

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION, OR THE INAUGURATION OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH, THROUGH THE AID OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

VOL. III.—NO. 11.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

WHOLE NO., 109.

Record of Phenomena.

We need make no apology for crowding out several articles which otherwise should have appeared in this week's Era, for the purpose of giving the following to our readers as early as possible.

[From the Spiritual Telegraph.]

A Night with the Spirits.

The following communication from the Spirit of Ben Jonson is, according to the request of that Spirit, placed at the head of the accompanying report of very extraordinary manifestations, witnessed by me, at a spiritual circle in this city, and at which there presided two celebrated mediums, on the evening of Sunday, November 12th, 1854.

GENTLE READER:

Whereas, divers well-beloved individuals composing our most favored circle, have imparted us to grant ye petition of one Charles Partridge, part proprietor as we were of a certain paper ye called "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH"—a weekly periodical, devoted for ye most part—according to ye statement and profession of its editors—to ye promulgation of spiritual affairs. Now, we, out of our own free will and accord, grant unto them ye boon whereof they have petitioned us, awarding thereto our most sincere hope, that ye report of certain manifestations regarded as having been witnessed by said Partridge, may have due weight and influence in such sort, as to convince not only ye numerous readers of ye aforesaid paper ye called "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH" of ye marvelous truth contained in such report, but, also, divers skeptics, who, having been foully imposed upon, by tricking knaves, and most vile impostors, seek to hold this, our most divine cause, up to unworthy ridicule and contempt.

In granting ye petition of ye said Partridge—which is to ye effect—that we do vouchsafe to award unto him ye privilege to publish in his paper ye report of certain proceedings, witnessed by him at one of our circles, we are influenced by a most sincere, nay, holy desire to lend our poor aid for ye cause of ye promulgation of Spiritualism, which hath for its great aim and end ye conversion of ye miserable sinners on this pendant globe from a state of ye most abject infidelity, to that more blissful degree, wherein they are enabled to rejoice in ye Immortality of ye soul, and ye Resurrection of ye life.

To those who are duly impressed with a belief that there is a great and Almighty God who ruleth ye universe, and who are, furthermore, anxious to walk in ye delightful paths of Virtue and Morality, our doctrine can avail naught, seeing, that such mortals endeavor, to ye best of their abilities, to wisely observe ye injunctions of ye holy Scriptures.

As we teach naught but Virtue, and promulgate ye wholesome doctrine of immortal Truth, so must our poor endeavors be appreciated by those, who have minds to discern, and a right hearty willingness to profit thereby. Then, treat not, we beseech thee, these, our humble efforts to instruct, with that unbecoming derision which rather appertaineth unto ye barbarous ignorance of ye wretched Pagan, than ye advancement in moral civilization, such as might besem ye worthy and pious followers of ye GREAT AND ALMIGHTY GOD! How shall it profit us to lead you into ye seductive garden of sin, seeing that we (who during our mortal career had led a most unruly life with divers unworthy dissipated companions of our class, and for ye which, we have suffered during an expiation in ye Lower Spheres), are now upon our extreme peril advised to teach naught save ye precepts of virtuous knowledge and morality.

Wherefore, we beseech thee to regard Spiritualism with that most commendable favor it so truly merits: and, notwithstanding, that, ye manifestations as witnessed and duly recorded in this journal were marvelous in their way, yet, in ye consideration that they were merely physical—as being best adapted to ye comprehensions of ye novices, present on that occasion, they, yet, may not be esteemed as equal to those of a pure intellectual character—such as we have given on previous occasions, to our own advanced circle, formed by ye aforesaid beloved members as previously alluded.

Val.

BEN JONSON.

AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO A PRIVATE CIRCLE, together with a Faithful Description of some Extraordinary Manifestations witnessed there by me; copied by permission from the Original Notes taken on that occasion.

We are unfortunately, not often enabled to present unto our readers accounts of circumstances of spiritual transpiration for whose entire truthfulness we can confidently and conscientiously vouch, save from a sacred trust we are constrained to repose in the veracity and honor of those composing the source from whence we receive the relations of such occurrences.

As marvelous, and as convincing to the doubtful mind, as may be many of the phases and workings of Spiritualism, and exulting in the possession of a perfect knowledge of the extreme lengths to which its power can extend, we must honestly confess that, we nevertheless have received statements of some of its purported effects with the greatest possible incredulity. Now why, we ask, should this state of things be? We are, as we have said, aware of its extraordinary attributes; and still, still at certain times are lost and perplexed in the tormenting labyrinths of doubt. It can not be accounted for in otherwise than that we are not differently constituted in nature from the rest of our species, and therefore are always eager to have the proof brought right home to our understanding by ocular demonstrations of such circumstances as really reach beyond the usual bounds of that beaten track in which it is the wont of our short-sighted comprehensions to plod continually along, in order to fully rely upon its strict claims to confidence.

It has been our lot to witness many such things in our time, some of which we have received as unquestionably reliable, and others whose reality we have very naturally

doubted; but we never had the good fortune to behold a more complete and overwhelmingly convincing proof of the truth of Spiritualism than occurred upon the evening of Sunday, November 12th, at the house of a certain gentleman (himself a private medium), whose name, as well as that of the other medium, a young man of great power, is, for very admirable and necessary purposes, withheld from the public. However, that this may be fairly counterbalanced, we affirm that we ourselves were witness of all that is recorded below, and our word is pledged to the reader for its entire truthfulness, as far as it rests with our comprehension to honestly give it.

Before proceeding, we would premise to the reader that we had sent a note to the gentleman at whose residence the meeting was to be held, for a permission to sit at the circle, to which request we received a very polite answer, and shortly afterward another one, complaining of our rudeness to him in sending him so insulting a letter as our second one, which second one, we never, to our mortal knowledge, penned, and which fully merited his indignation. Explanations followed, and we were permitted to avail ourselves of his generosity. We shall again recur to this subject in a paragraph presently.

When we arrived at the place of meeting, we found there assembled several prominent members of public life, together with many others, forming altogether with ourselves about fifteen persons.

The circle had been already formed. We were politely given a seat thereat, and waited patiently for such manifestations as the Spirits felt pleased to make. I was then shown, at my request, the letter which had given so much umbrage to the gentleman at whose table we were seated. It was certainly in our handwriting, and the signature was unexceptionable. We were puzzled to know from whom or whence he had received this objectionable note, and expressed our wish that the Spirits would enlighten us.

There were at first nothing but knockings given, and presently the younger medium wrote, through the aid of a Spirit:

"As soon as the minds are all concentrated upon the subject, the manifestations will begin."

Many persons were touched on various parts of their bodies, and consequently there was a considerable noise produced by their remarks thereat. The Spirits then wrote:

"To prevent confusion and unnecessary motion—which are opposed to the currents of electricity desirable to be here maintained—when any person or persons are touched, he or she, as the case may be, will be pleased to merely hold up a hand."

We then asked who wrote the letter in question bearing our name? The reply was:

"You wrote it."

"Ah, that went down," we answered.

"But it must do," was the retort. "You did write it; and permit us to give you a trifling piece of advice. When you say a thing will not do, you infer—we speak of course of our own affairs—that it is an imposition or a falsehood. Now, as you do not know every thing, you are very much in error to make such a general and insulting statement. Now you do not know whether you wrote that letter or not, therefore you were very greatly to blame in your rashness."

We then inquired if we really did write the letter, and under what circumstances it was done? The reply was:

"As you are, you did not write it; but it is very evident that you are not learned in Spirit-lore, or you would know that you are not always as you now are."

"Then you affirm that I wrote that letter?" I said, interrogatively.

"Perhaps I may make too general an assertion when I say, you wrote. It may be understood you as you now are."

"Explain, if you please!" we exclaimed.

"When you enter that state of unconsciousness, known to you mortals as sleep, your soul is not always in your body," was the reply.

"Will you tell me when and where I wrote the letter, and under what circumstances?" we asked.

"Yes, you wrote it when your body was asleep and your soul was absent from it. Understand, that it is not necessary a body should be dead that a soul should be absent from it. In fact, many dead bodies have souls in them after life has departed from them. You must be made aware of the fact that life, soul and mind are three entirely different things, each independent of the other. Your soul was absent although your mind and life were in your dormant body. Am I plain?"

"Partly," we assented, and then continued, "Then I really did write that letter?"

"Upon an affirmative answer being given, we then asked:

"When and where was it done, if I am privileged to ask?"

"At the office of the TELEGRAPH, 300 Broadway, at five minutes past 1 o'clock, A. M."

"What caused me to write it?"

"Your waking thoughts acting upon your mind—which is always active—during your body's sleep. Have you never in the course of your life done some act which you fancy you have committed at a previous time, or visited some place which you seem to have an indistinct recollection of, though you are certain within yourself that you never have or could have visited it before? But this has all been explained before to Mr. —. He can explain verbally to you without much loss of time. It is not a thought or dream, but an active exercise, wish or desire of the mind, which exerts itself during sleeping hours. It proceeds from such causes, and is the realization of such a forthcoming fancy, if I can so express myself. The body sleeps; the mind and soul never, even in eternity."

"I'm perfectly satisfied with your explanation," we replied, "and would now like to have a description of this strange and newly-discovered attribute in man."

"Ah, that you cannot be made acquainted with. Did mortals possess cognizance of that power, they would have too much knowledge for their own good and safety. They would know almost all that they could wish to know. Society would not be safe, and would soon crumble at its foundation, and become a heap of shapeless ruins. What is that thing which man desires to know

above all others? The secret of life, and its entrance with the soul into the body: a search for the first cause, its composition, and by what subtle and minute degrees or power it acts. No, you can never know of that!"

"I am satisfied," we replied; "but there is one thing more which I wish to know. How can immaterial act on the material? How can life, soul and mind be separated in the living form?"

"Mind, life and soul are different things," we replied.

"Will you explain in a few words your meaning?" we inquired.

"I cannot in a few words; Mr. — will read you some of our remarks upon the subject. He has many of them, if your patience can brook it."

"Thank you," we replied. "I did not will it so."

"Do you will your dreams? Can you help them? This is an unavoidable."

"We are still perplexed at not having any recollection of this strange fact!"

"Not at all. The mind is always active. For instance, you may be seated reading a book; persons around and about you are talking aloud. The sounds of course must enter your ear, though your mind does not instantaneously act upon them, it being engaged upon your book. After a time, your mind does act, and then words are brought to your recollection. You have heard them somewhere, you can't tell where; or perhaps you fancy that you have dreamed them, or thought of the same subject before. You are perplexed, and cannot at all understand it. You relate the circumstance to one of your friends who was present at the time the conversation occurred, and who joined in it. He attempts to explain. No, you had not heard it then, for you have no such recollection. It is perfectly unaccountable to you. It is above your comprehension, and, whatever is above your comprehension, is either wonderful or false. You judge only according to your capacity, therefore we would recommend, although it is opposite to the subject at issue, that whenever you, or others, meet with seeming contradictions in holy writ, not to condemn, but to treat them as things for which your comprehensions will not allow you to satisfactorily account."

This conversation continued for some little time longer with much interest. After this, at the request of some present, the argument was dropped for a time, for the purpose of getting other communications. Several Spirits came up, and spelled out their names through the mediumship of the alphabet and raps.

Then, one gentleman present was told to put his hand under the table, and to hold it there for a little time. When he drew it back, it contained a letter. Now, how this letter got into his hand is a perfect marvel, as the hands of all were resting upon the table.

This letter was written in a scratchy hand, upon a very smooth and curiously colored paper, and was, furthermore, dated from "LONDON, CRAVEN STREET, STRAND," to "Mr. —" and his select party of friends. It was from an evil Spirit, and its purport would be of no great moment to the reader, were we to give it. But there was one thing in it especially worthy of note. It fully described the dress of a gentleman who was present (giving his name also), who had not the slightest idea of being there, until brought by his friend upon the impulse of a moment. The letter was excessively prone to a sharp, bitter sarcasm, very disagreeable to the sharpest of whom it was leveled. The following are extracts:

"I tell you that I am an evil Spirit. I wish to deal frankly with you; and I hereby caution you all, that there is no species of mischief but it shall be practiced by me. I will deceive you in spite of yourself."

And again:—

"I am half tempted to disturb this circle by splitting the table into a thousand atoms, and dragging the parties present by the hair of their heads about the room, without regard to age, sex, or party!"

During this time the tables were agitated violently, and we, and others, were touched upon the knees, hands, and feet, in the meanwhile.

We were then requested to put our hand under the table, and having complied, another letter was placed in it, in the same mysterious manner, all hands being upon the table except the one engaged. The direction of this letter was written in hues of almost every possible degree, the words all being joined together by straggling picturesque lines like the branches of a vine, and presented a beautiful appearance to view. To a mortal it must have been a work of immense and unprofitable labor. Strange to say, it was utterly impossible to tell where it began or where it ended. There were four different shades of blue, nine of scarlet, four of red, four of brown, etc., and all harmoniously and artistically blended. Its interior was no less wonderful in appearance than its exterior. It was written in myriad colored inks of every hue, shade, and degree, which were scattered over it in miraculous shades and gradations. One letter had as many as seven different hues in it. It was as follows:—

November 12, 1854.

"Creatures of Ye Flesh—Ye are doubtless assembled to view ye marvels of Spiritualism, inasmuch as they may afford you amusement. If any such there be now assembled at this table, it may be proper to undeceive them on certain points connected with this view—our object being not only to amuse, but also to instruct."

"To those present who can not, or rather will not, profit in a moral point of view by our teachings, let them be warned, lest certain iniquities be exposed, the publication of which may, perchance, cover them with shame and confusion!"

