THE SPIRITUAL AGE

BY A. D. BROCK.
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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age]

BECKONINGS.

The babbling brook upon the lawn
That murmurs at your feet,
In melody goes ever on,
Its kindred wave to meet.
Yet even there it does not rest,
But seeks a higher home,
And glows at twilight in the west,
And softly beckons, "Come."

The stars look from their dewy throne
Upon the western sky,
And send their rays of glory down,
To meet the upturned eye,
The moon comes from her orient bower
These tiny stars among,
And to the soul with soothing power,
They softly whisper, "Come."

But far beyond the purple cloud,
Or silver moon, or stars,
Where nough is seen of earthly shroud,
Or earthly prison bars,
In realms of glory brighter far,
Than earthly noonday sun
A spirit voice is whispering
In softest accents, "Come."

M.

OUR HOME, DANSVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 24th, 1860.

From the Genesee Democrat.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

BY TULLY VERNON.

When angry billows round us dash,
And whirlwinds shake our frightened bark;
When lightnings gleam, and thunders crash,
And night glooms o'er us, dire and dark;
As swift before the gale we fly,
And wearied, seek our swinging bed,
How dread the look-out's thrilling cry,—
"Breakers ahead!"

The storm rode out, our reckoning lost,
Our ship rent by the storm king's wrath,
And still by angry surges tost,
Though skies smile on our ocean path;
We seek again our native shore,
While Hope's bright beams are kindly shed,
That fearful cry we hear no more,
"Breakers ahead!"

LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

BY NAOMI GRAY.

Like a beautiful dream all my childhood has fled,—
Like a meteor bright has it gone,
Yes, e'en as the gems from the flower's fair bed,
The dew-gems which vanish at morn.

Like a beautiful dream, O, a beautiful dream,
They've faded, those sweet fragrant flowers,
Their leaves have been scattered, on Time's flowing stream,
And verdureless now are these bowers.

O, why did they take all the sunshine away?
Why hang these dark clouds overhead?
Why hide from our eyes every bright cheery ray,
Making dismal the path which we tread?

But still there is left in our pathway one light,
Which gleams through the vista of years—
'Tis 'Memory's lamp" shining softly and bright,
More brightly when seen through our tears.

I NEVER SAW HER WEEP.

BY MYRA MOORE.

I saw the pale rose day by day,
Grow paler on her cheek;
While in her eye the fading ray,
Told more than words could speak;
I've seen her white hand press her heart,
As though she still would keep,
The sighs therein which fain would start;
But never saw her weep.

I saw her meet with gentle smiles,
One she had loved full well;
Yet paler grew her cheek the while,
And why? ah! none could tell.
I saw her meet his dark-haired bride,
On whom he bent his eye;
Yet well I knew she strove to hide,
And crush a rising sigh.

I saw her next when Spring had spread
Bright verdure o'er the earth;
Pale flowers were wreathed around her head—
Those which Spring first gave birth;
Her brow was calm as summer sky,
Above the moonlit deep;
And closed forever was the eye,
I ne'er had seen to weep.

THE FIRST FOUND OF FRANKLIN'S PARTY.—From Capt. M'Clintock's extremely interesting "Voyage of the Fox in the Artic Seas," published by Ticknor & Fields, we take the following account of the discovery of the remains of one of Sir John Franklin's men:

"We were upon the shore along which the retreating crews must have marched. My sledges of course traveled upon the sea-ice close along the shore; and, although the depth of snow which covered the beach deprived us of almost every hope, yet we kept a very sharp look-out for traces, nor were we unsuccessful. Shortly after midnight of the 24th of May, when slowly walking along a gravel ridge near the beach, which the winds kept partially bare of snow, I came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. The skeleton—now perfectly bleached—was lying upon its face, the limbs and smaller bones either dissevered or gnawed away by some animals.

A most careful examination of the spot was of course made, the snow removed, and every scrap of clothing gathered up. A pocket-book afforded strong grounds of hope that some information might subsequently be obtained respecting the unfortunate owner and the calamitous march of the lost crews, but at the time it was frozen. The substance of that which we gleaned upon the spot may thus be summed up:

The victim was a young man, slightly built, and perhaps above the common hight; the dress appeared to be that of a steward or officer's servant, the loose bow-knot in which his neckhandkerchief was tied not being used by seamen or officers. In every particular the dress confirmed our conjectures as to his rank or office in the late expedition—the blue jacket with slashed sleves and braided edging, and the pilot cloth great-coat with plain covered buttons. We found also a clothes brush near, and a horn pocket comb. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen upon his face in the position in which we found him.

It was a melancholy truth that the old woman spoke when she said, 'they fell down anddied as they walked along.

I do not think the Esquimaux had discovered this skeleton, or they would have carried off the brush and comb; superstition prevents them from disturbing their own dead, but would not keep them from appropriating the property of the white man if any way useful to them. Dr. Rae obtained a piece of flannel, marked 'F. D. V., 1845,' from the Esquimaux of Boothia or Repulse Bay; it had doubtless been a part of poor Des Vœux's garments."

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.—We have an illustration of this saying too striking to be forgotten. Crossing the Hackensack bridge, near Newark, one day in the railroad car, in company with Governor D., of New Jersey, that gentleman observed that he had witnessed a remarkable incident on that spot.

He was in a stage coach with some eight or ten other passengers, and, as they were crossing the bridge at this point, one of the gentlemen remarked that, one evening, thirty years before, he had been crossing the river on this very spot, in a stage coach filled as now, with passengers; that the bridge which then existed was a miserable, rickety structure, ready to fall from the least shock; that the waters of the river were very much swollen in consequence of a freshet, and that when the coach got about midway on the bridge one of the supports gave way, precipitating all into the rapid waters. After great exertion, however, the passengers all reached the shore, with the exception of a little infant, which had been swept from its mother's arms in the struggle, and now seemed irrecoverably lost, the hearts of the passengers were, however, too deeply touched by gratitude for their own escape and sympathy for the bereaved mother to allow of their remaining inactive, and those who could swim plunged again into the flood to make a thorough search for, at least the lifeless body of their little companion.

The narrator himself was so fortunate as to grasp it by the clothes, at some distance from the place of the accident, and, on taking it into the toll-house and instituting rapid measures for its recovering, it soon gladdened all hearts by opening its eyes and recognizing the face of its now overjoyed mother. The gentleman narrated the little history with a smile beaming on his countenance while speaking of the part he had acted on the occasion; but he had scarcely concluded, said Gov. D——, before one of the ladies of our company begged him to excuse the liberty which she was about to take, in asking him if his name was not Mr. ——?

"It is," he replied.

"Then," said the lady, "I was the infant whom you rescued! My mother always remembered the deliverer of her child, and she taught her child also to remember him. But it is now, after a lapse of thirty years from the time of the event, and here, on the very spot where it occurred, that child finds an opportunity of informing that deliverer how faithfully that name has been cherished."

"So unexpected a denouement as this," said Governor D——, filled me with the liveliest and most joyful surprise; and I am sure every one in the coach at that time will remember that journey as one of the most agreeable he ever made.—[Portland Advertiser.

One of the saddest mistakes which good people have made is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, sorrow and, death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side of the grave. The performance of all duty is the "taking up" of what they call "a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an overshadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe there is something intrinsically bad in the world that they inhabit and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil which afflicts the human race has stuck in. To them life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good and graceful and glorious in the world is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the unwise.

A DROLL POST-MASTER.—In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Post-Master General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the post-master of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the high officer to the lower, "this Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully yours, &c." The reply was brief and read thus: "Sir, the Tombigbee does n't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, &c." The Post-Master General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir, your appointment as post-master at —— is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, &c., pertaining to your office, to your successor. Respectfully, &c." The droll understrapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir, the revenues of this office, for the quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow candles and twine, was $1,05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me.—Most respectfully, &c."

THE ENGLISH WOMEN.—It is very evident that a large foot is not considered detrimental to female beauty in England; as the ladies make no effort to diminish the size of their feet by wearing pinching slippers. On the contrary, they wear clumsy gaiters, with heavy soles, which make their steps anything but fairy-like. And in this they show their good sense. One half of the consumption cases among the American women are owing to the wafer-soled shoes which render walking both difficult and dangerous, so they sit pining in satin chairs in their over-heated rooms, sucking cough candy, and waiting for the doctor, and his shadow, the undertaker; while these buxom English beauties are tramping about in their water-proof boots, or darting through lanes and parks in their saddles. To appear delicate or lackadaisical is no part of an English woman's ambition. Health and vigor of body are considered of primary importance, not only for comfort's sake, but as the most essential qualifications for satisfactorily and successfully performing the duties of wives and mothers. And they dress, and eat, and exercise accordingly. On calling on Lady T. the other morning, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in London, I found her dressed in a plain, purple colored robe, made of cheap and coarse material, and yet so tastefully fitting her figure, that I was struck with the elegance and the comfort of the *ensemble*. An ultra fashionable belle of the Fifth Avenue would hardly "come down" to her visitor in so simple a costume; or if she did, it would be with a confusion of apologetic words and blushes.—*Col. Fuller.*

SAVING LAWYER'S FEES.—A dispute lately arose between Mr. Hathaway and Dr. Burnham, of New Bedford, in consequence of the latter's barn projecting about a foot on the land of the former; an infringement on the rights of Mr. H., which the Doctor refused to heed. Scorning an appeal to the law, Mr. Hathaway gave notice that unless the barn was removed within ten days he should move it himself. In accordance therewith, he erected a staging to enable him to saw off the offending part of the structure, and in due time commenced the work; but Dr. Burnham, with a battering-ram, shook the staging in such a manner that Mr. Hathaway was compelled to suspend operations until the staging could be re-arranged, after which the sawing operation was again begun. The portion sawed off was the weather-board. Determined to resist to the last, the Doctor stuck old pieces of iron through the cracks, and squirted hot water through them.—But Mr. Hathaway completed his work, and left the barn minus the weather-board, together with the shingles thereunto pertaining. A large crowd witnessed the sport.—[Poughkeepsie Gazette.

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.—A good one is told of old Judge L——. His Honor kept a demijohn of good old Jamaica in his private office, for his own comfort and the entertainment of his particular friends. The Judge had noticed for some time that on Monday mornings his Jamaica was considerably lighter than when he left it on Saturday nights. Another fact had gradually established itself in his mind.—The son Sam was missing from the paternal pew in church on Sundays. One Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went up stairs rather heavily, when the Judge hailed him:—

"Sam, where have you been?"

"To church, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What Church, Sam?"

"Second Methodist, sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?"

"Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered me, sir."

"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite powerful, eh, Sam?"

The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much 'under the weather." His father hailed him with:

"Well, Sam, been to the Second Methodist again to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good sermon, my boy?"

"Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; church shut up and a ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam, keep going—you may get good by it yet."

"Sam says on going to the office for his usual *spirit*-ual refreshment, he found the "John" empty, and bearing the following label: "*There will be no service here to-day, this church being closed for repairs!*"

CURIOUS PRAYER.—William Cole says; "This was brought to me, Aug. 21st, 1776, by Dr. Edwin of Cambridge, from Dr. Colignon, who took it out of an old *Fog's Journal:* 'O, Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the City of London, and that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple in the County of Essex.—Lord, I beseech Thee to preserve the two Counties of Essex and Middlesex from fires and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg Thee likewise to have compassion on that county. And, Lord, for the rest of the counties, Thou mayest deal with them as Thou art pleased. O, Lord, enable the Bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the *Mermaid* sloop, which I have insured; and, Lord, thou hast said that "The days of the wicked are short," and I trust that Thou wilt not forget Thy promises, having purchased an estate in reversion of Sir J. P., a profligate young man. Lord, keep our funds from sinking; and, if it be Thy will, let there be no *sinking* fund.—Keep my son Caleb out of evil company, and from gaming-houses. And sanctify, O, Lord, this night to me, by preserving me from thieves and fire, and make my servant honest and careful, while I, thy servant, lie down in Thee, O, Lord. Amen.—Notes and Queries.

"TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—In a recent lecture, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave an account of his first year in the ministry, the first flock of which he gathered consisting of only *nineteen poor women.* He was then not only the pastor, but the sexton of the church, filling and lighting the lamps, which he was compelled to buy himself, kindling the fires, and sweeping out the church. He did not ring the bell, because he had none to ring. Such was the humble beginning of the most popular preacher in the Union.

A gentleman was speaking the other day, of the kindness of his friends in visiting him.—One old aunt in particular, visited him twice each year and stayed six months each time.

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.]

"You see therefore, that three distinct things exist; SOUL or the radiant God-Sparks which the Eternal One, the mightful ruler over all—Universes, Systems, Suns, Planets, Principalities, Energies, Powers, Arsaphs, Seraphs, Eons, Arsasaphs, Angels, Ideons, Genii, Daimons, Spirits, Deons and Men—gives forth at every breath; the Sun-like scintillations from His Beatific Soul. All these are, ere they become matter-enveloped, essential beings; pure God-thoughts and part of the very God Himself; containing the divine germs of power, undeveloped and perfectly self-inactive, like the acorn in the granary, or the wheat seed in a mummy's hand, and like these too, require only to come into rapport with the materials of the earth, under proper conditions, to spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold, or a thousand, according to the degree of perfectness of the afore mentioned condition. Second: there exist a something distinct from Soul called SPIRIT; but very improperly so, because Spirit is merely the last sublimation of Matter; but that of which I speak is not so; but is the exhalation, to speak figuratively, from God's body, just as soul-element is an out-flux of the divine essence of His Mind. To this bodily sphere I now call your attention. In order to distinguish the *two* kinds of spiritual substances, one of which may be called Positive, the other Negative, it is proper that I give you a name for each that you may not confound them in your mind. Therefore, know that the original essence—the second proceeding from God is properly called Deodia, from "Deus" —Divinity, and "Od," a physical lambent emanation. This Deodia is the divine outflow, while Soul is the celestial outflow from Divinity's august Self-hood. God God Himself is dual or two; His Love, which is the life or female element or Principle; and Wisdom which is the executive, intellectual, moral, creating or male Principle. Accordingly all things else are du l also; and Deodia first above all; it being divided naturally into a higher and lower, a positive and a negative degree of quality. Of the first or highest degree or quality the *bodies* of all *immortal* things are made; and it permeates, enlivens, vivifies the lower quality, or the second degree of itself—Deodia;—of which is constructed and composed all things whatever that by mortal sense can be cognized. This minimum degree of Deodia is Body—or the *third* positive existence in the Universe. I have stated that the higher Deodia in its diffused state, permeates to a certain degree the lower or material degree, and hence arises motion in material things or bodies; consequently there is ever going on an attrition between all atoms of matter. This motion abrades all particles and refines them, the final result being the evolution of a fourth substance which is properly Spirit; because it is the essence or spirified sphere of the last substance, or matter; and this fourth substance is distinct from the other three. This Spirit is the sublimation of matter, from which it differs inasmuch as it is unparticled. It differs also from Deodia, because the latter is homogeneous—always alike—of one quality; whereas matter is of ten thousand different degrees, kinds and qualities, and each evolves a spirit or sphere peculiar to itself —its *personne*, its very self. The ultimate *form* of all *things* is pure spirit; the ultimate shape of all atoms is globular or spheroidal; and although the material forms of substance may appear, and indeed are angular, (so far as the secondary arrangement is concerned—for a multi-angular body can be formed of particles themselves globular)—yet the emanation, or sphere of unparticled substance which is evolved assumed that most perfect form, a globe, which globe of spirit is, like the earth's atmosphere, generally many hundred times larger than the dense body whence it was evolved. These floating spheres fraternize with each other according to the degree of relationship, affinity, or resemblance in quality between the respective dense bodies of which they are eliminations. Centrality and polarity are properties of all things in the Universe. There is a law of Positive, male, and Negative, female, and this law governs what may be called the *spheratic* or spirit-world bodies. The second great natural law which they obey is that of Marriage; and the third great law that of Reproduction. When male and female spheres, having attractions for each other, meet, they unite, and life is the result; for they instantly attract the elements of matter around them, incarnate themselves, become visible and in turn evolve a superior sphere from themselves. In this way plants originate in their countless orders, species and genera. And so also animals, all of which evolve higher and still higher qualities of spirit, so that as the earth grows older it teems with superior organizations. It is not my present intention to develope these sublime truths at length, but merely to furnish germs of thought for future thinkers concerning Nature's great Modus Operandi. So much for matter, its accidents and adjuncts. Let us now turn to the consideration of mind and a few of its occult mysteries; and then, woman, farewell, till we meet again where the sun shall never set, and thou and Wisdom be united as the bride to her cherished lover. But previous to entering on the subject, let me inform you a little more clearly concerning one point, which to you seems very difficult and obscure. It is this; All things are triune or three-fold. So also are the spheres of Spirit. They are Positive, Negative, and Passive or Neuter. The vast variety of plants and sentient beings on the earth, spring from the union of germs (spheres) more or less perfect, of the male and female principles and element

