat down by the bedside. I did not turn to see—I had not the power to do so; but I knew she was there. I could hear her regular breathing, and once I thought I heard a sob. It must have been fancy: that woman sob, and for me!—no, no! she could not weep, except, perhaps, if fate should mercifully take me beyond reach of her power to torment, to kill me by inches. That was what she was watching there for. She would not even allow me to die: she would snatch me from the very jaws of the grave, and bring me back to life to haunt and torture me. Why, why, should she? Wha could I have done to her, that she should follow me so pitilessly with her benefits, her protection, her maddening mystery. And so, thinking dreamily, dizzily—so, almost hating her, and yet penetrated with a strange feeling of tenderness and happiness to find her beside me—willing, almost, to have her kill me as she pleased, so it was she who killed—I fell away into a deep sleep.

The next day and the day following, and still the third and fourth days were the same: constantly a dreamy half-sleep, and the consciousness of that terrible woman's being always near me, compelling me to get better and better. When I thought at all, that was the one fixed, unvarying train in which my thoughts moved. She was compelling me to get well, to live in spite of myself, in spite of fate. And what for?—what for? To make a wandering Jew of me—she always following me like the curse? And I could not help myself—I was powerless. The spell was on me. I felt, I knew if that was her purpose she would fulfil it, and I—submit. Thus all the while, hour after hour, she was there, an inexorable fate a voice and filmy shadow in my dreams—a presence half imaginary, half real in my half-dreamy waking. She seldom talked herself; but when she did, her voice was lower and softer than I had ever heard it.

My servant, too—"my boy," as we of the south call them always, even when time has sown a grizzle on the case, and age and a frosty paw are strangely at odds with the idea of boyhood—he was there. Born on the same day as myself, upon the same plantation, he had been given to me, and belonged to me; not in that acceptation of the word which to northern ears conveys merely an idea of property; but belonged to me body and soul—or I belonged to him, just as you please to phrase it. Indeed, I believe the latter to be the truer statement of the fact; for "Pomp," independently of the fact of his being a much finer and more fastidious person than myself, was clearly persuaded in his own mind that he owned me, and was responsible for my out-goings and incomings from the cradle to the grave. Those who buy service with money may be well served, servant fashion; but they neither love nor are loved. "Pomp," fine gentleman as he was, had no fineness where I was concerned; and although a religiously cowardly rascal about his own sable skin, was brave as a lion if mine was threatened. Now, however, as always, he seemed so much a part of myself, that I attached no idea to his being about me, nor how he came there, any more than to finding my own arms and legs in their proper place. It was the presence of that terrible woman which occupied all my thoughts. Even the daily visits of the doctor never diverted my thoughts from her a moment. The doctor, to my mind, was only a part of her plan, her machinery for compelling me to live.

And so a week, two weeks, wore on, till I got strong enough to sit up in bed, and my wounds ceased to pain continually—only reminding me of the past by occasional burning and nervous itching as they healed. Then another week, and I was well enough to be put into a great chair and wheeled to the fire, and to the window, which overlooked a park, beyond which a quaint old village lay sparkling in the crisp sunshine of winter.

Now I began to talk—doggedly and sullenly at first, and then in a gentler way; for my masked owner was so kind and gentle, and bore my hardness so meekly, that spite of my anger at being made to live whether I would or no, I could not help being touched and softened by her forbearance. Then she told me how, on that terrible 2d of December, I had been followed all day, by her orders, but had fallen at last among such a crowd of dead and wounded, that I never would have been found but for the "serpent ring" upon my finger—the ring she had sent, and warned me to wear, and by which she had directed her agents to identify me, if necessary. Of course. I knew it. Only another proof of her diabolical ingenuity, in governing my life or death to suit her hidden purpose—only another proof of what a terrible woman she was. And her agents had found me by that "serpent ring," and brought me back to the fascination of the beautiful serpent who enveloped me with her deadly coil. They had brought me, she told me, and I was there in her chateau—leagues and leagues away from Paris—alone, and in her power. Well, I cared not. I was past that. Let her do now what she pleased with me: it was all one to me—good or evil.

And so again another week wore on, and I was well enough to walk about, leaning on a cane. Then for change of scene they took me—I following docile enough—about the old chateau, day after day; she always by me.—And strangely, as it seemed to me, she discarded, and refused to be brought to any reference to the past or to ourselves, but drew me on in conversation about books and men, displaying, as she did so, a completeness of information and brilliancy of wit and fancy, which marked her as a woman of unusual capacity, and fascinated me more and more every hour.

At last, one day, as I was sitting in the library, reading, she came in there. I knew it was she, although I did not raise my eyes to look. It was not necessary for me to do so.—She never came near me, whether I heard her step or not, but I knew, by some strange sympathy or repulsion—which it was I could not define—that she was there. So when she came in I did not look. Neither did I, when she came also and sat down facing me, and very near. I kept on reading my book till she said:

"James Heyward!"

