



DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION.

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WHOLE NO. 90.

THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS.

BY JOHN D. LORD.

SEEK WISDOM. Open your mind to her teachings. Invite her to visit and dwell with you, that you may learn her ways. She is always ready to teach those who sincerely seek her advice. She tempers all her lessons with prudence. She gathers her store from experience—culls her choicest gifts from the broken fragments strewn along those endless paths that lead you back among the mouldering monuments of distant ages past. She invites you to accompany her in her rambles among the scattered ruins, that mark the blind folly of heedless generations, that have rushed along in the current of unfettered passion's whirling tide. She points you to the crumbling materials reared to folly's fame, where avarice and passion ruled unchecked. She bids you survey oppression's track—stained and stamped by the proud tyrant's iron heel, as it ground its victim to the dust, trampled upon innocence and honesty's unbending integrity, binding in chains, burying in dungeons, or torturing upon the rack, those unflinching martyrs to their honest convictions of truth,—leading them up to the cruel stake, kindling the pitchy fires that slowly broil their quivering flesh, and peel it from their bones—while distracted mothers and frantic children plead in vain, upon their bended knees, before savage hearts, unmoved, untouched by mercy's softening power, and tears of anguish flow in vain. Unlock those iron doors, whose rusty hinges grate upon your ear, and view the loathsome cell, whose poisoned odors stench the air. See the pale, emaciated tenant, wasting beneath its contaminating influence, lie down upon his bed of filth, and linger out in broken sighs, his last sad breath, and die. Hark! listen!—Do you hear that groan of agony and despair, as it comes from the neighboring cell, giving vent to the bursting heart of some noble soul, whose wasting limbs give way beneath the load? Or turn your eyes to other scenes. See yonder victim tied up to writhe and smart beneath the stroke of the tyrant's lash. The blood flows out at every blow, and lies in clots beneath his feet. O stern and cruel Oppression, thou child of Ignorance, led on by blind passion's wild unfettered freaks,—does not thy heart shrink back, and sink within thy breast? Does not thy spirit blush and hide its head, or sink away to avoid those frightful scenes that haunt thy sleepless vision—those twinging pains that gnaw thy ever restless conscience, like the worm that never dies, or fire that is never quenched. Then give heed to Wisdom's teachings. Do not drive her from your door, where she kindly knocks and offers you her rich advice. Does Ambition press you on with her impatient strides to deeds of fame? Then follow Wisdom as she leads you over some battle field, and see the marching columns fall beneath the blazing cannon's deadly aim. You hear the booming thunders roar from right to left—spreading carnage and destruction beneath their curling smoke. You hear the dying shrieks of those whose bleeding limbs lay mangled on the gory field. You see the scattered ranks close up. You hear the rolling drum: the war horse gnaws his bit, and paws the gory ground; and at Ambition's nod, death swallows up the foe.

Then turn to other scenes, and hear the widow's moaning sigh—the orphan's tear. The Mother's painful anguish

racks her feeble frame. The suppressed feelings of a Father's stout heart begin to burst in struggling accents on the ear. The brother full of strength tries hard to brave the storm; but when the sister's grief gives way to her sad moan, he reels beneath afflictions load, and feverish tears steal down his sun-burnt cheek. Desolation clothes the land in mourning; sadness spreads her sable night; whilst thou, Ambition, sit'st unmoved upon the thorny seat of fame, whose chafing cushions filled with jealous springs, forbid thy rest.

Is not thy pillow filled with dreams of Vengeance, floating round thy head? Does she not stare thee in the face at every turn? Does she not poison all thy meals, and rob thy fancied dreams of all their promised ease? Aye, I hear you exclaiming, "O, that I had followed Wisdom's ways! O, that I had given heed to her advice, as she whispered in my tingling ear. But my companion, pride, was continually goading me on, in spite of Wisdom's voice. I could not withstand her insinuating flattery, her deceptive praise and promises of applause. Her tempting smiles and bewitching charms completely bound me with their galling chains. We would not give heed to Wisdom's ways, because we were such fools."

"O, Wisdom! if we had been under thy tuition, and studied in thy school, taken lessons from thy example, imbibed thy disposition, followed in thy path, we should have read from thy pages, those truths that lead to true happiness and fame. We should have seen thee feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the distressed, bind up the broken-hearted, unbind the captive, set the prisoner free, quench the fires of persecution, unloose the burning martyrs from the stake, and make glad the hearts of those who grieve. An approving conscience would have been our daily companion, lighting up the dark paths at our approach. Grateful songs and welcome plaudits would have greeted us on our way, amid the shouting throng, whose gratitude would rise in one continued strain. Thankful hearts, and gladdening smiles would lend their brightening rays to cheer us on our triumphant journey. Our reposing slumbers, upon the downy pillow of sweet peace, would be encircled in fancy's soothing dreams, fanned with the balmy breath from angelic spheres. The morning twilight, with her dovelike wing, would so gently have woke us to the new born day, as she ushers it in pouring out her smiles on around. Friendly countenances would greet us on every side. The warm hand of friendship, unchilled by deception's withering blast, would greet us with its lively, friendly grip, starting the quickened pulse with glowing streams of friendship's thrilling joy, as it mingles with responding shocks, and permeates the soul."

Ambition, born of Wisdom, and educated in her schools, is a child of noble birth, whose features and form rise up in grand proportions—whose striking countenance attracts with unresisting force, and binds you, not with iron, clanking chains—but with silken cords of Love, Justice, Mercy and Truth,—drawn so gently round your willing limbs, you yield yourself a happy prisoner to its congenial force; where no cold links of oppression chafe the unfettered mind, lay no heavy burdens upon your shoulders, that bear with unjust weight—her commands being always tempered with mercy and kindness, in that just

proportion which divests them of all oppressive pains. You yield obedience, and bow with sweet submission to her acknowledged law; and move along unforced by attraction's simple, but self-moving power, which draws and sways the millions to and fro, and rocks a nation with its surging throes—melts down those huge and heavy bands, and freedom leaps unbound to bless the bleeding slave—whose giant bow, with vengeance drawn, slacks up its iron nerve, to study Wisdom's simple law—joins in with waying millions more, to swell the rocking surge. No martial music beats the reveille; no armies march and counter-march, and charge by echelon. No platoons with bristling steel, patrol the streets to guard ambition's tent. The poor man's herds graze over the verdant vale; his flocks roam unprotected on the sloping hills, nor bleed to satisfy the priestly tithe. No press-gang scours the land, and drafts his sons to fill an army's scattered ranks, that waste away beneath the burning sun in foreign climes, and leave their bones to bleach on savage plains, or brave the stormy waves in naval ships, to gratify commercial kings.

Now, view him in his humble cot. The labors of the day are over; his garner filled with golden corn; his hearthstone shines with smiling fires; his neighbors gather round. Ambition sends no hired police to watch unguarded speech; but takes her seat among his guests to share his joyous feast. No stealthy thieftoman prowls around, to snatch his priestly share, but mingles in with freedom's host, to swell the chorus of their song. Angelic bands are hovering round, to catch the echoes as they rise—to waft them upward from the earth, and let them die away along the heights above. The clouds of Ignorance lift their veil, cruel Error flies away. Blind Superstition, dark and pale, is lost in Wisdom's dazzling light.

[With the exception of some few passages, which seem to teach that Christ is God, the following will be found a most intensely interesting answer to the question which heads the article. Its Author is T. S. ARNOLD, one of the most clear-seeing and pleasing writers of the age.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

A Mother, full of thought and tender affection for her beautiful daughter, was seated on a sofa, in a large apartment. She had been reading, but the book had fallen from her hand, and she was gazing upon her fair child, who stood beside the street window. An earnest, pleased smile played around the sweet mouth, and a rosy blush mantled over the fair cheek of the young girl, as she gracefully, yet with an embarrassed air, bowed in acknowledgment of a passing recognition.

The invalid mother closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in an earnest prayer for her beloved child. Her spirit grew calm in an inner light. Truth seemed sensibly to flow into her from the Divine form of God—and her maternal love was the plane into which this truth was received. She called, in her low, loving tones, "Lucie!" and the fairy-like, delicate Lucie was at her side in a moment. She sank, in her girlish beauty and grace, on a low seat, and gazed into her mother's face with the innocent lovingness of a young child.

Mrs. Herbert drew her to her, and kissed the sweet blooming face, and said to her, "Lucie! this is your six-

teenth birth-day—you are no longer a child."

Lucie bent her head upon her mother's bosom, and said—"Oh, mamma! I am a child; I do not wish to be anything else."