"These spheres or emanations are given off each kind in its turn, male, neuter, female—of course I refer to the principle underlying sex, and not of sex itself—for this latter is but the natural outward expression of the former. Trees, plants, all vegetation give off these spheres at regular periods—morning, twilight and night, giving off carbonic gas, oxygen and ozone at different intervals. Man physically feeds on the essences of all beneath and around him. The purpose of his lungs and digestive apparatus is merely to extract from the air the drink and the food he takes, the three great elements named above, deprived of either one of which for any great length of time he ceases to live in the body. I touch not on the question here, whether the intelligent soul survives the decadence of its enveloping body—that question is one not yet ready for presentation; my object is merely to trace the origin of the first man, so that your mind may be at rest upon that great point. First, then, I affirm that man did not originate from a quantity of red clay on the banks of the Tigris or Euphrates in Asia. Secondly, that he is not a perfected Ape; (yet the philosophy which assigns him such a genesis is mainly correct in its principles.) Thirdly, I affirm that his origin was precisely in this wise:—Essential souls, as I before told you, have been floating inactive of themselves through the boundless vaults of space, since matter became what it is. There was a state in which God was active, before substance, as men perceive it, had an existence. But of this I will not tell you now. These souls—atoms or germs—abided their time for material incarnation. All physical science demonstrates the fact that every thing eliminates a sphere, aromal envelope, or irradiated aura. Thus the rose has its perfume, the magnet its sphere, by which it attracts and expels certain bodies or substances. Man has a sphere which his faithful dog recognizes and distinguishes from that of all other human beings; and by this he can trace him for miles and days together, even in a crowded city. Every one knows that the dog traces game by means of the scent or sphere. The earth has its atmosphere, which also has one in its turn; yet this last is no longer physical, but spiritual, according to the definition already given of Spirit, as distinct from Deodia, either minus or plus, positive or negative, ethereal or substantial. Man was born intelligent, from a creature that was not so. This creature was neither ape, baboon, ourang outang, chinpanzee, gorilla or monkey, but was superior to them all, and the name by which it may be known is Humamala; in the singular Humaka, whence the word *Human*. The creature is not yet extinct, but soon will be. Its organization was superior to that of all the bipedal animals I have mentioned, yet inferior to that of a strictly human being. Yet the Humaka resembled the subsequent human much more closely than it did the creatures I have named.

Having already stated that three different spheres are evolved from everything, and that the sphere passive always serves as the pabulum or food upon which the being's life was sustained which occupied a position—on the plane of existence, next higher than that whereon the thing eliminating the sphere existed, you must now notice that during a countless succession of ages, this process had been going on, until at last nature produced a being endowed with the perfections, and possessing in itself the combined qualities and characteristics of the entire animal kingdom—a sort of condensation—a crystallization of the whole, or in other words, a microcosm or embodiment of the world without, and from which naturally sprung the germs of Man, or a Microcosm—an incarnation of the world within. In the being from which this last proceeded, and which was the perfection of all animated things—the sterling crown of living forms, instinctive intelligence, approached so near to rationality, that the difference was exceedingly slight indeed. Having made a mark of all I have told you, I pray you give heed to what I am about to present, and particularly to this: While God gave forth his essential thoughts or soul-germs, in the form of Homo-monads, these monads were surrounded by a double envelope or covering, the one of which was given as a protecting shield, the other as the aural envelope of itself. The magnet is an appropriate analogism; its spheral emanation is to mortal eyes invisible; yet that it is real, powerful, and efficient, all can attest by its effects upon another magnet of either superior or inferior attractive and repellant energy or power. So much for the Monads. Another great fact which I desire to re-impress upon you is, that man and all other living creatures are sustained and kept alive, not by the food, water, or air which they severally consume, but by the auras, aromas and vital fluids of the food which they take, and which is extracted therefrom by the stomach, a divinely constructed chemical laboratory, designed for that especial purpose. Each lower kingdom, species, and genus, is, and was constructed with especial reference to the wants of the higher—in organization, and so on forever. Yet while all plants, &c., concentrate within themselves the essences necessary to the sustenance of superior orders, which sustenance is extracted by the digestive apparatus—the essences being appropriated and assimilated, the refuse being voided in several ways —there is also a sphere being constantly eliminated and cast off daily from the surface of every existing thing in the entire world. The aggregation of these spheres compose a sort of spiritual envelope of the earth, and it is attracted to the spiritual entities higher than the source whence itself originated. Now bear in mind that the perfect animal—the microcosm, of the order Bimana—the Humamala or Humaka —also, like every other creature, gave forth a sphere or emanation, which, there being no living thing to attract, consume and and assimilate it—went on increasing until the very atmosphere was impregnated, surcharged, and to use and expressive figure, overflowing with pure Spirit and Nature, was big with child and pained to have it discovered. The consequence of which, was the commencement of a reaction, for, being as it were, immersed in a spiritual sea, surrounded with an atmosphere so highly charged with the superior element, these creatures were compelled to inhale it. A quickening of the action of all their organs immediately resulted, the natural processes were carried further on, especially those who were likely to bring forth young, in which condition it is well understood by every intelligent person, the system is much more sensitive than at other times, when such is not the case, and this holds good whether the subject is human or animal.

"The brain is the center of all nervous power, and therein the most intense as well as the most involute motion or movement takes place. Therefore when this new element began to impregnate the bodies of these most superior creatures, there was a gradually increasing mental, or rather cerebral stimulation, which, directly acting upon the reproductive system, pushed the process of gestation one step further than it had ever gone before—a direct and inevitable consequence of the improved conditions by which they were surrounded; and this is a natural truth, extremely facile of comprehension by every intelligent human being.

"From this state of things resulted the fact that each being *in utero* became more rapidly and perfectly developed, because of its absorption of highly refined and attenuated substances. Its very life was spiritualized from being sustained by, and assimilating, concreting, and crystalizing the diviner pabulum by which it was nourished. At length parturition took place. The improved being was ushered upon the eternal plane of life, and the instant it was free from the maternal organism, which latter, owing to the inferior condition of its developement, was far less perfect than its offspring, and which while the latter was yet unborn, for that very reason materially obstructed, restrained, repressed and impeded, the process, operating upon its young—as soon, I repeat, as the young creature saw the light, it drew to itself far more of the spiritualized elements than its parents could possibly, because its organs were finer and much better adapted to that purpose. As soon as it did so, the element spoken of spread, and ramified itself throughout every portion of its body, not diversely, but in a mingled homeogenity. That is to say, the various spirits mingled into a concrete oneness—a union perfect, complete and forever indissoluble; and thus Nature was delivered, her long agony was over, and a man-child was born unto her and God—Supreme. A man-child destinde to develope Instinct into pure Reason, subdue the very elements to his rule, change the face of the globe, improve on Nature by creating Art, and to a career far too wonderful in its amazing glory to be comprehended until he shall have developed a faculty whose functions it shall be.

CHAPTER XIV.

DHOULA BEL AND HIS MAGIC GLOBE!

The bright and seraphic-looking Stranger went on to say, still alluding to the subject of the last chapter:—"These superior beings—superior only when contrasted to all that earth had up to that time produced, lived spiritually upon the spiritual atmosphere, which I have already demonstrated to you, as they did physically upon the ordinary envelope of the earth, because it is a law, that like natures attract, albeit similar conditions of like nature do not.

"As time rolled on, these newly created beings, eliminate a sphere, corresponding perfectly with their own improved and improving natures, and in that respect obeying the great universal law of Evolution, in common with all the rest of intelligential organic and inorganic substances, animals, beings and things within the boundless Universe. And this emanation constituted the homeogenous ethereal atmosphere which enters into and invigorates the organizations of all human beings; and this also constitutes the medium or connecting link between pure Deodia maximum and the intelligential souls of human beings. To sum up the process briefly, I now have but to say, that there was a moment at which all Nature stood ready to hail the expected being, on the eve of being born of a creature itself not endowed with immortality.

"I have already told you that the essential soul monads were floating in the air, waiting patiently for their incarnation, which could not take place until there was first a proper receptacle; and secondly, not until they were drawn into that receptacle by the fitness and potentiality of the omnipotent principle of Attraction Thus, then, we have it. As soon as the being was born, it breathed into its lungs the spiritual atmosphere, which instantly began to refine upon itself, and entering the brain, as the spirit-bubbles ascended crystalized to a point therein, this point became attractive to the essential souls, by virtue of its purity, density and brightness; one only could enter at once. This did so, and as soon as it had it ascended the nostril right or left as the case might be, and took its position in the corresponding chamber of the brain. Another inhalation and another monad enters, but takes the opposite passage, mounts the nerves, enters the brain, meets its opposite male or female, they fuse together, sink to the bottom of the brain; they begin to move and revolve, for lo! God has breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man has become a living soul, the heir of Power, and a child of the arching skies! Now let me come to the main point of this teaching, for having thus shown you an outline how man originated, I leave it, and proceed to impress a physiological truth upon your mind, of vast importance to the family of mankind.

"This fact is that in no case is the father the parent of the child, merely on account of the physical relation between them! The mother is the party who, next to God, is the all in all to the babe she bears, and all that can be truly affirmed of the paternal office is that it furnishes certain physical conditions, or in other words sets in motion a divine machinery the product of which is a soul-case,—the material receptacle of an immortal God-spark—the human essence. It is a great pity that the vast majority of wedded pairs are unblest with Love's divinity; the consequences of which are most deplorable; exhibiting the fact as it does that not more than one father in fifty sustains the least relation to the *soul* of his own child, but merely and *only* to its physical structure and outer nature.

"Now the father provides the substantial germ of the physique; the mother supplies and shapes the spirit, both inwardly and formatively; and this spirit according to its perfectness or the converse attracts the two elemental monads, which when fused together constitute the soul. If the physical is diseased, deformed, or cramped in anything, the spirit cannot develope all its inherent powers; nor put forth its native might to attract mighty soul elements to itself. Forget not what I now tell you. If a union between a couple be loving, pure, and beauteous, then *she* drinks in rich and copious draughts of love from all Nature, and from *him*, which she transfers to her offspring, and it becomes correspondingly perfect; and contrariwise to an equal extent if the opposite or adverse circumstances and conditions obtain in the case; and these dwarf the spirit, mar the body, contract the sphere of the soul, and prevent the proper development and expansion of the child. It may and does frequently happen that a woman hates the father of her child, and loves another; if so, then, without sin on her part, her child's mind, and frequently its body too, will be moulded on the model of her ideal, according to the calibre of her own mind, her mental condition at the time, and the degree of purity of the affection so entertained and felt.—You are, Flora, yourself, a striking witness, and your child an example of this important truth; for I, a spiritual being sustain a much nearer relation to yonder sleeping babe, than does he, whom you call husband. I have so influenced you, that at the bottom of your son's soul there will be found forever a vast degree and amount of the purest and holiest love. You in turn have imparted to him much—by far too much of your own proud, rebellious, restless, ambitious spirit; your husband has endowed him with a most exquisitely sensitive nervous body, keenly alive to pleasure and to pain; while Dhoula Bel,—the being who hath just left your presence, hath through you, exerted an influence upon the child which will cause him to be supremely miserable and happy by turns! Through life he will be a mystic, a dreamer, enthusiast, and seer of many of Nature's occult mysteries. His soul will be one most easily wounded; and these wounds will not readily heal. His spiritual nature will be trusting and confiding. His ambition will be the wildest and deepest that ever swelled a human heart with hope, and yet he will never possess the least vestige of common business, every-day, world-battling tact and talent. Yet a wonderful fate will attend upon him, and a wonderful destiny await him *at the door of the tomb*, if he shall be strong and not fall! What those may be I am forbidden to tell, I have spoken!—Woman, I love thee now as ever! Fare thee well!"

And with these words, and long ere Flora could open her lips to speak, the stranger disappeared; but her ears caught his last words; words that fell like balm upon her wounded spirit, and carried consolation to her afflicted soul, for they were these;—"Fear not, woman! fear not! A mighty but a mystic arm will protect and save him at the last hour; will secure him from great evil, when, through a sea of trouble he shall swim for life itself,—will be near him at the moment when all hope shall be on the wing, and will land him on a shore of safety, when he, like you, shall sincerely, truly say, "*I am* ready, Lord!"

The mother bowed her head in sorrow, at the terrible forecast of her son's pilgrimage, yet felt an internal joy in the contemplation of his final triumph.

Nevertheless a great salt tear ran down either cheek, for her heart, her mother's great heart yearned toward her darling babe; and also, because her dearest friend had said "Farewell!"

She remained bowed down for several minutes, and when she raised herself again Dhoula Bel stood before her, but not in the character of the red gnome, but in the same guise which he had worn nightly for three months, just after the stranger's first departure, and several months prior to the birth of her son, Paschal.

As her eye met his, a strange sensation akin to fear crept over her. The Vampyre merely said, "Behold!" and ere she could take a second look, his figure grew sensibly less and faint, until at the end of three minutes it had entirely changed its dimensions and aspect, just like the figures in a dissolving view. It altered strangely before her eyes, for after almost entirely vanishing, it gradually expanded, condensed, and became apparently opaque; and by the expiration of two minutes it became so palpable to all her senses, that she had not the least difficulty in recognizing the well-known features of the old man of the mill.

Again he said, "Behold!"

Once more the phantasmore took place, and he slowly changed again, until he resumed the figure of the red gnome, which he had worn an hour previously, and as I have already described him.

The surprise and astonishment of the woman Flora was utter and complete at such a magical series of transmutations;—but the demon, if such he really was, gave her but little time for wonderment, for he approached her, and placing his hand upon her forehead, said, "Daughter, Time wanes speedily away; I must fulfill my task and leave you!" As he said this, he raised her from the floor, on which she had knelt on the sudden appearance of the Stranger.

In that touch Flora instantly experienced and recognized the same clammy-cold, death-like, charnel-house sensation felt by her many years before, at the time, when, in company with the old man of the mill, she had walked up the hill from the beach of Newport, Rhode Island. To say that she was astonished, bewildered and confused would be to express but half the truth, for, in addition to all these, she was most decidedly alarmed, and shrunk involuntarily as that deathly hand rested on her brow, from which the large, cold drops of per-

spiration fell like rain upon the floor. A vague sense of danger possessed her, and yet she had no power to fly or save herself, nor could she make the least resistance as he led her toward the magic globe, and tripod.

Bidding her to stand still and speak not, the weird actor lit a small lamp in the globe (which was hollow and had a door in its side.) Having done this, he next put out both the candles on the shelf, so that with the exception of the dim luminosity proceeding from the globe, the room was perfectly dark.

Flora stood with her hands upon her temples to repress their violent throbbing, and silently, but anxiously awaited for the sequel to this very inauspicious beginning.

Gazing intently upon the semi-transparent globe she observed at first nothing but a faint, pearly-looking surface of light, without a single spot or line to break its monotony; for all the marks and boundaries of the various countries which she had previously seen in various colors, had entirely disappeared. Having at length completed his arrangements, the demon said, "Now daughter, whatever you may behold, watch well and note well, but utter not one single word. Remain silent as the grave." With this admonitory preface, he took the ring from off his middle finger and laid it on the globe, at the same time muttering the "Fat ah han" or first chapter of Mahomet's Bible, in the Arabic tongue as follows, in a sort of low, whining chant;

"Bismillah hirah manira heem.