The address was so unusual—so brusque, that I started and looked up at once; and when I did so, the book dropped out of my hands upon the floor, and I sat staring at her like a great awkward school-boy the first time a pretty girl challenges him to kiss her. For there she sat looking me in the eyes—and she was *unmasked.* Unmasked! and beautiful beyond even what my dreamiest and most fanciful hopes or desires had ever pictured her.—There she was—one of those faultlessly beautiful American women, compared to whom the beauties of all other climes on earth show dull and full of blemishes. There was the smooth brow; the arched eyebrow; the great dreamy intellectual and at the same time passionate eyes, indefinite in color—a kind of grayish hazel—the mouth arched like Cupid's bow, and at once tender and imperious; the nose straight and cleanly cut as the Greek type, only with a little piece chipped off the end—just enough to take away the classical severity of form without detracting a whit from its perfectness or grace; the complexion not fair nor dark, but dazzling in its purity, and tinged all through with a warm flush of life—and all around the brow and cheeks a cloud of dark auburn curls, irregular, careless, perfect.—Great Heaven! what a terrible woman—how terribly beautiful she was, as she sat there.

I looked, and looked—that was all I could do. Perhaps some very clever people think they could have done something else better.—Perhaps they might; I could't. I could only look, and as I looked confess, that if that woman

asked me to murder half mankind, offering me as a recompense only the liberty to look at her so daily—I should do it without remore.

And she sat as composed and quiet as if it was not a bit strange that she should be such a terrible woman. Only after a moment or two she said placidly, and with a kind of gentle irony:

"You like me, then, without a mask. You approve of me, J mes Heyward!"

Then I burst out with a torrent of passionate declarations, and would have thrown myself at her feet; but she said quietly:

"Stay, sir!—'the law hath another claim upon you.' Read this!"

And she handed me a paper. I read it with dazzled eyes and a brain on fire. It was my marriage certificate—the marriage certificate of "James Heyward and Gertrude Hunter Pinckney, of South Carolina!"

I was like one struck with palsy; or a convict taken in the height of his rage and rebellion, and thrust under the sh ower-bath. Recovering from the shock, rage took the place of everything else, and I made a motion to tear the fatal paper.

"Stop!" said my inexorable tormentor.—"Tear that paper, and you'll never see me again in this world."

"Why? Why should I not tear it?" I exclaimed, wildly. "Why should I not destroy it, her, myself—everything connected with this horrible chain, this nightmare of my life; this fatality which stands between me and all earthly happiness?"

"Because," said she, slowly, at the same time rising and standing before me with folded arms—erect haughty, commanding: 'Because, I am Gertrude Pinckney—your wife!"

I covered my face with my hands: there was something in the look, the tone, which awed me. I saw it all now. It was perfect. I who had left her, was to be in turn left, after I had been taught to love The revenge was exquisitely diabolical—it was worthy of a woman.

And she went on, in the same cold, quiet tone, with scarce an inflexion of voice anywhere: "You married a poor, confiding girl; one who knew nothing of life or men. You say you had no option given you; your father forced you. But you never told *her* that.—And yet you knew that little silly girl had loved you almost from her cradle. But she was not beautiful; she was thin, and sallow, and awkward— "

Oh, the infernal malignity of her triumph, in recalling and repeating my own words, as she stood there now so superbly beautiful, and knew that I was madly in love with her!

"She was shy and timid; she was repulsive hideous, to your delicate taste, your exacting will—and you left her. You disgraced her in the eyes of a proud community. You left her to hear their scandal at second hand; to find herself the common talk of age and youth—an abandoned wife. Abandoned for what?—You know; for a whim—a stubborn and cruel wilfulness. And yet she had to hear it hinted at, girl as she was, there might be reasons why James Heyward left his bride the very evening of their marriage—there might be some crime!"

"Spare me; spare me," said I, humbly; "I never thought or dreamed that such things could be thought by others."

"No! for you are a man. And the poor girl cried herself sick, and lay upon her bed for weeks and months between life and death, after you left her: and then she said, he has gone from me because I am ignorant; and she had books brought to her, even before she was able to leave her bed, and began to study.—And when she was well enough she had masters got for her, and labored day and night to make herself equal to what she fancied other women must be, whom their husbands loved and cherished. And she succeeded. Then her old father died; not from sorrow, James Heyward—you had no part in that. She was so dear to him in her sorrow that it changed his nature, and he never spoke harshly to her after that night; and if you had come back to take her from him he would have killed you. But he died! and she—she—followed the husband who abandoned her, to watch unseen over him, to be a special providence always beside him: everywhere—in danger, sorrow, sickness—everywhere, except in happiness and scenes of enjoyment; these she left to him alone. And now—"

"Now," said I, gloomily—"now, having humbled me; having conquered my love; enslaved, infatuated me—your revenge is perfect; and you, proud in the beauty which you know to be matchless, are ready to drive me away forever—or leave me, as I left you.—Well, I have deserved it, madam. The criminal is before you, defenceless. Sentence him!"

Now, do you know what that terrible woman did? She rose and left me. She overwhelmed me with scorn. She drove me from her with contempt, and bade me never even dare to speak her name?

No!

She laid her head upon my bosom, and sobbed and laughed—and told me how she had loved me with a love stronger than death and more jealous than the grave, every minute of time through all her weary years of watching over me; and now the worse I was the more that love grew perfect and unselfish; and how her whole revenge for all my cruel coldness and desertion would be, to love me better, all my life, than I could love her if I would let her.

Let her!