"To those who have already witnessed our manifestations, this exordium is particularly addressed. We caution them, ere yet it be too late, to turn their minds towards the power and wondrous mercy of that great and Almighty God, whose eye is everywhere, and whose judgment, though slow, is nevertheless sure! Therefore see that ye sin no more!"

We are advertised of those who sin carnally in the flesh, and whose brute natures, unsubdued by the precepts of ye most holy

commandments, do, nevertheless follow in ye foul wake of Lechery, deceiving with reckless falsehood ye tender companions of their lives. * * * We, therefore, out of the spirit of humanity, caution such persons, if there be any present, to reflect upon what is here writ, lest further caution arrive too late, and ye wrath of the Almighty fall upon them ere they list.

"A prevailing notion has gone forth into ye world to ye effect that we are Devils, seeking to devour ye souls of those who follow our teachings."

"God hath endowed man with reasoning faculties, whereby he is enabled to distinguish right from wrong, so that if he be not a brute and past redemption, he will, of his own accord, be able to distinguish vice from virtue; and so must be judged of us."

"We warn mankind against ye influences of evil spirits. He, man, must judge according to ye advice and counsel he receives from a spiritual circle, and act accordingly. We hereby draw his most especial attention toward the Ten Commandments, they being the tenets of good spirits, and we never depart from them. It therefore behooves you to come with clean and godly minds into our circles, and with a fervent design to amend the wicked errors of your past lives. * * *

"Pluck ye, therefore, the moral fruits and judge us by our teachings."

"There are at this circle those who have been tempted by evil spirits, and have manfully resisted their wiles. If they have not otherwise progressed morally, their sins be upon their own heads, and upon those of their children!"

"Our office is to teach the doctrines of morality. It is man's duty to profit by our discourse. * * * We frequently encounter those who, from a desire of worldly gain, and without any belief whatsoever in our teachings, attend spiritual circles for ye purpose of making a profit therefrom. These worldly mortals attend mock-circles, knowing them to be such, and connive at the rascality of the knaves who obtain money from the credulous under false pretences. We caution all present to oppose these vile practices, seeing that they lead men into the committing of heinous crimes, and the upholding of swindling."

BEN JONSON."

We have given the main points in the letter, the parts in stars being partly personal, and partly a repetition of what had been before written. After having commented upon this extraordinary letter for a short time, another gentleman was requested to place his hand under the table, and another letter was brought forth, but not before a violent struggle had taken place between the recipient and some unseen power that bestowed it. The hands were never stirred from the table during the whole time, and our legs had free play beneath. This letter was signed by the autograph names of nearly all present, ourselves included; but none of us had any knowledge of ever having signed it. It was a short petition. It was very curiously sealed and folded. It was burned by order of the spirits. This I saw complied with myself. Another gentleman was then requested to put his hand under the table as the others had done. It was the same, or a fac-simile of the same letter which had been burned, with the exception of some additional lines and a portrait, which the other had not. A small piece of paper was then torn, having nothing on it, and thrown under the table. We were presently desired to hold out our hand, and we received the same paper with a name written upon it in pencil. These things were accomplished with the greatest rapidity in succession.

A lady was then told to hold out her hand under the table, which she did, and a letter was delivered into it. She could not, however bring it forth until she had pulled violently at it, and torn the corner off the envelope in which it was inclosed. It was a letter upon scientific subjects, containing a new and wonderful theory upon the tendency of air and light subjects to ascend. It was purported to be written by a gentleman present, who, however, denied all knowledge of it. It was, he owned, an exact fac-simile of his style and writing, but he denied having penned it to his remembrance.

After this a letter fell upon the table, apparently from the ceiling. It was written in French, and was also from an evil spirit, and began as follows: It was signed Ralph.

"Mes Chères Amis,—Je vous salue le bon soir! Comment cela va-t-il? Je suis à votre service; et vous pouvez disposer de moi! Vous n'avez, qu'à parler, j'attends vos ordres. Je ne puis rien vous refuser, et je suis charmé de trouver l'occasion de vous rendre service. Ordonnez et vous serez obéi! etc."

It was partly translated by a lady present, but in consequence of her not being able to read the cramped spiritual hand in which it was indited, the spirits completed its rendition.

We then stated that we had never witnessed any manifestations so wonderful as these, and only one thing that at all approached them. We mentioned having seen a key taken from a door, and deposited in a gentleman's pocket as the instance in question. We had scarcely ceased speaking when a gentleman was asked to put his hand under the table, and a key was put immediately into it. Upon examination it proved to be the key of an adjoining room, at the other end of the apartment, which had been locked, but which was now found open and minus the key. The rapidity with which these things were accomplished was astonishing. This fully convinced, as the mention of the key had been entirely impulsive with us.

We were then told to place our hand under the table again, and felt a cold hand plainly placed in it, while the hands of all present were on the table. The table-cloth was forcibly dragged off and drawn to the ground through the space between the tables, and afterwards deposited in our hands.

We and other gentlemen were then requested to place our fingers between the crevices of the table, which we did; and we then both felt a cold and clammy hand clutch us, as likewise did the mediums and two others.

Our son-in-law then felt a cold and damp hand seize his under the table. Pencils,

penknives, and pens were at times placed in the hands of those assembled by invisible agencies. The manifestations now grew very violent. Tables were thrown about, and a penknife was thrown at and struck a gentleman upon the head with excessive violence, but without doing him the least apparent injury. Our clothes were pulled at, and we distinctly saw—as did likewise several others—a ghastly colored hand arise slowly between the crevices of the table. A lady who was evidently of a very timid disposition, had her silk dress roughly pulled in all directions with such force as almost to pull her from her chair, at which she became greatly alarmed; but whenever she moved, the same results followed. Three other gentlemen saw a naked foot of a little girl about 13 years of age, which they described as a perfect model of beauty and symmetry. There was no child whatever in the room. We received a pencil from the hand of a spirit under the table. Our son-in-law saw a large, dark hand seize upon the aforesaid lady's dress, and pull it downward. We saw it was surrounded by a species of pale red light. We likewise saw a double-bladed penknife clutched in a naked hand beneath the table, and several persons felt sharp punctures in their flesh simultaneously, for they cried out with pain. The tables were then drawn violently across the room, carrying the mediums along with them. In fact, it would be tiresome to myself and to the reader, were we to give an account of all we beheld at this most extraordinary circle upon this memorable night. Suffice it to say that we never saw anything so wonderful and so entirely satisfactory. We were completely hors d' combat. We have asked permission to attend the future meetings of this circle, and should it be awarded us, we will perhaps be enabled to lay before the public some more of the miracles there enacted. This circle—which is asserted to be the most powerful in the world—is entirely private; nor have its members any interest whatever in convincing the world at large of the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism. They are satisfied of it, and that is sufficient for them. With such proofs as we have there witnessed, for whom would it not be sufficient? CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

year of his age. But Comenius lived above forty years after.

"An angel appeared to her, and told her she should speedily dye of an Apoplexy—she was that night smitten with that disease. She made her will, and took her leave of all her friends; was for some time thought to be really dead; there was no breath perceived in her, but she was grown quite cold; her hands and feet were become stiff, like a dead person's. All persons went out of the room, leaving only two nurses to lay her out. But on a sudden she rose up in her bed, and called for her clothes, and was in such perfect health as before she had not been in, her lame hand and foot being whole and perfect, to the astonishment of all about her."

"The account which she herself giveth of this matter is, that on the day before, there was a knocking or striking on the table—first, one stroke, and after that five; whence she concluded that the next day she should dye at five o'clock in the afternoon—that she heard a voice saying, 'Come! come! come!' When that evening came her sight and speech failed; and (says she) 'I felt myself go forth with my spirit, and be carried into Heaven, where, surrounded with a great shining, I saw a huge company clothed in white; and the Lord stepping forth took me in his embrace.' She addeth that the Lord told her she should return again, and behold his goodness in the land of the living; that her disease should leave her. Whereupon she worshipped Him, and was restored to life, and to full vigor, health, and strength, in that very moment."

"This, surely, is a strange relation; yet reported as credible by as grave and learned a man as Comenius. Now, I must confess I am not easy to believe that Christina's death or her ascension into Heaven, was real, but that they were both fantastical."

For the New Era.

Test of Identity.

BRO. EDITOR:—Enclosed I send you the copy of a communication purporting to come from the spirit of a friend of mine who was freed from his earth-tenement a few months since. I send it to you not because I deem there is anything very remarkable in the communication itself, but the circumstances connected with it, the manner in which it was given, etc., prove beyond a doubt, to me at least, the identity of the spirit purporting to communicate. Her illness—which was protracted and severe—she bore with that calm resignation which a firm, unwavering trust in the All-wise Spirit and a true conception of the spiritual existence alone can give. I visited her a short time before her spiritual birth, during which I conversed with her on the subject of our being governed by circumstances. She argued with ability that there was no need of our being so governed. This conversation took place in the presence of her husband and myself only, at the conclusion of which she said to me, "If it be possible for me to communicate to you after I leave the flesh, through your wife (who was then a partial medium) I will draw your attention to this conversation, which shall be a test to you that it is me."

Last evening, just before retiring, I suggested to Mrs. B. that we should sit down and see if we could not get some manifestation of spirit-presence besides raps, which we have heard for several weeks, but from which we could gain no intelligence. Very soon Mrs. B.'s eyes were closed, when she said she could distinctly see printed letters, which soon formed into words, and I wrote them down as she read them to me. The name (Sarah) was entirely new to us, but we have since ascertained that was her name. I give you the communication without any alteration, as it was given to me in the manner described.

M. V. BLY.

COMMUNICATION.

"I know you are anxious to hear from me. The ministry of angels is realized." I say circumstances hinder not any man from doing as he ought. Duty to himself before all others. Each being lives to control its own self. Plant a flower-seed, and unless checked by something in opposition to Nature, it becomes the flower it is destined to be. It does not stop in its progression to perfection because this little stone lies close to its roots; but gently pushing it aside it looks upward and rejoices in its own sweet way. This shows that man who has reason and Nature for his guide, ought and can do the same.

The formation of the world is such that it ought to be a miniature heaven; but I do not yield to despair, for "the ministry of angels is realized;" and so put on a smiling countenance, an emblem of what you profess, that people may know that indeed sweet communion with the spirit of God is happiness worth wearing a smiling countenance for. Your world is not a world of woes—a dark valley of death, sorrow, and grief; but it is lovely and beautiful. Its hills and valleys are strewn with the sweetest of flowers, a fit emblem of, and teachers to, man. In short, everything that an All-wise Spirit could make for his children you have. All is perfect but man—he that should be ruler, makes himself, by instituting laws of his own contrary to the laws of Nature, less capable to conform to such laws than a little simple flower. Duty to one's self will enable him to perform duties heretofore unthought of towards others. Again I say, the world and all that is in it, are governed by the law of Nature, not by circumstances. Strange it may seem to you that as long as we can, if we wish, communicate by raps, we do not; but as there are other, shorter and more convenient ways of communicating to you,

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M. V. BLY.

COMMUNICATION.

"I know you are anxious to hear from me. The ministry of angels is realized." I say circumstances hinder not any man from doing as he ought. Duty to himself before all others. Each being lives to control its own self. Plant a flower-seed, and unless checked by something in opposition to Nature, it becomes the flower it is destined to be. It does not stop in its progression to perfection because this little stone lies close to its roots; but gently pushing it aside it looks upward and rejoices in its own sweet way. This shows that man who has reason and Nature for his guide, ought and can do the same.

The formation of the world is such that it ought to be a miniature heaven; but I do not yield to despair, for "the ministry of angels is realized;" and so put on a smiling countenance, an emblem of what you profess, that people may know that indeed sweet communion with the spirit of God is happiness worth wearing a smiling countenance for. Your world is not a world of woes—a dark valley of death, sorrow, and grief; but it is lovely and beautiful. Its hills and valleys are strewn with the sweetest of flowers, a fit emblem of, and teachers to, man. In short, everything that an All-wise Spirit could make for his children you have. All is perfect but man—he that should be ruler, makes himself, by instituting laws of his own contrary to the laws of Nature, less capable to conform to such laws than a little simple flower. Duty to one's self will enable him to perform duties heretofore unthought of towards others. Again I say, the world and all that is in it, are governed by the law of Nature, not by circumstances. Strange it may seem to you that as long as we can, if we wish, communicate by raps, we do not; but as there are other, shorter and more convenient ways of communicating to you,

we decline any other but that of the present mode; occasionally rapping, to show that there is other and higher power apart from the mediums themselves. My promised visitation is fulfilled—I will come again. My love to all. "Bear in mind you are not to be governed by circumstances."

SARAH HEWITT.

THE NEW ERA.

"REJOICE! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, } EDITORS.

A. E. NEWTON, }

S. C. HEWITT, PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, NO. 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

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ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

ED. N. B.—The Editors, Correspondents, and Readers of this paper are all expected to do their own thinking, and no one to be held responsible for the opinions of another. The Editors will indicate their principal productions by their proper initials, and will exercise their best judgment in selecting from the favors of correspondents; but it is desired that every thought expressed, whether old or new, from spirits in the flesh or out, should stand only on its intrinsic merits.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

To the Readers of the New Era.

The undersigned finds himself compelled, though with great reluctance, to withdraw from his connection with the editorial management of this paper, after this date. The reasons for this step are of a personal and private nature, but will be briefly stated for the information of such as care to know them.