"El hamdu lilla hirab bila la mee nar rah Ma nir ra hel mi ma li ki yow mid deen. El ya ka nau budoo wall ya ka nesta yeen. Ih di narsi ra tal mussta kee ma si ra tal leezee na am ta a lei him ghei ril magh doo bi a lei him walad dalleen. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Having finished this, he turned to Flora and said, "These rings are mystical emblems, and they are typical of the fortunes of your child. This one, you see, is gold, richly chased and set with a costly diamond. Now the first scene which you will behold shortly upon the surface corresponds to the metal; the second to the ornamentation, and the third to the jewel."

As he spoke a curious change tok place in the appearance of the sphere. It seemed for a time to emit from its surface a thin but silvery mist, which rose, curled and rolled about like a summer fog at sunrise, until the surface of the globe was entirely obscured. This lasted, however, but for a minute, when it cleared away and disclosed a scene of surpassing interest, in the shape of a picture upon the smooth surface of the sphere, which now appeared to be a plane instead of a dome, as before. A phenomenon still more strange was exhibited, inasmuch that this plane was at least fifty times as great in extent, apparently. Flora at once became intensely interested as she looked on this magic wonder.

In the center of a large, circular space she saw, standing upon a pedestal apparrently a hundred feet high, a young man; attached to all parts of his body were numberless cords, whose other extremities stretched away in every possible direction; and some were light and beautiful, while others were coarse, thick and heavy; and the latter in every case went earthward, but the others toward the sky, where their ends were lost to sight in golden-hued clouds.

While she gazed, it became clear to her that it was something more than a mere picture upon which her eyes were cast, for the figure on the pedestal began sensibly to move. Occasionally it would lean to the right hand, and then again towards the left; but as it tried to throw its weight one way, the cords on the opposite side appeared to tighten and draw it to the contrary side.

It seemed that the cords were invisible to the young man, and when he found himself thus thwarted, and yet saw not the cause, he marveled greatly. At other times he was pulled by these invisible thongs in a direction exactly opposite to that in which he desired to move.

"This is life," said the demon* to Flora. "That youth is your son. His learning is the manifestation of his own will, but he cannot do as he would, on account of the cords which prevent him. You see that plainly no doubt, but you do not see that he yields too soon, and far too readily to the influence of others. The cords are emblematic or symbolic of the thousand secret forces which operate upon all mankind alike, in a greater and less degree, according to the idiosyncracy of the individual.

"Unless man be early trained to resist some of these influences, he becomes the very slave and tool; for they are physical, spiritual, mental, and habitual; many of them being the result of hereditary bias. At the best man must be tormented by them, and can never wholly escape their consequences and effects; nor can he conserve himself except by a knowledge of their nature, and by sternly refusing to yield to some, and throwing his weight constantly in favor of others. Look above the head of yonder youth, and you will see a glorious sun. It is the ray of the Eternal One, and its beams penetrate to his very soul. Now take notice, that if, instead of looking continually earthward and abroad, as nearly all human beings do, they would look aloft, and yield to the sweet attractions thence descending they would speedily attain a clarification of sight that would enable them to perceive these cords, and their various nature, as well as derive a strength sufficient to enable them to break all that opposed their happiness. All this, and much more to the same effect, I am commanded by a power I dare not disobey, to tell you I fulfill thus the decrees of *my* fate, as all mankind must *their's!*

"Consequently not less credit is due to me for revealing that which I cannot help. But to resume the theme. Many of these cords are linked to the bodies of mankind, but the sublime threads of the *diamond* sun enter through the brain, and are attached to the very soul, itself. But by neglecting them, their hold becomes loosened, and then men wonder why they are blown about by every storm and tempest of passion that may arise; and because the mere sport and victims of every earthly circumstance, physical nature and their own bodies!

"Your son for long years will be in this sad condition! He will blindly strive to go one way, and yet be drawn despite his efforts in another! The chasing of the ring, symbolizes the polish of life, education and accomplishments which, until man learns the lesson I have indicated will prove often a curse instead of a blessing. Remember that the soul can never grow well if constantly fed on earthly food!"

While the Demon was talking, the scene gradually faded away and by the time he had finished what I have repeated, he again touched Flora, and bade her look at the globe, from which, for a minute, she had raised her eyes. She obeyed the command, but heavens! what a change had taken place in that one short minute!

Changed as if by the aid of a powerful microscope, she saw on the globe the ring that had been placed there by Dhoula Bell from off his forefinger. This ring was of iron with a cross bone, and death's head, (whose eyes were finely-cut diamonds for a setting.) No sooner had Flora noticed this, than the same misty vapor, that had before obscured the globe once more rose, and again as rapidly cleared away, but not before she had observed the wizard place the thin ring on the globe, and then remove it. This ring was of white metal and had upon it an anchor fouled; and the anchor was cut from a large ruby; and its cable was of fine speculæ of coarse stones, interspersed with numberless minute, but sparkling gems.

When the mist had all disappeared, Flora beheld a scene widely different from the one just before concluded. In the midst of a large plain, a man was seen sternly battling his way toward a river's bank, through an opposing host of human beings, every one of whom was armed at all points, and evinced a desperate determination to prevent the solitary one from attaining the great object he evidently had in view.

Flowing through this plain was a dark and deep river; and on the opposite bank was a slope, which led gradually up a hill that overlooked the plain, and on the top of which a female figure, waving a broad and bright banner was seen. On this banner, thus floating to the breeze, was blazoned a curious device consisting of an anchor fouled; and ever and anon, as the female waved it, her voice rang clearly and melodiously out, in words of encouragement and cheer to the brave but almost exhausted warrior.

*Demon is in this book generally used in the sense of the ancients as meaning a genius or spirit, and not in the sense of an infernal fiend.

BAD BREATH.—If when the face is brought near another's, the lips are kept firmly closed there is no bad breath, that which comes from the nose being not preceptibly disagreeable.

Much of the dissagreeable odor of a late meal may be avoided if the teeth and mouth are well rinsed with warm water, and the tooth brush is passed across the back part of the tongue.

In some persons, a fœtor of breath, and of the feet alternate. In others, both are present at the same time.

A fœtid effluvia arises usually, if not always from three causes; first it is hereditary, being connected with a scrofulous taint; second, it arises from a want of personal cleanliness; third, it attends a disordered stomach. The second and third suggest their own remedies. The first is a grevious and mortifying misfortune to all sensitive minds, but it may be remedied to a very considerable extent, by persistent habits of strict personal cleanliness, by large out door activities, personal regularities, and the temperate use of plain substantial food, carefully avoiding all gross and rancid articles of diet, suet, cheese, pies, puddings, smoked and fried meats, fish and the like, the using often and efficiently the vapor or warm bath, with soap and plentiful friction.

Mr. Stephen Thurston, of Madison, who died a few days since at the age of 99 years, leaves an *orphan child* aged 75 years.

A Capital Story.

SIX BY SEVEN.

I am a young woman in no wise distinguished by intellect, person, or accomplishment, from the mob of those who talk indifferently, laugh a good deal, and now and then experience a chance lover. Being so very ordinary, it will always remains a mystery why. I was made the heroine of certain occurrences which it frightens me to think of.

We are residents of a large country town that crams itself with knowledge through a lyceum all winter, and dissipates the effect of so heavy a repast by the grand musical entertainment at the end of the season, generally some series of eight, with the Mendelssohn quintettes. There are a dozen steeples for indices of the religious fervency or pugnacity of the population; a reading-room where old gentlemen discuss the reputation of young ladies, every body takes a daily paper from the Metropolis, and Court sits two or three times a year in this pleasant, dull old crevice of the State.

We lived, at the time about which I am going to tell you, in a house bequethed my father by his Uncle Oliver—both uncle and nephew long dead; it was surrounded by a large garden, melancholy in the rankness of its summer ruin, from which my mother anticipated selling house-lots at some mythical period of an increase of habitation in the town. Our means were not large, and very little had been done to this house, and no furniture added since the day we moved into it shortly after my grand-uncle's sudden death, and before my birth. I said Uncle Oliver's sudden death, because I didn't like to say at first that he was murdered.

There is always an undue proportion of spinsters in country places, and as in the present instance, frequently aged ones. I am a great favorite of old ladies, and I like to go and chat with them while they unfold their yellow samplers with a story for the setting of every stitch, and again slip rust-eaten ornaments on the shrunken hand and arm that once filled them so fair and roundly. Privacy or retirement does not exist in these settlements, that you find in cities, and so our own affairs were not better known to all such people than their little histories to us, and it was always pleasant to collate their own account with the tiger-colored one of hearsay. Among these maiden ladies there were two with whom we had some bond, and them I ottener visit than the others. They lived so snugly and happily that I never saw them without determining on the single blessings of a single life. Miss Lucinda was the Martha of the establishment. I did not so much affect her; Miss Helen was my centre of attraction, and that not less for her own sake, than that she once promised to marry my father's uncle.

There was scarcely anything I had ever seen so charming as this old woman; the circle of years with their sorrows and compensations, had seme peace on her quiet face, and bathed it in a certain saintly shine; her soft gray hair, her clean lawn cap, her exquisite neatness, all added to a beauty that was far purer and more touching than that of youth. Miss Helen's voice, was yet much younger than her person, and her hazel eyes were bright at seventy as perhaps at twenty. She was very fond of me, partly because she fancied I looked like my uncle. I am sure I hope I don't. I must tell you how it was between her and Uncle Noll.

In the first place, he yielded as the enemy was marching by, without having been either besieged or summoned to surrender; he yielded with the more infatuation because he was twenty-two years the elder. "People at forty-two are far more jealous than at twenty-two," said Miss Helen to me, "because maturity is less presumptuous than youth, my dear," by which I infer that my uncle pestered the life out of Mrs. Helen with an absurb jealousy.—However, they were engaged, and the wedding paraphernalia was ready, and the wedding day was fixed for just such a day as this, an early, cheerful October day; all nature festally trimmed in symphthy with lovers. Now Miss Helen had another lover, one of her own age though not of her own rank, a young carpenter who had beset her with silent attentions, yet without ever speaking of the hopeless passions that she knew he cherished. Of course my uncle would have thought it tempting Providence to neglect such fine opportunities for the display of his great forte, as this silent suitor afforded him. He was intolerably distrustful, and, beleagured as he was by doubts and fears, would never have employed the young carpenter to make some slight but necessary repairs in the breakfast parlor if there had been in the town another capable of the job.

It so happened that one morning just as the carpenter had completed his task, Miss Helen opened the front door, and then that of the breakfast parlor.

"May I come in?" she said; and before my uncle with his old style gallantry could hand her into another room, she had tiptoed across the dust to him. Perhaps she was a bit of a coquette and enjoyed the little disturbance that she knew would be created in the heart of either lover by her appearance. She held in her hand a letter just written and inviting a friend of his to the holiday, and having waited for him to come and read it till the post was about starting, had thought best to run down and find him.

Meanwhile, Ralph Crampton, the young carpenter, stooped to re-adjust a trifle in his finished work that needed no re-adjustment; and while my uncle read the letter, standing before the tall mahogany secretary with Miss Helen at the other end, she watched the flush that came and went like a pulse in the young man's stooping face. Soon her attention was compulsorily drawn back to Uncle Oliver; he was not reading the letter, but regarding her with such a heated brow and angry eye that she knew at once what demon possessed him.—She asked if he had finished. "Not quite," he returned shortly. Then she took up a little silhouette framed in some half-dozen and odd inches—it still hangs high on a panel of our breakfast-room—and played with the slender back board, whose confining tacks had got loosened. Wearying of that, for my uncle read the letter slowly, having to keep one eye on her, she commenced turning the ring on her fore-finger, slipping it on and off, and rubbing it here and there with the pen-wiper.—This was a very costly diamond ring, a gift from my uncle, and was worth nearly a thousand dollars. "It was worth the universe to me, my dear," Miss Helen once said. Continuing to play with the ring it accidentally fell from her fingers. Just then then my uncle looked up from the perusal of the note. "Is it right?" she asked, bending to pick up the trinket.

"Entirely."

"Then will you take it down now, dear?" while her hand wandered over the floor in her search.

"And leave you here?" asked my uncle, responding in a low tone, with a significant flash of his eye.

"Oh! I will go too, when I find my ring. I have dropped it; help me look, please. I thought it rolled on the floor."

"You are certain that you dropped it?" said my uncle, with a peculiar emphasis.

"It fell, but I'm sure I don't know whether into some crack of the secretary or the floor," was the innocent reply.

"I don't see it there," said my uncle, stooping with her till her curls brushed his forehead and put him into good humor again, "it must be in the secretary. Crampton!" Here he rose and faced the young carpenter, who was still busy, "Crampton will you come and unhinge this lid?" My uncle brushed the papers back into the pigeon-holes, folded the letter, and put it in his wallet; while Crampton hung up the little silhouette, after looking at it an instant, and then unhinging the lid as directed, took the secretary nearly to pieces, all without finding the ring. Here Uncle Oliver's suspicious nature was again excited; he showered hurried glances on the carpenter, who, in his green jacket, with his rule thrust half way into the pocket, went methodically about his work, and, except for the flush in his cheek, as indifferently as if laying another plank in the floor. But as Miss Helen caught one of these glances, saw what mischief the loss might occasion, and procuring a broom, swept it in every corner to find the missing thing. It was all labor lost; whether spirited off or made away with by flesh and blood no one knew; the ring never was found. The first dinner-bell rang just as she gave up the search and burst into tears, tears not shed for any ring.

At this point uncle Oliver fluctuated between two suspicions. Seeing what distress the affair occasioned her, he almost abandoned his first one, that she had lost it designedly for Ralph Cram ton to find, and remembering the value of such a treasure-trove to a poor workman—believed that Ralph Crampton had stolen it. Hastily confronting, he taxed him with it roundly. The young man was silent in surprise at first, then indignation at such a charge in such a presence, overwhelmed him, and a bold torrent of reproach and denial broke forth. My uncle was a powerful man; he raised his arm to strike down the daring stripling, but Miss Helen caught it. "O Oliver! I knew he did'nt. I have lost it. He can't have it!" she cried. "Oh! what made me come here this morning! What made me come here! My uncle had sufficient to attend to just then in soothing Miss Helen. Ralph Crampton gathered up his tools and walked out of the house.

But there the matter was not to rest. An hour afterward, forgetting that if Crampton had the ring he had time to dispose of it somewhere, Uncle Oliver had him arrested, searched, and committed to jail. The grand jury sat that week, a true bill was found, the next term time was close at hand, and the case was brought on. Crampton refused a lawyer, or any plea but denial. My uncle, vindictive, and with a jealous fury, pushed the trial adroitly step by step. He would almost have had Miss Helen testify in court, but this she absolutely refused; nevertheless her disposition of the circumstances was required and given, while she protested her belief in the defendant's innocence. The wedding day had been postponed till the trial was concluded, my uncle being so much engaged with that; and the letter which she had brought him down to read yet folded unmailed in his wallet. When the Justice of the Peace who took her deposition had deported, my uncle said:

"Helen" you are very wrong to assert this scoundrel's innocence so confidently, it may injure the case. The chief witness in a trial—

"It is not a trial! It is a persecution!" she exclaimed.

My uncle looked at her an instant, then took a couple of rapid turns up and down the room. As he came back and paused before her, "One thing is certain," he said, "either Ralph Crampton stole the ring or you gave it to him! If the last, tell me so, and I will stop the proceedings. God knows I would not ruin an innocent man."

"I wish I had given it to him, then," she cried heedless of the interpretation he would be sure to put on her words.

"You wish so?"

"Yes! she returned, with as much fire suddenly awakened in her as ever in himself, "I could get it again then and restore it to you, and there would be an end of this miserable turmoil, jealousy, and anger, and heart-burning!"

"You wish it to come to end? Very well," said my uncle, and taking up his hat he left the room, closing both doors with an ominous gentleness. If Miss Helen's much tried temper had only suffered her to run after him as perhaps she thought of doing, I should not be telling my story. But a pitiful pride held her back; she was glad to inflict a little of what she had suffered. Notwithstanding, she was crying as if her heart would break—for my uncle took the night to think about it—when at the same hour of the next day a note was brought her. She has shown it to me since, yellow and creased, and falling to pieces with the weight of fifty-two seasons. Hoping all that is impossible to utter, she broke the seal. This is what it said:

"My Dear Helen: It is I who am wrong.—Wrong in dreaming that a gulf of twenty-two years did not separate us completely as a gulf of fire. My darling, I am awake now.—I will not chain your youth to my advancing age, my stiff notions, my angry doubts. If you refuse to allow this, I still take it as my own punishment. I shall never marry; as for you, you are free. Perhaps fate pointed at this in taking your ring. Henceforth, no longer your lover, your father rather, always and forever, Helen, your trustiest friend,

OLIVER GORDON."