Oblige me by finishing this story yourself, for I am a changed man. I have no time to write. My time belongs to my wife, and which is more, I live in such a terror of not loving her enough, and of ever saying or doing anything to lessen her love for me that I am not going to say a word about our life after that, or hint another word about the "*Terrible Woman.*"

☞ He who goes to bed in anger has the devil for a bed-fellow. A wag knows a married man, who, though he goes to bed meek and gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament

BARONESS DE STAEL

Anne Louisa Germaine Necker, daughter of the celebrated M. Necker, was born at Paris, 1766. France, at this time under the reign of Louis XV., was fast verging on to that terrible revolution unparalleled in history. The ambitious wars of his predecessor, together with his own profusion and fiscal management, had burdened the people beyond endurance; and though no public manifestations of the prevailing sentiment had as yet been made, still there was a cloud, dark and portentous, looming up in the horizon of the French government, which subsequently burst in unmitigated fury over the land of her nativity.

M. Necker, the father of Anne, was a man of sterling worth and ability; and, in the reign of Louis XVI., was appointed minister of finance. His influence was felt for good over a wide extent of country.—Discovering his daughter at an early age to be possessed of extraordinary talent, she afforded her every advantage for obtaining a liberal education. Her understanding was perhaps somewhat after the masculine order, but this fact was doubtless owing in a great measure, to the age in which she lived.

No female of ancient or modern times has excelled her in native strength of intellect, especially as manifested in an elegant and profound philosophy. She was married at the age of twenty to Baron de Stael, a native of Sweden. The era from which her public career may properly be dated was three years subsequent to her marriage, when she published "Letters on the character of Rousseau;" these, though well written, showed plainly the masculine cast of her mind.

At this period in her history the French Revolution commenced, in which she took an active part. At Paris she engaged in political intrigues, and many times assisted in concerting plans which involved the most consummate skill, as well as a thorough knowledge of the complicated affairs of the nation. The cause which she espoused was greatly offensive to Bonaparte, whose star was then on the ascendant; and fearing that her rapidly increasing influence might prove detrimental to his interests, he banished her from the capital. She first repaired to Germany, next to Italy, and twice visited England. Her strange and eventful life closed in 1817. The highly finished productions of her pen have been justly celebrated; among which may be particularly noticed "Corienne, or Italy," a beautifully written novel, and her book on "The Influence of Literature upon Society." She appears to have been a strenuous advocate of the so-called new philosophy, and devoted a large portion of her time and talents to its promulgation. Although stern, masculine, and unyielding, we cannot but admire the high tone of morals inculcated by her character and writings.

[Waverly Magazine.

A letter from Nicosia, in the island of Cyprus, gives an account of a terrible inundation which recently took place there:—

"On the 10th of November the weather became cloudy, and the wind blew with great violence, and the thunder and lightning were most violent. At noon the rain began to fall in torrents, and in a short time after the river overflowed its banks. The inhabitants not having time to shut the gates, the water rushed in with fearful impetuosity, and inundated the town. The bazaar soon had six feet of water in it, and to add to the misfortune, the gate at the end of the town opposite to where the water rushed in became closed, and there being thus no outlet for the torrent, nearly every house was soon filled. Towards evening the gate gave way, and the water began to gradually subside. No fewer than forty-seven houses and one hundred and fifty shops were undermined and fell; four men, eleven women, and a child perished beneath the ruins. Considerable injury was done to the merchandize in the bazaar—Upwards of one hundred mules also perished, and the total loss cannot be estimated at less than two million piastres."

Disapointment is the sorrowful child of the elate hope. We all experience the birth.

When you advertise your business make no half-way work of it. Business is like architecture—good columns are a good support.

Whatever mars in poetry, is a fault; whatever pleases is a beauty; for poetry simply means pleasure. Perhaps the simplest definition of poetry is—emotional thoughts in verse

Advertisements.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, Trance and Test Medium. Examinations and Prescriptions given in an accurate form. Rooms, No 11 La Grange Place.
Hours, from 9 A. M., to 7 P. M. n11 3m

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering sealde letters, will visit the principal cities South and West, during the fall and winter. Letters addressed to him at No 3 Winter street, Boston, will receive his attention as heretofore.

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

☞ Mr. Mansfield will act as Agent for the SPIRITUAL AGE.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Examiner and Prescriber for the sick Also healing and developing and trance medium. Address No. 19 Green st., Boston.
n323m

GEORGE ATKINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, No. 3 Winter street, Boston at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, Writing Medium. Examination when the patient is present, $1, by a lock of hair when absent, $3. Also healing by laying on of hands.
n6 3m

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. BEMAN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium assisted by a trance Writing Medium, has taken rooms at 117 Hanover street, Boston.

TERMS—For examination of patient, $1.00
1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

Mrs PECALLIS CLARK, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant Examiner. Under spirit direction, she has prepared a great variety of Medicines for the cure of disease, which have proved eminently successful. Office at 14 Bromfield street, up stairs. 1 2 tf.

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

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

for pupils of both sexes) 69 W. 19th st., N. Y., reopened Monday, September 5th Two boarders can be accommodated in the family of the Principal,
3—2t, A. T. DEANE.

epart of an Extraordinary Church Trial; being a Detailed Account of the Overwhelming Testimony, given by Sectarians against all leading Reform and Reformers; with the Summary Proceedings on the part of the Prosecution, aided by several Respectable Citizens, after an Irregular Rendition of the Verdict.—Conservatives versus Progressives.—Photographically Reported and Prepared for Publication by Philo Hermes Price 15 cents per copy, and sent to any part of the United States free of postage. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent to order. Address the Publisher, Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

All the Books and Pamphlets of Theodore Parker, the works of A. J. Davis, and all other Reform Publications, for sale as above.
Sept. 24, 1859. f

ATKINS' HEALING INSTITUTE.