The mother smiled, and said, "Not so, my daughter. I would have you retain the grace of obedience—and, as a child, yet learn from the wisdom of others. But I would also have you realize that you have entered upon another period of life which God has blessed with beautiful gifts, and to appreciate these gifts, you must know what they are; otherwise, through ignorance, you may abuse them. Look, my daughter, into that mirror, which reflects your form, and see what beauty you are blessed with."

The pleased and blushing Lucie raised her eyes to the opposite mirror. She caught her mother's glance of warm affection, and turned to embrace her, saying, "Oh, mamma! I thank the good Lord that I am beautiful, because it makes you happy."

"Yes, dear child, you do indeed make me happy; and I thank the good Lord, also, that I have given birth to one so fitted to make others happy. Your beauty is not for yourself, or for me alone. God has created you in so fair and gentle a form, that through you He may bless some noble, and good man."

Lucie felt the destiny of woman unfolding itself in her expanding being. She reverently kissed her mother's hand, for she felt that she was guiding her into the sacred recesses of her own being—into the holy of holies—her heart. A warm, confiding sympathy, changed the relation of mother and child, at that moment, into that of spirit friends. The young girl felt that the mother was her heart's confidant, and said, in her guileless simplicity—

"Mamma, I feel such a capacity for loving; I am always imagining how dearly I could love; and, sometimes, when I receive little attentions from men, my heart bounds forth to meet them with a beautiful joy—and then I fear—and my heart shrinks back—and then I feel like nestling in your bosom as a little child—for I remember that 'Undine,' the fair water spirit, had never a woman's soul until she loved. Mamma, what is love?"

"My child, God is Love; and all pure love flows from Him."

"But, mamma, that seems mystical and abstract. I want to understand that which is in myself."

"Very well, my child; I am coming down into your own little heart. But, as love could not exist in your heart if there was no love in God, you must first perceive His love before you can understand your own heart. The Divine love is a desire to make others happy. God would give Himself to every human being; devote His infinite grace and beauty of character to their happiness. He would soothe them in their sorrows, rejoice with them in their joys, elevate their thoughts, purify their affections, and delight to do them every possible good. But, he cannot do this unless we love Him, for it is as when a beautiful, loving woman desires to do this to a man and he remains indifferent to her charms. Of course she cannot make him happy, because he will not know her, or see her, or delight himself in her presence. Do you not see that to receive love from God we

must love Him, and we cannot love Him without knowing Him and thinking of Him."

"But," said the young girl, "to know God! seems so impossible. Dear mamma! help my thoughts."

"My child, it is simple and easy to know God, because He has brought Himself down to our comprehension. The Divine Jesus, with all of His vast, incomprehensible thoughts and feelings, filling eternity and expanding into infinity, yet walked the earth in so simple a life that we can know Him and love Him. He was a being of such a pure and unselfish a goodness, of such tender and gentle affections, without a taint of pride, vanity or earthly ambition."

Lucie looked up with light sparkling in her eyes. "Oh," she cried, "truth at last seems clear to me. This is the type of a real man. Yes, now I can love God; my thoughts can rise from His earthly life to His heavenly glory. Now I see what goodness is—what His love is."

Mrs. Herbert continued, with an earnest enthusiasm, "Lucie, my child! fix this divine image in your mind. God is the type of what man should be. So chaste, so meek and mild, so serene before a mocking world, with his thoughts ever dwelling within an inner world of glory. This is the measure of a man; and when the spontaneous spring of love that swells in your maiden heart, from an infinite fountain of love would flow forth, let each human being be measured by this Divine image. If you see not the qualities which assimilate man to God, turn from the finite imperfection to the infinite and eternal truth, and this form of God, which is the truth, will be your guide."

"But, my child, you are young and inexperienced, and I must hold up to your view the opposite of love—which appears as love, but is to true love, what the dancing 'will-of-the-wisp,' born in bogs and fens, is to the eternal sun that shines in the pure, blue heavens."

"This apparent love is born of the selfishness of man; it does not look to God; it has no thought beyond this earth—beyond personal gratification. A man may woo a woman with a grace and tenderness that charm her fancy and call forth the deep gratitude of her loving heart, when she has no place in his heart. Himself is enshrined there like some bloody Moloch, to whom a fair and innocent victim is to be devoted. Such a man weds a woman with no thought or desire of making her happy, but of making himself happy, by having her minister to his desires. She is his slave, not his equal. It matters not whether she wears a visible mantle, or whether she graces with her beauty and intelligence, some gorgeous home—she is his slave; he regards her as being for his use. He may feel pride in her rare beauty, he may be vain of the accomplishments of her intellect, but it is with the sole idea that they are his—that they are means by which he may attain ends."

"Ah, if woman but realize this truth—would make of love a science—would learn to test the genuine and reject the spurious, how many breaking hearts might be saved!"

Mrs. Herbert's earnestness affected Lucie. She kissed the tears from her mother's sad eyes, and said—

"Dear mamma! I thank you that you are so anxious to save me from sorrow;

and I will love no one who does not love God, and who does not try to be like Him."

The twilight hour of communion between mother and daughter was ended, and soon a gay circle of society came with the evening lights.

Lucie's birth-day party seemed to catch the very spirit of joyousness from her light and graceful being, which was so full of an inner light of love. As she glided, sylph-like, through the mazy dance, the glance of admiring eyes and the words of flattering tongues followed her. But no self-love grew in her heart, for she had realized the high and beautiful destiny before her of making one human heart happy, and she lived in the delight of that thought.

The last compliment had been gracefully acknowledged; the warm good-night kiss of her mother yet lingered on her lips; and, in the sanctuary of her chamber, she knelt, in her child-like innocence, to thank God for all His blessings. But most of all, her thoughts in her evening prayer rested upon the beautiful truths her mother had spoken. The Divine image grew radiant in her mind. But even this thought grew mazy in her indistinct consciousness. Sleep had come, and the kneeling maiden, in her light undress, half reclining on the crimson couch, rested in the rosy repose of her blooming innocence. But it was her body alone that remained unconscious. The happy spirit awoke in the gardens of God. She felt the glorious sunshine, and opening her eyes, she beheld the effulgence of light, flowing from the divine Sun in the East. She said softly to herself, "This is the God whom I worship." But a sense of His Infinity, of the vastness of His existence overwhelmed her. She bowed her face in a self-abasing humility. The infinite purity and absolute perfectness of the Divine Being seemed to separate her from Him; and yet the joy of worshipping so great a God, held her to Him.

Music came floating on the soft air that touched like a love-kiss her cheek, and she felt that the music was that of a human mind breathed upon by the breath of God—truth. She felt the thrill of a responsive symphony. She looked up, and saw standing beside her a youth radiant in beauty; he smiled, and pointing upwards said, in the words of the Psalm she had just read upon earth, "O magnify the Lord our God, and worship Him upon His holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy."

Lucie turned to the bright Spirit with such a loving trust and said, "Tell me, am I upon the hill of God that I see so much of His glory?"

And the youth seated himself, by the maiden on the velvet turf, where roses grew in a flowery beauty, and bright crystal waters murmured to the soft breathing winds. The spirit answered in gently attuned words of wisdom:

"The hill of God is the inmost of thine own being. It is the spiritual love of the finite human soul, that looks to God as being the supreme good from whom all good flows as light from the sun; from whom all life in the universe exists, as the life of the finite human body exists from its in-dwelling soul."

"You and I, fair maiden, are not life in ourselves. We are forms, receptive of life, and this life from God is love—for God is love; and love is life."

"I feel it," said Lucie, "for I can never lose my love but with my life."

The youth smiled and said, "Then

truly, thou wilt never lose thy love for thy life is immortal and indestructible." As the wise spirit spoke, Lucie felt as if she had found an eternal joy, so welcome to her were the pleasant words of his wisdom; and she said, pleadingly: "Tell me, I pray thee, of the Being of God." [To be continued.]

The New Era.

"Behold I make all things New."
"Hereafter ye shall see HEAVEN OPENED."

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BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1854.

Number One of the following correspondence, was intended for the preceding issue, but was detained, by the lateness of the mail, till after our paper had gone to press.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER ONE.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 30, 1854.

DEAR ERA:

Five days ago, little did I think of talking to thy readers from the borders of Lake Erie and this beautiful city so soon. But how true it is, that man "knoweth not what a day may bring forth." I had determined not to journey West till the Autumn season should have come, and the General Convocation of Spiritualists should convene here. But circumstances changed the "order of arrangements," and I am now in Cleveland.

I left the "old Bay State" on Wednesday morning last, in the first train of cars from Boston, and arrived in Troy, N. Y., at half-past six in the evening, and was warmly welcomed and kindly entertained at the house of Br. Welcome Whitaker, who is one of the leading Spiritualists of Troy, and one who thinks for himself. His companion is a Pictorial Medium; and she had a beautiful vision during the evening, of what she called "The Renovated Earth," which she described at some length. She frequently has these visions, besides being a medium for healing the sick. In the latter capacity, she has been quite successful.