Miss Helen was not that bustling soul, Miss Lucinda, who would straightway have gone and found Oliver Gorden, had it out in so many words, and probably have stopped in at the parish church with him on the way home.—She sat still and bore it. But if my uncle had been vehement in the prosecution before, he was furiously so now; he threw all his influence into the scale against Ralph Crampton; he felt that, if not of the ring, he had certainly robbed him of hope and happiness. Money, power, respectability and circumstantial evidence can effect much. Ralph Crampton was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He turned to my uncle in full court, before being led away, and swore he would have his life.—Here closes the first act.

Ten years now passed on silent wings. My uncle became a thought stiffer and more old fashioned than before. He spent two evenings and the Sabbath of every week at Miss Helen's. When her mother died, he took every arrangement upon himself; and when their house burned down he brought them home while he re-built and re-furnished it; but during that brief six months' stay, the breakfast parlor by tacit consent, remained closed and unused. Finally, my uncle made his will, by which a comfortable annuity was to devolve upon Miss Helen; this house and grounds and a sum of money on my father; and the remainder to another nephew of his, who is dead also, now, so that cousin Harry, his son, born nearly twenty years later, inherits a handsomely accumulated property.

One evening, just at twilight, toward the close of this period, my uncle stepped into Miss Helen's parlor. After chattering by the red fire light till all the stars came out above, he extended his hand for his hat.

"I came a little earlier than usual, to-night," said he, "because I go so early to-morrow."

"Where are you going, sir?" she asked, for he always during these ten years demanded, and she had given, a certain deferential address.

"I am going to the State Prison," he said, curtly.

At first she laughed, and then as his reason flashed on her—

"Oh!" she said, raising her hand to her forehead, "I had forgotten."

"Forgotten, Helen!" The intensity in his tone was like that she used to hear so long ago; she answered nothing, but he came and leaned over her chair. "Helen," he murmured, "can you ever forget?"

Again she answered nothing, but looking up, met for the last time that tender and passionate regard which had enriched her youth.—Half timidly, and then with a daring swiftness, she raised her arm, sprang up and laid her cheek against his, wet with tears. A moment he held her, only a moment, then kissed her forehead as her father would have done, reseated her, and went out. She heard his quick, heavy step on the gravel, and the swing of his cane that scattered the pebbles, and that was the last to her of Oliver Gordon.

Don't you know why he went to the State Prison? The next day Ralph Crampton's sentence was ended. He meant to question him alone and sincerely, and I verily believe to repay all his sufferings in so far as it might be possible. As he stepped into the prisoner's cell, a heartier, a haler man was never seen alive; an hour afterwards the turnkey, opening the door, trod upon him ghastly and dead, and Ralph Crampton was kneeling over him, hands and clothes smeared and dabbled in blood. The prisoner's simple story was that Mr. Gordon got into a great passion on his (Crampton's) persistant denial of the ancient theft, and suddenly endeavoring to control himself grew purple, and then a little rill of blood broke from his lips, and he fell, striking against the iron stanchion and making the deep gash to be found on his head. Ralph Crampton had cailed, but no one had answered, and after a gasp or two Mr. Gordon had ceased to breathe. Certainly no one believed this for an instant. Nobody would believe such a solution when one more complicated was at hand. A knife had been found in the pool of blood on the floor, whether having slipped with the wallet from Mr. Gordon's pocket as he fell, or secured and secreted for this purpose by the prisoner, remained doubtful. In that wallet by the way, besides sundry bills and memoranda, was the little faded note that Miss Helen had brought him upon the morning the ring was lost.

Of course Ralph Crampton was arraigned for murder. He had received a pardon before the expiration of his terms and had refused it; this was against him. His declaration in court ten years ago that he would yet have Mr. Gordon's life bore additional weight. The reputation acquired by the mere fact of his situation was unhappy; and then the crowning occurrences! nothing could be plainer.—The only extenuating circumstance was the well known irrascibility of Mr. Gordon; on a plea occasioned by this, of possible homicide, a death sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for life. The Judge declared in his charge that if the ring which was the origin of the first difficulty, could have been found or rightly accounted for, his story would deserve credit, and the presumption would be in

[Continued on 6th page.]

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY FEB. 11, 1860.

SUSPENSION OF THE AGE.

TO THE READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—To meet your expectations in regard to the enlargement and general improvement of this paper, its publication will necessarily be suspended for a few weeks, in order that the proprietors may have sufficient time to perfect their arrangements for the new order of things. We have only to say now that the new issue will at least, be a great *typographical* improvement of the paper. In regard to its reading matter, all readers will be left to judge for themselves concerning it. We only promise that it shall be our endeavor to make the paper tolerably readable. The paper will appear at the earliest practicable date. Address "SPIRITUAL AGE," Box 64, Boston, Mass. *

REV. MR. ALGER ON SPIRITUALISM.—At the Bulfinch Street Church, yesterday morning, Rev. Mr. Alger preached a sermon, which, he said in the introduction, might be entitled candid thoughts on the phenomena of Spiritualism. He first noticed the fact of the rapid increase of the body of believers, and declared that Spiritualism, so called, was the greatest phenomenon of the century. He thought it was folly to deny the fact of its demonstrations, although it was mixed up with error and imposture. He gave three prevalent explanations of the phenomenon; first that it came from the devil, second that it was all imposture, third that was the work of spirits. He did not credit the latter; but while he believed that the good faith of many in regard to the manifestations was proved, he referred it to some occult faculty of the mind, He welcomed the increase of the number of believers as a great movement of free thought, which is one of the tenets of the faith, and a regular step in the developement of the age. Those who had been dissatisfied members of the Christian churches, and subscribers to the prevailing theology, and those who had been driven into materialism or infidelity by its barbarity and absurdity, had embraced the new faith, which in itself could make no man worse.—[Boston Journal.

The above we may regard as rather a sensible, outside view of the pending spiritual movement. The "occult faculty of the mind" theory is again put forward as the true solution of Spiritualistic phenomena; but this we regard as quite harmless;—ultimately, we are sure, the "occult" fraternity will be obliged to adopt the only true one—that the phenomena proceed from disembodied spirits. The occult theory is a good resting place, meanwhile, for those who are hoping good will come out of this movement.

SPIRITUAL ITEMS.

Emma Hardinge has just terminated her lectures in New Orleans, having left a most favorable impression on the minds of the Cresent City.

Mr. Redman is giving scenes in New Orleans, where he is exciting much interest.—Mr. and Mrs. Coonley are also in the same city, awaking much attention by their successful healing medium-ship

A new paper devoted to Spiritualism, has just been started in New Orleans. It is entitled *Le Monde Spirituel*, and printed in the octavo form, in English and French, price $3 per annum. We have not yet received a copy, but are much rejoiced to receive the intelligence of such a fact trusting it will give a new impetus to our cause throughout the South.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that the wife of a hardy emigrant, who was from Indiana, presented him with two fine boys and a girl, on the night of the 19th ult., in Leavenworth. Neither of the children weighed less than seven pounds. They were on their way to Southern Kansas.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, after he had become a millionaire, was one day asked the question by an acquaintance, which he would choose to undertake—to commence with empty pockets, and get together one thousand dollars; or, having that amount as a nucleus, to amass his then present fortune. His reply was characteristic and prompt:—"Give me the first thousand dollars, by all means, and I will accumulate the rest in less time than I could gather up the *first* thousand."

There is a deep, practical significance in that reply, which young America continually and habitually overlooks. The first thing our young men look at, as the foundation for a life of business, is matrimony; taking upon their shoulders the as yet to them unknown burdens and expenses of an establishment, with the rearing and support of a family, to carry which requires their utmost exertions in their trade or profession, leaving little or no margin to lay by for a "rainy day."

If our young men would exercise a little more foresight and self-control, and amass the *first thousand dollars* or even half or two thirds of that amount, to lay by or invest as *capital* in their chosen business for life, how much otherwise inevitable poverty, misery and *pauperism* would thereby be avoided; how many, who now are only *poor jours*, would be possessed of comfortable, pleasant homes, without running the risk of realizing the fearful truth of the old saw, that "when poverty stalks in at the door, love flies out at the window."—Can men never acquire *practical* wisdom from observation, or the lives and examples of those who have trod the thorny path of life before them?

LIFE OF JOHN BROWN.—We have received from the publishers the above book, and can recommend it as a very full and good account of the life of the renowned hero.—It was written by James Redpath who had good opportunities to know his man, and he has succeeded in producing a book of varied interest. It is published by Thayer and Eldridge, 114 Washington street, Boston.

☞ The following cheering remarks were addressed to the editor at the close of a private letter, not long since. Our friend will excuse us for making public use of the same:

There are successive steps of work to be accomplished. It must be done by co-operation. The creeds and theologies of the day must be made to harmonize. Humanity must be carried across the bridge of isms. Christians, congregations, and nations must be linked under one banner. The church must become the Home. Its proportion mutually must be as colossal and magnificent as its spirit of truth is boundless. Its symbolical representations, its music, must accord with the high religious tone of the truly regenerated soul.

It is time for the waters of the Red Sea to divide, and for the Spiritual Seas to commence their march for Canaan.

"We're marching home, we're marching home,
To Israel's promised land!"

is the chorus which, when started by a compact of true souls, will become the war-chant that will spread rapidly over the planet!

SECOND YEAR.—At Ann Arbor, Mich., Mr. G. B. STEBBINS, who has spoken to good audiences for a year past remains another year, and will speak every fortnight; and also once in four weeks at Farmington.

He will answer calls to lecture during the week, as heretofore.

VERDICT IN THE LAWRENCE CASE.—The verdict of the coroner's jury on the Pemberton Mill calamity confirms the opinion towards which the public mind has been tending as the investigation progressed—that the fall of the mill originated in the defective pillars. These pillars having been cast by the Eagle Iron Foundry, then at West Boston, of which Albert Fuller was the contracting agent, the jury find that so far as the actual defects in the pillars existed the responsibility rests upon him, but that all the responsibility of the insufficiency of the pillars rests upon Capt. Bigelow, the Architect and Superintendent of the structure. It was he who accepted the pillars, as well as every portion of the work, and in so far as any part tended to the fall the jury hold him responsible for the death of the persons immediately killed by the fall. The jury find also that the fire originated from the breaking of a lantern in the hands of some person to them unknown, engaged in rescuing the sufferers.—[*Atlas & Bee.*

The jury find that the pillars were outrageously defective, some of them being upon one side only one eighth of an inch in thickness; nearly all of them exhibited a reckless disregard and inexcusable negligence on the part of the founder, in not providing a proper fastening to the core, which proper fastening was necessary to prevent a floating of the core, and consequently an unequal distribution of the molten iron.—[Bangor Whig.

Correspondence.

"DRESS REFORM."

MESSRS EDITORS:—I have been much interested in the late articles in your paper upon the "Dress Reform."

Permit me to offer a few remarks, and make a suggestion or two, and then I will leave the field for more able contributors.

Reform in dress is *needed*. I speak from experience, not from *opinion*. I *know* what say, when I state that of all the customs of life, which are false—to the female there is none so detrimental as this blind allegiance to fashion in dress. Its baneful effects cannot be estimated. I would undertake to compel every fashionably dressed woman in this county, to confess, and acknowledge that she was conscious that her mode of dress was injurious, before I confess and acknowledge that my position is false. If there is one who in truth, can declare that she suffers no inconvenience from her present state of dress, which can be remedied, then I would confess that she was *mistaken*. Many women are themselves unconscious of the injurious effects arising from their unnatural state of dress. No sooner is one ridiculous, inconvenient style "gone by," than another takes its place, and females are unaware of the benefits to be derived from a befitting costume. They have never tried any other, and therefore, know not the inconvenience of a garb which is unbecoming and unsuitable; as they would if dressed in it for the first time. I venture to say, that if nine tenths of the women of this country, were compelled to dress as they do now for duty's sake, they would consider their duty hard to perform. They will do for *fashion* what they will not do for *principle*. Fashion bids them trail their dresses.—They obey her. Fashion bids them "expand" till it is dangerous to observe them, and yet they will expand. Fashion bids them make their peace with *her*—be she ever so ugly, and make war upon all *un*fashionable attire, be it ever so comely, and it is done!

Now if this obedience to *fashion* could be changed into obedience to *truth*, or the requirements of our nature, we poor women should be transformed beings; we should scarcely know ourselves. Instead of consulting fashion and Mrs. Grundy, we should consult our own health, convenience, ability, necessity, taste and choice. Instead of making errand boys of ourselves, in running after fashion plates, we should be engaged in tracing the laws of our being and conforming ourselves to them. Instead of being fearful that we should appear oddly or meanly dressed, we should feel a womanly pride in daring to confront public opinion—when we regarded that opinion as false.

What is spiritualism doing towards reform? It boasts that it dares to wage war with false theological theories and practices, be they ever so popular.

It does this, and is fighting a glorious battle that will never have to be fought over again. It does not fear these dogmas and creeds *because* they are popular. Why? because spiritualism knows full well that they are *false*.

Now why cannot reformers rally upon the same ground and publish the same manifesto against fashion in dress? Why will they not be true to themselves, and confess that the present style of dress is *altogether* false and should be superseded by a costume appropriate and beautiful—the same as they here uttered protest against false creeds, false teachers and false gods? Why will they be more merciful to one falsity than to another? If they throw down the idols of priestcraft and superstition for others, why are they not willing that their own idol of fashion, folly and vanity should also be overthrown.

Messrs. Editors, I feel warmly on this subject—I *have* felt so for these ten years,—and when I saw the caption "Dress Reform," I peered through its lines in hopes to discover some proposition for radical change—judge then my disappointment, when I read that *Sunday calico suggestion*! I had hoped for something more radical. You say, we must make a beginning—sure we must, but why begin there? I agree with Miss Hardinge on *that point*. "I do not like this Sunday garb for poor people's benefit. I want a *seven* days' dress, within the means of the women, and within the bounds of propriety. Your suggestion may contain merit—I am *sure* it does, but it seems to me that its practical effects would be to increase display and extravagance on the other six days of the week, instead of lessening it; so on the whole it would not be the *doing away* the evil, only holding it in obeyance one seventh part of the time, to exhibit itself more pompously the other six sevenths.

I would not dictate—I would not suggest—a plan, or operation—but that light be diffused upon this important subject, so that the female portion of community may realize more fully than now, the injury to themselves, and the race from this most unnatural and pernicious mode of dress.

I shall not agree with Miss. Hardinge to "dress *up*" instead of dressing "*down*," till the lower classes can dress *up* too I would suggest that the higher classes dress down, and afford means and opportunity for the lower classes to dress so as to meet them and then *approach* on equality, which can never be fully realized. I would not dress better than the majority, I would have the majority clothed in as good habiliments as myself. The aim and end of most of the fashionables is to excel either in value of fabric, newness of style, variety of wardrobe, or in all these, the mass and to be in advance of all other fashionables in their beauty.

This spirit is what I would quell and conquer. I would not have respectability and influence depend upon dress and appearance, but upon *worth*. I would have public opinion so changed that a female might appear on the platform in your good city of Boston, as a lecturer, dressed as plainly as was I, when first I came to your city as a speaker, without experiencing the neglect and coldness which were mine—without being continually reminded as was I—"you will never have any influence while you dress so plainly."

I like the suggestion that public lecturers should dress plainly—it meets my cordial approbation; *I* will agree to dress as plainly as any one, and rejoice to do so. I will agree to dress as plainly as public sentiment will allow me, without destroying my "*influence*." *I have tried it for years!* and what was the consequence—almost universal disapprobation, and "you will never have any influence, while you dress so plainly!" I found it even so.

My present manner of dress, introduces me now, where I could not have gained admittance and favor, dressed as I was when I visited Boston in 1855.