Dr. Geo. Atkins, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss M. A. Knights, Medium for musical, rapping, and other physical manifestations, No 3 Winter street.

At this place will also be found the best collections of spirit drawings and portraits in the United States

Circles for musical manifestations held every Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Terms, examinations and prescription, $1,00. Admission to each circle, 25 cts.
n 20.

A WONDERFUL CLAIRVOYANT DISCOVERY!

ATKINS' ELIXIR PULMONARIA.

An instant relief and permanent cure for Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Bleeding at the Lungs, Bronchitis, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, and Nervous debility.

For Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., it is a complete specific.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail by Geo. Atkins, No. 3 Winter St., Boston, and for sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts, and $1 per bottle.
n 20. 1 mo.

DR J. ESTES,

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

The Thinker; being the 5th volume of the "GREAT HARMONIA," by A. J Davis, is just published and ready for delivery. Price $1 Single copies sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of the price. The usual discount on wholesale orders. Address Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston. 10tf



PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS,

142 Washington St., Boston.

EXAMINATIONS Day and Evening.
SPECIAL ADVICE as to Occupation, &c.
CLASS LECTURES from OCTOBER to MAY.
All of FOWLER & WELLS' PUBLICATIONS.
CABINET and MUSEUM FREE TO VISITORS.

D. P. BUTLER,

Phrenologist and Bookseller,

No. 142 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
n10. eop. 6m

B. Marsh's Catalogue.

BELA MARSH,

No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston,

Keeps constantly on hand, for sale at the Publishers' prices, the Books named in the following list of Spiritual works, together with many others suitable for the times. All new publications received as soon as issued, and the trade supplied at a liberal discount. Orders are respectfully solicited. 10 per cent. will be added to the annexed prices when books are ordered to be sent by mail.

"The Mistake of Christendom;" or Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. By George Stearns. Price $1.00

Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 404 pages, 8vo. Price $1.50.

Messages from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray through John M. Spear. Price 50c.

The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine. C. Hammond, Medium. 75c

Voices from the Spirit World. Isaac Post, Medium. Price 50c.

The Lily Wreath of Spiritual Communications; Through Mrs. J. S. Adams, and others. 85 cents, $1.50 and $1.

The Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers; Received through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams, and others. Prices as above.

The Progressive Life of Spirits After Death.—Price 15 cents

A Letter to the Chestnut Street, Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass. By JOHN S. ADAMS. Price 15c.

A Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth. An interesting narrative of the advancement of a spirit from darkness into light, By J. S. Adams. 25c.

Book for Skeptics. Price 25 cents.

Familiar Spirits and Spiritual Manifestations. By Dr. Eliab Capron, with a Reply by A. Bingham.—Price 15c.

The Philosophy of Creation. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace G. Wood, Medium. Price 38c.

Astounding Facts from the Spirit World. By J. A. Bradley, Southampton, Mass. Price 75 cents.

Discourses from the Spirit World. Dictated by Stephen Olin, through Rev. R. P. Wilson, writing medium. Price 63c.

Reichenbach's Dynamics of Magnetism. Price $1.00

Pneumatology. By Stilling. Edited by Rev. George Bush. Price 75c

Celestial Telegraph. By L. A. Cahagnet. Price $1.00.

Night Side of Nature. By Catharine Crowe. Price $1.25.

The Healing of the Nations. Through Charles Linton, Medium, with an Introduction and Appendix, by Gov. Talmadge. Price $1.00.

Tiffany's Spiritualism Explained; In Twelve Lectures $1.00

Natty; a Spirit; by Allen Putnam. 62 1-2c.

The Ministry of Angels Realized; A Letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton. 15 cts., single; $1.25 a dozen; $10 a hundred.

Answer to Charges of Belief in Modern Revelations, &c, given before the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By A. E. Newton. 10 cents.

Prof. Hare's Large Work; Experimental Investigations of the Spirit Manifestations, &c. Price $1.75.

Scenes in the Spirit World; by Hudson Tuttle. Price 25 cents

Tiffany's Monthly. $2.00 per annum.

The Religion of Manhood: By J. H. Robinson; with Introduction by A. E. Newton. Price in cloth, 75c; in paper 50c.

Spirit Intercourse. By Herman Snow. Price 60 cts

Spirit Works Real but not Miraculous. By A. Putnam Price 25c

The Birth of the Universe. By and through R. P. Amidon. Price 50c.

Brittan and Richmond's Discussion. Price $1.00.

The Great Harmonia. By Andrew J. Davis. Vol. I., the Physician. Price $1.00. Vol. II., The Teacher. Price $1.00 Vol. III., The Seer. Price $1.00. Vol. IV. The Reformer. Price $1.00.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. Price 50c., or 75 cts. in cloth.

Free Thoughts Concerning Religion. By A. J. Davis. Price 15c.

The Philosophy of Special Providences. By A. J. Davis. Price 15 cents

The Approaching Crisis. By Andrew J. Davis.—Price 50c.

An Epic of the Starry Heaven. Thomas L. Harris. Price 75c

Lyric of the Morning Land. Thomas L. Harris.—Price 75c.

A Lyric of the Golden Age. Thomas L. Harris.—Price $1.50

The Wisdom of Angels. By T. L. Harris. Price 75 cents.

The Herald of Light. Monthly. By T. L. Harris. Price 15 cents.

Epitome of Spiritual Intercourse. By Alfred Cridge. Price 50c.