Spiritualism is prospering finely in Troy, and numbers in its ranks, many warm hearts and clear heads. I was introduced to several of these, and formed a brief, but pleasant acquaintance with them. Ex-Gov. Tallmadge of Wisconsin, lectured here on Sunday and Monday evenings, to large audiences; and a very good impression was made. He left the city, the day before I arrived; hence, I had no opportunity to meet and become acquainted with him. Hope I may have that privilege by and by.

My departure for the West was so sudden, I had not time to make arrangements to lecture in Troy; but being warmly desired to do so on my return to New England a short time hence, I gave the friends the assurance that I would address them if possible, at that time. Perhaps I may be able to do so.

From Troy, I journeyed to Rochester, on Thursday, in the "Lightning Train," so called, on the New York Central Railroad. We did not travel, however, quite so fast as lightning, although there was a very good approximation to it, for the Rail-Road mode of travel. The cars on this road are very superior, and the accommodations in other respects very excellent. The officers are very pleasant and gentlemanly, affording the passengers every facility for comfort within their power. The same may be said, indeed, of the whole route from Boston to Cleveland by the way of Albany, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, and Erie. This is the Great Central route from the East to the West, and is undoubtedly the very best course for those to take who are traveling to this western country.

I tarried in Rochester over one train (several hours) and had the pleasure of meeting with Br. Charles Hammond and family, and also of attending the gathering of a large circle of friends who convened in the evening for such Spiritual Manifestations as might present themselves. Several interesting exhibitions were given us, through Br. Hammond and others; and then the meeting closed with a few observations from myself.

Most of my readers, if not all, are already somewhat acquainted with Br. Hammond, through his books—the "Light from the Spirit World"—which was one of the first Spiritual works published—the "Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine, in the Spirit World," and the "Philosophy of the Spirit World." Br. H. has also been the instrument of preparing still another, and from what I

learn of it, I should judge a still more valuable and interesting book, for publication. It will doubtless be out sometime in the course of the Summer or Autumn, and will probably be a very valuable addition to Spirit Literature. I am also warmly solicited to speak on Spiritualism here on my return, which I shall gladly endeavor to do.

At ten o'clock P. M., I again embarked for Buffalo, where our train arrived at one in the morning. I was, of course, glad to get what rest I could, after about eight or nine hours travel, over a distance of between two and three hundred miles, from Albany and Buffalo, and so stopping at the Rail-Road Hotel, I ascended to the third or fourth story of that spacious and convenient public mansion, and retired. I arose at six in the morning, went to the Depot and found a poor ignorant Irish woman with two children, in great distress. Her little boy, of some five years old, was crying most piteously, and the poor woman seemed utterly forsaken and desolate. I inquired into the difficulty, and learned that she was on her way from Chicago to Syracuse, and had no money to go farther. Being quite ignorant, and burdened with two children—one at the breast—she knew not what to do. She and her little ones were also hungry, and had nothing to get their breakfast with. They were soon provided with something to eat, which they swallowed voraciously; and then their case was laid before the Superintendent of the Syracuse road, who promised me to look after them, and pass them through free, unless he actually found the woman to be practising imposition. How fearful people are of imposition! True, we should keep our eyes open, and do all we can, rationally, to free ourselves from such a dire calamity. But, at the same time, we should reflect that there is such a thing as self-imposition, and that we are in no little danger of allowing ourselves to be imposed upon by our own selfish loves, when we make excuses for not exhibiting our more charitable sympathies. I was obliged to leave Buffalo for Cleveland an hour earlier than the train started for Syracuse, but felt measurably well assured, that the poor and suffering ones referred to, would be passed along to their home.

The train from Buffalo to Cleveland is also a "lightning train," although it stops more frequently than the one from Albany to Buffalo. This is the "Lake Shore" Rail-Road, and passes through the far-famed town Erie, so noted for its "Rail-Road War." That war is now over, a uniform gauge is established, and everything goes on very agreeably. Indeed, one would never know from present appearances, that any such war had ever existed. May it never exist again.

Most of the trains from Boston to Cleveland, are well provided with stone jars of good cold water, so refreshing to the traveler at the present season and from which one is at liberty to draw and drink; but the train from Buffalo to Cleveland, employs a servant to carry the water round to the passengers, as they sit in their seats,—thus giving them the very best and most needed refreshment, with no farther trouble to the receivers, than that of drinking nature's soothing and cooling beverage.

I arrived in Cleveland on Friday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and soon found that staunch friend of Spiritualism, John M. Sterling. He lives on Euclid st., at the north part of the city, and has a very retired and beautiful residence. I supped with him, and there met Geo. Bradburn from New England, with whom I held a long conversation on Spiritualism. Mr. Bradburn seems rather to belong to the Idealistic school—partly Emersonian and partly Swedenborgian. The Manifestations seem too rude for him; and yet, in conversation, he is very reasonable and candid—seeming to discern not only the law which demands and explains the kind of phenomena which have thus far appeared, but also the actual necessity and use of these first rude facts in reaching and fixing the attention of a large class of minds.

To-morrow morning I go to Bainbridge and Chagrin Falls to attend the Great Spiritual Jubilee of the West. My next will doubtless tell thy readers, Dear Era, the story of one of the mightiest and most important public assemblies that ever gathered for human welfare. It is anticipated that nearly ten thousand people will be assembled in a beautiful Grove in Bainbridge, to listen to the living and spirit-quickening words of THE NEW DISPENSATION.

Adieu,
S. C. HEWITT.

Editorial Correspondence.

NUMBER TWO.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, July 4, 1854.

THE JUBILEE.

BR. NEWTON:

You and the readers of the Era, will

be glad to hear the results thus far, I suppose, of the great Spiritual Jubilee which has just closed its four day's session. This Jubilee has been truly a great affair. It began on Saturday, July 1st, and continued through Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Two long sessions were held each day in a large and beautiful grove, in the town of Bainbridge, four miles east of this village; and then evening meetings were held in four or five of the adjacent towns on the first three evenings—the speakers, of whom there were many, being divided among the several locations. Owing to unforeseen delays in transportation, I did not arrive at the grove until near the close of the meeting on the first day of this Spiritual feast; so I heard but little of what was said, and saw but slightly what was done. I found, however, a large collection of people listening to a stirring address through C. P. Sanford of Chardon, formerly a powerful Methodist Preacher in this region, but now a Spirit Medium. Mr. Sanford, I am told, has little or no faith in Spiritualism in his ordinary condition; but when entranced, he speaks forth very boldly, powerfully and clearly, the truths of the New Dispensation. I heard him several times during the Jubilee, and was very much pleased with his utterances.

About 4 o'clock, the first day's sessions were closed at the grove, and the friends dispersed to their several homes. I came back to this place to pass the night with my well-tried friends, and to hold an evening meeting in connection with Rev. R. P. Wilson, whose residence is at a place not far distant from Cleveland, called River Styx. Whether they have any Charon there, to ferry the lost souls over the river, or any Cerberus guarding the gates of that other and somewhat noted place, as in the ancient myth, deponent saith not. However, I presume that is not material, inasmuch as, without doubt, River Styx in Ohio, and the River Styx of the ancient conception, are two very different affairs.

At about 8 o'clock, our meeting began; and Brother Wilson, who is a very unpretending young man (formerly a Methodist preacher) of about twenty-eight years of age, I should judge, was very powerfully controlled by Daniel Webster, who spoke some 30 or 40 minutes, with great clearness and force. The thoughts expressed, and the manner of utterance, were both well worthy of such a mind as Webster's. Indeed, not only were the thoughts most evidently Websterian, in their comprehensive range, and their mighty grasp of principles, but the language, figures, tropes, one and all, were of the most chaste, solid and intellectual character. Add to this the elevated moral and spiritual aim of the discourse, and the deep inspiration with which it was breathed forth to a large and earnestly listening assembly, and I think all who heard it would find no difficulty in attributing it to Daniel Webster of the Higher Life, in so far as the real intellectual and moral merits of the discourse were concerned. Some persons, I know, can hardly conceive it possible, when they take into account the public and private character of Webster, that he could be so soon and so greatly changed, morally, as his professed communications seem to indicate. But I find no trouble on this score. Some men have vices, who see and know but little else. They are not vicious, at the same time that they see very clearly, and realize strongly the fact that that they are so. They have not mind or intellect enough for that. Hence, their perception of truth and justice is not much in advance of their actual moral condition. Not so, however, was it with Webster. His mighty mind, inspired by some noble attributes, notwithstanding his public and private vices, took a much vaster sweep of Truth, and saw much sooner and more clearly, its immortal and eternal claims upon him,—which sight became his comparatively speedy salvation, and lifted him out of the mighty moral maelstrom, in which he was so giddily whirling towards the end of his earthly career.