In view of this what can I do, dispense the truth to some few eager listeners who will come in, and hear despite my simple attire, and unattractive appearance, or "dress up" and draw thousands? I *have* done the latter. Did I do right or did I do wrong? Who will answer? Probably there will be various opinions upon that point, according to the different degrees of development of different individuals and their different planes of thought and expressions.

I never ceased to regret my "*fall*," for such I have ever considered it to be, and deplore my inability to maintain my independency. If I have erred, I have erred on the side of principle, after all; for I reflected that I would be instrumental in accomplishing more good to "dress up" and *speak in*, than I should to keep dressed *down* and retire from the field.

But it seems to me, that there is great wrong in society, where one must conform to a certain style of dress, in order to gain or possess an influence. This is what I *break down* instead of *building up*. I feel however, I am doing the latter while I am a conformist, for my example is more powerful than my precept. But if I am prevented from a hearing by plain dressing how can I speak upon these subjects—how can I interest and instruct the masses?

Often as the importance of living up to our highest light has come over me, with all its considerations, have I resolved that I would brave public censure the disapproval of friends and the malice of foes, and step forth again—taking for my text everywhere, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," I will have liberty or nothing, but then upon mature consideration, my spirit has responded—not yet, not yet.

O! how I long to appear in such a garb as *reason* dictates, and attempt to lead my suffering, enslaved sisters out of the more than Egyptian bondage of fashion, pride and obedience to authority.

But who will sustain me, who will encourage me, who will bid me God speed? Not one! They will write and speak upon the "dress reform," but when they come to meet one attired even as they have recommended—their courage—their philanthropy forsakes them, and they secretly suggest, indirectly hint or openly request you, to change your dress. *I know it is so*, for I have experienced it.

But this need not deter me, I can go *alone* and speak upon the subject, though forsaken by all the reformers. The rights of women in all the relations of life is now my theme, and I feel it is not one that I can do justice to, while I am bound down by slavish custom, and am not an independent woman.

Pardon me, Messrs. Editors, and friends, for this egotism. I speak, if I speak at all, from experience. I introduce myself as a fact in illustration of my position and statements; and when I speak, I speak *feelingly* and *earnestly*—because I *do* speak from experience.

I claim your attention one moment more, and then I close. Would you like an exemplicator of the highest doctrines taught by the highest spirits? Would you like to see actualised in a human being the embodiment of angel life? If you would encourage freedom of spirit, freedom of thought, expression and action! but remember you can never expect the inauguration of that glorious era of truth which spiritualism proclaims, until women dare stand upon her own responsibility and lead out of evil those who were swallowed up therein.

Remember that this mission of woman cannot be performed in all its fulness, while she is robed in silks and satins, regardless of the cries of the beggars in the streets—the wants of her own sex in every day life, in dens of infamy; while she is discoursing in dulcet sweetness the beauty of the angelic mission—its high and holy calling. She, yes, even *woman* must lay aside her false delicacy, fashion and pride, strip off her gewgaws and jewels, and enter the dens of pollution, and bind up the wounds there made by fashion's cold proud hand, and display her own native purity, benevolence and love ere men will love her as he ought, ere woman will be saved by her, as she will be ere she will be saved by herself, the world blessed through her ministrations and peace, joy and love reign triumphant over *all*.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Barre, Mass., Jan. 18th., 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having read with much interest every article of late, contained in your paper, under the above caption, "The Dress Reform," what and where is it? I find an oft recurring question. True, pretended reform has its adventurers, some of one style, others another. But what does it all amount to? Nothing more or less than talk, for who is influenced *by it* to a change, unless to adopt a rule of asceticism, which certainly does not mend the matter whether it be *one* or *many*?

If we question people generally upon the theme, we find nearly as many tastes as persons, each of whom manifest to a certain extent, a decided distaste toward the dress of another. Nevertheless it is well to have the ideas respecting it, flow forth from intelligent minds, and equally interesting with the exchange of opinions upon all other subjects. Yet it seems quite evident, that were our minds a little more expanded, we should be enabled to see *in dress even*, all around and about us harmony, for surely do we know that by it, as well as by Phrenology and Physiology, the leading traits of character are designated. Therefore if one bell bounced and befu elbowed carries about the ensign of nothingness how much more wisdom think you would be discernable in a plainly attired Empty Nothingness?

Thus it is as it is, one of Fature's inherent laws, regulations or God designed, and being thus, however frivolous one may seem, have we any reason to complain of it as an evil. Yet until our own matures are inherent with a much larger amount of genial goodness, or knowledge, it seems quite impossible for us to keep down the feeling of *disgust* which rises perhaps from the *so called* evil, *envy*, as every article thus far contained in the AGE, goes to prove all unawares to the writer perhaps, the very *first* seemed instigated by the idea of apeishness, and why should we wish to ape, in what is of so little importance unless it spring from some *at most* not very creditable propensity?

Mankind generally seem disposed to harp too much upon the form, shape and color, of externals, and that to the neglect of internal advancement, the latter of which, if well studied and cultivated to the extreme of our capacities would soon be amply qualified to govern righteously the firmer. But as before remarked, I am interested in the discussion, because it seems to be leading us to the development of facts in nature, which if better understood, must have a tendency to lessen our envious proclivities as also to check some of Mrs. Grundy's extreme extravagance.

I am reminded to make this short if not *snappish*, therefore will close by expressing the desire that some one who has an idea of it will condecend to instruct us upon the designation and effect of color in taste and dress.

Yours for true Wisdom.

S. S. S.

WAUKEGAN, Jan. 22d, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—At your editorial suggestion I have perused the sermon on "The Fall of Man," published in your issue of Jan. 7th.

When I had concluded the perusal I laid down the paper and asked myself, what have I learned that is new and valuable? Was not that right? I responded to myself thus: I have learned first that the author of that sermon believes in the "*fall of man*."

Secondly, That the fall was effected by man's exercising a will of his own, because, says the author, "a difference of will, one

defined, necessarily leads, sooner or later, to opposition, then to disobedience, till the knowledge of good and evil *completes the moral birth of the child.*"

Quere.—How can that which completes the moral birth of a child, be justly called "*The Fall of Man?*" Again your sermonizer says: "*The fall of man, then, as before observed, was the only process of the birth of his moral nature.*" A very queer fall that! Again he says that this fall was "*a step of legitimate progress.*" That is, in jocose parlance, "*a falling up stairs!*" Your sermonizer is an ingenious man, writes good English, but it seems to me he is not likely to succeed any better than others in his attempts to beautify *old* theology with *young* thought. I think the sermon demonstrates that putting "*new* wine into *old* bottles" is no wiser *now* than it was eighteen hundred years ago.

EXCELSIOR.

Better have "*new* wine in *old* bottles," than new bottles with *no wine at all.* Europe, in possession of the Barbarians was a sad *fall* from the ancient civilization; but it was a step of *progress* toward modern civilization.

IS THE SOUL IMMORTAL?

This is a great and profound question, and of course in a complete answer to it, no less than an eternity is involved. We can only demonstrate an immortal life, by living an immortal life. The question is not whether what we call the soul will survive the shock of the death of the body, but it is whether we shall carry our present individual consciousness forward time without end. It is settled in most minds that we shall carry our consciousness into a state beyond this, one of rewards and punishments, and it seems to be taken for granted that if the soul survives the dissolution of the body, it will survive all other shocks, and that consequently it is in its nature immortal.

To attempt a definition of the soul may be the height of presumption, and one may be in great danger of being convicted of writing nonsense. but this perhaps, is but little worse than talking nonsense. At any rate, I shall venture a thought or two.—From the outer fact let us look at the inner reality. The human eye is the instrument of the soul. The eye sees not, but the soul through it. The eye is not sight but the organ thereof. The principle of vision an elementary part of God, lies behind the eye and is ever active, either through it or independently of it, and for the proof of the last part of this proposition, take the facts of mesmerism and clairvoyance. This principle of vision must be distinct from the eye, as the mind is distinct from the brain; for the brain is not the mind but its organ.—When death takes place the brain as a visible substance remains, but thought, sensation, motion, the active and invisible powers thereof are gone. A steam engine may be perfect in all its parts, but motionless, and useless, without steam; and what steam is to the engine, are sensation and motion to the body. Let us call the body a machine and the soul the motive power thereof. Now, which is the greater, the *motor* or the *motion*? Which is greater, the principle which sees or the instrument through which it sees?

Again, we say the ear hears, but the ear is simply an instrument of sound. It is the principle of sound that hears. The piano forte does not play itself, but is played upon. Which then is the greater, the piano forte or the pianist? the fiddle or the fiddler? the principle of sound or the human ear? Destroy the ear and sound ceases to be, but the *principle* of sound remains still, and is one of the elemental principles of the universe. Of course, all sensation is inherent in the mind. The wounded finger does not feel, it is the soul in the finger. Deprive the body of the soul, and the apparent fact of pain in the finger ceases to be, which proves that sensation is not original in the finger, but in the mind. It is not the brain that thinks; it is the soul's electric battery through which it telegraphs, and the bodies various nerves are the wires on which it sends its messages to every part thereof. The soul then is an active principle, the brain a passive instrument.

It is not the legs that walk, any more than it is the lever that lifts the log. The lever is the instrument, and it is the active principle applied to it that lifts the cog.—Strictly speaking then, the eye is only the material organ through which the principle of sight manifests itself, the human ear only the medium of sound, not the law of sound, the aching finger only the medium of sensation, not the law of sensation, the legs only the machinery moved, not the motive power, and the brain only the residence of the soul, not the soul itself. We must distinguish the house from its inmates.

Facts, as such, may disappear, principles never. You may destroy the engine, but do you destroy steam? Of course not.—You can only destroy that by destroying water, one of the substantive principles of of the universe, whereof steam is a latent fact, depending on conditions only for its manifestation.

Destroy the eye and do you destroy the principle of vision? Certainly not; you only destroy its manifestation through this material organ. The principle of vision must be common to all intelligences created or uncreated. It must exist in Deity, and independently of material organs. It is an eternal condition of mind, as much as motion is an eternal condition of matter. Destroy the conditions of its manifestation through the body, and itself still exists, and capable of higher manifestations.—Now, let us see which existed first, the principle of vision, or the eye. Was the principle of vision adapted to the eye, or the eye to it? Evidently, the eye was made to accommodate the law of vision.—Vision itself is eternal, the eye its temporary agent. One serves a temporary use, the other an eternal purpose. The one lies deep down in the essence of all things, as one of the constituent principles of the universe, while the other is one of its modes of manifestation. Was there no harmony of sound before the construction of the ear? It would be absurd to say that the ear was constructed upon a principle, unless that principle existed previously to its construction. The human ear, only developes to our consciousness a latent fact, common to all existence and equal with time and God. Did not the thunders reverberate along the heaven before there was an ear to catch the sound? Did not the music of the spheres greet the ear of Deity ere human voice broke upon the solar space?

The soul is but the pulsation of the soul of all souls, having its source and its sustenation, deep down in the great heart that throbs throughout the shoreless ocean of infinite life. I do not apprehend the soul to be a part of God, as so much *abstracted* from his divine essence, but it is God in an infinitely small degree, or to coin a phrase, it is an *infinitely small* God. The child is not a part of the father, as so much deducted from the father, but is the father *reproduced*, and its little infant soul will reach the father in the race of progression, as soon as the mortal will reach the immortal God.—For example the principle of vision in man, is as true as it is in God. A thought in man, is no less in kind than a thought in God. The difference is in degree not quality. A grain of sand is as much matter as a mountain, an insect, as much an animal as an elephant. *Mind is inseparable from matter.* Leaving the question as it always must be left, as to the essence of mind, and indeed of matter also, the manifestation of mind must always take place through matter.

What is all the machinery of the universe? but mind moving matter. What are all the phenomena of human life? but mind moving matter. Thus much as to the soul's definition. Now, as to the question propounded at the beginning of this enquiry, namely, will the present organic form of the soul continue on time without end?

This is said to be a probationary existence, and the other existence beyond this, one, where rewards and punishments are distributed on the basis of human character, and this is undoubtedly true despite theological systems. In order to this the soul must preserve its identity. It must remember its conduct in this life, and not one item only, but all of that conduct. All rewards and punishments existing in the soul, must of course be recognized by the soul as just in themselves, and eminently fit to develop its uses.

On any other ground punishment would assume the form of vengeance, and reward the form of favoritism, neither of which is compatible with our highest idea of God.—Rewards and punishments then, have their uses and I apprehend that the existence of human life in its widest range, is to develope these uses in their ultimates. There is therefore an end to be reached, and the simple question is, will that end be reached? That end is to bring good out of evil, form and order out of chaos, and life out of death Nature everywhere shows one powerful force at work, *change*, and everywhere a force resisting it, which is *uniformity*. Decomposition and reconstruction are everywhere taking place. The desolating frown of winter, is succeeded by the genial smile of summer.

New forms of life, animal and vegetable spring up from the ruins of former ones, fallen to decay. The law of progress fixes its seal upon all life, and its mighty moving power carries all organic life forward to its ultimate end, and when that end is reached, it must itself yield to the law of change, and give place to yet newer and higher forms of life; and here the original question may be put,—shall the present conscious soul never reach its ultimate developement, and so forever withstand the great law of change. Nature takes the most direct method to reach her ends, and it is absurd to say that she is eternally endeavoring to do that which in the nature of things can never be done, that is, the eternal progression of one individual entirely without the power to compass its complete unfoldment.

The tree springs up from the sturdy soil, withstands the shock of storm and tempest, sheds its harvest of acorns, matures its growth, then, silently its juices begin to dry up, its limbs become withered and shrunken, and its once proud and stately trunk, yielding to the resistless law of change, falls back again into the bosom of its mother earth, and thus the tree is no more. It lives out its uses, and dies, and what happens to this one tree will ultimately happen to all the race of trees.

Old earth herself with her huge bulk, her vast teeming fields of life, her exhaustless stores of powers and forces, must also feel the touch of dissolution. Inspiration and philosophy are both prophetic of her end, and who shall say, that, when her molten mass is poured again from the crucible, it shall not give forth the germ of life in new and unheard of forms. But this catastrophe can only happen when the earth has lived out the uses of her present form of life.

And here again, the question still recurs, will not this omnipresent and all-powerful law of change, at some remote period of unborn time, lay its devastating hand upon the human soul. I do not mean the primal elements of which the soul is composed, but the present organic structure of those elements called the soul or spirit. Such a destruction would of course, destroy consciousness, for the time, and the reappearance of those elements in new combinations and forms, with new powers and adaptations, would find the past as we find it, a blank,

We do not know how many lives we have lived in other and lower forms before we entered upon the present life, nor do we know how many lives we are yet to live in the unending succession of dissolution and reconstruction.

DELTA.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family our tempers; in company our tongues.

True philosophy can discern nothing else in a great many words and names but the letters of the alphabet which compose them.

You must make it quite clear to your mind which you are most bent upon—popularity or usefulness—else you may happen to miss both.—[Adam Bede.

Miscellaneous.

The London correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* reports the following particulars respecting the late Lord Macaulay and his family, and his unfinished history of England:

"It was very characteristic of the Macaulay family that the tidings of Lord Macaulay's death should have reached the public ear so slowly and circuitously. All courting of publicity, all craving for public expression of admiration, all trading upon fame and name, was peculiarly alien from the character of the deceased nobleman, as well as from those of his surviving brother, Charles Zachary Macaulay, Secretary of the Board of Audit, and his sister, Lady Trevelyan. The brothers and sister were linked by strong affection, not unmingled with pride on either side. They were proud of their brother's unparalleled popularity as a writer; he was proud of his brother Charles's rising repute as a most valuable and conscientious public servant; of Lady Trevelyan's intelligence and usefulness as the helpmate of Sir Charles Trevelyan, whose labors in the public service Lord Macaulay keenly sympathized with, and approvingly watched and cheered.