New Testament "Miracles" and "Modern Miracles." Price 50c.

Proceedings of the Hartford Bible Convention. Price 75c.

Spiritualism. By Edmonds and Dexter, in two vols. Price $1.25 each.

An Exposition of Views respecting the principal Facts, Causes and Peculiarities involved in Spirit Manifestations. By Adin Ballou. Price in cloth, 75c; paper 50c.

Warren Chase's New Book: "The Life Line of the Lone One; or, Autobiography of the World's Child." Price $1.00.

The Psalms of Life. A compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory sentiments of the present age. By John S. Adams. Price 75 cents.

The Harmoniad and Sacred Melodist, 160 pages. Price in boards 38 cents single; $3.60 per dozen.

Modern Spiritualism. Its facts and fanaticisms, its consistencies and contradictions; with an Appendix. By E. W. Capron. Price $1.00

The Spirit Minstrel. By J. B Packard and J. S Loveland Price in paper covers, 25c; in cloth backs, 38c

The Magic Staff; An Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. A new work. Price $1.25.

The Penetralia; Being harmonial answers to important questions by Andrew Jackson Davis. Price $1.00.

The Present Age and Inner Life. By A. J. Davis. Price $1

The Harmonial Man. By Andrew J. Davis. Price 30 cents.

Nature's Divine Revelations, &c. By Andrew J. Davis. Price $2.00.

The History and Philosophy of Evil with Suggestions for More Embodying Institutions and Philosophical Systems of Education. By A. J. Davis. 30 cents in paper, 50 cents in cloth.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Discourse on Free Love and Annuity, delivered under spirit influence at the Melodeon, Sunday Evening March 20, 1859. Price 8 cts or $5 per hundred.

How and Why I Became a Spiritualist. By W. A. Danskin, Baltimore. Price 38 cents.

The Educator; a valuable late work, through John Murray Spear. Edited by A. E. Newton. Price $2.00.

Woodman's Three Lectures in reply to Dr Dwight's sermon on Spiritualism. A New Edition—stereotyped. Price 20 cents.

Mrs. Hatch's Discourses, Vol. 1—$1.00.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle: By Allen Putnam. Price 25 cents.

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

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration. By Datus Kelley. Price, 20 cts. On receipt of the price, the above books will be sent, postage free Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.

Medical Cards.

A Book of Thrilling Interest for the Young

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH!

Just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of self abuse, and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Spinal Debility, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

The above work is one of the most thrilling interest to the Young of both Sexes; detailing some of the most thrilling cases and incidents, in the practice of the Author, pointing out the great causes for such decline and decay of American Youth.

The Book is written in chaste language and should be read by every Parent and Guardian that has the least solicitude or the well-being of offspring and youth. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two (3 cent) stamps for postage.

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

YOUNG MEN suffering from these direful ills, will receive for $5 a series of Health Rules and perfect Charts of cure, which will be to them a true Polar Star through life

TO FEMALES—The Monthly Pills, prepared by the Institution, are a never-failing remedy for suppresions of every nature, will be sent by mail to any part of the country on the receipt of $1, with ample instructions for the use, under all circumstances.

Address DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for the diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 96, Fifth st., Troy, New York. n5 1y

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,

WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., 7 doors from Kilby st., Boston, where may be found a large stock of BOTANIC MEDICINES, embracing every variety of medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid and Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Preparations; together with a full assortment of

ALL OTHER KINDS OF MEDICINES,

Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Syringes, Medical Books, Liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes; and a great variety of Miscellaneous Articles, including *almost everything wanted by the Apothecary or Physician.*

Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly filled and warded to any part of the country. 18—y.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street,* Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

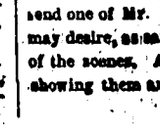
☞ Patients desiring board should give notic in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

THE SICK ARE HEALED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.



BY NUTRITION

(the *Vital Forces*) without Medicine! Book of Information" respecting the New *Method of Cure,* sent to you for 1 dime. cure ALBERT SUNDERLAND, Boston, Mass. 3tis.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC [illegible] SICIA

NO. 36 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. ☞ All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from A M to 5 P M 47

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED.

DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken,* to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platina, with Athelode Gums, from $15 to $65. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8 tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

A graphic and truthful Narration, "Digging for Capt Kydd's Treasure!" By one of the diggers. Two MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are said to be buried within two miles New York city. The Revelation of the spirit of Kydd the far proved true. Sent by mail. Price 16 cts. Address B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 64 Great Jones st. N. Y.

TO LECTURERS.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorised to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentleman who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by

E. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind

[Continued from 5th page.]

circumstance, forced upon man in the existing state of things, that it is not in me to pronounce these in unmeasured terms, who like myself, are so liable to error, so fallible in nature. Thus, it will not be difficult for me to use charity in word and deed, toward the foibles of my fellow beings.

And here it is not improper, as I desire to remark, with special reference to those, with whom I have been connected formerly by ecclesiastical ties, that in whatever I may feel it my duty to say and do, my words and acts will have no reference to them, except in the way of promoting the general good of man; and especially will this be the case, unless it should happen, contrary to my expectations and hopes, that circumstances should force me to act somewhat in self-defence.

The sect to which I formerly belonged, as well as all other sects and parties, will ever claim my sympathies for its virtues, as well as demand my opposition to its errors and faults.