There was an ascending under-current to the tidal waves of his being, set into free play by the invisible and dynamic forces of spirit and of spiritual nature, which, when the descending momentum of ambition, and concomitant inversions of normal, spiritual and personal selfhood, had reached their culminating point, in the loss of their external and earthly objects, arrested the farther retrogression, and gave that mighty and comparatively desolated, and still constantly desolating intellect, its first full and free spiritual inspirations, and elevating forces. There is no difficulty, therefore, in accounting for the mighty change, so apparent, now, in Webster of the Spirit World, as compared with Webster of the earth-life, granting that anything

which professes to come from him, now, does really proceed from that source. But this is a digression.

After the addresses through Br. Wilson, it was my privilege to speak about an hour. My subject was embraced in the three questions: What is Spiritualism? What has it already done for man? What does it still propose to do? I had time only to very briefly and roughly answer the first two, and left the other for a subsequent occasion. The audience gave very excellent and earnest attention, and seemed very much interested in both these discourses.

On Sunday, a vast host of human beings gathered again in the grove at Bainbridge; and the afternoon session of Sunday was somewhat larger than the morning one. It was estimated by those who were in the habit of attending outdoor mass meetings, and of making estimates of numbers, that there were no less than from eight to ten thousand people present, at the afternoon meeting. The teams alone, which were on and about the grounds, to say nothing of those put up at the residences of friends in the vicinity, amounted, by actual counting, to twelve hundred and eighty-four. Many of these were double teams, though the majority were single ones. The inference therefore, is very easily drawn, as to the probable number present,—it certainly and evidently could not have been much less than the number stated. But I mention the fact of numbers, merely to show the deep and active interest which the people in this region take in the New Dispensation. They are all alive with it; and hence it is no "boy's play" with them. It means a new age of thought and of work, they think. Hence, they think for themselves—not only theoretically, but practically, also. Herein is their only redemption, and that of others.

The speakers on Sunday, were mainly as follows: H. Burnham Esq., of Braceville; O. L. Sutliff, Ravenna; Samuel Smart, Willoughby; Dr. H. Bell, Chardon; Rev. Mr. Sanford, Chardon; Mrs. Barney, Bainbridge; Mrs. Molloy, Hudson; Rev. R. P. Wilson, River Styx; J. Tiffany Esq., Painesville; Miss Sarah Giles, Bainbridge; Mrs. Warner, Chardon; and myself. The meetings, therefore, were somewhat lengthy, as will be very naturally inferred, when so many speakers are taken into the account, even on the supposition that each gave only a very brief speech. This, however, was not always the case. Some of the addresses were quite lengthy, while scarcely any were very short. Yet the people were very attentive, and most of them remained deeply and interestedly listening to the inspired utterances of those who addressed the vast assembly.

My limits do not allow of even a bare allusion to the remarks of all the speakers on this occasion. I shall therefore be pardoned if I merely hint at those of some of the more prominent persons who favored the assembly with their addresses, and who, in turn, were favored with the "listening ear and the understanding heart." Among the foremost of these, stood—as all who know him will allow—J. TIFFANY Esq., of Painesville. He has one of the clearest and most acute intellects, within his own proper range of thought, the working of which I was ever permitted to observe. And although his sight of the universe evidently does not cover the whole ground of things, of principles and relations, yet its scope is broad, comprehensive and clear. He also possesses what very few public metaphysical speakers are blessed with—viz: the faculty of making his audience understand very fully and clearly what he has to say, however abstruse it may chance to be. He has, however, much more head than heart. I do not mean by this, that he has no heart—by no means. I believe him to be very sincere and devoted in the advocacy of the truth he sees. But what I mean to say is, that his intellect runs on, and on, and on,—upward, higher and higher still, reaching point after point, and grasping thought after thought, with the same ease as the eagle ascends, and gazes at the sun, or, with the same cutting clearness that marks the diamond in its glassy tread. He is both a logician and a metaphysician; and one can hardly tell which he is most of. It is with the most perfect ease, that he stands before an audience, and speaks on subjects of the highest order. It is no effort at all. It makes one spontaneously think of that queer, though significant saying of the boy who whistled in school, viz., "It whistled itself." All he has to do, is to open his mouth, and his tongue does the bidding of his rapidly flowing and freely crystalizing thoughts. And so they come sailing out like the swallow, or soaring aloft, like the eagle—not unfrequently getting their "finishing touch"

from the wand of some descending seraph, who fires his soul with occasional glimpses of celestial Love, and the glorious splendor of celestial Life.

Mr. Tiffany spoke some seven or eight times during the four days of the Jubilee; and yet he continued more and more interesting to the last. He is a plain man,—was formerly a Lawyer in Cleveland—a very successful pleader at the bar, and quite successful in his profession generally. But such a mind as his, could not long remain satisfied with a profession and a practice, which like that of the clergyman and the physician, flattens to considerable extent, on the miseries of mankind. Hence, some years ago, he left the law, and went to farming and advocating the New Philosophy. He now spends much of his time in speaking on Sundays and on evenings during the week in this general region.

A story is told here of Mr. T. which shows, that while he was a nominal member of the bar, he was at the same time above the bar. It seems he had undertaken to plead the case of a young man, and was to have a hundred dollars for doing it. It was with much reluctance that he undertook the case; but he finally, after much urging, consented to take the matter in hand, and he succeeded in gaining the suit. He was paid for his services, according to agreement: but learning, subsequently, that the money came from the young man's mother, who was illly able to bear that burden, although without much of this world's goods himself, he freely, and of his own accord, passed fifty of the hundred dollars back to its source again. Jesus would hardly say to such a class of men,—"Wo unto you, Lawyers," etc. It is hoped that our friends at the East, will induce Mr. Tiffany to make a lecturing Tour among them next fall and winter to the mutual good of all concerned. I feel sure they will not regret it if they do.

I was very much pleased with several speeches I heard from Mr. O. L. SUTLIFF, of Ravenna, a thriving village some forty miles south of Cleveland. Mr. S. is a merchant tailor by trade—has been a warm and zealous methodist—but has now turned from the "beggary elements" of the creed and the formulas, to the perception and advocacy of Spiritual Truth. His soul is decidedly positive, which all true Spiritualists will understand and appreciate. He advocates the truth with great force and clearness, and has no sleepy hearers where he talks. He is peculiarly adapted to such occasions as the Jubilee which has just closed. If any business matter comes up for consideration, and needs a special plea to act soothingly and executively on the pocket nerve, Mr. S. is just the man for that. And, indeed, whatever the particular topic is, he speaks to the point and with good effect. He has been in the field some the past year, and intends to be more in it for the future. Success to his endeavors to build up the kingdom of Truth.

Miss SARAH GILES, of Bainbridge, was another prominent speaker at the Jubilee. She is a young lady of twenty years of age—has been a speaking medium some years, and has exhibited a somewhat remarkable history. She is ordinarily quite modest and retiring—very much averse to appearing before the public; but when she is entranced, she stands up very boldly, and speaks in an earnest, clear, and dignified manner, sending conviction to many doubting hearts, and clearing away the fog of many obscured intellects. She has done a great amount of good all about in this region, and will do more. I heard her speak several times at the great meeting in the grove, and one at an evening meeting in a hall in Bainbridge. And she impressed me as one possessing a very pure spirit, and as cherishing ideas far in advance of the age. I ever delight to meet with such souls, and exchange those thoughts and aspirations of the higher, purer and better things of the universe, whose only influence is to put the soul forward towards its true and joyous destiny.

Some time ago, Miss G. was made to appoint a meeting in the Orthodox church in Bainbridge, simultaneously with the regular services on the Sabbath; and, of course, great numbers flocked together and filled the house to overflowing. In her ordinary state, after the appointment was made, she was very much averse to fulfilling the appointment, and repeatedly declared that she should not go. As the time drew near, however, she was entranced, and taken to the assembly in that condition. She was met at the door by one of the deacons, who attempted to prevent her ingress, by placing his arm across the door-way. She, however, looked him boldly and steadily in the eye, till, like the ferocious animal held

at bay by the mighty magnetism of the human intellect, he quailed before her bold, pure and earnest gaze. She then entered and seated herself in a pew, where she sat quietly and unruffled till another deacon and the priest had expended their batteries—the one against Spiritualism, and the other on that very new, important, and most interesting subject, called "Total Depravity." But the priest was wily as priests usually are, and understanding what was intended, somewhat, he endeavored to stave off any results adverse to his own interests. So before he began his discourse, he said the Sunday school would meet immediately after the benediction was pronounced. But although he had the matter all "cut and dried" thus, the spirits, nevertheless, were too quick for him. So, as the last words of the creed-worshiper fell tremulously from his lips, with the sudden flash of the lightning, almost, Miss G. was made to bound into the broad aisle, when the powers above opened a perfect tempest of the most scathing rebuke upon the deacon and the priest. The result was, that the people got their eyes open somewhat, the clergyman has since left, and they have no stated preaching or settled priest. Thank Heaven for that,—for, although there are some true ministers in the clerical profession, as well as very many more out of it, yet the priests of whom there are multitudes, are the "deadliest enemies" of the human race. The sooner, therefore, the world is rid of them, the better. God speed the Light! But my space is full, although I am not yet half done with the Jubilee, its speakers, etc. Further particulars in my next.