"Macaulay's conversation, more than that of any man I have ever met, impressed me with the notion of a memory of peerless accuracy, the stores of which were used with an unfailing and disciplined energy of mind, manifested especially in the force and finish of the speaker's language. All Macaulay's conversation would admit of being put in print, just as it was spoken. There was nothing unfinished, slipshod, hesitatingly, or half expressed. The sentences were flung before you with an irrepressible buoyancy and forcefulness of utterance, complete, clear cut, well rounded, and well linked to each other. And yet there was nothing Johnsonian, nothing pompous, sesquipedalian, or pedantic in the phraseology. And as the manner so was the matter—pleasant, interesting, amusing, but never prosy, boring, or over ambitious for the company or the time.

"Never were pleasanter, more unrestrained, or more genial breakfasts than those of Lord Macaulay, at his rooms in the Albany—while he was still a liver in chambers, before he removed to Holly Lodge, at Camden Hill, which he has not occupied for three years—if my memory be exact. Macaulay *monologised*, only because he had so much ready to flow forth on most subjects, that it took a long time to pump off even his surface water. But, in company with people who had something to say and could say it, Macaulay did not habitually take up more than his fair share of the conversation. Sydney Smith used to complain of Macaulay, because he was a rival, and a worse monopolist, and could not bear to see the attention of the table distracted from his own rampant and Rabelaisian fun. He, by his allusion to "Macaulay's brilliant flashes of silence," gave color to the imputation of burdensome oquacity, often urged against the deceased historian. But I believe no one who saw much of Macaulay in society will be found to indorse that charge.

"Among the most honorable characteristics of Lord Macaulay—of which I am glad to see such general recognition—shouid be mentioned, his rare freedom from all taint of self-serving or jobbery. Great as were his opportunities of serving relatives, connections, or dependants, he systematically abstained from all exercises of his influence on their behalf; and this, though a warm friend, an attached kinsman, and a most affectionate brother. When he was last in office, his brother—who was at the Bar, but who was at once well fitted and inclined for the public service—was without any public employment. Lord John Russell, when he subsequently appointed this brother to the treasurership of the Mauritius, informed him that he never even knew Lord Macaulay had a brother available for public employment. Indeed, Lord Macaulay may be thought by many to have carried this abnegation of influence to an excess; for this brother has in all his subsequent employments proved himself one of the most efficient and popular of civil servants. I may also mention—what in Lord Macaulay's lifetime the public never learned from him or by his wish—that Lord Macaulay was unwearied and most liberal in his charities, especially to all needy literary brethren. The amount distributed by him in this way would, I am satisfied, astonish the public; but it will never be known. Careful as he was in business matters, in his charities at least his right hand never knew what his left hand was doing.

"Though when Lord Macaulay began his history he hoped to bring it down to the limits of living memory, he had long ago abandoned this hope. Latterly the utmost range he gave himself was down to the accession of the House of Hanover, and this he had hoped to accomplish in five if not four more volumes. I do not think he would ever have so composed his material. The reign of Queen Anne—with its statesmen, poets, and essayists—would have been ground too tempting to his well-stored memory, and his strong love of the writers of that age, for any sharp or narrow limitation. He must have overflowed into comment, portraiture, and criticism. Two volumes of the unfinished history are, I believe, so far advanced to completeness, as that we may look to see them before long. And with these two, I fear concluding the reign of William, and ushering us over the threshold of that of Anne, we must rest content."

A TOUCHING ANECDOTE.—The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in an address delivered at a meeting in Alexandria, in 1856, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and free-schools of that city, reated the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, in a cold night in winter, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian to guide or protect or direct him on his way, reached at night-fall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing.—These kind attentions che.red his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "that orphan boy stands before you."

POWER OF PRAYER.—A minister whose name it is not necessary to give, had a son who was quite a rogue, and withal something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which the father called him to account, when the following dialogue took place.

"John, you have done wrong and I must punish you."

"Very well, sir, just as you say about it."

"Then take off your coat."

"Certainly, sir."

"Now take off your vest."

"Just as you please, sir."

"Now, my son, it is my painful duty to flog you."

"Yes, sir; but father, would it not be best to first engage in prayer?"

This was too much for the minister; the waggery of the boy completely overcame him—so without either flogging or prayer, he dismissed the boy, while he turned away to relieve his risibles.

THE WITS OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* of Jan. 16, says:

"There is a little association here, composed of historical inquirers and collectors, who, from time to time, print in *recherche* style, rare documents for private circulation. In this way they have preserved many valuable manuscripts. Their agent is Mr. Richardson, the publisher of the *Historical Magazine*, who disposes of a limited number of copies of those choice *morceaux* by subscription. Among other waifs of the kind thus rescued from obscurity and made accessible to the lovers of historical data may be mentioned one of Washington's diaries, the domestic correspondence of Franklin, and the original account of the Indian massacre at Hadley, Mass. Under the auspices of this 'Bradford Club,' will be printed, ere long, those famous verses which used to keep the town in a roar, and 'took off,' with such good-humored but most witty satire, the chief political and other celebrities of New York a quarter of a century ago, under the name of the 'Croakers.' The greater part of these *jeus d'esprit* were written by Halleck and Drake.

Old Knickerbockers yet speak of them with glee and quote some of the most palpable hits with vast relish. They are associated with the 'men of the time,' and illustrate the social and political history of New York. It is a capital idea to collect and annotate them, and the enterprise could not have fallen into more judicious hands. The excellent portrait of Halleck, by Hicks, will be engraved as a frontispiece to the volume."

When friendship is warmest, be careful how you entertain it. Remember it has a cold shoulder.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?"

"I ain't nobody's son; I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir."

fever of his innocence; an event which did no happen. This lagoon forty-two years almost long and night to spend between stone walls.

After my uncle's death, Miss Helen, whose heart had warmed in a flame of desire and hope, sank to the whiteness of the ash that such flames make. I need not go through all her trial and experience. Gray hairs crowned her early, and in all the long list, for she was over seventy now, his saintly calm she won in suffering did not even desert her.

It was just after a fine October sunset that I came out of Miss Helen's. Miss Lucinda, arranging the caddy and cake basket, had given me space for the oft-repeated recountal of her cruel little romance. "And so, my dear," said the sweet old lady, "you see I wear no rings!" But as Miss Helen held out her hand for me to kiss, I truly declare that in the faint light, as if a little snake of dim blue fire coiled round it, I saw the likeness of a ring on her bent finger; a ring of light set with seven jewels; and for a second the finger tapered white and plump and round as when once before it wore it. I smiled at myself, and went out into the keen frosty air; keen and frosty enough it was to dissipate any such ridiculous notion.

As I closed the little wicket, a sudden flare of gas half-way down the long street made me remember the mail, and thinking there might be a letter from cousin Harry, I sought the office. A letter there was, sure enough, in the box. I waited till some one else was served, then tapped on the number and presented myself. As the postmaster put the letter into my hand I noticed a queer look in his eyes. He thinks it's a love letter, thought I; pshaw!—but I noticed moreover that he lifted it with the very tips of his fingers. No sooner had I got into the open air than it gave a little crackle as if I had broken the seal, but on turning it there was no seal to be found; and it was too dark to read the superscription, which I had neglected to do by the office light. So I walked along, thinking about Miss Helen and the weather and little odds and ends, till I passed a field adjoining some one's house, where all the family were out merrily burning the stubble. Little piles were perpetually into a blaze over the whole place, and the figures as they flitted to and fro, bearing bundles for the central conflagration or raking new heaps or fresh flames, seemed like those of the mountain witches with Rubezahl busy at some devilish employ. All around the voices of children, and gay snatches of song, broken suddenly at the singers within, wove an arabesque of sound that in the early night with its darkness and eager cold and half guessed outlines, was full of deep suggestion and bewitching fancy. Resting my chin on the fence, I looked over; and after a while hurried on again. And now I felt a sensation in my hand as if the letter that I was clutching stung it; I thought I must be holding it by a corner: not at all, it lay unrumpled across my palm; perhaps there was a thorn in my glove, so I pulled it off and trudged along. Once or twice looking down, I fancied that as it lay in my bare hand it diffused a faint luminous light all about it, unpleasant to look at as galvanic wires are to hold and feel. And all of a sudden, as I stepped into the house, this mysterious letter gave a little sparkle and then lay as quiet and demure in my hand as if it were the most properly conducted letter in the world. I did not believe my own eyes, thought *I* was whimsical, was ashamed of my odd notion that *I* had brought some one or something into the house with me, and went and took off my things before entering the parlor. Mother was sitting by the fire, not having lit the lamp, and tea was waiting. "Any letters, Frances?" asked she.

Now mother knew *I* was going to Miss Helen's, and that I scarcely ever went to the office. Tim, our man, always went, and what could have possessed her to ask this question!

"Yes, mother," *I* said, "one."

"*I* thought so," she said.

"I'm sure we haven't such a voluminous correspondence that you needed to," *I* replied, getting nettled.

"Let me see it," she demanded peremptorily.

"Nonsense, mother, it's for me. At least—no, it isn't—it isn't for any one; there's no superscription!"

"Let me see it, child," repeated my mother.

She held it up between her and the fire, and there appeared a faint "Miss Frances Gordon." She returned it, and in a minute, all expectation and eagerness, *I* had opened it. *I* spread the sheet out on my knee and smoothed it with my hand. *It* was just as innocent of any writing as a fresh ream.

"There's nothing in it!" *I* cried, extremely crest fallen.

Mother snatched it from me, put on her spectacles—she had just began to use spectacles—held it this way and that, below and above the coals, and at last exclaimed:

"Yes, there is! See here."

I looked over her shoulder and saw, very clear and distinct, though not dark, written in a hand apparently unaccustomed to the pen, these words:

"SIX X SEVEN."

"Six multiplied into seven?" said mother. "What nonsense is this?"

"Six times seven?" cried *I*. "How absurd!"

She turned the letter, refolded, reopened it; still the three wards stared her in the face; she rubbed her eyes, and muttered: "What does it mean?"

"*It* means mischief, mother," *I* answered.

"*I* don't know what we've got to do with six times seven," continued mother, querulously. "*I've* heard of seventy times seven, but this is——"

"Six times seven are forty-two, said I. My uncle was just forty-two when his marriage was broken off with Miss Helen. It's just forty-two years since he died."

"Lor', child, you're always thinking of your Uncle Noll. Do let him rest in peace."

I'm sure I hope he is resting in peace, and not up stairs writing letters to bother us."

"Tsh! The only letter your Uncle Noll ever had any interest in was Miss Helen's, and it's not likely that she invited her friends to her wedding by merely writing six times seven!"

"No; and I've seen her letter besides, you know."

"Frances," exclaimed my mother, at length, there's no trusting you. *I've* long had my suspicions—you're so flighty. *Isn't*—this—letter—an—assignation?"

"Oh! my mother, who with?"

"That is of no consequence."

"No one would be happier than *I* at such an idea: but, dear, no, it's an utter impossibility here, you know."

"Why, *I* should like to——"

"First place *I* don't know anybody, and next place there isn't anybody to know."

"Six times seven," she repeated dreamily, "six times seven" and here my mother looked at the letter that hung placidly in her hand.—Every trace of the writing had vanished; there was nothing on the page but a white glister. Mother turned and twisted it again, till finally, "Here it is!" she cried, and there it was.

"It's witchcraft," said *I*.

"*It's* nitrate of silver, said she.

"Do ghosts write with that kind of ink?" *I* asked.

"How provoking you are, Frances. Your head is so——"

"*Is* it Uncle Noll's handwriting?"

"*It* is your cousin Harry's caper, that's what it is!" she replieb, "and we have wasted our wits for nothing. Ring the bell, my dear, *I've* waited tea nearly an hour."—Therewith my mother tossed the missive aside with contempt and proceeded to light the solar. Mr. Buttrick and mother's lawyer, Judge Vansycle, came in just after the tea-things were removed, and we played solemn games of wnist till eleven o'clock, when they retired.

The next day passed at length; we ware preserving plums and making peach jelly. When it grew dark, I felt as if it were a matter of necessity that I should go to the post again, and taking a dish of the plums I left them at Miss Helen's and ran along. Sure enough, there was another letter in the box. The post-master gave it to me with the odd look and dainty gesture as before.

"Who put that letter in last night?" I questioned.

"Dont know, Miss Gordon," was the response, "found it there. Clerk could tell, but he's gone to tea."

Just then the clerk returned, but as I expected, remembered nothing about either letter, so I went home.

"Mother," I said, not waiting to take off my things this time, "here is another letter."

"Goodness, child," my mother retorted very peevishly, "what do I want with your letters?"

So I opened it myself, found it blank, of course, and then holding it to the fire produced after a time, as before, the magic words:

"SIX X SEVEN."

"Well, what is it, Frances?" said my mother. Why dont you answer, child! And make haste and put away your bonnet and shawl; the room is all at sixes and sevens. Come, what are you standing there dreaming of?—What is in the letter?"

"Six times seven," shouted the starling from his cage, having conned his last night's lesson to advantage.

"Beshrew the thing!" cried mother. "Well, why dont you answer?"

"One answer's enough."

"Give me the letter."

She took it, adjusted her glasses, and examined it, as she had done the other. "Two of them," she murmered, "and they both say the same thing, and that is—— "

"Six times seaeh," uttered a third voice, hollowed and spectral, and distant though close by interposed as she lingered, loth to repeat the words. Far from being laughable, it curdled my blood.

"Eh?" srid my mother.

"It wasn't I that spoke, mother," I said in a whisper.

"What do you say! Who was it, then? Show yourself!" And my mother, angry and frightened, threw the letter on the floor and seized the poker. I was too greatly awed by that low, mysterious, bodiless voice, that thing that took neither shape nor touch, but filled and overflowed the room with fear—too much benumbed to smile.

"Look, mother," I said, and pointed at the mirror; there on the dark blue surface of the glass the same mystic characters started to light, SIX X SEVEN.

"Are you sure that was in the letter?" mother murmered. "Where is it?" She turned to pick it up from where she had tossed it; it was not there. "Did you see where I threw that thing, Frances?" she said.

"No."

"Where is the one that came yesterday, then?"

"I don't know."

"Don't stare that way, child; you drive me crazy. Speak!"

"Didn't you light the lamp with it last night?" I managed to say.

"Not I. Ring the bell for Jane; I'll see if she swept it out."

But Jane was as ignorant as we, and left us in the room alone again, and to this day it remains an enigma. It is impossible to say where they went; we never saw those two letters again. I stepped to close the door after Jane—she always left one open—it snatched itself from my hold and slammed violently, and then, before recovering from the surprise, I heard a sound like a stifled moan from mother. I turned instantly, and found the room full of flakes of spongy light that coagulated, and grew, and stained the whole air with a singular glow. It stole up from the corners, down from the ceiling, tended principally toward the north east portion of the room, and hung like a brilliant cloud above us; while we stared aghast, it fell and wrapped us with clinging mists of brightness; in it the lamp light was drowned, mother became an outline, the coal fire only a red spot, and this chill, deathly substance slowly settled round us, as if we had stepped into a grave, light with all its nauseating filth. It was impossible to strip it off, to evade it; I was rooted, powerless, all individuality was lost; I felt as if I was fast melting into this sickly, terrifying, absorbing vapor. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound; I was cold and faint, and losing consciousness. Suddenly mother shrieked. "Oh!" she cried. "Where are you, Frances? Come here! Why don't you speak?" On the instant the door swung wide open again, there was a rushing sound as if all this horror were escaping, and then a second slam, and there we were with the blessed bountiful lamp light glistening over the urn and china, and on mother's dear face, paler than marble. Mother shook her shoulders a little, untied her cap strings, tied them again, and pulled out the bows, wiped her spectacles, and took up the evening paper. I crept toward the fire, contrived to get a vinaigrette from the mantle shelf, and sat down on the rug. By-and-by I saw that mother wasn't reading the paper.

"Mother, this house is haunted," I accordingly whispered.

"Be quiet child," she retorted, angrily, taking off her spectacles. "Do not let me hear any such nonsense from your lips; you've had a little faint turn, that's all; you are quite recovered. Tell Jane to bring in the toast, and we'll have tea."

For the life of me I couldn't have stirred, so mother had to do her own errand. "You won't go down to the evening mail any more, Frances," said she, coming back from the door; "it's getting too cold and damp, and isn't good for you." Thereupon she pulled the table nearer the fire, and seated herself. It was very seldom that we had company at tea, and Jane always set the table for only two, when not ordered otherwise. Now, why she had put on a third plate and knife and fork and napkin, I am sure I don't know, but there it was, and as I took my seat, another chair, an empty one, slipped from the corner and drew near the table. That was bad enough, but as the chair approached, the table retired, moved decidedly toward the opposite corner.