But before closing these remarks, I wish to offer a few suggestions, specially designed for those who are partially or fully convinced of the real reality, and supreme importance of Spiritualism; and thus will doubtless sympathize and co-operate with me, in whole or in part, in the advancement of those interests which Spiritualism contemplates and is destined to promote.

It should be deeply and constantly impressed upon your minds, that those things which now, most of all others, very much need saying and doing, cannot and will not be said and done, without entire devotion to truth, and the most heroic action on your part. That you are to investigate patiently and unweariedly into the wisdom of love is but a solemn duty imposed upon all.

But with reference to the good contained and contemplated in Spiritualism, those who repose confidence in its reality, have a special, individual, and sacred mission to accomplish.

Friends of Spiritualism, your constant motto is, and must be *devotion and action!* Nor is this devotion and action to be measured by what you may esteem to be your own private interests.

You may settle it in your minds as a fixed fact that no compromise with existing theories and conceptions, no disposition still to retain your present connections with sects and parties, will satisfy the demands of Spiritualism, upon your abilities to be, say, and do. You must put yourselves in a perfectly eligible position to act and speak freely in behalf of this cause, in a position to give it your whole sympathies, or you will not be deemed worthy to have the least lot or part in the matter. If there is any one thing, which Spiritualists need more fully to realize and consider, it is that they are not to fold their hands, expecting to have their Guardians of the Celestial Tabernacle contribute to their mere amusement or gratification. The utility of this matter is to be immediately sought, and then to be promoted at every sacrifice of our mere selfish individual interests.—Constantly bear in mind then, that you are not to be let off with a few seasons of pleasant spiritual intercourse, nor to be content with the mere gratification that this thing is a reality, not to expect our Guardians are going to effect the regeneration of men and things, without your aid, but that you must act, as well as talk, act, as well as think beautiful thoughts, act, as well as listen to and behold wonderful manifestations. The standard of christian duty and devotion generally recognized as sufficient for practical purposes, is no longer sufficient for your standard. Nothing short of the sacrifice of all things for Christ's holy cause, will answer the demands of this subject upon you. *Assist yourselves*, are the emphatic words of those who seek to aid mankind now in attaining its true Religious, Political, and Social destiny. Remember those words; "Assist yourselves, and then we will help you!"

With a devotion and action such as this, Spiritualists may hope for all things. For there is an onward authority, a purity, a wisdom and love enlisted in this cause, far exceeding that which frail human nature now affords.

Amid the storm of deeds on earth, there is a still small voice gently whispering from behind the veil; amid the roar of time and the discords of life, a sweet concordant note is sounding from the spheres above; and now the gentle Spirit moves up and down from earth to heaven, and toils and spins in its crystal palace, to weave a mantle of peace and charity, for poor and naked humanity. Up, heroic sons and daughters, bathe your weary breasts in the morning light, and unfold your hearts to catch its golden ray.

Speak the thoughts that burn within you, and utter the feeling that rises in your bosoms.

Thus chants our gentle Guardian Spirit, and says; "go out, ye sons and daughters, reap the blissful harvest of existence, for my heart is full, and hope and peace descend. Love's eternal sea ebbs and flows, and moves out and in, along the shores of time, and throw its harmonial spray upon the parched earth.

Spiritualists, let your hearts be filled with the concord of wisdom and love. Be not indolent in pain, but active with undying pleasure. Think not of self or selfish ends, when your highest happiness is in promoting the highest good. Seek to do and be, what God would now express by man.

Be more truly royal in your feelings, sentiments and natures, than to fear the opprobrium, which will doubtless be cast upon this cause, as upon all new measures, however effective they may subsequently become, and however popular, when they achieve the victory.

While most people imagine Spiritualism long since exploded, you know its reality; you know that thousands and tens of thousands in our land are being numbered among its firm and unflinching advocates. You know, therefore, that victory is our's, man's, God's and Christ's, sooner or later.

Let this knowledge, and a noble sense of your duty prompt you to investigate, to act, to reap the golden harvest of existence.

□

WESTON, January 18th., 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I will steal a few moments from my home-studies, to express to you the sincere pleasure and great satisfaction, which I experience, to perceive the high moral tone and truly spiritual tendency of the AGE, since the new year has begun. You seem to be fully awake, and deeply feel the holy task and sacred mission, which rests upon your paper, to form the character of your readers, and lead them higher and higher towards the source of all light.

But especially do I take pleasure in perusing the articles on "Government," wherein the most progressive thoughts and highest truths are set forth in an earnest, simple way, which, without ostentation or clamor, readily calls out the most lively sympathy with, and conviction of the necessity of practically adopting the views expressed in the lectures, ere the first pillar of the Kingdom of God on the Earth can be built.

The mission of Spiritualism, truly is to lead us to a Harmonial Life and Government. The material character of the past Century, with its Pantheism, its lukewarmness and frivolities, is being succeeded by a *living* religion, based upon a strong and powerful faith in the Divine Guidance and Providence, in a recognition and deep felt reality of the existence of the spirit world, with its missions of Angels, in a true love and reverence for the inspired Jesus of Nazareth, in place of the entire rejection, or blind *sub*jection to Church creeds and Dogmas.

And of all this, Spiritualism is the Herald and Harbinger!

Through it, we verge from childhood into vigorous youth and manhood.

True I am at the present time, not a Spiritualist in the sense the term is generally understood, but I acknowledge that Spiritualism led me to be a Christian; it was the means of my *knowing* and *feeling*, the truth of the Bible, where, before I investigated Spiritualism, I only *believed* in the Bible—the Redeemer—yes, the Father.