The labors which have been performed in the capacity of assistant editor, were assumed some five months since, in addition to other laborious and responsible occupations. They were undertaken in compliance with the repeated urgencies of friends of Spiritualism from different quarters of the country, and with the hope of contributing to render the Era acceptable to a larger portion of the Spiritualist public, and thus securing for it a wider circulation and a better support. It soon became evident that little could be accomplished to this end, without securing the conditions of a better mechanical execution and a more careful editorial supervision than was practicable as the paper was then issued. The undersigned was therefore induced, about three months ago, to undertake the personal superintendence of the printing of the paper, which necessarily involved a large addition to his editorial labors upon it. This was done under the expectation that the proprietorship of the paper would shortly be assumed by an organization, or, at least, that the publication would be placed upon such a basis as to afford some suitable remuneration for the labor required upon it. His labors, therefore, in the editorial department, have been performed thus far almost as an entire gratuity.

The expectation referred to, however, has not been realized, for reasons which need not be here recited; and the pecuniary condition of the paper has not been and is not such as to enable the proprietor to afford any compensation for the services of an assistant. The undersigned has therefore been compelled to rely for support on other occupations; and under the double burden of labor and responsibility thus far borne, he finds his health breaking down, and feels that duty to himself and those dependent upon him, imperatively requires that it should be borne no longer. Relief and rest must be had; and as these, from the nature of his constitution, cannot be secured while sustaining even nominally the responsible position he has occupied, he sees no alternative but to withdraw entirely, for the present, at least, from its duties.

That this announcement will be received with some regrets by a few of the readers of the Era, he has some reasons to suppose; but such may be assured that their regrets cannot be greater than his own.

In conclusion, the undersigned feels that it is needless to say a word to the readers of this paper in commendation to its claims upon their continued support. The position, the abilities, and the past indefatigable labors of its proprietor, amid many discouragements and much obloquy, as a pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, are well known to all, and will, it is hoped, yet receive the just reward to which they are entitled.

The undersigned feels it a necessity of his nature to devote such energies as he may have to expend, to the advancement of the benign and saving truths unfolded by Spiritualism; but in what field, and to what extent, these may hereafter be employed, he leaves to be determined by the developments of the future.

A. E. NEWTON.

Bro. Newton's Valedictory.

By the above the reader will observe that Bro. Newton leaves the "New Era," as one of its editors, with the present number. He there gives his reasons for so doing, which are all very just and truthful, although their existence, both as to his own waning health and the inability of the proprietor of this Journal to suitably reward his self-sacrificing labors, is very much to be regretted. We have felt, as we have no doubt our readers have also, that the aid of Bro. N. has been very valuable, and our earnest wish and effort has all along been to render his burden as light as might be practical under the circumstances, and give him that pecuniary reward also which was justly his due. But as he has virtually said, while the "Era" may be able to support itself and its Editor and Proprietor by the practice of strict economy and plain fare, it is not at present able to pay adequately an additional editor. Many firm friends of our enterprise who aided us in the outset in the way of getting us subscribers and inducing many inquirers to take our Journal, and who give us still the warmest expressions of their sympathy in their correspondence, seem to have forgotten, or that the paper is fairly before the pub-

lic, and in the way to live, that we still need their deeds as well as their words of encouragement, in order to make the Era what it should be and what we very much desire it to be; what, in short, we have ever striven to make it, though we lacked the necessary means to accomplish that purpose. We have often said—and we meant it, if we ever meant anything we have said—that any extra aid we might receive in the prosecution of this work, should go for the perfecting of that work—in other words, that we would make the Era more and more perfect, in its matter and its manner, as we became peculiarly able to do so. Thus we have always felt, and thus we still feel, for we delight much in the perfection of every work, and we also know that the more perfect the work is, the more effectual it is as an instrument of good. At the same time, we are not one of those who, because we cannot, at once, reach our ideal, refuse to do anything at all towards accomplishing the work for which our whole spiritual being yearns with an agony only to be soothed and quieted by living deeds, as perfect as the present opportunities will allow. The old adage is, that "half a loaf is better than none," and having that, at least, as we humbly thought, we started on our way in faith that the half loaf would sooner or later grow to be a whole one, and be the means ultimately of accomplishing much good. We have the same faith still, and shall therefore "go on our way rejoicing in hope" of all truly desirable and worthy results.

And now, while we are truly sorry to part with the valuable labors of Bro. N., we cannot otherwise than tender him our warmest thanks, not only for the efficient aid he has rendered us in our arduous editorial labors, but also for the truly brotherly, kind and appreciative manner in which he parts with us and our readers. His kind words in reference to ourselves, particularly, will ever be cherished as incentives to encouragement in the line of the strictest duty, whatever may be the inducements to a different course from interested partisans, or the worldly, selfish, and therefore often doubting predictions and influence of friends whose principles and whose faith do not lie in the line of our own clear vision and our own proper work.

But before we close we may say that we are quite happy in being able to inform our readers, that since the necessary step which Bro. N. has taken, was fairly decided upon, several gentlemen and ladies, fully competent by nature, and by a free and generous culture, not only in general science and letters, but also in Spiritualism and its world-wide philosophy and spirit, have voluntarily stepped forward and offered their free aid in making up the weekly contributions of this journal, for the interest of our readers. They are persons fully competent to that work—the majority of them having previously served the public acceptably in the editorial capacity. By this arrangement, then, our own labors will be lightened, so that we shall be fully able to attend to the business of publishing the Era, giving frequent lectures within feasible distances, and receiving such pecuniary aid, in the form of subscriptions, by personal attention to that matter, as those with whom we meet, from time to time, may feel inclined to contribute. In the mean time, may we not expect that all the real friends of the Era—of whom we know there are many—will do all they can to increase our subscription list? We call their special attention to our terms—particularly our proposition to clubs. Ten subscribers, it will be seen, form a club for \$12. Of course, we do not object to the number being larger than ten—the larger the better; but if larger, the terms will be in the same ratio. Will not our friends, then, lend us their earnest and efficient aid, that we may be able to work without being cramped—that we may have the means of rewarding those who propose to contribute to the instruction, information and interest of our readers freely, and thus have all our efforts tell with power and efficiency in the extension and triumph of Spiritualism and its blessings! Brethren, friends—one and all—we await your response.

S. C. HEWITT.

Magnetism Diabolical.

A writer in the *Advent Herald*, of this city, is laboring to prove that the mesmeric influence, or human magnetism, even when employed for the cure of disease, proceeds directly from that arch-enemy of our race, known in the books by the name of Satan; who is represented as having become especially busy in these "last days." The following is the writer's method of disposing of "one of the difficulties" of the case:

"One of the difficulties in seeing the truth as to this matter, arises from the fact, that undoubtedly many cases of healing take place under mesmeric power, and that many good men—physicians, clergymen and others—use it for that end, and succeed."

"But this is a difficulty only to those who do not consider the extent of Satan's devices. May he not by this means exercise his power over the invisible elements in such a way, as to remove diseases? Is there no such thing as healing by magic,—by charms? As Satan is the author and instigator of disease, derangement and death,—(Heb. 2: 14, Luke 10: 19, 13: 16, 1 Cor. 5: 5, Job 2: 7)—may he not, when it suits his purpose, withdraw the inflection? Will he not withdraw it, if he can gain a greater object by so doing? Satan has many devices to catch men. He knows how to meet the disposition of each, and to lay a net for each. And now that the last days are upon us, we must expect that he will be more subtle than ever. The time is fast advancing, when the controversy between good and evil,—between the very God in His church, and the power of Satan to resist it,—must manifest itself in a more open way than has hitherto been seen on the earth, in order to bring out the final antagonism and condemnation of the ungodly, and the perfecting and saving of those who receive and obey the truth."

Had this writer lived in the days of Jesus, the great magnetizer of Judea, he would not

probably have been satisfied with the answer which that distinguished personage returned to John the Baptist, when the latter sent him to inquire in regard to the character of his mission. They were directed to tell John of the cures and miracles they had seen wrought—just such cures and miracles as "take place under mesmeric power" in our days—and leave him to his own conclusions as to the character of the operator. (See Luke 8: 19, 23.) Had John been as expert at discerning "Satan's devices to catch men," as this writer thinks himself, would he not have replied, "Satan is the author of diseases, and may be not, when it suits his purpose, withdraw the inflection?" or, in the very words of the (im) pious Jews of that day: "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub—the prince of devils!" So precisely do the religionists of our day follow in the footsteps of those whom they call the "blasphemers" of a former age!

Probably this writer would esteem those maxims of Jesus, "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit," and "The works that I do bear witness of me," very dangerous ones to be adopted in this age. It is very evident that Jesus did "not consider the extent of Satan's devices" in these last days, when he gave utterance to such faulty precepts!

There is one redeeming feature, however, in this quotation—one indication of progress. The author considers "Satan" to be the "author and instigator of disease, derangement and death." Pious people have been taught, for many years, that "the Lord" was the author of all such afflictions—that they were "mysterious dispensations of Providence," which must be endured with becoming resignation and patience. It is very gratifying to learn that the Deity is to be hereafter relieved from the responsibility of many hard things which have been alleged against Him, and it is to be hoped that religious people generally, and our *Adventist* friends in particular, will come to have a better opinion of their Father in Heaven than has so long prevailed.

Where will it stop?

That the Spiritual movement will by and by come to an end, many disbelievers either do, or affect to, believe. Their faith in this negation is worth about as much, however, as anything else of like character, and doubtless springs simply and only from their strong desire to have it so. They are hereby informed that they cannot be gratified, for Spiritualism has an end in view, of which they little dream, indeed, but which as surely determines its constant progress and its ultimate triumph, as the triumph and the progress of any movement, or any principle under the whole heavens, was ever insured. That end is an ENTIRELY NEW CREATION ON THIS GLOBE. First, a new Spiritual creation, and then, as properly and legitimately growing out of this, a new material creation. The earth and man are not yet finished. Both are yet to be unfolded and perfected beyond even the dreams of the greatest dreamer, and the imagination of the keenest mind. Spiritualism, as we see it, will not rest with its beautiful and sure demonstrations of immortality, with its healing of the sick, and the amusements it sometimes seems to afford to mere "curiosity seekers." No, no; it is utterly unworthy of the subject to rest here—to go no farther—to be content with these comparatively inferior ends. Its great aim always has been and still is, the entire emancipation of man and woman—the complete elevation of Humanity. With nothing less than this will it be content—with nothing less will it finish its work.

It has been given us to see, somewhat, the principles, the prophecies, and the sure tendencies of the movement; and though its speed may be slow, as men count slowness, because of the immensity of the movement itself, yet the surety is, in just the proper time, to bring about an end in human conditions, as far superior to the present state of things, as Heaven is superior to Hell! This is our own clear sight—the deepest and single conviction of our heart, and the consideration above all others, that inspires us to labor on still, through evil report and through good report. And thus may it ever be ours to labor.

They Give us Nothing New.

It has been asserted over and over again, not only by the New York Tribune,—which cannot even allude to Spiritualism without using some opprobrious epithet, as "Ghost-seeing," and the like,—but by numerous other journals both secular and religious, as also by numerous lecturers against Spiritualism, that the "Spirits have not communicated one new idea, or revealed one new principle." This, however, is simply a mistake of those who make such assertions. Presuming that they are as fully in the secret of Spiritualism as anybody else, though they get what they think they know, only at second or third hand, or it may be even more remotely, they come forth in their egotism, and make assertions as unwarrantable in truth, as they seem anxious to appear all-knowing on this important subject.

But have the Spirits given us any new ideas or principles? We answer yes—and many. In the present article, however, we shall be content to confine ourselves to a single thought, and that is contained in this question, WHY IS GLASS AN INSULATOR? Can the schools tell why? Do the books contain the answer? Not at all. We have conversed much with scientific men, on this and kindred subjects; we have read and studied the books on science, but we have never yet found the man or the book that could give, or that pretended to give the reason why glass was an insulator. That it is an insulator, they know very well, and they teach and act upon that fact extensively; and so far, very well. But why it should be an insulator, has been thought by them, too much of an enigma to be solved this side of the boundary line between the world of matter and the world of spirit. And so it has been, and still is, by the ordinary modes of investi-

gation. But Spiritualism gives us a new and altogether extraordinary mode of getting at the solution of this and kindred questions. Without, however, tarrying here to delineate the mode, we will simply give our readers the rationale of the idea.

When it is said that glass is an insulator, everybody understands that all that is intended is, that it is so only to electricity. It is not an insulator to magnetism, for a magnet will instantly show its power on steel filings, and the like, through a plate of glass. The glass, therefore, forms no obstruction to magnetism, while—so far as is known—it perfectly obstructs the passage of electricity. Light also passes readily through glass. Now, why is this? The thought suggested by the Philosophers of the Higher Life, is the following: What is called cohesive attraction, is, in principle and substance, the essential thing which holds the aggregate and visible atoms of a thing together. Take that principle away—a principle which is substantive, though invisible, as well as in active condition, and the atoms are disintegrated—the thing is no longer a thing—it is dissolved. Now, this principle of cohesive attraction is much finer in some substances than in others. In glass, it has a specific degree of fineness, as compared with all other classes of substances. And now, for the sake of convenience, in illustration, we will call this principle in glass, ether. This ether, being material substance, must be composed of ultimate particles or atoms, however small they may be; and their size is actually smaller than the ultimate particles of electricity. Now, it is very plain to be seen, that the finer can be contained in, or pass through the coarser, but that the coarser cannot pass through the finer. Thus water, being much finer in its globules than the substance of a sponge, is readily absorbed by the latter. So, also, salt, being much finer in its atoms than water, is readily held in solution by it. But the water cannot contain the sponge, nor the salt the water. So also is it with ether and electricity. The latter being much coarser, or its globules much larger than those of ether, and the latter being the constantly contained substance, which infiltrates and binds all the visible particles of the glass together, electricity cannot, of course, pass through it. Magnetism can and does pass through it. So does light. And this fact proves that the particles of magnetism, as those also of light, are finer than those of electricity; else they could not pass, while electricity is left behind.