Adieu,

S. C. HEWITT.

The Boston Conference of Spiritualists.

The subject for discussion before this body, on Wednesday evening, July 5th, at Institute Hall, was—*The Identity of Spirits—can it ever be satisfactorily determined?*

As this question is one of some importance in the Spiritual Movement, and one on which most investigators have been more or less perplexed, we propose to give a sketch of the debates which have taken place and are to follow upon it.

The discussion was opened by Dr. HAYDEN, who took the affirmative side of the question, arguing that, in certain cases, spirits have given an amount of evidence of personal identity, which, in criminal courts, would be considered sufficient to determine the question, even upon a capital trial. He proceeded to give detailed narratives of several of the more striking cases which have occurred under his own observation both in this country and in Europe. The evidence consisted mainly in the ability of spirits to communicate accurately in regard to peculiar matters of fact; and also in their appearance in *propria persona*, to spirit-seeing mediums. Some of these facts we may present to our readers, on another occasion, as we believe they have not been published.

ALBERT BINGHAM, Esq., followed with some very discriminating remarks and interesting facts relating to his own investigations. He considered that the ability of a spirit to communicate correctly respecting facts known to any mind present, was no proof of identity, since he had satisfied himself, that to a considerable extent, invisible intelligences can read any answer or idea that is distinctly formed in minds in the body. The best evidence he had found of identity was in a case where a fact was alluded to by a spirit, of which no one present at the time had any idea, but which was afterwards corroborated; yet even this Mr. Bingham could not consider demonstrative, since, if spirits can read knowledge from our minds while in the body, why may they not read also from the minds of other spirits out of the body, or derive knowledge of these facts from other sources? Nor did he feel sure that the perception of spirits by seeing-mediums, was fully to be trusted, since we do not know but they have the power of assuming personal appearances which do not belong to them. [A clairvoyant medium present denied that this was ever done, and stated that the spirit of a son of the speaker then stood by his side, and begged him not to doubt. Mr. B. remarked that this was a kind of evidence of which his senses could take no cognizance.]

Mr. ENSON considered that the classes of evidence which had been alluded to, though very good proof of the individuality of spirits, furnish no demonstration of identity. He thought, however, that there were other classes which were more conclusive. Among these was the execution of *fac simile* hand writing, es-

pecially when accomplished through the hand of a medium who had no previous knowledge of the purported writer or his chirography. All know the difficulty, with most, the impossibility—of producing a precise imitation of a characteristic signature, even with a copy before the eyes; but this is often done through the hand of mediums, even when they themselves are utterly unconscious of what their hand is doing, and yet so exactly that the genuineness of the signature would be unhesitatingly sworn to by any expert in the land. This the speaker considered a strong evidence of identity. Another was to be derived from the peculiar impressions made by the spheres of individual spirits upon sensitive persons. All sensitive persons detect differences in the spheres, or emanations both of persons in the body and of spirits. When they have once become acquainted with the sphere of an individual, they may be able always to recognize the presence of that identical sphere, or individual, as surely as they recognize the taste of Epsom salts, or of honey, in the mouth. This evidence, however, is of a personal character, appealing only to the individual consciousness of the one who experiences it. It may not satisfy others. The speaker thought there might be other grounds of conclusive evidence, but he was not prepared to go further into the question at that time.

Mr. BURKE, a disbeliever in the agency of spirits in the modern phenomena, made some effort to account for the facts which had been presented, on what he termed "natural and rational grounds"; but as his remarks had little bearing upon the question in hand, they need not be noticed here.

Mr. A. E. NEWTON remarked that he accepted the classes of facts which had been presented as furnishing valuable evidences of spirit identity, so far as they go; but not as demonstrative proofs. He, however, believed that the personal identity of spirits can be settled beyond all question, under proper conditions. Yet his convictions rest on evidences of a different kind from any which have yet been alluded to in this discussion—on a basis deeper, broader, firmer, and to appreciative minds overwhelmingly satisfactory. But the lateness of the hour prohibited his entering upon a statement of his views at that time. Perhaps at some future stage of the discussion, he might undertake to do so.

Dr. PATERSON presented some further interesting facts of a similar nature to those which had been already stated, going to demonstrate spirit-agency and intelligence, and at the same time giving the usual evidences of identity—after which the Conference adjourned, to resume the discussion on the following Wednesday evening.—A. E. N.

The following statement was published in the *Sunday News* of this city, a few weeks since. We learn that Dr. Cutter, with the assistance of Mrs. Emerson the clairvoyant, is very successful in the application of the newly developed powers of clairvoyance to the discovery and cure of diseases. His card may be found in our columns.

"SINGULAR CASE."

A short time since, Mrs. Wells A. Hodget, of Springfield, Mass., had a fine cambric needle extracted from her right limb by Dr. Lambert. The circumstances alleged to have resulted in its discovery are narrated in Brittan's *Spiritual Telegraph*, for this month, from which it appears that Mrs. Hodget, who was suffering severely from its presence, but without knowing the cause, requested her husband, who was going to Hartford, to consult Mrs. Mettler, a well known clairvoyant. He did so, and as the account says, Mrs. Mettler confidently asserted that she saw a small needle in Mrs. Hodget's limb, to which she ordered the application of a poultice, to be followed by a surgical operation; and the result was as above stated. It is added that Mrs. Hodget knew not how or when the needle entered her limb, and that she had no knowledge or suspicion of its presence till the discovery was made by the clairvoyant at a distance of twenty-five miles! This case, the *Republican* says, may render it no longer a paradox to "find a needle in a hay stack."

The above is a very interesting case, and will convince, we think, the most sceptical of the power of the clairvoyant. We will add another case of the power of a well known clairvoyant, which transpired in this city a few days since. Mrs. Jane Burns, wife of L. Burns, furniture manufacturer, residing at No. 9 Madison place, fifth door from Pleasant Street, had been suffering for six years from some internal disease. At first she supposed she was troubled with worms, and several physicians prescribed for her; others supposed she was consumptive, while

others said she was suffering from a disease of the liver. At times Mrs. Burns would have a raging appetite, and, again, she would require but little food, and thus she continued to live along for five years. About a year since, in June, 1853, she was in a very bad state of health, and she could get no relief from her growing disease. At this time she was very low spirited and melancholy, bordering upon insanity with thoughts of suicide; much reduced in flesh, being a mere skeleton of what she was when in good health.

She had tried several of the patent medicines which had had the skill of several of our leading physicians; neither reached her disease. About a year since she was introduced to a physician—not of the Boston Medical Society,—who said he could cure her. He prescribed to her a particular medicine, of which she took 12 or 15 bottles, each containing three pints, but the medicine did not reach her case. She now gave up in despair, but for several months after continued to take various advertised medicines, and other kinds, until she nearly destroyed her life. In April last, Mr. Samuel Thaxter a well known citizen of this city, who resides at 105 Warren Street, who had been greatly benefited by Dr. Cutter's mode of treatment, advised Mrs. Burns to call on the Dr. Mr. and Mrs. Burns had no faith in clairvoyance or trance, and Mr. Burns would not listen to the proposition. The unfortunate sufferer Mrs. Burns, however, concluded to try once more for her life; a carriage was called and she and a companion visited the office of Dr. Cutter, resolved to try the power of his celebrated clairvoyant Mr. William D. Emerson, and to test the value of his mysterious sight. The clairvoyant was entranced by Dr. E. W. Cutter, who is associated with his brother, Dr. E. G. Cutter, the celebrated lecturer on Psychology, at No. 292 Washington Street. Mr. Emerson, the clairvoyant, had never seen Mrs. Burns, and knew nothing of her; he did not know her name. After a few moments conversation with her, the clairvoyant described correctly, as she stated, her feelings, and informed her that the cause of her disease was a large tape worm, with which she had been troubled for several years. He further said to her, that the worm could be destroyed without injury to her, by a powerful medicine discovered by a clairvoyant while in a state of trance.