Accept my hearty congratulations of the season, and the well wishes of yours in the bonds of true Christianity, L. P.

A JUVENILE PUN.—A little five-year older being shown an almanac a few days since, having on the outside leaf a vignette, representing a drove of cattle, was asked what kind of a book it was? "Why," replied he quickly, "I s.ould call it a *cattle logue!*"—[Progressive Age.

On the morning of January 1st, the whole circumference of Paris stepped out a mile and drew within its embraces three hundred thousand new inhabitants. Paris now contains a population of a million and a half. When completed the new city will be 30 miles in circumference with 92 gates. The old octroi wall is to be converted into a boulevard and planted with trees, and will constitute the largest street in the world. The people living between the old and new wall have been accumulating for some time great quantities of wine and other articles subject to city tax, with a view of being provided for years after they are annexed to the city with articles that have escaped the *octroi*. This evasion of the law has awakened the attention of the authorities, but there seems to be no remedy for it. The city revenue will be largely diminished the first year by this ingenious dodge of the law.

A cargo of two hundred and thirty-seven tuns of human bones lately arrived in England from Sevastopol which are to be converted into manure! The British soldier may be cheered to think that it is sweet to die for his country, but one would think he would not be much comforted with the thought that his flesh may be given to the vultures, and his bones brought back to an English dunghill.—Some of them no doubt, however, both leave, and in the shape of bones come back to their country for their country's good. We should think that such Christian nations as England, France, and Russia, might by treaty solemnly spare the bones of their soldiers.

MUSIC

The subscriber has received by impression from what purports to be a French Spirit, and others of the spiritual spheres, some one hundred pieces of music in ensemble of which in the tunes called "Le Grand Napoleon" "l'Esprit Francais" with bass arrangements for the Piano, Organ, and Melodian, etc, or the simple air of the above, in connection with two other tunes called the "Man-of-War Steamer," and the "Steam Frigate," adapted to the Violin, Flute, Fife, Clarionet, etc., (the same lately presented to the Emperor of the French) may be obtained on application to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co, No 277 Washington st, Boston, Mass. Price $5 per hundred copies, or 6 cts. per single copy.

McKELLSE:

NEW BOOKS.

THE THINKER. By A J Davis. Price $1.

THE ARCANA OF NATURE By Hudson Tuttle.—Price $1.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARIES OF ANOTHER WORLD By Robert Dale Owen. Price $1.25

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCES. By W. M Fernald.—Price $1.

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER, for 1860. Price 10 cts.

THIRTY-TWO WONDERS; or the skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus By Prof. M. Durias, Price 25 cents.

THE WAY OF SALVATION calmly considered; being an Exposure of the Fundamental Doctrines of Evangelical Christendom. By J. S. Loveland. Price 8 cts.

The above are just published and for sale at wholesale or retail by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st. Boston.

n23tf

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE

The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with Spiritualism and reform. n8t

Mrs MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, rooms, 145 Hanover street Boston Office Hours from 9 A. M., to 6 P M Terms, for private sittings $,00 per hour.

WANTED

By a Spiritual Lecturer and Examiner, suitable rooms furnished. He is not always here, but expects to examine and give Psychometric Reading when he is in the city. The rent must not be large, hence a retired street, with a reception or waiting, and an examining room is what is needed. Plainness and economy are the objects. Address "ROSICRUCIAN," at this office, stating locality and terms.

New Graefenberg Water Cure and Hinespathic Institute, (near Utica, N. Y.)

This establishment has been in successful operation for the past twelve years, and under the control of the present Physician during the whole time, which is a longer period than any similar institution has been conducted by the same individual in this country.

ELECTRICITY, (MINERAL and ANIMAL) is our greatest agent in curing the ills which flesh is heir to, but experience has demonstrated that it is necessary to understand the use of water for its most successful application

Those who believe in cure by the laying on of hands, we will add that many of our most important cures have been effected in part by such means.

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

Wm. Holland, Clairvoyant and Electropathic Physician. Careful and thorough examinations made in every case. 121, Hudson st.

n 20. 3 mos.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE;

FOR MY

JUVENILE FRIENDS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Price in cloth, 38 cts. In cloth, gilt, 50 cts. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street. n14 tf

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, with Narrative Illustrations By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress and American Minister to Naples. An exceedingly interesting Book of 528 pages 12mo. Price $1.25—postage 20 cents Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. n 21, tf.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

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

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

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

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,

manufacturers of

ORGAN HARMONIUMS,

PEDAL BASS HARMONIUMS,

ORGAN MELODEONS, AND MELODEONS,

NO. 511 WASHINGTON ST, BOSTON.

THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four setts of reeds eleven registers or (stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Æolian harp. The Performer, at his option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Hautboy, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listening to either of the above instruments separately, or combine the whole, and thus give the effect of GRAND ORGAN—In an elegant rosewood case for $250.

THE PEDAL BASS HARMONIUM is arranged with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set sounding an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub-Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a house that seats from 1000 to 1500 persons.

THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of Keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church instrument, when used without the Pedals.

Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use

Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. Having resumed the spacious buildings, 511 Washington Street, we have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced workmen. In short, we will promise our customers an instrument equal if not superior to any manufactured, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of Boston, who have examined our Instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:

Chickering & Sons; Wm. P. Emerson; Geo. Hews; Hadet & Cumston, Brown & Allen, Woodward & Brown; T. Gilbert & Co; A. W. Cadd & Co.; Newhall & Co.