The question, then, is answered, and this is the reason: ELECTRICITY IS COMPOSED OF LARGER GLOBULES THAN THOSE OF ETHER, WHICH GLASS EMBODIES. THE LARGER CANNOT PASS THROUGH THE INTERSTICES OF THE SMALLER. THEREFORE GLASS IS AN INSULATOR TO ELECTRICITY. The reason to us, is plain and sufficient. To all who think, it must be conclusive, we are fully inclined to believe. And while we get the idea at the suggestion of Spirits, we accept it only on the ground of its own rationality, which is so plainly evident, that it needs only to be stated, to be seen and appreciated. At another time, we shall have something to say about the form of electrical and ethereal particles, as those also of light. In the mean time, we propose the following question, which we shall endeavor to answer at the suggestion of spirits: WHY DOES LIGHT TRAVEL WITH GREATER VELOCITY THAN ELECTRICITY? II.

"Blessed are the Peace-Makers."

Yes, blessed, thrice blessed are they who can pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and speak peace to the troubled soul; who are able to still the sea of passion, roll back the angry tide, and cause the troubled waters to become placid and serene. How much of restlessness, sorrow and deep anguish there is in our world! How many hearts now throb with anguish and despair! Oh! who will save these crushed and bleeding spirits, and whisper to them words of peace? Could we see others as they see themselves, we should often pity, where we now censure and condemn. We should recall many unkind words, and reverse many an opinion which we had too hastily formed.

I have often asked myself the question, whether Spiritualists—those who profess to hold converse with Spirits of the higher life—who have high and holy communion with angels that inhabit the supernal spheres, if they are more gentle, kind and loving—are disposed to be more charitable to those who may differ from them, than those who profess not the beautiful theories, I may say the sublime truth of Spirit communion? Let each Spiritualist ask him or herself the question, Am I doing all I can in word, thought, deed, or action, to spread those soul-elevating truths which have been revealed to me, by Spirits of the higher life? Has the "gentle white dove" borne to our hearts the olive branch of peace? Has Christ said unto us, Blessed are ye, for ye are peace-makers? Have those beautiful ministering spirits who throng our pathway, said unto us, Blessed, thrice blessed are ye, for we perceive that a peace branch from on high, has been planted in your souls? Cherish, cherish it with tender care. Water it with affection's dew, and let mercy's tear often fall upon it. We need, and oh, how much we need to watch and guard our own hearts. It is with our own we have to do. But as a general thing, mankind have more to do with their neighbors' hearts than their own. And I fear it is much the same with Spiritualists. We are so anxious to detect faults in others, that we seem to have but little time to attend to our own. I fear we are too censorious; we exercise too little charity towards those who may conscientiously differ from us. And I think we are too much disposed to look upon the weak side of a person's character, especially those who perchance may differ from us, and see not as we see. Did the angels look upon us as suspiciously as we look upon one another, and were they as much disposed to bring

our faults to light, and as little disposed to palliate the wrong which we often do, how should we look upon them, and what would be the effect which this course would produce upon our hearts? I know that they often rebuke us, but their rebukes end in blessings. And we, perhaps, have felt an angel's tear, mingling with the gentle words of forgiveness, which have in dulcet tones, been whispered in our ears. They speak peace to the troubled soul. They pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and soothe the crushed, lacerated and bleeding heart. Ye loving angel ministers, that so often come to me, when morning is bright as midday, but more especially in the still hush of night, breathe upon my soul your all-absorbing love. O let a peace branch from your shady bowers fall upon my restless spirit. Help me to be more loving, more child-like, and therefore more Christ-like. Then shall I be less disposed to censure others. I shall be better prepared to guard the avenues to my own soul. Then ye pure seraphic ones can come to my heart and not be repelled. Attract me, O! attract me to your own genial clime. And when I am safely enfolded in your loving arms, my restless spirit can find repose.

To all whose eyes may fall upon these lines, I would say, If we would be loved, we must be loving, if we would have mercy shown to us, we must be merciful. Let us also ever remember that kind words, compassion's tears, are more potent in reclaiming the erring, than all the hard words we may find in our power to use. These fall like adamant upon the crushed and sensitive soul. But mercy's tear never pleads in vain. Beautiful tear, thou art only a little thing, but beautiful, because of thy simplicity—strong, from thy very weakness. Who can deny mercy when thou predest? or deny thy power? Thy home is in the heart, and when the heart feels most deeply, then dost thou fall most freely—show outline and effectual less—Once more I will add, Let us who love the angels, and the angel world, be just and kind to all. Let us breathe a spirit of peace and love upon all who may come within our sphere. Then, perchance, we may hear the voice of Jesus breaking from the watch-tower, saying, "Blessed are ye."

LIDA.

Spiritualism in Berkshire Co.

PITTSFIELD, Dec. 3, 1854.

MESSES. HEWITT AND NEWTON:—The cause of Spiritualism is making gradual and steady progress, even here, among the hills and dales of Berkshire. We have had a medium among us most of the time during the last year, who is very highly developed, and through whom many persons have received the most overwhelming proofs of the presence of spirit-friends. He is now spending a short season at a quiet retreat in Stockbridge, near a village called Glendale, where there are some four or five families who are converts to the new philosophy—one of them being composed almost wholly of individuals who belonged to that class of persons termed Infidels. But the power of truth has overcome their doubts, and they are capable of receiving it understandingly, into honest hearts. Another is a family by the name of Clark. Mrs. C. has been developed as a psychometrical medium. She is capable of discovering and prescribing for disease, by examining the patient through a lock of hair, and I know that she has given accurate descriptions of the maladies that "flesh is heir to."

A short time since, it was told them through Mr. M., the medium before mentioned, that, if they would make arrangements, and serve themselves up for the occasion, on Thanksgiving eve, the Spirits would give them a feast of rich things for the soul. They accordingly made preparation, and invited the Spiritualists of Pittsfield to be present; and a goodly number were there.

After partaking of the bountiful entertainment furnished by our friends, we repaired to the house of Bro. Clark, formed our circle, made ourselves social by singing, and free conversational intercourse. The mediums became entranced, and spoke to us from the "superior state," in a manner which, for beauty of expression and depth of thought, I have seldom heard surpassed. Questions were discussed, displaying much ability, by the invisibles; and also messages to individuals, touching and tender, filling the soul with confiding hope, such as the inhabitants of the superior life alone are capable of inspiring in the hearts of mortals. Our entertainment continued until a very late hour, when we retired.

The next day, we all dined together, when Mr. M. became again entranced, and spoke at the table, after which, we returned to our several places of abode, satisfied that our spirit-friends had given us more, even, than they had advertised. It was truly a season long to be treasured in the heart.

One incident I should like to mention. Just before the circle was convened, Mr. M. became influenced by a spirit who called herself Julia Goddard; grasped the hands of myself and wife, saying that she tried to influence her, one day, while here at home, looking out at the window, to sing the well-known lines—

"When shall we three meet again,"

which thing had actually occurred, as far as the singing was concerned; and we were intimately acquainted with a most estimable person of the name mentioned, who once resided in Millbury, and was there a member of a choir of singers under my direction.

If you are not wearied with the length of this article, and think the facts worth publishing in your valuable *New Era*, they are at your service.

I am yours in the cause of human progress, SHELTON C. MOSES.

We would refer our readers to the article by Bro. Charles Partridge on our outside this week. It possesses more than ordinary interest.

Mistaken View.

A friend writes us as follows:—

Mr. NEWTON: Dear Sir:—Having lately seen a number of articles in the Era, condemning the institution of Marriage, will you have the goodness to inform me and the public, through your paper, what the writers would have, or what they wish to substitute in its stead? It is not through a spirit of capriciousness or opposition that I ask this favor, but solely for the sake of information, as I am entirely in the dark on the subject.

Very truly yours, E. B.

We can only say to our friend, that if those who have written on the subject in our columns have not made their own ideas understood, we have little hope of elucidating them. Perhaps, however, his difficulty may have grown out of a misunderstanding which we have feared might arise from the manner in which some have treated the question. We do not understand it to have been the design of any of these writers to condemn the institution of Marriage in itself, but rather the false notions which are prevalent respecting its nature, and the false unions (or rather non-unions,) which are prevalent under the legislative form. All are in favor of a true marriage—a marriage in spirit, and not in form only. But there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the best means by which this may be secured to the greatest extent. Some would have important modifications in the legal restrictions on the matter, by which it might be rendered more difficult to enter the legal relation, and more easy to leave it; while others conceive that legislation should have nothing to do with the affair at all—it being a matter of the affections, which human statutes cannot reach. The practical point of difference here, we shall have obtained sufficient light upon the subject; and we hope that our friend and all our readers will do the same for themselves.

A Chance to do Good.

PERRIER ISLE, Aroostook Co. Me., Nov. 23, 1854.

BRO. HEWITT:—I am urged by a power within to express my pleasure on reading a communication in your issue of the 18th, signed "Joseph Cram." Especially were his practical suggestions, relative to lecturers, of the right stamp. We do need teachers "who shall go out into the 'highways and hedges,'" to teach the glorious and light-giving principles of Spiritualism "to every creature." I write from one of the dark corners of the earth. The bright sun of the New Dispensation, that seems to shed its beams with such splendor in other sections, has hardly risen here. Our people seem to be buried in the moral darkness of popular creeds and religious superstitions. It is true there are a very few whose eyes are turned heavenward, but those have had no opportunities of instruction,—no teacher but their own reason. We need a teacher, one who shall be able to convince the pious skeptics in this region that you teach the truth! A good medium could do a great amount of good here, as we have none of our own. There are several of my acquaintances who are impressionable, but such is the force of prejudice and superstition, that they are afraid to permit our Spirit-friends to communicate, and so we remain in darkness. Will not some one see the way open to visit us?

I like your paper and its teachings. May Heaven bless your self-sacrificing labors.

Yours for God and Truth,

JOSEPH B. HALL.

P. S. Should you know of any suitable person or medium who would like to come here on a mission for humanity—one so well developed as to be able to convince skeptics fully encased in the sectarian shell of utter disbelief, I will authorize you to offer them from me a brother's welcome and a brother's home, as long as good can be done by their presence.

J. B. H.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—Some people seem to act as though reputation was everything and character nothing. Let them reverse the matter and they will be very much nearer right. Jesus of Nazareth, "made himself of no reputation," and yet no man ever lived that equalled him in real, genuine character. Let those Spiritualists mark this, who would expend their highest efforts to make Spiritualism merely respectable, while they seem to care but little about its character. They will do themselves and the movement a far higher service by radically changing their course.

Spiritualists' Conferences.—We beg leave to remind our friends of these Conferences which are held each week, when Spiritualists as such meet together for the interchange of thought upon questions of vital interest.

THE MANIFESTATIONS AT MESSRS. KOONS' AND BARNARD'S.—We are requested to state that the question for discussion at the Spiritualists' Conference at Chapman Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13th, will be the Manifestations at the Spirit-Rooms of Mr. Koons, in Ohio, and Mr. Barnard in this city. As these matters have recently been before the public, the discussion will be of more than usual interest.

Remittances.

Some persons send us \$1.00, some \$1.50, and some \$5.00—more or less. Whatever sum is sent we give credit for, and if mistakes are made we cheerfully correct them as soon as we find them out.

When persons send \$1.50 they can send the odd change in three cent stamps. This will save them postage, and will be about as well for us. And our friends will remember that the larger the sum they send, the more they aid and strengthen our efforts. Some of our friends send us clubs of from seven to ten, and so on, according to our published terms. Will others do what they can to get us clubs, as well as single subscribers? II.

The Model Home.

MESSES. EDITORS.—I send you the following communication through JOHN M. SPENCER, medium, and forwarded to me, I suppose to be used as my judgment might dictate. At this particular juncture of the spiritual movement, I deem it wise that it should be published. Perhaps those Spiritualists who would be leaders, and who feel responsible for the respectability of Spiritualism—who declare themselves spiritual socialists in the parlor, but who in their public addresses deny that Spiritualism tends to Socialism, will find encouragement in this paper to be true to themselves and this holy cause, both in parlor and in public. Perhaps too, the *New York Tribune*, which finds nothing new, will perceive that there is something practical in spiritual communications; and that, too, on the most momentous of subjects. Seeing the three leading editors of the *Tribune* have for years been avowed Socialists, it is to be hoped they will thank God and take courage that Spiritualism is getting up out of the "mire of manifestations and rappings," on to the solid ground of practical benevolence. It is to be hoped that the *Tribune* will, at least, keep its eyes open as to what may come of Spiritualism in the next twenty years.

Yours, JOHN ORVIS.

Fables are frequently useful as instructors, making things clear to the mind which otherwise might remain quite obscure. Thus the fable of the fox and the swan may now be used for an illustrative purpose. The fox invited the swan to dine, but his dishes were so shallow that while the fox could feast himself, the swan went away quite unsatisfied. But the swan resolved to invite the fox also to dine, and she prepared quite long-necked dishes into which she could compel the fox to look on feeling that he had been quite out-witted. This fable teaches that certain things, certain locations, certain conditions may be quite well suited to one class, while another would be quite inconvenient.