Mrs. Burns resolved to follow the advice of the clairvoyant under the direction of Mr. Cutter. The medicine was prepared, and taken by her, and in less than four hours she was relieved, and a tape worm one hundred and thirty-two inches in length, and five-eighths of an inch in breadth passed from her. Mrs. Burns is now in good health and spirits, and feels that Dr. Cutter has extended to her a new lease of life. She feels that she is indebted to the science of Psychology for her existence, and that she should not have lived through the summer if she had not been relieved, through the science of Psychology, of the worm which had troubled her for so many years. This case exhibits, in a clear light, the utility of clairvoyant examinations in such cases. The clairvoyant possesses a vision not possessed by the most skillful while in the natural or wakeful state.

Dr. Cutter's office is at No. 292 Washington Street, where the tape worm may be seen.

GRAND RURAL FESTIVAL.—The Spiritualists of Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, and neighboring towns, to the number of nearly a thousand, enjoyed a Grand Rural Festival, in Harmony Grove, Framingham, on the 11th inst. A train of nine cars, closely packed, went out of Boston, and the company was joined on the ground by large delegations from Natick, Framingham, etc. The day was delightful, and all the elements conspired to make the season one of spiritual joy and harmony. The enjoyments of the occasion were varied with every species of appropriate exercise; social intercourse, singing, music, dancing, swinging, and speaking. Various circles for manifestations were formed, and beautiful developments were given. The regular speaking around the stand was led, in main, by Br. J. S. Loveland, Rev. Mr. Hudson, Dr. Hayden, Mr. McClure, J. Buffum and W. Clark. Several effective addresses were given by entranced mediums, among whom were Mrs. Thomas, of the West, Miss Chisman, and others whose names are not remembered. The whole occasion was one of surpassing social and spiritual felicity. The company adjourned with a unanimous vote for another Pic Nic on the 31st of August.

[We exceedingly regret that the no-

tice of this festival, by some accident or mistake, did not appear in the *NEW ERA*—in consequence of which we fear many who would have enjoyed the occasion were uninformed of its occurrence. We also regret that pressing business associations rendered it impossible for us to participate with the friends in the recreations of the day. A friend who was present has furnished the foregoing sketch of the occasion.—A. E. N.

"APPLYING THE BRAKES."—Some of our good friends seem exceedingly anxious to apply the brake to the wheels of the *New Motive Power*, even before, according to their own statements, "a single revolution" has been performed! This look to us as quite premature, and as manifesting an unnecessary alarm. If that production is the "sublime folly" which they conceive it to be, and if it should prove incompetent ever to turn even a "coffee mill," our conservative brothers are surely in no danger of being outstripped or run down by it in the race of progression. The folly of pronouncing in advance that a matter is "unworthy of serious consideration," because it conforms not to our previous notions of things, we supposed had been too sufficiently illustrated by the example of the opposers of Spiritualism, to be indulged in by intelligent and philosophical Spiritualists. Such a course can hardly be regarded as reaching even the dignity of a sublime folly. A word to the wise," etc.—A. E. N.

Habit.

Mankind are to a very great extent the creatures of habit—I may perhaps say, the slaves of habit. A habitual course of action in any particular, becomes as the old adage has it "a second nature," and is overcome or radically changed with scarcely less effort and difficulty than the constitutional condition and proclivity established and determined by hereditary transmission. And this power of habit is so strong, so often all-controlling, as in fact to be mistaken by both the subjects and observers of it for nature itself. Hence men argue that their nature or their constitution or something representing their real self, demands peremptorily this, that or the other indulgence or satisfaction; whereas it is frequently the case that it is only the tyrant, habit, whose voice they hear. Such reasonings are of course good for nothing against absolute principles or well-established facts. The thousand and one Physiological abuses (to illustrate my idea) to which the present generation is subject, are defended and justified, so far as they are favored with any defence or justification, in the manner just suggested. "My nature requires stimulants of various kinds,"—"My constitution would give way were I to abandon tobacco,"—"I could not live without animal food,"—"I feel the need of hot drinks, of tea, coffee, &c.,"—"I have no appetite for a simple diet, and should certainly starve without a liberal supply of condiments, preserves, pickles and grease of various kinds,"—These and similar assertions with which the Physiological Reformer is everywhere met, are simple assumptions, and clearly shown to be so by the light of Truth, as Anatomy, Chemistry, human experience and reason reveal it. The fact is, it is not nature, truly speaking, that demands these things that Physiology interdicts, but habit; it is a pervertedness of nature, whose voice, however peremptory, is without any authority whatsoever.

So is it in reference to the great majority of evils that prey upon the human race. They are defended as a necessity of human nature—as something absolutely requisite. "The world has always been thus and so" it is said, "and it always will be." That is, mankind are in the habit of doing wrong, and habit is all controlling. Holding slaves is a habit; war-making is a habit; and so almost everything that men do, is done from habit. Now a habit may be very good or it may be very bad; it may be pursued with perfect justifiableness or with untold criminality. Men may do right from habit or they may do wrong.

Since therefore habit enters so much into human life, and experience, and is so powerful, withal, it is highly important, that it be employed as an aid, in the work of Human Regeneration.—And until it is so employed, the labor expended to that end will be, to a great extent, in vain. Preaching, lecturing, talking, &c., &c., can be considered as effecting little, only so far as they cause the bad habits of men to be superseded with good ones. Let habit be no longer served as the master, but rather let it become itself a servant—the servant of Righteousness, and it may be as in-

strumental of good as it has been of evil.

Will it be said that a course of action pursued from mere habit is worthy of neither praise nor blame? That it is no mark either of virtue or of vice? And yet who that has any moral sense will say there is no difference between a bad habit and a good one? Who will say it is as well to drink alcohol from habit as to drink cold water? But is a good habit no indication of moral excellence and a bad one no indication of depravity? Is he who does evil from habit as high in the moral scale as he who does good? Habit determines character to a greater or less extent, and character—a true character—is the *all in all* of human worth and excellence.

Let him then, who would make progress in the true life, look well to his habits, and see to it that they are constantly being transformed so as to indicate his supposed or desired advancement, for unless they are so, he may rest assured that "there must be something wrong." So let the Reformer take good heed that he changes the long established habits of those he would bless, or the result of his labors must be but temporary and illusive. And so let the Christian Republican beware, lest the personal and social habits of the world as it is, insinuate and establish themselves in that Divine Kingdom which he is endeavoring to build up and perfect in the earth. And, furthermore, let no one mistake habit for right—a long continued perversion of nature for nature unperturbed; but bringing everything to the test of undeniable principle, let the good and the true prosper even unto a final and universal triumph.—W. S. N.

Death of Rev. Lindon King.

"Father King," as he was familiarly called, died at his residence in Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., on Thursday, June 1, 1854.

The stirring and eventful life of this remarkable man, would furnish material for the Biographer, sufficient to fill a volume! and could the incidents, and reminiscences of his life be gathered up and preserved, they doubtless would be read with pleasure and interest by his numerous friends. For nearly a quarter of a century, he was zealously occupied as a minister in the M. E. Church; but in the year 1843 he was one of the first to secede from that Church on account of its adherence to and connection with Slavery. From that time he became one of the most noted and efficient Anti-Slavery lecturers in the country. On more occasions than one has his residence been an asylum for the oppressed and hunted fugitive. Long will he be embalmed in the memory, and enshrined in the hearts of the thousands who have listened to his earnest, pathetic and eloquent appeals in behalf of the oppressed. But his sympathies and efforts were not confined in one direction alone. Every enterprise and reform that had for its object the amelioration of man's condition, or the elevation of the human race, found in him a zealous and efficient advocate. But the generous impulses of his nature and the love of Freedom in its highest sense, namely, to be a Free Man, revealed to him the evil tendencies of sectarianism; and thus he was led along, step by step, intuitively, until the beautiful theory of Progression was presented to his mind. He at once saw the harmony and transcendental beauty of its teachings and its potential influence in saving, elevating, and redeeming the race from sin and ignorance, and leading them onward and upward by the great Harmonical Law of Attraction referred to by Christ when He said: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." The Fatherhood of God and the oneness of the human race, were themes on which he delighted to dwell. And to hear him discourse on the origin, duty, and destiny of man, and his relation to his Father, God, and the future expansion and development of his highest nature was a "feast of reason, and a flow of soul."

During his illness, which was of about three weeks continuance, though his disease assumed a malignant form, yet amid all his suffering he was never heard to murmur or complain, but bore it with Christian fortitude. A short time before his exit to the "Spirit Land," he was interrogated in regard to his past course and future prospects. His reply was: "I want it distinctly understood that I have no regrets to make in regard to the steps I have taken in the great work of reform. I have tried to live up to the convictions of my own mind, and have no retractions to make. I die in full faith and confidence in the promises of God, and the truth of the sentiments I have embraced." To his opposers he was kind and courteous, regarding their faults more as the results of a perverted education, than of

an evil disposition. As a husband and father he was kind and affectionate; as a friend, he was warm and ardent; as a citizen, honest, generous and obliging. He was an original thinker, an untiring worker, and a bold reformer. He died like one who "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"We know that he has gone where the bowers are green and fair; In the light of that summer shore; And we know that the friends we have lost are there; They are there—they are there—and they weep no more."