"Help me, Frances!" exclaimed mother, seizing it, but you might as well have stopped an engine by a touch. Mother caught her fork to throw it at the invisible adversary, but as if such exertion of her will had been sufficient, the table paused; the chair had already reached it. Determined not to be balked, mother proceeded to pour out a cup of tea and pass it to me; as I took it, my hand was irresistibly drawn across the table, the cup trembled and spilled half its contents into the saucer, and as I set it down where I was compelled, beside the third plate, the rest ran over the cloth.

"There's two of them," I whispered hoarsely.

"Don't repeat such absurdity," replied mother, sharply, resolved not to be convinced, "and hand me the cup and saucer again. I believe you have lost your wits."

"I believe I have mother," I answered.

"Don't be silly," was the the patronizing order this time, "give me the cup." I extended my hand for it, but could as easily have lifted the Iron Mountain.

"What are you about, Frances?" exclaimed mother, bent upon altercation. "How many times must I ask for that cup and saucer before I get it."

"Six times seven," enunciated that spectral tone, hollow and low, not at all responsively, but rather as an admonition, and coming up apparently from every side, so undistinguishable was its source, and so much did its volume seem to surround us.

"I will have that startling's neck wrung!" cried mother.

"It wasn't the startling, mother."

"How do you know it wasn't the startling?" And if it wasn't the startling, who was it? I repeat, Frances, if it wasn't the startling, who was it?"

Mother was losing her temper so I rose, took down the cage from its nail, and held it in her sight; the little bird all its feathers, ruffled with fright, lay stiff on the sanded floor. Its atom of life was not enough to resist the deathfulness of that cloud of light that so recently filled the room.

"You are always a bird of ill omen, Frances. Just like your poor father; if he couldd't have good news to tell, he'd tell bad—indeed he preferred bad. There, ring the bell if you don't want any more tea, and have the table cleared." Upon which she flew round and spent her efforts endeavoring to revive the bird, finally with success, for the poor thing stirred, dipped his bill in the warm food, and after a time gave a chirp. Then mother hung up the cage and took her paper again, maintaining rigid silence for more than an hour.

"The house is haunted mother," I said, as I sat opposite her, by and by.

"Haunted! By whom?" as if willing to entertain the proposition now.

"Uncle Noll."

"I really think the girl is demented!" said mother. "It would be high time of day for him to come back after being dead and buried these forty years!"

"Six times seven are forty-two, mother; just forty-two years this fall."

"Goodness, Frances! Don't I hear those words enough without your dinning them thro' my ears?"

"What *do* you think they mean?"

"Mean? How do I know. But if I hear any more of it, I'll just have in Mr. Barker'—that was our minister—and Judge Vansyckle to sift the matter.

"And make us the laughing-stock of the whole town."

"I'm not afraid of ridicule, and I'm afraid of ——."

"Ghosts?"

"Who said anything about ghosts? Your mind is so full of trash! Do you suppose there's a White Lady of Avenel in every old house?—No, if it isn't a trick, it is some of this electrical phenomena that every one is dabbling in; if people had left it alone it wouldn't have come to this pass!"

"You don't think it is Cousin Harry's pranks then?"

"I don't know; the letters may have been.—Where can those letters be, Frances? Are you sure there were any? Haven't we been dreaming?"

"Nightmare in day time then. How absurd, mother! I should think some one else was demented."

"Remember to whom you are speaking, if you please."

"It's very odd, I think, that Jane and Tim arn't troubled," I resumed after a pause, "that it is all confined to this room—— "

"Or where *you* are." I shouldn't wonder if you were that thing they call a mejum," said my mother, turning up her nose with a sniff and a little attempt at satire. "I'll have the Doctor to-morrow and see. There, read your book, and let me have a little peace."

We had a dreadful evening, neither of us spoke any more, and we both tried to keep our eyes on the page; but novels come to an end, and so at last, not having comprehended a syllable, I read the word "Finis of Africa," and shut the book.

Mother was nodding in her chair; I went and locked the doors, lit my candle, kissed her, and was very soon curled in my little bed in my room, having left mother in hers. No sooner had the chill of my nest worn off than I was startled by a perfectly inexplicable noise. There was a strange clicking sound down stairs, echoing through the lonely halls and rooms, a light tap, and sharp, quick, regular beat, as if one were measuring over and over again every inch of molding and mop-board in the breakfast-parlor, with a two-foot rule. I knew there was nobody in the house, perhaps mother didn't hear, and so hoping she did'nt, though my heart was beatidg in time with this mysterious knocking, I lay down again, tried not to hear, and began to hum myself to sleep. But do all I might, I could not help stopping every now and then to listen if the noise had stopped too. There it rapped on steadily through the night and the stillness with a horrid monotory and indifference. At length, the last time, I failed to detect it, and the old tranquility reigned once more. By-and-by the fear faded and drowsiness set in. I was just in that dreamy state from which you awake falling down unknown depths, when I instantly sprang up in bed, roused by a second peculiar and unaccountable occurrence. I had not actually heard a syllable murmured, but it seemed that more distinctly than any sound could have articulated them, those terrible words had filled my ear: SIX ✕ SEVEN.

If a voice had really and audibly broken the silence when I knew I was alone, it would not have been so horrifying as this spoken but perfectly recognized sentence addressed so powerfully to some spiritual sense. I was perfectly sure that some phantom, some creature, or power, had saluted me. It was a night of still frost out-doors, I knew, quiet and cloudy; no light of moon or stars, not a breath stirred any bough, not a red leaf fluttered in the darkness to the sodden ground; but now, leaning on my elbow and looking about the room, I found it filled with an atmosphere like moonshine, palid and lucid; through it the long muslin curtains swayed, the snowy toilet-covers waved, the little mirror gleamed; all at once it went out, and then, as if a giant had taken the old house in his grasp and shaken it, the walls thrilled from their foundation with a sharp tremulous vibration, every pane in every window rattled and clattered, and stroke followed stroke on the north-east corner of the house with loud malignity and diabolical swiftness. Knock after knock, as if some fiend swung ponderous hammers about his restless forge. Trembling, and covered with a cold prespiration, I hid my head, in the blankets, and whether I fainted or slept cannot tell, only when I woke it was broad day, and Jane had just brought the water into my room.

"Didn t you hear a dreadful noise last night Jane?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Miss. Tim an' I says to each other sez we, we guessed it was an earthquake, or something."

"Very likely."

"Ye'd best hurry yourself, Miss Frances, for there's a body down stairs would like to see you. Maybe ye'll be down before your ma."—And herewith Jane took her pail and her departure.

In about twenty minutes, shivering and blue, I ran down to the cosy breakfast room, where a bright coal fire was already glittering, and a cheerful warmth diffusing itself sufficiently to compensate for all last night's chills and terrors. As I opened the door, who should start to his feet, overthrowing the chair, and then staying to pick it up instead of coming to greet me, but Cousin Harry. In a minute more he caught my frozen hands.

"Cold as ice, or as mine," he said. "Come here to the fire and warm them, puss. And then tell me about these confounded letters."

"Yes, tell me about them, Harry," I answered.

"Tell *you* about them? What shall I tell, except that I received them?"

"You received them, Harry?"

"Yes, and now what did you send them for?"

"I didn't send them."

"Didn't send them?"

"I don't understand. I send those letters to you? No! But didn't you send them to me?"

"What, in Heaven's name, are you talking about? Have you, too, had any letters, containing just three words, and those"——

"Six times seven," shouted the starling, in his cage.

"Cure the bird!" cried Harry, running his hands through his hair and commencing to walk the room.

"Willingly, if you'll only explain yourself," I replied.

"Well, listen then: I have received two letters, from which at first I could make nothing, and then deciphered the words"——

"Six"—began the starling. I threw a veil over the cage;—"times seven," concluded I. "Well, and did that bring you here?"

"Why, I could only decide that you must be in some trouble."

"Harry, I can't believe you got any such thing."

"Can't believe it? Why, here they are; look at them; these are the very letters. Perhaps ocular demonstration will satisfy the court"—

"Everything seems so wild and absurd, that—are you sure?"

"Sure?" he asked. "What should make me sure? Why, look here while I get them out; here they are, I brought them with me! These are the very letters!" and with the utmost confidence at this juncture, Harry thrust his hand into his breast pocket. "Wait a moment," said he, "I—they are in the other." Thereupon he felt in another receptacle, slapped it vigorously, and repeated the operation in both pockets, but of course with no results. Neither were the letters forthcoming from the skirts of his coat. "I couldn't have left them in my cloak," he muttered, and stepped into the entry, ransacked the article in question, and tore the lining out of his traveling cap. He came back with a low whistle of discomfiture. "By George!" said he, "I can't be sure! The letters are gone. Let me see yours."

"I told you that they too disappeared."

Another low whistle.

"And what's this about the knocking on the corner there? Jane said it was an earthquake."

I described it as well as I was able, for at the remembrance my teeth chattered, and if it had not been for a plantation of hair pins my hair would have stood on end.

"Do you know," said he, interrupting me once and stopping suddenly in his walk, "that as we were thundering along in the cars last night at just that time, I heard the self-same noise, but took it for a part of the inevitable jar and joggle of journeys?"

When I finished, Harry came to my side at the fire; a queer look sobered his face slowly. "Where's Aunt Katie?" he asked with an effort to be careless. "Isn't it rather late for her to be up stairs?"

I caught his meaning directly. "O Harry!" I cried. "You don't think——"

Just then the door opened, and looking pale as though she hadn't slept a wink, mother made her appearance. She welcomed Harry as if he were a guardian angel, and plunged into the mysteries at once.

"I went for my letters as the fox went for his goose, Aunt Katie," said he, concluding all he had to say, "and the goose was'nt there."

"It is the work of Satan!" she commented.

"We must get at the bottom of it," said Harry, "be it miching mallecho or what not."

"Let us breakfast first," interposed I. "Don't you smell the old Java, Harry? It seems just like one of those frosty mornings when we were children here together."

"You like those old times, Fanny?" he asked, as mother went to make the repast a little more sumptuous in honor of the guest.

"Fine weather, fine health, and fine company, make any time pleasant."

"All which you have this morning."

"O Harry! I shall be so frightened again when you are gone! If you would only stay a little——"

"I should like to stay forever," said Cousin Harry, putting a hand on my shoulder, "If you would give me leave."

But here mother came back, followed by Jane with a tray of unexpected commodities, so I didn't need to answer Cousin Harry, and we had breakfast. Harry was amusing himself balancing all the spoons within his reach, like so many silver Ravels and Blondins, when I whirled round the lees in my tea cup three times—never would'n't let me have coffee, because I was nervous—and gave them to mother to read my fortune in. She made a quick exclamation and dropped the cup. Fortunately I caught it and scrached it eagerly, while Harry came and looked over me. There, written as plainly as tea grounds could write, were the mysterious and now truly terrible words:

"SIX ✕ SEVEN."

"Heavens!" said my mother, "has it begun again?"

"Its high time to investigate the affair," said Harry with a laugh.

"You wont laugh after dark, Sir," said I

"Or will laugh at the other side of my mouth? No—really though, what does six by seven mean? Does it mean that this garden ground is six rods wide by seven deep, and that you'll make your fortune, Aunt Katie, by selling it in strips? or that you are to take six paces one way in this room, and seven in another, which will bring you to a spot where Uncle Noll buried untold gold? If it were six feet by two, now, the interpretation would not be so difficult. Can it allude to Sixth street or Seventh in Philadelphia, or Sixth Avenue and Seventh in New York, or to the year since Uncle Noll's death or Crampton's imprisonment? I'll tell you what, Fanny, I mean to try and get that fellow out."

"Fellow? He,s a patriarch! He'll be too old to care, Harry—three score and ten——,

"Well, I'll care; somebody ought to. I don't believe he killed Mr. Oliver Gordon any more than I did, I who was the babe unborn at that period. Two precious firebrands they were!—six to one and——

"Six times," commenced the startling.

"Well, we'll say seven to the other, may be, and so are thrown back on that infernal topic.

"Its no use travelling in this circle."

"Come Harry, dont trifle," said mother.

"Let me consider, Aunt Katie," he said, rubbing his fingers over his moustache. "Do these talismanic syllables refer to the fact that yesterday was the sixth and to day the seventh of October; or to your ancient belief, that the seventh hen—old Speckle, is she eaten?—has hidden a nest of six eggs in the hay mowed, said nest being really a mare's nest; or to the intersection of the sixth or seventh arches down cellar, where we shall find the skeleton of a nun once walled up alive, or——

"How provoking you are, child," said mother. How can you play so?"

"There, Auntie, I want. Its my private suspicion that that rum old cove——,

"What!"

"A trillion pardons; that Uncle Noll and his secretary and the ring and so on, are mixed up in this affair. Now——

"Six," cried the startling in a burst no longer to be repressed, "Si i-ix six ti-i imes!"

"Now, can the words from the onus of whose pronunciation Monsieur Tonson so kindly relieves us, can they have any connection with, for instance, the seventh pigeon-hole from this corner of the secretary here to the sixth from that; or with some hour in the dial-plate, there to be indicated by counting seven spaces one way and six another;

or with that little six-by-seven-inch silhouette hanging yonder in the northeast corn ——"

Suddenly, while the gay mocker spoke, the air of the whole room became dark and hot; dark as night, so that we could not see each other's faces, and hot with a dry, crackling oven heat that was parching and painful to the last degree. It endured only one breathless second, then a loud report like a pistol-shot split it, and in a flash the room was clear and sweet again, but the little six by-seven inch silhouette had fallen from the nail and lay upon the floor. Mother stood up, leaning over the table. Harry sprang toward it, holding back my gown lest it should touch the thing — Harry raised it carefully, a small, whirlwind of black dust nestled on his fingers, two of the tacks, just loosened again, had fallen with it, and the little thin black board came apart in his hands. As it did so, something slid from between the picture and the board, dropped, and rolled along the floor. I hesitated an instant and then picked it up—a ring of tarnished red gold, set with seven costly diamonds solidly mounted in silver. Miss Helen's ring.

"And Crampton was innocent," said I.

An ominous stillness filled the room, our great pity for bitter injustice, and, as it were, the inarticulate aquiescence of whatever had been tormenting us but was to torment us no more.

"Is innocent," repeated Harry, looking on the floor.

We scarcely heeded a little bustle in the front entry just then, till the door softly opened again and Miss Helen entered. How very white and thin her sweet face was My mother ran to her.— "You will faint, Miss Helen!" she cried. "Sit down, while I make some sangaree. How came you out so early? and after such a frost!"

She obeyed, but still looked at Harry. "What were you saying, Master Harry?" she asked. He delayed an instant, then said: "That Ralph Crampton is innocent," he answered, depreciatingly.

"*Was* innocent, you mean," she added. "I had a letter from the Warden this morning. He had asked to have me told when it should happen. Ralph Crampton is dead; he died day before yesterday, at half-past five."

Harry and I glanced at each other with startled eyes; we remembered the hour when we each received the first letter. I did not know whether to show the ring or not; mother nodded, so I went to Miss Helen and sat down on her footstool.— "Miss Helen," I said, "when you lost your ring you were playing with that silhouette. Did it never occur to you that it might have slipped in between? To-day the silhouette fell down and broke, and your ring escaped from prison."

"Yes: it was mine," she murmured, holding it in the palm of her hand and touching it here and there caressingly. "My dear, all its bane is lost, the sin it caused expiated; it is clean through all these years of patience and resignation, and suffering that had its joys too; blessings, not curses, must go with it now; or else I would not dare——. Here, Master Harry, will you take so old-fashioned a trinket?" and she dropped it into his hand, as he half knelt on one knee beside me. Harry raised my hand and slipped the ring upon the first finger. "Is that what you mean, Miss Helen?" he asked.

"Right!" was her brief reply, with a sudden smile, while bending to kiss me. "God bless you, dear," she murmured, and drew back slowly; and then we were all quite still.