Man, like the rose, is perpetually unfolding, requiring new conditions, and yet greater improvements. Dissatisfied with the past, also uncomfortable in the present, he looks and earnestly longs for the future and the more progressed conditions. They who have passed on to higher conditions and have wisely improved their time, their talents, and their opportunities, have seen and have enjoyed greater advantages; yet of which they desire to unfold to the yet dweller on this earth. Earnestly they have been and continue to be employed in concocting and unfolding schemes which, when comprehended, will be received with deepest interest, and will be highly appreciated by greatly advanced persons.

There must be a model, as it were, a miniature world, which model being inspected, will meet the approval of sincere and earnest inquirers. It is not designed to make onslaughts on the fox with his shallow vessel, nor to frighten the swan with her long-necked dish; but it is designed to unfold a better condition, so that the fox and the swan may both be suited and live harmoniously together. These somewhat discursive observations are presented at this favorable moment as an introduction to a somewhat elaborate paper on the wants of man. Few, if any subjects can be presented so fraught with interest as this subject.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

It may be premised that the word *wants* and the word *needs* will in this paper be used interchangeably, bearing, it is intended, the same general meaning. In introducing a subject so vast, it is deemed essential that there should be a broad view taken of the various nations on this earth. Able as persons are who have passed to higher conditions, to inspect the condition or conditions of man in various parts of this earth, they are able to present in a concise form all the essential wants or needs of man; meaning in this paper by man, the inhabitants of this earth, of whatever sex, clime or color.

First, *Man needs a substantial material or mineral basis on which he can quietly and securely stand.* Without such a basis, want staring a portion of earth's inhabitants in their faces, there will be not only irregularities and uneasiness; but as it were, one class will devour the other. Thus has it been in the past; thus it is in the present, and thus it will be in the future, until man's material wants are generously met. The starving soldier kills his neighbor to obtain a trifling monthly pittance. He could not be engaged in wholesale slaughter could his wants otherwise be met. The highwayman comes forth under night's sable curtain and plunges his dagger in the heart of his victim, because he wants. Otherwise, kindness may dwell in his breast; but food he must have. The cunning trader defrauds his neighbor to supply his individual and family wants. Interiorly he sometimes loathes himself, but his wants, he says, must be supplied. Thus throughout all the ramifications of society, man wants; resorts to this or that expedient to gratify his needs. The first great, grand progressive movement should be in this direction—to supply to man a mineral or material basis. Without this, progressive efforts will take but slight and quite unimportant roots.

Secondly, *Man wants a permanent home.* Much is conveyed to the greatly unfolded mind in the word *Home*. Few, if any words in any form of language call forth more pleasant associations than the word *home*. Without a home, man is a cheerless and comparatively a friendless wanderer, having no abiding place, no home to which he is attracted, on which his higher affections are fixed, he becomes an isolated, unwelcome, restless, dissatisfied being. On this branch of this paper, of the wants of man, an effort will be made to present to the intelligent mind a picture of home—a sweet, attractive, quiet, happy home.

1st. There must be constructed a convenient and a tasteful building, suited to his wants, his conditions, his state of unfolding, and his aspirations. In a rude, uncultivated condition, man constructed rude edifices in the earth's bowels, or slight huts on the earth's outer surface; but as he has emerged from the lower conditions, he has required and constructed more and yet more neat, economical, convenient and tasteful edifices. Precisely in the ratio of his unfoldings will man perfect his places of habitation.

2dly. To constitute a home, man requires that his habitation be erected where agreeable landscapes, groves, grasses, eminences, valleys, waters, can be daily beheld—each and all of which exert their varied, appropriate, and beautiful influences on the eye, and the whole character of the beholder.

3dly. Within his habitation he needs domestic enjoyments, flowing from intimate association with a companion whose thoughts, whose feelings, whose desires, whose age, whose aspirations, harmonize with his own, from the twin springing truly beautiful and perpetually unfolding offspring, cementing more closely the hearts of the twin, and calling out their efforts and their affections to improve and unfold the higher faculties of their offspring.

These several particulars, constituting a home, supplied with a permanent material basis, so that all essential wants may be easily supplied, and there is truly an unanxious, beautiful, permanent home. In the more unfolded lives such homes are. That which is in a higher life may and should be transmitted to a next succeeding lower life. Interested deeply in the highest welfare of unfolding man on this earth, a desire is felt that a *Model Home* may be here constructed. They who come from the higher conditions, loving deeply those who dwell on this earth, desire not only to show man what he needs, but they come for a loftier purpose; to show him *how* and *aid* him in arriving at the high condition pictures are to be seen.

When a *Model Home* has been constructed, intelligent persons will come from various directions who will in their persons be individual models of intelligence, models of purity, models of harmony, models of spirituality; and there will be persons who will come as inspectors; who will, as it were, light their torches from this model home, and will kindle these fires from this flame, in different sections of this earth.

It may now, for the first time, be unfolded that this spot is designed primarily for a *Model Home*, including in the scheme certain beneficent institutions which will be particularized at a certain season.

3dly. Man wants *general social intercourse usually, denominated society.* It is not enough that his individual and more domestic wants are gratified, but he desires to hold intercourse with persons who may be scientifically, philanthropically, religiously, morally, and spiritually unfolded, that he may enjoy the satisfaction which comes of imparting and receiving instructions.

The family relation may be considered the first grand circle, and what is called society may constitute the second, and thus the individual's domestic and society wants are gratified, forming a grand, harmonious, beautiful whole.

A picture of society will now be drawn, and when man truly becomes a component part of such society, in connection with the domestic relations, and the individual wants being gratified, he becomes what may be justly called a *MAN*. On drawing a picture of society, several particulars will be presented prominently in the fore-ground.

1st. There must be in society a just sexual balance; each of the sexes enjoying his or her rights, following his or her attractions to highest possible extent.

2dly. There should be a very high, moral general standard of thought, of feeling, of speech and of act.

3dly. There should be a high appreciation of the beautiful, the lofty, and the sublime.

4thly. There should be a high and very greatly cultivated spiritual, or aspirational feeling.

5thly. There should be a highly, and very broadly cultivated philanthropy.

6thly. There should be found greatest delight in cultivating, in receiving and imparting useful knowledge.

7thly. There should be cultivated a constant feeling, that the present life, is a grand preparation for the lives which are yet to be.

A society where these seven particulars are enjoyed—constantly, richly, sweetly, pleasantly, harmoniously cultivated, would be among the greatest sources of felicity, which man could be favored with on this earth at its present condition of unfolding. To each and all of these is man capable of arriving during this present current century. Fifty years from this time will unfold science, philanthropy, morals, spirituality, vastly more rapidly than in any former half century.

To accomplish a work so vast, so grand, so desirable, persons come from the higher conditions, that thought may be stirred, that thought may ripen into action, and that action may bring the greatly to be desired results. The first great work is to construct a model, to show man that the things which the mind is capable of conceiving can be brought forth. There must be the conceptual state, the gestational condition, and the outer birth.

SPIRITUALISM IN NASHUA, N.H.—We recently gave two lectures in this beautiful city to good audiences. The Rev. Mr. Drew, a sort of renegade Methodist preacher from Wisconsin, had recently lectured there *against* Spiritualism. But the people wished to hear the other side. So we took them a part of the story of Spiritualism.

The notice of Warren Chase's lectures at the Melodeon, is necessarily put over to next week.

Psychometrical Delineation of Charles Main.

BY R. P. WILSON.

This gentleman has large activity of body, and is capable of enduring much physical labor. His temperaments are vital and magnetic, imparting a great amount of influence of a healthful nature when coming in contact with others. He is very sympathetic and impressive,—feels and imparts influence very rapidly. He has large benevolent feelings; and being sympathetic, would be of great use as an instrument of healing the sick. His ambition seems almost wholly to be directed towards the good of others. He has a large spiritual development, and deep religious feelings. Hence he would labor to overcome the discords of others, by imparting a spiritual magnetism to those with whom he came in contact. His great delight consists in doing good to others. His mind is free, and his will is independent. He feels that the bonds of prejudices can no more surround him, or direct his steps; yet he strongly feels the importance of strict moral integrity, and purity of motive and action. His nature is full of the milk of human kindness; he would restore the sick, and free the oppressed.—This gentleman has good mechanical powers—can construct well, and will give a superior polish to all his work. He loves to contemplate the works of nature, for thereby his thoughts are directed to the Great Artist and Constructor of all things. His power of self-government is very great,—will control and direct his feelings and impulses in such a manner as not to infringe on the rights of others. He is intuitive in his nature, and comes to all conclusions by asking the decision of his own wisdom. His social nature and feelings are very strong. In this respect he has the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a loving woman. His friendship is firm and lasting—his sphere is refining, gentle and attractive.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The *Divine Drama of History and Civilization*. By the Rev. James Smith, M. A. London, Chapman & Hall, 133, Piccadilly, 1854.

This is a masterly work of 644 pages. It is masterly, not simply in its size, but in its ideas, in its breadth of thought, in its interpretation of Human History—in short, in its conception and portrayal of the mission of each nation and class in the enactment of the great Drama of Humanity. According to this "Divine Drama," each nation, class, or people, in all countries, and in all times, has been playing its part on the great stage of Humanity's life, in perfect accordance with fixed laws, or fated nature. The great idea of *Destiny* is here carried out to its ultimate, and made practical on a grand and significant scale. A most comprehensive philosophy runs through the whole volume, and is well sustained to the last. By its simple touch, all questions of an intrinsic and puzzling nature, are instantly resolved, and the reader soon becomes possessed with such a unique philosophic clairvoyance, as to make the whole field of the world's experience, not only transparent, but also to appear in altogether a new and much more lovely light than has heretofore characterized the dreary, one-sided, and therefore, short-sighted speculations of the materialists. It is the first treatise that we have ever seen, that has come anywhere near suggesting a philosophy that will, according to our estimate, reconcile the radical differences of human thought; and therefore make harmonies of antagonisms, in so far as it may be legitimately desirable to produce such result. For this reason, above all others, we hail the book with much pleasure, and bespeak for it an extensive circulation and a thorough reading. It is, perhaps, needless for us to say that the author, who will be recognized by most of our readers as our former "London Correspondent," is a thorough and understanding Spiritualist, though somewhat peculiar, perhaps, in some of his views.

The *Tables Turned: A Brief Review of Rev. C. M. Butler, D. D.* By S. B. Brittan. Price 25 c.; postage 3 c.

No one can read this pamphlet of 63 pages, and not be fully persuaded that Bro. Brittan has fairly "Turned the Tables" on this Rev. Dr. of Divinity, i. e., unless such a one has both his head and heart "turned" entirely away from the love and perception of just argument, searching criticism and a truly genial philosophy. It seems that Dr. Butler, rector of Trinity Church in the city of Washington, delivered a discourse some time ago, in his own pulpit, on "Modern Necromancy," which, of course, means, in common pulpit parlance, Spiritualism, or as some sneeringly term it, "Spirit-Rappings." To this discourse, the work under notice, is an able and most successful review. Our readers will be pleased and profited by it.

THE LILY-WREATH OF Spiritual communications: received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. B. Child, M. D. New York: Partridge & Brittan: Boston, Crosby Nichols & Co.

This is the work from which several extracts have been presented in previous numbers of the *Era*. From those, the reader will judge something of its character. It does not undertake to argue at all the question of the Spiritual origin of its contents, leaving the evidence on that point to be furnished solely by the angelic beauty and purity which beam forth from its pages. It will furnish the reader with many interesting and beautiful conceptions of the spirit-life, and of the office and influence of guardian spirits over mortals. As a literary production, it is not without blemishes; yet it has gems of beauty which the Spiritually opened vision will recognize and feast upon. The book is elegantly got up, and will form a very attractive gift book for Spiritualists.

FESTIVAL AT CHAPMAN HALL.—As will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, a social gathering of Spiritualists is to take place at the above Hall on Thursday evening. It will doubtless be an occasion of much interest and enjoyment.

A WONDERFUL SPIRIT-PICTURE.—Some months ago, we published the singular fact that the likeness of a certain well-known, though not very publicly known Spiritualist, a clergyman of this city, was suddenly found impressed on a piece of painted floor-cloth under a stove, at Mr. Snyder's, at Green Point, where the gentleman was in the habit of attending spiritual circles. As we then stated, the likeness of a negro was also impressed in a kneeling posture by the side of the clergyman, and that the latter was significantly pointing him up to heaven. The gentleman exhibited this picture at the Telegraph Office Conference, on Tuesday evening of last week, and stated a fact concerning it which we deem so wonderful as to deserve special record. It is, that the picture, which ordinarily is dark and somewhat indistinct in its features, when placed in the hands of certain mediums, become distinctly illuminated! and sometimes so remarkably as to exhibit even the color of the eyes! This phenomenon has been witnessed by numerous persons, as well those who had not, as those who had been told of its occurrence, and there seems to be no room for possible mistake concerning it. In our first account of the picture, we stated that while being examined by the curious shortly after its first discovery, it suddenly became entirely invisible, but that in the course of a week the figures reappeared as distinctly as at first. [Telegraph.]

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Co-partnership existing between HENRY F. GARDNER, of Boston, and JOHN ORVIS, of Roxbury, by mutual consent this day dissolved. All persons having demands against said firm are requested to present them, and all persons indebted are called upon to make payment to H. F. GARDNER, who is alone authorized to settle the same.

H. F. GARDNER, JOHN ORVIS, Fountain House, Boston, Dec. 4th, 1854.

N. B. A few Spiritualists can be accommodated with board at the Fountain House, by applying soon.

H. F. GARDNER.

REGULAR MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Sunday meetings at the Melodeon, afternoons and evenings at the usual hours.

Conference meetings on Wednesday evenings, at the Hall in Chapman Place, and at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street.