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS RENTED.—Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instruments before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent at least of a year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

PRICE LIST.

Scroll leg, 1 1-2 octave, $60; Scroll leg, 5 octave, $75; Piano style, 5 octave, $100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, $110; Piano style, carved leg, $125; Piano style, 2 sets of reeds, 150, Piano style, 6 octaves, $150; Organ Melodeon, $200, Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Harmonium $275.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on application to

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,

511 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

an'0 1y. m25 1y.

Mr. Rand's Pamphlet, giving an account of the Davenport boys and their liberation from jail by the spirits, is for sale at the Spiritual Book Store of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street Boston.

N FRANK WHITE will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Jan. 29th; Troy N. Y., through Feb.; Plymouth, Mass Mar. 4th and 11th Please address as above for week evenings,

All of Mrs. Mettler's Celebrated Clairvoyant Remedies for Sale as follow:

Restorative Syrup. qts. $2,00; pints $1,00, Pulmonic, $1 00; Neuralgia Mixture, 50 cts.; Elixir for Cholera, 50 cts.; Dysentery Cordial, 50 cts.; Liniment, $1,00; Opium at 25 cts

S. T. MUNSON, 143 Fulton st. N. Y., Wholesale and Retail Agent

New and Valuable Works—Just Published.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCES—by FERNALD—a work which has received the highest commendations from the liberal Christian, Spiritual, and Secular press throughout the Country. Price $1,00.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARIES OF ANOTHER WORLD—by Robert Dale Owen Price $1,25.

THE THINKER—by A. J Davis Price $1 00.

THE ARCANA OF NATURE—by Hudson Tuttle. Price $1 00

All of the above may be obtained, at wholesale and retail, of S. T. MUNSON, General Book Agent 143 Fulton st., N. Y

A. B. CHILD, M. D., Dentist.

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium

Mr. Brimhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium

Mr. A. B. Pierce, Belfast, Trance-Speaking Medium.

Gibson Smith, Camden, Trance Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium.

Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands

John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium.

Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

G. B. Hopkins, Oldtown, Trance-Speaking Medium.

Rosan M. Smith, Hampden, Trance Speaking Medium.

Susan W. Jackson, Hampden, Rapping Tipping and Healing Medium.

Russell Severence, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium

Miss Emeline Cunningham, Bradford, Trance Speaking and Prescribing Medium.

Mrs. Keen, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium.

J. L. Lovell, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Mrs. Haskell, Buckfield, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Miss A. C Cram, Stevens' Plains, Writing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Benj. Colson, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium

Announcements.

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

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Philadelphia Providence, Portland, &c., after February, when she returns to New York for a week to form Spring engagements. Apply to 8 Fourth Avenue New York.

Miss Hardinge lectures in Cincinnatti the two first Sundays in February

Miss ROSA T. AMEDY will lecture in Chicago and Milwaukie during the months of May and June Friends on the route desiring her services on the Sabbath or week evenings, will please address her during the present month care of D. L Poole, Oswego, N. Y; his address generally, 32 Allen st., Boston, Mass.

Miss A. M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Memphis, Tenn., 4 Sundays in Feb; St. Louis, 4 Sundays in March; Terre Haut, 2 first Sundays in April. Applications for week evenings will be attended to Address as in Memphis, care of I. E. Chadwick St. Louis, care of A. Miltenberger.

E S. WHEELER will receive calls to lecture on the principles of natural Spiritualism. Address, Utica, New York,

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Troy, N. Y., through Feb.; Plymouth, Mass., March 4th and 11th; Quincy, March 18th and 25th; Foxboro' April 1st, Lowell April 8th and 15th; Dodworth Hall, New York, April 22nd and 29th; Providence, R. I., May 6th and 13th; Willimantic Conn., May 20th and 27th; Oswego, N. Y. th ou h June. Applications for week evenings addressed as above will be attended to.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON, Trance-Speaker on Bible subject. Address Lowell, Mass., till further notice.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will lecture at Lawrence, Mass., the first Sabbath in February.

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. HAYLEN, 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 Adrian, Mich.; Feb, 5th, Battle Creek, Mich; 12th, 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 Terre Haute, Ind., 4th and 5th Sundays, and at Chicago through February.

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

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

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

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 failing 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 Boston the three first Sundays in Jan. Will lecture week evenings in the vicinity of the above named places.

Address at 14 Bromfield st, care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

CHRISTIAN LINDA, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture in any part of this west rn country. Address Christian Linda, care of Benj. Teasdale, box 221, Alton, Ill.

JOHN C. CLUER, and his daughter SUSIE, will answer calls to lecture and give Readings on Sunday or other evenings. Address No. 5 Bay street, or at this Office—Mr. C. will act as agent for the AGE.

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

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Pellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state

JAMES H. SHEPARD, Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to lecture whenever the Friends may desire. Post Office address, South Acworth, N. H.

N S GREENLEEF is ready to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address Lowell, Mass.

H F GARDINER of Boston, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week day evenings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN

BY REPATH

This exceedingly interesting biography of the HERO of KANSAS and HARPER'S FERRY is now ready. It is beautifully illustrated and embellished with a fine portrait of the old *Roman*. Price $1,00

S. T. MUNSON, Sole Agent for N Y., 143, Fulton st.