In a few minutes mother returned with the sangaree. "I have made it rather strong," she said, "because you must be cold. It is some old wine of Mr. Gordon's. I think it is called Lacryma Christi." My mother carried the glass playfully to Miss Helen's lips, as she sat inclining her head forward; then with a quick motion seized the limp hanging hand. Stepping hastily, she set the glass on the table, came and knelt beside the chair, while we wondered in silence, and lifting a reverential hand, gently closed the vacant eyes.

Miss Helen had passed from dream to life stately and fair and peaceful: she was dead.

AN ANCIENT PARALEL FOR THE LATE DISASTER AT LAWRENCE.—The Lowell *Journal*, in alluding to the late disaster at Lawrence, refers to a similar catastrophe near Rome, and says:

Tacitus, the historian, from whose works this account is taken, was born nineteen years after the death of the Emperor Tiberius. Coming on the stage of life so early after the event, and associated, as he must have done, with those who witnessed the calamity, his account is the more reliable. Tacitus, Ann. Book i, pp. 199, sec 62:

A sudden calamity occurred in the consulship of Marcus Licinius and Lucius Calpurnius, which equalled the havoc of the most destructive wars; its beginning and ending were simultaneous. One Atilus had undertaken to erect an amphitheatre at Fidena, there to exhibit a combat of gladiators. He was of the race of freedmen, and as he engaged in the business from no exuberance of wealth, nor to acquire popularity among the inhabitants, but as a matter of gain, he neither put it upon solid foundations, nor employed braces to strengthen the wooden fabric which formed the superstructure. Thither flocked from Rome persons of every sex and age, eager for such shows, as during the reign of Tiberius, they were debarred from diversions at home, and in greater crowds from the nearness of the place. Hence the calamity was the more disastrous; for, the theatre being crowded so as to form a dense mass, and then rent asunder, some portions tumbling inward, others bulging toward the outer parts, a countless number of human beings, either intent upon the spectacle or standing near around the place, were either borne headlong to the ground or buried under the ruins.

Those ideas, who were killed by the shock of the first crash, escaped, as far as was possible in such a disaster, the misery of torture; much more to be pitied were those who, with portions of their body torn away, were not yet forsaken of life; those who by day behold their wives and children, and by night distinguished them by their groans and cries. And now, others summoned to the spot by the sad tidings, bewailed one his brother, another his kinsman, and a third his parents. Even they whose friends or kindred were absent on a different account, were yet terrified; for as it was not distinctly known who had fallen in the calamity, the alarm spread wider from the uncertainty.

When the ruins began to be removed, they crowded around the dead, embracing them and kissing them; and frequently there arose a contest about their identity, where the distortion of the features, personal resemblance, or similarity of age had created a liability to error in those who claimed them. Twenty thousand persons, according to Suetonius, and fifty thousand, according to Tacitus, were crushed to death or maimed by this disaster. It was, therefore, for the future, provided by a decree of the Senate, "that no man, under the qualification of four hundred thousand sesterces should exhibit the spectacle of the gladiators; and no amphitheatre should be founded but upon ground of proved solidity." Atilius was punished with exile.— However, immediately upon this destructive calamity, the doors of the great city were thrown open; medicines and physicians were furnished to all; and at that juncture the city, though under an aspect of sorrow, presented an image of the public spirit of the ancient Romans, who, after great battles, relieved and sustained the wounded by their liberality and attentions."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES!—One of the most eminent American divines, who has for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes will never get well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too free use of eyesight in reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it will be well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:—

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first awakening, the eyes shall open to the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together, on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the salvia with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FALSE IMPRISONMENT OF WOMEN—AWARD OF DAMAGES.—A suit was tried in the Hudson County Court yesterday before Judge Ogden, in which two sisters, Caroline and Louisa Bates, residing at Bull's Ferry, brought an action to recover damages against David C. Dyer and John J. Earle (the latter a Justice of the Peace), for an alleged false imprisonment. It appears that Mr. Dyer held a promissory note against the plaintiffs for the sum of $100, and under some pretense, early last Spring, went before Justice Earle at Union Hill, and procured a warrant for their arrest.— Mr. Dyer accompanied by a Constable, proceeded to the house of the ladies, and endeavored to induce them to secure the debt by a bill of sale of some household effects. The Constable becoming impatient, stated that he had a warrant to take the ladies before the Justice of the Peace, and intimated that he must use force if necessary. The plaintiffs were accordingly taken in an open wagon three or four miles to the Justice's Court, which was held in the upper part of a lager beer saloon. Here, after being detained four or five hours, it was ascertained that the note was not yet due by about two months. The prisoners were then discharged, and taken home during a rain storm in the open wagon. It was alleged that the excitement and exposure resulted in sickness, and for this as well as the illegality and disgrace attendant upon the arrest, a suit was brought to recover damages. The case was summed up for the defendants, by J. D. Little, and for the plaintiffs by Mr. Jelliff. Judge Ogden, in his charge to the Jury, called their attention to the law which expressly forbids the arrest and imprisonment of females in cases similar to the above. The Jury after being out nearly two hours rendered a verdict against the defendants, and awarded $400 damages.—[Tribune.

Lost where the owner don't know where, an empty linen sack with a cheese in it; the letters Pat Mullins is marked on it, but it is not legible.

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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 fidelity will be guaranteed every patient and applicant. The medicines used by the Institution are guaranteed free from Mercury, Minerals and Poisons of every nature. The most approved medicines, of recent discovery imported from India and Japan—and concentrated in the form of Extracts and Alkaloids, are alone used—our remedies will not expose, nor sicken nor debilitate under any circumstance. The Institution has the honor of treating as patients some of the most distinguished men in the United States. Patients can at all times be treated by letter and cured at home, on receiving a full statement of their symptoms, and medicines can be sent by mail or express to any part of the United States and the Canadas.

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

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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.*

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platina, with Atmospheric Gums, from $15 to $40. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8 4t

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TO LECTURERS.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late H. Rodgers while in an entranced state. These are the most splendid scenes, with a pair of life-like view [illegible] equal to any in the United States. [illegible] and this is a rare opportunity to obtain [illegible] the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars [illegible] and one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any [illegible] any date, as said circular gives a [illegible] of the scenes. Any information in regard to [illegible] showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by

B. M. NEWKIRK, Lagrange, O.

THE RICHEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

Shelton McKenzie, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, who is well acquainted with the history of wealthy and titled English families, says the Marquis of Westminster, formarly Earl Grosvenor, is the wealthiest man in Great Britain. His property mostly real estate in London, and the counties of Cheshire and Dorsetshire, is estimated at about £21,000,000 sterling, equal to one hundred millions of dollars. More than half of this sum has accrued in the last fifty years; and it is constantly increasing by the reversion of buildings which have been constructed in conformity with ground leases.

A large tract of land in Westminster, stretching from the House of Parliament to Chelsea, was purchased by the Grosvenor family for a trifle. By degrees, as London increased, particularly spreading in the West, as most great cities do, this island, swampy and barren as it was, came into request for building purposes. Buckingham Palace was built upon this ground, and many new squares and streets, the habitations of the rich and fashionable people, have been laid out on it. The Marquis is described as a mean, miserly fellow; his income is over three millions of dollars a year, and in all probability whoever possesses the estate half a century hence, will have a yearly income of from five to seven millions of dollars.

There are many others of the landed aristocracy of Great Britain who have enormous incomes. The Earl of Fitzwilliam, who died last summer, had an income of a million dollars a year. He has left to his youngest son estates which produce an annual income of $100,000 and to the second son an income of $150,000, while the eldest son, the heir of the coronet, is limited to a rental of $150,000, instead of a $200,000 per annum, upon which his father supported the dignity of his great name in the north of England. There are also many wealthy commoners who rank in wealth with the nobility. Mr. Muntz, the inventor of the Muntz yeliow metal, used very generally for sheathing ships, died a few months since, and left a fortune of over $10,000,000.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Door-bell rings. The Rev. Mr.——— is introduced to the family room, where three children are busily engaged of play, snuggled in the corner of the room—and the mother diligently engaged in sewing. She rises to meet the 'minister,' and salutes him, while he, with lofty, cold, repulsive dignity, says:

'Good morning, Mrs.———, are you well to-day?'

And, dignified, takes a seat.

After a moment's pause, he says in the same unbending manner:

'I trust, madam, that you have been well since I last saw you?'

'Thank you, sir, quite well.'

A brief panse.

'I trust that you have found consolation and rejoicing since my last visit,' etc. etc.

And thus passed away some fifteen minutes—the children all the while having suspended their play with a kind of indescribable fear, which children can look, glancing wonderingly at the mother.

Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing dignity, the clergyman said:

'I leave my blessing with you and your family, Mrs.———, and will bid you good morning.'

Hardly had the door closed, when a little boy of four years ran towards his mother, and, clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and with the simple earnestness of a child, said:

'Mamma, mamma! *Was dat Dod?*'—*Auburn (N. Y.) Journal.*

A Female College, at Oxford, Ohio, was burned a few nights since. The building contained 175 young ladies. The escape of Miss Sallie E. Moore from the College is unparalleled for daring. She roomed in the fifth story and returned the second time to her room for some books. On opening her door she discovered that the hall was dense with smoke and the stairway was in flames, and all means of exit in that direction hopeless. Closing her door, she deliberately tore bed clothing in strips, knotted them firmly together, and, tying them to her bed post, she hopefully stepped from her window, and made a successful descent to the ground, a distance of forty-five feet. The presence of mind shown by the entire body of young ladies was remarked by every one. This was no doubt promoted by some remarks Miss Peabody had made the day before, commenting on the Pemberton Mill accident, and desiring, if any sudden casuality should visit them, if the College should take fire, or any other accident occur, they might act in a thoughtful and collected manner.

One night last week, Mr. Joshua Stoddard, of this town, awoke about 1 o'clock, with a feeling of pain in his lungs, and on rising found that a lamp in which he burns coal oil had been left burning, with so small a flame that it gave out considerable gas and smoke, the inhalation of which would in a short time have proved fatal.—[Woburn Budget.

The way we marry—ring the bride's finger and then wring her heart.

Items.

"I wish," said a slight and elegant lady to her friend, whose *embonpoint* is so strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean."—"I'll tell you," replied the fair wit, "what is the father to that wish; you think too much of me, too little of yourself."

In a novel at Margate Library, this passage was marked and much thumbed:—"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven." "That is my view—exactly," sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume. "In fact, I think there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't conscientious!"

Dean Swift, in travelling once, called at a house. The lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so great a guest, with much eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple pie, or a gooseberry pie, sir, or a cherry pie, or a plum pie, or a pigeon pie, sir?"—"Any pie, ma'm, but a magpie," replied the Dean, in his usual, dry, sarcastic manner.

A stolid Dutchman was standing at a certain precinct on election day, recently, inquiring for "de reglar demogratic dicket," when a shrewd fellow instantly stepped up and supplied him with the genuine thing.

"Vell, now," said Hans, "vat vill I do mit 'im?"

"Put it in that box," pointing to the ballot box, said one and another.

The cunning "cuss" who had accommodated him with the "dicket," whispered in his ear, "Don't you let them fool you; don't put it in the box; keep it; put it in your pocket, it's your own; and don't let them cheat you out of your vote;" and so he did, ramming his ticket away down to the bottom of a deep pocket in his coat and walking off as mad as could be at the rogues who wanted to cheat him out of his vote by putting it in the ballot box.

The Knickerbocker does up a yarn in a superior manner. There is more truth than poetry in the following sketch from the experience of a country doctor—a fact that more than one of that badly-treated and worse paid class of individuals would be willing to verify on oath:

The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons:

"Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's poisoned. They gin him laudlum for paregoriky."

"How much have they given him?"

"Do no—a great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The Doctor pushes on through the storm—with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient.—He finds it all closed—not a light is to be seen.

He knocks at the door, but no answer. He knocks furiously, and at last a night cap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice calls out—

"Who's there?"

"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."

"Oh, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered, kinder. Gin him laudlum, and he slept kinder sound, but he's waked up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops; 'tain't hurt him none.—Wonderful bad storm to-night."

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls:

"Doctor! Doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"*You won't charge nothin' for the visit will you?*"

Elder PECK he broke the Bank,
While WEAVER stole the rum,
And KALLOCH drank his whiskey skin,
Ah! what has POMEROY done?
Kalloch loves his whiskey skin,
Pomeroy the Cyprian fair,
While Peck purloins the Treasury *tin*,
And rum is Weaver's share.

[Machias Union.

A wag has calculated that the hairs on the tip of a dog's tail, of the ordinary length of 15 inches, (tail not hair,) are made to traverse 25,433 miles by the simple act of wagging during an ordinary happy life of nine years, two months and eleven days, which is the mean life-time of a dog.

GARIBALDI'S POSSIBLE BRIDE, is the daughter of the Marquis of Raimondi, a young, spirited lassie of 19, who, during the last campaign, gave Garibaldi repeated and important tidings of the movements of Urban and his troops. Her patriotism and her horsewomanship touched the warrior's heart; her father is extremely anxious for the match, and it was probable that toward the end of January, Giorgina Raimondi would fill the place left vacant just ten years ago by Anita, his Brazilian bride.

A stripling eight years of age was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which, on account of the disparity in the length of the legs, refused to stand up. After fruitless efforts to make it do so, "Mother," said he, "does the Lord see everything?" "Yes, my son." "Well," replied the youg hopeful, "I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool."

In Stratford, Connecticut, a few days since, a poor man on returning from his work, found the doors of his house all open and three little children almost frozen. It seems that his wife had taken three dollars, which he had saved to buy a pig with, and went to Bridgeport to buy a pair of skates, and was skating on a pond near by.

A few days since, in one of the banks in Wall street, New York, a young man had just drawn a large sum from the bank, and was counting the bills in front of the paying teller's desk, when a person suddenly touched him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "My young man, your coat skirt is on fire," when the youth dropped his bills, to look after his burning garment. The accosting gent'eman seized the money and made a speedy exit.

PRESERVATION OF CORPSES.—A cotemporary gives, "for those wishing to remove the bodies of deceased friends to a distance, the following recipe for their preservation, which was furnished by a gentleman who professes an adeptness in matters of this character:

"With two gallons of water mix one ounce of creosote, to be placed with the body in a water tight case, wooden or metalic. At the upper and lower extremities of the body make small incisions with a knife, so as to allow the fluid to be admitted to the inside."

The total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of next July, will be a very important one to the scientific world. The director of the Dorpat Observatory was the first to remark that at the moment of obscuration, four of the principal planets—Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, and Saturn—will appear in the vicinity of the eclipsed sun as a kind of rhomboidal figure; a phenomena of such extraordinary rarity that many centuries will elapse before its repetition.

THE MEN WE WANT.—We want no men who will change like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of the popular wind; but we want men who, like mountains, will *change the course of the wind.*—[H. Mann.

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 ensample 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.

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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 $1,00 per hour.

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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.

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n 21

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

MISS MOULTON will hold circles in the first room on the second floor, No. 121, 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.

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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 octave, $130; Organ Melodeon, $200; Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Harmonium, $275.

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Mr. Rand's Pamphlet, giving an account of the Davenport boys and his 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 follows:

Restorative Syrup, qts. $2,00; pints $1,00; Palmonia, $1,00; Neutralizing Mixture, 50 cts.; Elixir for Cholera, 50 cts.; Dysentery Cordial, 50 cts.; Liniment, $1,00; Ointment, 25 cts.

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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 M—

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 during March. Providence, Plymouth, Portland &c., during the Spring months. Applications for week evenings in adjacent places, to be addressed to 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

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 Haute, 2 first Sundays in April. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address 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., through June. Applications for week evenings addressed as above will be attended to.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE ATKINS will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address, No. 3 Winter street, Boston.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, Superior Lecturer, will travel in the South and West this Fall and Winter. Persons desiring his services may address him either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill., until further notice is given.

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE can be addressed at West Winsted, Conn., during the winter, and any friend communicating to her during her present state of health, which is exceedingly delicate, will be gratefully received and let those who can send any message from the spirit spheres that may aid to cheer and strengthen her.

J S LOVELAND, will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during the months of Nov & Feb; and in Bos on the three first Sundays in Jan. Will lecture week evenings in the vicinity of the above named places.

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

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

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

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

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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