J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Wells' Hall, Lowell, Mass., on Sunday, Dec. 17th, and S. C. Hewitt will supply his place in Charlestown.

SPIRITUALISTS' FESTIVAL.

A Spiritualists' Festival will be held at Chapman Hall, School street, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14th. In connection with the festivities of the evening, Addresses will be made by Hon. W. L. CHASE, of Wisconsin, and Rev. J. S. LOVELAND, of Charlestown. Tickets 25 cents, to be had at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street; Bela Marsh's, Franklin street, or at the Fountain House.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

The following persons are now prepared to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever and whenever their services may be desirable and circumstances permit. They may be addressed at this office, No. 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND, A. E. NEWTON, R. P. WILSON, S. C. HEWITT, J. H. FOWLER, JOHN ORVIS.

THE DIAL ALPHABET.

This unique and highly useful instrument for communicating readily with spirits, and which is very highly recommended by Prof. Hargis of Philadelphia, may be had of BELA MARSH, Price \$2.00. Sent only by express or private conveyance. Address Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED: a new first-class Family Newspaper, devoted to News, Literature, Science, and the Arts; to Entertainment, Improvement, and Progress. Published weekly at two dollars a year, in advance, by Fowlers and Wells, New York.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: devoted to Phrenology, Physiognomy, Human Nature; to Education, Biography, (with Portraits), Mechanics, and the Natural Science. Monthly, at one dollar a year in advance.

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL: devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Health; with Engravings illustrating the Human System. It is, emphatically a guide to health and longevity. One dollar a year, in advance.

Please address FOWLERS & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York, or 142 Washington Street, Boston.

Advertisements.

CHARLES MAIN.

CLAIRVOYANT and Healing Medium, No. 5, Hayward Place, Boston.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 101f

TO THE SUPERIOR.

STEPHEN CUTLER, of Woburn, Mass., is induced again to offer his services as a Healing Medium to those who may be suffering under any form of disease. He is located at Central Square, about a mile from Woburn Centre, and has accommodations for a limited number of patients at his house. He has the assistance of other Healing Mediums in his family, and avails himself of the remedial virtues of the magnetic machine, water, etc., and has been very successful in the treatment of rheumatism, fevers, and inflammatory diseases generally.

Refer to Capt. Oliver Bacon, Ebenezer Dow, George W. Allen, and Gideon Chellis of Woburn Centre; John Howlett, of Saugus, and others. 111f

HARMONY HALL RE-OPENED.

This well known resort of Spiritualists is now open as a Reading Room, Book Store and Circulating Library.

The room will be open each day from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M.

Also, Clairvoyant, Psychometric, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours. J. S. LOVELAND, GEORGE ATKINS.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

MRS. H. JENNES, a superior Clairvoyant for Medical examinations and prescriptions, may be consulted at Harmony Hall every day from 1 to 5 P. M.

Special attention given to Chronic diseases. Boston, Dec. 10, 1854.

A. B. CHILD, M. D.,

DENTIST;

15 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

HEALING OINTMENT.

PREPARED true to directions received from the Spirit Land. It will be useful for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and all external injuries, also for Chapped Hands, Chills, and all Humors and Skin Diseases. It is cooling, soothing, and removes inflammation; exciting healthy action on diseased surfaces, and removing pain. Prepared by William E. Rice; for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston. Price 25 cents per box.

ADIN BALLOU'S NEW WORK ON SO-

CIALISM, 650 pages large octavo. Price \$1.75. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street.

HEALING MEDIUM.

DR. T. H. PINKERTON,

Office, 80 Cambridge St., Boston.

Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M., daily. [153m99]

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, having postponed her return to England for the present, has Adams House, and will be happy to wait upon those who may desire to investigate the subject of Spiritualism.

Hours at home, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Public Circles only in the evening.

Private sittings \$1 each person; public, 50 cts. each person. 10-1m

A. C. STILES, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, East Bridgeport, Conn. Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Fancy Articles. The sick attended at all hours of day or night. No mineral poison used.

Dr. S. has become developed as a Clairvoyant Medium, and can perfectly describe the patient's disease, and the feelings experienced by the patient. Letters post paid, strictly attended to. Consultation fee, \$1. 101f

GREAT STOCK OF

Fall and Winter Clothing.

Manufactured expressly for

THE NEW ENGLAND TRADE.

Comprising every variety of style and quality adapted to the tastes and wants of all classes of customers.

Also, a very extensive Assortment of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, WINTER UNDER GARMENTS, &c., &c.

Together with the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of

YOUTH'S AND LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

To be found in this or any other city, all of which are offered upon the most favorable terms, at wholesale and retail.

OAK HALL, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 & 38, NORTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

10-4w

BATHING ROOMS.

MEDICATED, Sulphur, Iodine, and plain vapor Baths; warm, cold, and shower baths; administered from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., at 233 Washington street, near Marlboro' Hotel. 81f

WILLIAM TEBB, Photographic Teacher, Providence, R. I., continues to give lessons through the Mail on Photography, enabling every one to report the Spiritual communications with the utmost ease and correctness. Terms for a course of twelve lessons, with answers to all queries and full explanatory corrections to all exercises, \$5. 83c

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK

SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF TRUTH. Will be published on or about the 15th of Dec.

THE LILY WREATH

OF

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS.

By A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Those who have read the manuscripts of this work, pronounce it unsurpassed in purity and elegance of diction, in beauty and simplicity of style, and in its correct and attractive presentation of truth.

The *LILY WREATH* will be printed in a superior manner, equal to that of the finest annuals, bound in rich and durable binding, and in every way made in typographical and mechanical appearance, in keeping with the intrinsic value of its contents.

Dealers and others can address PARTRIDGE & BRITTON, New York, or BELA MARSH, Boston.

10-1w

LIDA'S TALES OF A RURAL HOME.

Here is a series of books for the young, of the very first order. They are full of good moral sentiment, written in a chaste, pleasing style, and well adapted to children. LIDA understands young human nature, and has done abundantly well, in this series, to meet its mental wants. Success to Lida's Tales, for they are full of Spiritualism—therefore full of truth. All our readers who have children, and wish to put the best books into their hands, should send 36 cents, in postage stamps, or other currency (postage paid), to EMILY GAY, Hopeville, Milford, Mass., and she will return them the whole series of Tales, (8 books in all), pre-paying postage on them—so that 36 cents is all they cost her buyer.

ECLECTICISM.

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE AFFLICTED.

DR. J. T. PATTERSON having had considerable experience as a Medium, clairvoyant and psychometrist, which, of course, has led to a thorough analytical and scientific investigation of these and other forms of medical treatment, makes examinations as usual from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., and adopts Eclecticism as a rule of practice. Office 25 Winter street, Boston.

Dr. P. lectures by engagement on Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Health, and Human Physiology. 61f

KNOW THYSELF.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is of more importance than any other, because it is the index to the vast volume of wisdom and knowledge which exists in other minds, and in the external world around us. You can obtain this knowledge of your character and capabilities through the science of Psychometry. Having located myself for the present in Boston, I am prepared to give psychometrical readings at my room at the FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue, by the autograph enclosed in an envelope. Terms, \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Boston, received.

N. B. Persons desiring their ideal of the conjugal relation, in mental and spiritual adaptations, will please make it known. 31f

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP though not a universal panacea, is one of the most efficacious remedies for all those diseases which originate in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, inactivity of the liver, constipation of the bowels, and irritation of the mucous membrane, together with their various sympathetic effects, will find this syrup invaluable. Also constantly on hand MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED DYSENTERY CORDIAL.

A new supply of her CHOLERA ELIXIR received.

FEDERHEN & CO., 9 and 13, Court street, Boston, agents for New England, to whom all orders must be addressed. 3m5

DR. CUTLER'S

PSYCHOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL OFFICE,

No. 292 Washington St., Boston, Corner of Bedford St., Room No. 4, over J. T. Brown's Drug Store.

A NEW and valuable remedy for Eczema, recently discovered by a Clairvoyant, is now ready and for sale at the above office.

WILLIAM D. EMERSON,

The Medium Clairvoyant, or Seer, will attend to the examination of the Sick, as above.

Office hours, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. August 16.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

IT IS with the greatest satisfaction that Dr. R. Cummings has received many testimonials of important service rendered to such of the afflicted as applied to him, in consequence of a notice in the *New Era* from February to June, 1854. Others now diseased who will send postage paid, to R. Cummings, M. D., Mendon, Mass., a particular description of their disease and symptoms, their age, occupation, temperament, whether single or otherwise, the last medical treatment, and their own address, may be greatly benefited.

N. B. Those who apply to Dr. C. must pay postage, and for such medicine as is necessary. Advice free.

THE NEW ERA.

The Third Volume of this Journal has now commenced. It will still be the advocate of Spiritualism in its broadest, most comprehensive, and most tolerant sense, according to the best understanding and conviction of its Editor and Proprietor, who, while he recognizes his own proper individual responsibility to the Public for what he may utter through its columns, and for the general character and tone of the paper, at the same time wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for many individual convictions and statements he may feel free to publish from others, in accordance with the obviously just demands of a truly FREE PAPER.

It also wishes it to be distinctly understood, that no subscriber, writer, or reader of this Journal will be considered as committed to its principles, views, and measures, any farther than he voluntarily and willingly commits himself, independently of his subscription or his reading. It wishes it to be constantly borne in mind that this is the AGE OF FREE THOUGHT, and of Individual Responsibility; and that in connection with what for the time being is, perhaps, somewhat peculiarly denominated *Spiritualism*, the *Era* will be, as it ever has been, the uncompromising advocate of free thought,—and the free expression of thought,—for in that way only,

Poetry.

For the New Era.

Sweet languor sits o'er me crept,
As twilight o'er the sea,
My weary eyelids drooped and closed—
Then sped my thoughts to thee.

To thee, whose heart with mine conjoins
To form a blissful one,
We've garnered our most precious hopes
In that dear union.

No wish upspring within my heart
But finds response in thine;
The treasure of thy jeweled soul
Reflects themselves in mine.

If grief its mighty shadow casts,
The clouds will but disclose
The great effulgence of that light
Which suffices all our woes.

The deepest gloom cannot conceal
From our delighted eyes
The star of love, which beams for us,
And crowns our Paradise.

Then through the varied walks of life
Together we will rove,
Rejoicing that the God of love
Our destinies involve.

And, with high aspirations filled,
In faith we'll look above,
Dwelling in peace, nor ever doubt
Our Heavenly Father's love.

East Lexington, Nov. 25th. E. A. N.

OF ONE BELOVED.

"The dear departed, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Have we shall meet at hereafter,
Beast moment morning."

The house is hushed in sleep;—I only hear
From yonder room the slumbers' even breath—
Only my eyes close not—yet with no fear
I linger here, alone with thee, oh, Death!

The one whom we have loved has passed along
The valley of the shadow;—even now
Faith hears the echo of her angel-song
And sees the crown of light upon her brow.

Why call the valley dark?—No shadowing
Of grief or gloom on her fair brow has place,
Death's loving angel, with his snowy wing,
Has swept all pain and sorrow from her face.

Why call the valley dark? Is it that we
Look on it through a veil of grief the while?
It was not dark to her—it could not be
When lighted by our Father's loving smile!

Not dark to her; while those she held most dear
Stood hopelessly, with fearful eyes cast down,
Her lifted eyes, with faith undimmed and clear
Beheld afar the triumph and the crown!

Their eyes are tearful; hers have ceased to weep;
Their hearts are aching; hers will ache no more—
For she has crossed Death's ocean, chill and deep,
To find a welcome on the other shore.

As star-beams faint in morning light away,
So softly have life's drooping wings been
Furled—
And as I gaze, the pale lips seem to say,
Through motionless, "At peace with all the world."

I know that when around the lighted hearth,
Ye gather, as the evening hours come on,
Like a soft cloud between your hearts and mirth
Will rise the memory of the absent one.

I know that ye will watch "the vacant chair,"
And gaze dimly through the gathering tears,
Will think of her, who from her station there
Looked love upon you for so many years.

But by that faith which is a joy to me,
Cheering me on the way of grief and ill,
I know the one ye mourn so bitterly,
Though all unseen, will be among you still.

Unseen—yet will she comfort you and bless;
Her gentle spirit, to its mission true,
Will love and cheer and guide you none the less,
Because her form is hidden from your view.

Let this sweet solace to your grieving mind
And give your aching bosoms peace and peace—
Though ye have lost your dearest earthly friend,
Lo, ye have gained an angel in her place!

Night, Nov. 16th-17th, 1854. L.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH AND THE ANGELS.

THE ANGELS.
We are waiting, Spirit, waiting,
We have called the angels here,
'Mid the outer world creating
Glories of the inner sphere!
From the starry hills of heaven
Gaze we for thy solemn given,
Wherefore was thy mission given?
He who sent thee here, dost bring!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.
She is sleeping—soothingly sleeping,
Like an infant lulled to rest,
O'er her bonds her mother weeping;
Can I snatch her from her breast?
Can I wound the arms that fold her,
Hurl the heart which loves her so?
Let the mother's eye behold her
Yet a breath—and she shall go!

THE ANGELS.
Lingering yet—and yet delaying
But thy steps from hence, dome;
Angels and archangels staying
Call the wanderer to her home!
We have scattered flowers o'lysan,
Gathered from immortal streams;
Show her, then, this lofty vision!
Fill her soul with seraph dreams!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.
She has asked to see their faces;
And her heart is beating fast;
For those sweet and sad embraces
Which she knows must be her last!
I have breathed of angel blisses,
Told her spirit not to grieve;
Must I take her from their kisses?
From the last she must receive!