Z. EMORY.

EXPLANATION.

Some inquiries having arisen respecting the non-appearance in the *Era* of the Notice of the recent Spiritualist Pic-Nic at Framingham, forwarded for insertion in its columns, this is to certify that the said notice was placed, as was intended and supposed by the one to whose care it was directed, in the way of the printers, so as to insure its publication; that thinking all was right, and being much occupied with other cares and labors, he suffered the matter to pass entirely out of his mind until recently reminded of it; that as the printers have no remembrance, or knowledge of receiving the notice it must have been lost between the parties named, and thus, without the intention of either of them, failed of appearing as was expected by all who knew anything of it; that the mistake is regretted by those connected with it; and that all other explanations, whether communicated by general rumor, suspicions, surmises, "private letter," or otherwise, are simply unfounded and false.

WM. S. HAYWOOD.

INVALID'S HOME,

Situated in a pleasant, retired spot, on Franklin St., Woburn Center, a short distance from depot, and conducted by Charles Ramsdell, Clairvoyant, Writing and Psychometric Medium.

Board and attendance, from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per week.

Patients examined every day, by Spirits operating on the Medium in the trance state, or by writing.

Diseases examined and prescriptions given either when present or by letter. The name of the individual and place of residence, all that is required.

Also, Psychometrical Reading of Character, by letter or presence; giving the name in the hand-writing of the person wishing to be examined. Price for each, \$1.00.

Medicines prepared by Spirit Direction, from pure Vegetable substances, which act in Harmony with Nature's Laws, kept constantly on hand.

C. Ramsdell will attend to calls to sit in Circles, or Lecture in the Trance State on Sundays, on reasonable terms.

CHARLES RAMSDELL.
Woburn, June 15, 1854. 3m37.

SPIRIT HEALING.

"They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall be healed."—Bible.

The subscriber having been developed as a Healing Medium, by Spirit Agency, offers his services to the afflicted as a medium through whom highly advanced and progressed spirits will endeavor to restore harmony and health to the diseased and suffering of Earth. As the present selfish organization of society would not appreciate, or be benefited by the free and unwarded labor of any medium I am directed to charge for my services in advance, to be graduated by the means of the patient and the nature of the disease.

ALONZO WILLMOT.
Gaysville Vt. n36

CAPE COD WATER-CURE

A thorough Hydropathic Establishment is commencing at Harwich, under the care of Gilbert Smith, proprietor, W. Felch, physician, and Miss Ellen M. Smith, assistant.

In addition to a large and Scientific experience in the Hydropathic and Psychical branches of the Art of Healing, Dr. F., is a Developing, and Healing Medium. And Miss S., is a young lady of Medical education; and a Writing Medium, and Clairvoyant.

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n32 3m

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This paper is devoted to SPIRITUALISM. It presents the FACTS, the PHILOSOPHY and PRACTICAL ASPECTS of the Movement. And while it never repudiates anything good and true in old things, it is nevertheless specially and almost wholly (as its name indicates) devoted to NEW THINGS. Its leading Motto is, "BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW." In this idea, its Conductor most fully and devoutly believes, and hence it is his meat and his drink to think and say and do whatsoever new Thing—of worthy and useful character—may present itself to his mind, within the vast range of the Spiritual Movement.

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Poetry.

The following articles possess a local interest which will justify the reader in overlooking whatever imperfections they may present in a literary point of view. The incident of the sounding of a Post-Horn, at the funeral of its former owner, which occurred in Medford, last year, has not been forgotten. The following stanzas purport to have been written by the spirit of the departed musician who claims to have produced that phenomenon.

To My Wife.

Around thy lonely pillow
My spirit vigil keeps;
By day I guide thy footsteps,
And bid thee cease to weep,
How pure, how sweet the thought
That we to Earth can come,
And dry the tears of those,
We left within our home.
Around the lonely hearth,
I still will linger near—
The love I bore on Earth
Is not diminished here
The trials you endure,
Will purify your heart,
To meet me in that home,
Where loved ones never part.
Be firm—the truth will soon unfold
In beauty from above—
The light will soon each doubt remove,
And all shall blend in love.
Go on, then, loved one dear,
In faith and hope endure,
Till thou art called above,
To meet with angels pure.
Bright angels from their home
Beyond this Earth do dwell,
Shall welcome thee above,
To their celestial sphere.
Yours in Paradise.
South Boston, Jan. 27, 1854.

Who Sounded the Post-Horn?

Who sounded the post-horn,
When all had been stilled,
Save the heart of that loved one,
Which anguish had filled?
Who sounded the post-horn—
Which truly was heard?
Say, ye church-going Christians,
Will ye answer the word?
Who sounded the post-horn,
As it lay on the shelf?
Say, was it a fly?
Or, did it blow itself?
Ah! 'twas the departed
That gave the glad strain
To tell doubting mortals
That "dying is gain."
To the ear of that grieved one
How sweet was the sound!
'Twas the voice of the loved one,
Still hovering around.
It was that freed spirit,
Redeeming the word,
That, could he return
His voice should be heard.
The trumpet is sounding,
And waking the dead,
Who long have been slumbering,
O'er Creeds blindly made.
The trumpet is sounding,
O'er the blue waters heard,
Calling even to judgment
Both peasant and lord.
Then, go forth, welcome sounds!
To the far distant shore;
Till all nations of Earth,
Shall the true God adore.
Mrs. D. C. KENDALL, Medium.

SYNOPSIS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Jonathan Koons, of Milfield, Dover, Athens Co., Ohio, writes as follows: "I am frequently impelled to give those people a scolding, who pretend to be earnest enquirers after facts connected with the doctrines of the Harmonial Philosophy, and are so narrow as to not suffer themselves the time and expense of reading anything written and published on the subject; and many of them, under a conviction of the truth and justice of my reprimands, agree to do better, and I hope the publishers will reap the rewards of my plain dealing; to which they are justly entitled. There are some wonderful and daily occurrences taking place at my residence, connected with the subject of your paper, of which probably you are apprised by my former letter, or from other sources. They are truly astounding, and they have almost led me to believe that the majority of those remarkable narrations recorded in the Bible are true; for we have had parallels to very many of them. This has recently made me more cautious in expressing my views on the subject of the Bible. Nevertheless, there still remain some things in that good old book to be solved by practical illustration; and I continue to hope that the double-and-twisted halter of modern Theology will soon be unfolded, so as to disclose the materials of its peculiar formation, and put an end to the differences arising from its complex character. Yours in the cause and defence of Truth and Liberty, and an enemy to slavery and mental bondage."

"A NEW ORDER OF FITS!"

D. Beecher Marks, writing from Hallsport, New York, gives the following description of a new disease which is puzzling "the Faculty" in that region where it has appeared. We think many of our readers will recognize the symptoms of a "contagion" which has become very wide-spread in our country. "A few days ago I was invited by a medical friend to witness some wonderful cases of 'fits.' This doctor was called some ten weeks since to afford relief to two children, one a girl fourteen years old, and the other a boy nine years old, both of the same family. Their names are Buchanan, and they reside in the town of Oswego, Potter Co., Pa. These 'fits,' as they call them, continue the same as ever without any relief from the medicine administered. They were in good health when first attacked and continue so, excepting the 'fits.' They are suddenly attacked with an unnatural sleep while walking, standing, or no matter what condition they are in apparently, and paralyzed with the greatest power. While the spasms are on, which generally last about ten minutes, they are thrown about the room, from the bed on to the floor, sometimes striking on their heads or any part of the body without the least injury. It would be impossible for a person in a natural state, or a common condition to be thus handled without the most serious results. Frequently they are being thus operated upon by some power all night with but little cessation. After the spasms are over, they open their eyes and seem to feel well—full of jokes, very shrewd, and most generally ready to laugh with great heartiness on the least occasion; then suddenly they drop to sleep, and remain so (perhaps standing in the act of doing something) a few minutes, when they awake and are 'themselves.' They do not remember anything that transpires during these turns. They act to quite a degree in unison, but not always. It has caused considerable attention among the 'Faculty' in these parts, and they generally call them a new order of 'fits.' You may hear from me again on the subject as I expect something of importance to be developed from these cases."

A Prophecy and its Fulfilment.