There were sounds of hosts rejoicing
In that seraph realm above;
Angels and archangels voicing
Hymns of triumph and of love!
There were sounds the midnight rending,
From a heart with anguish torn;
And a mother's prayer ascending—
Weeping, waiting for her lost!

CHARLES SWAIN.

VIRTUE.

As the angle moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer's eve,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconquering fire of light
In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporate, by power
Capacious and serene; Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself, thus
A calm, a beautiful, and silent life,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt,
And sometimes, so relentless justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH

Miscellany.

Hugh, the Hunchback.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Shame! for shame!"
"To treat a deformed child so!"
"Why can't you look, man, at what
you're treading upon?"

Such were a few of the ejaculations poured
out by a group of men, on the outskirts of a
crowd assembled to witness a grand exhibition
of fireworks, on the eve of the Fourth of
July. The first speaker had picked up from the
dusty grass a child, who had accidentally
been knocked down in the general crowding
and jostling, and who now lay apparently
senseless in his arms.

"Who is it?—what is it?" inquired one
and another.

"It's Joe Patterson's little hunchbacked
Hugh," answered the man; "and pity 'tis
they couldn't have kept him out of this
crowd. He has been knocked down and
banged about, till I am not sure whether
there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir!" exclaimed an elegantly
dressed lady, whose carriage had
been driven just outside of the ring which
encircled the crowd.

"Oh, mamma! he is dead! the poor
boy!" cried the youngest of her children,
with tears in her pitying blue eyes.

"Just as well if he were," said another
lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness
to let such a deformed child live to grow up."

"Hush! sister," returned the first lady,
"he is coming to. Remember, the child
probably has a mother to love him, if he is a
hunchback!"

"And he has a soul, too, Auntie," spoke
up little Lilla, with a reproachful look in her
half-dried eyes.

"You are a strange child, Lilla! Look at
the fireworks!"

But the blazing rockets had lost half their
attraction for Lilla; and when her mother
proposed leaving them for a few minutes, to
take the deformed boy home, as his arm was
very painful, she consented gladly.

"I declare, I never will ride with you
again, sister Winstan," said the aunt, dis-
dainfully; "you are always picking up some
object of distress to shock my nerves. I
shall not get this creature out of my dreams
for a month."

Lilla glanced at the boy, whose lips and
eyelids trembled, though he lay perfectly
still on the cushions. Hugh had heard all;
but it was nothing new to the poor deformed
child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon
him. Yet it wounded him not less deeply,
for he had a sensitive spirit, which had
grown sore in his harsh contact with a selfish
world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had
guessed wrong; he had no mother in this
world, but was cared for in some small
measure by a boisterous, drinking father,
and a rough, but well-meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive
him, soon after the carriage stopped at the
dwelling—a tumbling-down block in the
dirtiest street of the suburbs. She lifted him
out in her strong, red arms, thanked the la-
dy for her kindness, in a loud, shrill tone,
and then stood to watch the horses as they
tropped away.

"Oh, Dolly!" moaned the boy, "please
carry me up stairs!"

"Yes, yes, you silly child! this is what
you get by going to such places! How long,
I wonder, before you will learn that you
are not like other folks, and can't go amongst
'em!"

"Not like other folks!" repeated poor
little Hugh, when his sister had tucked him
up carefully in his warm attic, and gone
down to prepare a wash for his sprained
wrist. He forgot for a moment his bodily
pain, in the pain which shot through his
heart at these careless words. "Not like
other folks! no indeed, I am not! But how
am I to blame for it? I didn't make myself!
Why did God make me so?"

He raised the blanket from his face, and
peered into the darkness with a kind of su-
perstitious fear at the question he had involun-
tarily asked, for he had not forgotten what
his dead mother had taught him: that God
was good, and that he did everything for
the best.

"I don't know what we shall do with
Hugh, to keep him out of harm's way,"
said his father, the next morning, he has
such an intolerable curiosity to see all that's
going on in the world, that he'll get his neck
broken among these city boys. I'll send
him to my sister's cousin in the country, to
learn a shoemaker's trade."

"The best trade in the world for such as
he," replied Dolly. And so, as soon as the
sprained wrist was strong again, little Hugh
was packed off to a country cobbler's close
leather-perfumed shop.

It was a new thing to him to be imprisoned
from morning until night, waxing ends,
whittling pegs, or driving them into the
tooth soles of shoes, new or old. Not a
kind word ever fell on the poor boy's ear.
If he did his work faithfully, he received no
word or look of encouragement. If he fell
to musing, as he sometimes did, he was
roughly aroused by a shake, and a growl to
the effect that he "didn't earn the salt to
his victuals; should like to know what he
expected to do in the world!"

One Saturday, Hugh had the unusual
privilege of half holiday. With the village
boys he could not go to play, for they had
once driven him from their green, with
shouts of scornful laughter. So he turned
down a shaded lane, that led to a dark pine
wood. Through the heart of this wood stole
a still stream of cool water. Upon a mossy
knoll, on its bank, Hugh threw himself down
to cherish sad thoughts.

"To be a shoemaker all my days, and stay
in a stived-up shop!" thought he. "I can't
bear it! But what else can I do? Who
cares for me? Who is there that does not
laugh at me? I wish I was dead, so I do."

He laid his pale cheek on the soft moss,
and watered it with bitter tears. As he
raised his eyes at length, they lighted on a
clear blossom of the fringed gentian. As he
looked the flower in his hand, it seemed to him
as though its fringed blue eye looked loving-
ly into his, saying, "God made me!"

"God made you—yes; made you sweet
and beautiful, but how did he make me?"
replied the bewildered boy, whose rebel-
lious feelings had by no means left him.
Still he looked fixedly into the flower.

"Don't laugh at your hunched shoulders,
Hugh," it seemed to him again to be saying
softly.

"No—you don't; and if there was one
living blue eye that looked as kind as yours"
he stopped; and thought for a moment of
little Lilla and her mother. "But that was
only pity; even kind people can never love
me. I wonder if the angels in Heaven will
love me. My mother will, I know"—and
his lips trembled. "But I am afraid I never
shall be fit to go to her; if these naughty
feelings stay in my heart I can't help them,
either. It must be God made me for some-
thing, as well as this dear little flower! Yes,

he gave me a soul—the little girl said that!
Perhaps my soul can do something in the
world, though my body is poor and crooked.
I'll try!"

And with these little magic words, Hugh
sprang up from his knoll, buttoned the flower
in his vest, and made his way homeward
to his work.

Five years have flown. In the hall of a
village academy, a knot of school-girls are
discussing a weighty matter. The young
men of the academy have been delivering
orations of their own composition, for a
prize; and the result has astonished every
one.

"Is it not too bad," says Sarah, "that
such a fellow should win the prize?"

"Why, has he not as good a right as any
of them?" asks a blue-eyed girl of fourteen
at her side.

"Oh, right, to be sure! but I shouldn't
think such a deformed piece of humanity
would be very forward to push himself be-
fore other people!"

"Should he not make the most of the
gifts God has given him? It is unjust Sarah!
He won the prize fairly, and spoke nobly!
You ought not to be so unkind!"

"I suppose you think no prize too great
for him," responded Sarah, with a malicious
little laugh. "Perhaps he will offer his
services in escorting you to the picnic next
Monday, in return for your eloquent defence
of his rights." The Lily of Lebanon Academy,
as Professor R. called her, would be
honored by such company."

"She would indeed be honored, Sarah, by
any mark of esteem from one whose opinion
is worth something!" replied the blue-eyed
girl, proudly arching her graceful neck.

"Did you never learn those lines of Watts—
'I would be measured by my soul?'"

"The mind's the stature of the man!"

"You are a most unaccountable girl, Lilla
Winstan! But, good evening!—I must not
stand fooling any longer." And away went
Sarah, followed by most of her mates, while
Lilla returned to the school-room, to search
for a missing book.

"Thank you, Miss Winstan!" These
words, spoken almost in her ear, as she was
bending over her desk, caused her to lift her
head with a start and a blush of surprise.
The deformed Hugh, now a young man of
some seventeen years, stood by her chair,
gazing at her with those mournful, deep
blue eyes, which had often won her sym-
pathy.

"Bless you for your words of kindness!
they have done more for me than a hundred
prizes could! I have learned that there is
at least one in the world who will judge me
by truth—not by sight!"

In the pulpit of one of the principal
churches of D—, rises Sabbath by Sab-
bath, a pale-faced, high-browed man, whose
deformity is the first feature to catch the
eye of the stranger. It is not until you hear
him speak—until you catch the fire from his
eye, and the enthusiasm from his lips, that
you forget to pity the speaker. You do not
wonder then, that he is willing to come be-
fore the public eye weekly, even with the
weight of his natural defects; for who can
think of these, when once carried away by
the tide of his eloquence?

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is
"measured by his soul" in the sight of all
who know him. He has striven nobly, by
the help of his Maker, to fit that soul for
companionship with the spotless apostles
and angels, and a ray of their own pure
light seems to have fallen upon it.

If any one wonders at seeing, after the
church services are over, a young, proud,
beautiful woman, lay her white hand upon
the deformed preacher's arm, to walk down
the richly-carpeted aisle, they have but to
look into Lilla's face for the solution of the
mystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled
form at her side, better than the most
matchless ones of earth, but she is proud of
her noble husband!—[The Little Pilgrim.

The Farewell to Calvary.

[From "Gospel Legends of the Nineteenth Century," by A. Constant.]

Jesus crossed the desolate fields of Judea
and stopped upon the arid summit of ancient
Calvary.

There an angel with black brows and
gloomy eye was seated, enveloped in his two
vast wings. It was Satan, the king of the
old world.
The rebellious angel was sad and fatigued,
and he turned away his looks with disgust
from an earth in which evil was without
genius, and in which the enmity of a timid
corruption had taken the place of the Titan-
ian combats of the great ancient passions.
He felt that in trying men he had taught
the strong and deceived only the weak;
therefore he no longer deigned to tempt any
one, and gloomy under his diadem of gold,
he vaguely listened to the fall of souls into
eternity, as to the monotonous drops of an
eternal rain.

Impelled by a force which was unknown
to him, he had come and seated himself up-
on Calvary, and thinking of the death of the
Man-God, he was jealous of him.

He was a powerful and beautiful angel;
but he was jealous of the Christ, and that
jealousy was symbolized by a serpent which
buried its head in his bosom, and gnawed
his heart.

Jesus and Mary stood before him and
looked upon him in silence with great pity.
Lilla in his turn looked upon the Redeemer
and smiled with bitterness.

"Have you come," said he to him, "to
try and die a second time for a world which
you could not save by your first execution?
Have you tried in vain to change stones into
bread to feed your people, and do you come
to confess to me your defeat? Have you
fallen from the pinnacle of the temple, and
has your divinity been broken by its fall?"

"Do you come to adore me, in order that
you may possess the world? Go! it is too
late now, and I could not deceive you. The
empire of the world has departed from those
who adored me in your name; and I myself
am tired of reigning without glory. If you
are discouraged like me, take your seat by
my side, and let us think no longer of God
or of man."

"I do not come to take a seat by your
side," said the Christ, "I come to raise you,
to forgive you and to console you, in order
that you may cease to be wicked."

"I want none of your forgiveness," re-
plied the bad angel, "and it is not I who am
wicked."

"The wicked one is he who gives to spir-
its a thirst for intelligence, and who enrolls
in an impregnable mystery. It is an ideal
ideal, virgin, of a beauty so intoxicating
as to cast them into delirium, and who gives
their first embraces, and to lead her with
eternal chains."

"It is he in fine who has given
liberty to the angels, and who has pre-
pared infinite punishments for those who did
not wish to be his slaves."

"The wicked one is he who has killed his
innocent son under the pretext of avenging
upon him the crimes of the guilty, and who

has not pardoned the guilty, but has made
the death of his son an additional crime on
his part."

"Why recall to me so bitterly the igno-
rance and the errors of men?" returned Je-
sus. "I know better than you do how much
they have disfigured the image of God, and
you yourself know very well that God does
not resemble the image they have made of
him."

"God gave you a thirst for intelligence
only to quench it forever with the waters of
eternal truth. But why close your eyes and
seek for daylight in yourself instead of look-
ing at the sun? If you sought the light
where it is, you would find it, for in God
there are neither shadows nor mysteries;
the shadows are in yourself, and the myste-
ries are the weaknesses of your spirit."

"God did not give liberty to his creatures
in order to take her from them again, but he
gives her to them as a wife, and not as an
illegitimate mistress; he desires that they
should possess her and not commit violence
on her, for that chaste daughter of heaven
cannot survive an outrage, and when her
virginity is wounded, liberty is dead to
him who has misunderstood her."

"God does not desire slaves; it is revolted
pride which has created servitude. The
law of God is the royal right of his creatures;
it is the title of their everlasting liberty."

"God did not kill his son, but the son of
God voluntarily gave his life in order to kill
death; and this is why he now lives in the
whole of humanity, and will save all the
generations, from from trial to trial he leads
the human family into the promised land,
and they have already tasted its first fruits.
I therefore come to announce to you, O Sa-
tan, that your last hour has arrived, unless
you wish to be free and to reign with me
over the world, by intelligence and love."

"But you shall no longer be called Satan,
you shall resume the glorious name of Lucif-
er, and I will place a star on your brow and
a torch in your hand. You shall be the
genius of labor and of industry, because you
have greatly striven, greatly suffered, and
suddenly thought!"

"You shall stretch your wings from one
pole to the other, and you shall hover over
the world; glory shall reawaken at your
voice. Instead of being the pride of isola-
tion, you shall be the sublime pride of de-
votion, and I will give to you the sceptre of
earth and the key of heaven."