MR. HEWITT:—I send you the following Communication which, from its literal fulfilment, I have of myself named "The Prophecy." It was given through me one year ago last February, a short time after my health began to improve under Spirit Influence, but before I was able to leave my room, or had hardly an expectation of ever going forth to behold again the beauties of Nature and of Life. I received so many written communications in the two or three months following, that all recollection of this one faded from my mind, as I merely looked upon it at the time of its reception, as a hymn given to amuse me (as I had but few ways of amusing myself at that time) and as having no reference at all to myself.

But as winter passed away and spring came with her beautiful drapery for Earth, I came forth, as my strength increased, from my dark prison house of suffering, and once more beheld its returning beauty. Again I walked in the fields, in the woods, in the valleys and upon the mountains, gathered the flowers, listened to the music of Nature, and found like Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, that "we are not lone worshippers in Nature's Temple. The beautiful and the good who have gone up into the Great Uncreated Temples are our companions." Still this communication was unremembered, until one beautiful summer day as I sat by an open window writing to a friend, and breathing in our own pure "Green Mountain air" which entered like an unseen friend bearing me the fragrance of the flowers over which it had passed, while the sunlight, so long forbidden to my gaze, now looked familiarly and brightly in upon me, seeming to say, "Thy darkness is past." As I wrote of my almost unbounded enjoyment of Summer and of Nature, there glared upon my mind a full recollection of the past communication. Going to a manuscript wherein I had preserved all written communications, I found it among the first pages. It was as follows:

"THE PROPHECY."

Behold how beautiful is the Earth spread out beneath thy gaze, clothed in the garments of Spring. How soft and yielding is the bright carpet beneath thy feet, woven with its beautiful flowers and many colored leaves. Look abroad over the hills and valleys, aye, and the beautiful groves that crown the heights. Hearst thou not the song of birds gushing forth from their wildwood homes like the rich,

glad strains of a grateful heart? Seest thou not the sky from whose surface the dark clouds have been swept away, that it might greet the glorious sun in its morning beams? Look, how the whole earth seems filled with glory, lit up with the radiant sunlight.

Come forth from thy darkness, oh, thou child of sorrow, and look once more upon the beauty and loveliness of earth. Come forth, even though thine eyes are dimmed with weeping, for thy grief shall be changed into gladness and joy.

Even as the clouds of night have fled before the first rays of the morning sun, so shall the dark clouds of sorrow soon vanish before thy returning joy. No more shall be heard the voice of thy lamentation, for thy lips shall be turned to the notes of joy and praise. Aye, come forth amid the glad and beautiful of earth, and give thanks unto Him who has brought thee from darkness unto light. Aye, praise Him for the dark hours of suffering through which thou hast past, for thou shalt yet learn to know that unto thee they were the blessing of thy life.

How beautifully had all been realized. Spring had come and I had welcomed it. I had stepped forth upon Nature's carpet, I had listened to Nature's song of praise, I had gazed upon Nature's canopy lit into splendor by the morning sun. And though in my present shortsightedness and perhaps selfishness, I cannot say that I have yet realized the whole force of the last sentence contained therein, yet do I know that those dark hours were not wholly in vain, and time alone must prove their efficacy or inefficacy.

And though I seem to some as the victim of a vain delusion—though I seem to some as following an *ignis fatuus* that shall yet lead me into deeper darkness than that from which it has drawn me forth, yet as I again enjoy the coming of another spring, the beauty of another summer, and still behold this mysterious light continuing to illumine the inner chambers of my soul and gild my pathway; *ignis fatuus* though it be, yet *must I, will I still pursue, until I prove it false.*

Yours in search of the True Light,
A. W. SPRAGUE.
Plymouth, Vt., June, 1854.

Not all a Dream.

The following article is from a Boston paper. We happen to know the "dreamer," in this case, and would state that the lady is both a Spiritualist and a medium of the first class. The "dream" thus described was unquestionably a spiritual vision, though produced in a partially unconscious state.—A. E. N.

"SINGULAR DREAM."

The phenomena of dreams have long puzzled the expounders of mental science. No philosophy yet current seems adequate to cover all the facts which human experience has developed. The experiences of different individuals differ very widely; and hence when a philosopher has framed a theory which may answer very well for his own dreams, it by no means follows that it will account for those of another. Some almost always dream in their sleep, and retain vivid recollections of their fancies, while others have little or no consciousness of the dream-life. Many find almost their only happy hours in the dream-land, where they roam elysian fields with angel-friends, or wander among the pleasant memories of the past; while the experience of others presents little else than terrifying phantoms of exhausting fancies. Many receive some of their brightest thoughts and most valuable suggestions in their sleeping fancies, and numbers are prone to pay a superstitious regard to what they deem the warnings or prognostications, evil or good, which come to them in dreams. Our personal experience in this direction has never been particularly fruitful of 'bright thoughts,' but we have occasionally received very emphatic 'warnings' against indulging in late suppers and other unphysiological habits.

The indications of seemingly independent intelligence, or of capacity in certain directions beyond that manifested in the waking state, are what gives to the phenomena of dreams their perplexing character; and they sometimes furnish amusing as well as puzzling characteristics. The following, which we have from a lady friend of ours, is told in good faith:

Our friend dreamed that she was approached by a person, who invited her to go and visit "one of the devil's merchantmen." The invitation seemed a very singular one, and she felt some doubt about the propriety of accepting it. She however consented, and speed-

ily was conducted to a spacious warehouse, which appeared to be wholly appropriated to the sale of spectacles. The shelves and counters were filled with an immense assortment of these articles, in a great variety of styles of finish, and furnished with glasses of every conceivable degree of thickness and clearness. She observed that on the bows of each pair was marked the name of some religion or sect prevalent in the world, as "Pagan," "Mohammedan," "Jewish," "Roman Catholic," etc., while all the divisions and subdivisions of nominal Christendom were duly represented, as "Baptist," "Methodist," "Orthodox Congregationalist," "Unitarian," "Universalist," and the rest. Moreover, the thickness and transparency of the glass corresponded most markedly with the designations thus borne—those marked "Pagan" being immensely thick and sadly discolored, admitting scarce a ray of light, while those of some Christian sects were quite thin and nearly transparent.

The traffic was conducted by a very obsequious but very impish looking personage, whose extraordinary affability did not quite withdraw attention from certain horn-like excrescences upon his cranium, and a curious looking arrow-headed appendage worn in the rear. His customers were of all nations, and of all classes of people; and, like a true merchantman, he seemed equally well pleased whether he dealt out wares of the Christian or Moslem, Catholic or Protestant, Calvinist or Arminian stamp—anything "to suit the customer." The purchasers seemed equally well satisfied with what they obtained, for they had only to put on the kind of spectacles appropriate to their particular persuasion, and then not only their Bibles, but nature and the whole universe would appear to corroborate that phase of faith. Calvinistic spectacles showed all things as Calvin saw them—Wesleyan, as Wesley believed—and so through the catalogue.

Our friend, the dreamer, (who, by the way, is somewhat of an independent thinker in religious matters, not fully sympathizing with any of the recognized sects,) inquired of the shop-keeper if he had spectacles adapted to the class of people with whom she was usually reckoned. He replied contemptuously—"No; their eyes stick out so, they can't wear them!"

She then desired him to see if he could fit her to a pair. A great number were tried on, but none were satisfactory—she could not see so clearly with as without them. At last the impish merchantman lost all patience and politeness together, and coarsely exclaimed—"Blast your eyes! You will have to get Gabriel to blow you a pair! He's death on blowing!"

This extraordinary speech, to a lady customer, produced, as might be expected, such an effect that she at once awoke, and found that she had only been dreaming. Yet it is difficult to believe that so adroit and truthful a representation of the source of religious differences among mankind, coupled with so amusing a play upon words, both quite different from the lady's usual style of thought, could have been the result merely of a disturbed action of the brain—a random play of fancy. Must we not conclude that there is occasionally a dream which is "not all a dream?"

We may add that the "Gabriel" referred to, probably was not he of the brazen trumpet and tarpaulin hat, who has produced such a commotion of late—for this transpired previous to his advent.

PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—It is a singular fact which will yet lead to singular results, that Cuvier's arrangement of the four classes of vertebrate animals should exhibit the same order as that in which they are found in the strata of earth. In the *fish*, the average proportion of brain to the spinal cord is only as 2 to 1. In the *reptile*, the average is 2½ to 1. In the *bird*, it is 3 to 1. In the *mammalia*, it is 4 to 1; and in *man* it is 23 to 1. No less remarkable is the fetal progress of the human brain. It first becomes a brain resembling that of a fish; then that of a bird, then that of a mammiferous quadruped; and finally it assumes the form of a human brain; "thus comprising in its fetal progress an epitome of geological history, as if man were of himself a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives."—[Prof. Agassiz.]

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Dec. 14.

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n341f

THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

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