"I do not understand you," said the de-
mon, sadly shaking his head, "and I am not
able to understand you. You know well
that I can no longer love!" And with a
sorrowful posture the fallen angel showed to
the Christ the wound that furrowed his
chest, and the serpent that gnawed his heart.

Jesus turned towards his mother and
looked upon her: Mary understood the eyes
of her son; she approached the unhappy an-
gel, and did not disdain to stretch forth her
hand to him, and to touch his wounded
breast. Then the serpent fell of itself and
expired at the feet of Mary, who crushed its
head; the wound of the angel's heart was
healed, and a tear, the first he had shed,
slowly descended upon the repentant con-
fession of Lucifer. That tear was precious
as the blood of a God; and by it were ran-
somed all the blasphemies of hell.

The regenerated angel prostrated himself
upon Calvary, and weeping, kissed the place
where the cross had formerly stood.

Then he rose, triumphing with hope and
radiant with love, and threw himself into
the arms of the Christ.

Then Calvary trembled: its arid summit
was suddenly clothed with a fresh and bril-
liant verdure, and was crowned with flowers.
At the spot where the cross had stood, a
young vine grew and was loaded with ripe
and perfumed fruit.

The Saviour then said: "This is the vine
which shall give the wine of universal com-
munion, and it shall grow until all its
branches shall embrace the whole earth."

Then taking his mother by the hand, he
extended the other to the angel of liberty,
and said: "Let our symbolical forms now
return to heaven; I shall not again come
back to suffer death upon this mountain,
Mary will no longer weep here for her son,
and Lucifer will no longer drag here the re-
morse of his now effaced crime."

"We are now but one spirit: the spirit of
intelligence and of love, the spirit of lib-
erty and of courage, the spirit of life which
has triumphed over death."

Then all three took their flight through
space; and rising to a prodigious height,
they saw the earth and all its kingdoms
stretching their roads towards each other
like arms intertwined; they saw the fields
already green with the first fraternal crops,
and from East to West they heard the mys-
terious prelude of the chant of union. And
towards the north, upon the crest of a bluish
mountain, they saw portrayed the gigantic
figure of a man who raised his arms towards
heaven. Upon his arms could still be seen
the recent marks of the chains he had just
broken, and his chest was scarred like that
of Lucifer. Under his right foot, upon the
sharpest peak of the mountain, still palpi-
tated the body of a vulture, the head and
wings of which hung down.

That mountain was the Caucasus; and the
delivered giant who stretched forth his
hands was the ancient Prometheus.

Thus the great divine and human symbols
met and saluted each other under the same
heaven; then they disappeared to give place
to God himself, who came to dwell forever
with men.

Gratitude of Fish.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary
and Philosophical Institution, the following
curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick,
one of its members, with respect to animals.

He stated that when he resided in Durham,
the seat of the Earl of Stamford and War-
rington, he was walking in the Park, and
came to a pond where fish intended for the
table were kept. He took notice of a fine
pike, about six pounds in weight, which,
when he observed him, darted hastily away.
In so doing, it struck its head against a ten-
der hook in a post (of which there were sev-
eral in the pond to prevent poaching), and
as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull,
and turned the optic nerve on one side. The
anguish evinced by the fish was most horri-
ble. It rushed to the bottom, boring in the mud,
whirled itself around with such velocity that
it was almost lost to the sight for a short in-
terval. It then plunged about the pond, and
at length threw itself completely out of the
water on the bank. He (the doctor) went
and examined it, and found that a very small
portion of the brain was protruding from the
fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced
this, and with a small silver tooth-pick raised
the indented portion of the skull. The fish
remained still for a short time, and he then
put it again into the pond. It appeared at
first a good deal relieved, but in a few min-
utes it darted and plunged about until it
threw itself out of the water a second time.

A second time Dr. Warwick did what he
could to relieve it, and again put it into the
water. It continued for several times to

throw itself out of the water, and with the
assistance of the keeper, the doctor made a
kind of pillow for the fish, which was then
left in the pond to its fate. On making his
appearance at the pond the following morn-
ing, the pike came towards him to the edge
of the water, and actually laid its head upon
his foot. The doctor thought this most ex-
traordinary, and examined the fish's skull,
and found it was going on all right. He then
walked backwards and forwards along the
edge of the pond for some time, and the fish
continued to swim up and down, turning
whenever he turned; but being blind on the
wounded side of the skull, it always appeared
agitated when it had that side towards the
bank, as it could not see its benefactor. On
the next day he took some young friends
down to see the fish, which came to him as
usual; and at length he actually taught the
pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed
out of his hand. With other persons it con-
tinued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr.
Warwick) thought this a most remarkable
instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit
received, and as it always came at his whistle,
it proved also what he had previously
with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fish
are sensible to sound.

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Boston, Sept., 1854. oct19.

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DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION, OR THE INAUGURATION OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH, THROUGH THE AID OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

VOL. III.—NO. 11.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

WHOLE NO., 109.

Record of Phenomena.

We need make no apology for crowding out several articles which otherwise should have appeared in this week's Era, for the purpose of giving the following to our readers as early as possible.

[From the Spiritual Telegraph.]

A Night with the Spirits.

The following communication from the Spirit of Ben Jonson is, according to the request of that Spirit, placed at the head of the accompanying report of very extraordinary manifestations, witnessed by me, at a spiritual circle in this city, and at which there presided two celebrated mediums, on the evening of Sunday, November 12th, 1854.

GENTLE READER:

Whereas, divers well-beloved individuals composing our most favored circle, have importuned us to grant ye petition of one Charles Partridge, part proprietor as we were of a certain paper yclept "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH"—a weekly periodical, devoted for ye most part—according to ye statement and profession of its editors—to ye promulgation of spiritual affairs. Now, we, out of respect to ye aforesaid individuals, and for our own sake, will and do hereby grant unto them ye boon whereof they have petitioned us, awarding thereto our most sincere hope, that ye report of certain manifestations regarded as having been witnessed by said Partridge, may have due weight and influence in such sort, as to convince not only ye numerous readers of ye aforesaid paper yclept "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH" of ye marvelous truth contained in such report, but, also, divers skeptics, who, having been fully imposed upon, by tricking knaves, and most vile impostors, seek to hold this, our most divine cause, up to unworthy ridicule and contempt.

In granting ye petition of ye said Partridge—which is to ye effect—that we do vouchsafe to award unto him ye privilege to publish in his paper ye report of certain proceedings, witnessed by him at one of our circles, we are influenced by a most sincere, nay, holy desire to lend our poor aid for ye cause of ye promulgation of Spiritualism, which hath for its great aim and end ye conversion of ye miserable sinners on this errand globe from a state of ye most abject infidelity, to that more blissful degree, wherein they are enabled to rejoice in ye Immortality of ye soul, and ye Resurrection of ye life.

To those who are duly impressed with a belief that there is a great and ALMIGHTY God who ruleth ye universe, and who are, furthermore, anxious to walk in ye delightful paths of Virtue and Morality, ye doctrine can avail naught, seeing that such mortals endeavor, to ye best of their abilities, to wisely observe ye injunctions of ye holy Scriptures.

As we teach naught but Virtue, and promulgate ye wholesome doctrine of immortal Truth, so must our poor endeavors be appreciated by those, who have minds to discern, and a right hearty willingness to profit thereby. Then, treat not, we beseech thee, these, our humble efforts to instruct, with that unbecoming derision which rather appertaineth unto ye barbarous ignorance of ye wretched Pagan, than ye advancement in moral civilization, such as might besem ye worthy and pious followers of ye GREAT and ALMIGHTY God! How shall it profit us to lead you into ye seductive garden of sin, seeing that ye is very evident that you are not learned in Spirit-lore, or you would know that you are not always as you now are.

Ben Jonson.

AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO A PRIVATE CIRCLE, together with a Faithful Description of some Extraordinary Manifestations witnessed there by me; copied by permission from the Original Notes taken on that occasion.

We are unfortunately, not often enabled to present unto our readers accounts of circumstances of spiritual transportation for whose entire truthfulness we can confidently and conscientiously vouch, save from a sacred trust we are constrained to repose in the veracity and honor of those composing the source from whence we receive the relations of such occurrences.

As marvelous, and as convincing to the doubtful mind, as may be many of the phases and workings of Spiritualism, and exulting in the possession of a perfect knowledge of the extreme lengths to which its power can extend, we must honestly confess that, we nevertheless have received statements of some of its purported effects with the greatest possible incredulity. Now why, we ask, should this state of things be? We are, as we have said, aware of its extraordinary attributes; we have witnessed its amazing workings; and still, at certain times are lost and perplexed in the tormenting labyrinths of doubt. It can not be accounted for in otherwise than that we are not differently constituted in nature from the rest of our species, and therefore are always eager to have the proof brought right home to our understanding by ocular demonstrations of such circumstances as really reach beyond the usual bounds of that beaten track in which it is the wont of our short-sighted comprehensions to plod continually along, in order to fully rely upon its strict claims to confidence.

It has been our lot to witness many such things in our time, some of which we have received as unquestionably reliable, and others whose reality we have very naturally

doubted; but we never had the good fortune to behold a more complete and overwhelmingly convincing proof of the truth of Spiritualism than occurred upon the evening of Sunday, November 12th, at the house of a certain gentleman (himself a private medium,) whose name, as well as that of the other medium, a young man of great power, is, for very admirable and necessary purposes, withheld from the public. However, that this may be fairly counterbalanced, we affirm that we ourselves were witness of all that is recorded below, and our word is pledged to the reader for its entire truthfulness, as far as it rests with our comprehension to honestly give it.

Before proceeding, we would premise to the reader that we had sent a note to the gentleman at whose residence the meeting was to be held, for a permission to sit at the circle, to which request we received a very polite answer, and shortly afterward another one, complaining of our rudeness to him in sending him so insulting a letter as our second one, which second one, we never, to our mortal knowledge, penned, and which fully merited his indignation. Explanations followed, and we were permitted to avail ourselves of his generosity. We shall again recur to this subject in a paragraph presently.

When we arrived at the place of meeting, we found there assembled several prominent members of private life, together with many others, forming altogether with ourselves about fifteen persons.

The circle had been already formed. We were politely given a seat thereat, and waited patiently for such manifestations as the Spirits felt pleased to make. I was then shown, at my request, the letter which had given so much umbrage to the gentleman at whose table we were seated. It was certainly in our handwriting, and the signature was unexceptionable. We were puzzled to know from whom or whence he had received this objectionable note, and expressed our wish that the Spirits would enlighten us.

There were at first nothing but knockings given, and presently the younger medium wrote, through the aid of a Spirit:

"As soon as the minds are all concentrated upon the subject, the manifestations will begin."

Many persons were touched on various parts of their bodies, and consequently there was a considerable noise produced by their remarks thereat. The Spirits then wrote:

"To prevent confusion and unnecessary motion—which are opposed to the currents of electricity desirable to be here maintained—when any person or persons are touched, he or she, as the case may be, will be pleased to merely hold up a hand."

We then asked who wrote the letter in question bearing our name? The reply was:

"You wrote it."

"Ah, that would do," we answered.

"But it must do," was the retort. "You did write it; and permit us to give you a trifling piece of advice. When you say a thing will not do, you infer—we speak of course of our own affairs—that it is an imposition or a falsehood. Now, as you do not know every thing, you are very much in error to make such a general and insulting statement. Now you do not know whether you wrote that letter or not, therefore you were very greatly to blame in your rashness."

We then inquired if we really did write the letter, and under what circumstances it was done? The reply was:

"As you are, you did not write it; but it is very evident that you are not learned in Spirit-lore, or you would know that you are not always as you now are."

"Then you affirm that I wrote that letter?" I said, interrogatively.

"Perhaps I may make too general an assertion when I say, you wrote. It may be understood as you now are."

"Explain, if you please!" we exclaimed.

"When you enter that state of unconsciousness, known to you mortals as sleep, your soul is not always in your body," was the reply.

"Will you tell me when and where I wrote the letter, and under what circumstances?" we asked.

"Yes, you wrote it when your body was asleep and your soul was absent from it. Understand, that it is not necessary a body should be dead that a soul should be absent from it. In fact, many dead bodies have souls in them after life has departed from them. You must be made aware of the fact that life, soul and mind are three entirely different things, each independent of the other. Your soul was absent although your mind and life were in your dormant body. Am I plain?"

"Partly," we assented, and then continued, "Then I really did write that letter?"

"Upon an affirmative answer being given, we then asked:

"When and where was it done, if I am privileged to ask?"

"At the office of the TELEGRAPH, 300 Broadway, at five minutes past 1 o'clock, A. M."

"What caused me to write it?"

"Your waking thoughts acting upon your mind—which is always active—during your body's sleep. Have you never in the course of your life done some act which you fancy you have committed at a previous time, or visited some place which you seem to have an indistinct recollection of, though you are certain within yourself that you never have or could have visited it before? But this has all been explained before to Mr. —. He can explain verbally to you without much loss of time. It is not a thought or dream, but an active exercise, wish or desire of the mind, which exerts itself during sleeping hours. It proceeds from such causes, and is the realization of such a forthcoming fancy, if I can so express myself. The body sleeps; the mind and soul never, even in eternity."

"I'm perfectly satisfied with your explanation," we replied, "and would now like to have a description of this strange and newly-discovered attribute in man."

"Ah, that you cannot be made acquainted with. Did mortals possess cognizance of that power, they would have too much knowledge for their own good and safety. They would know almost all that they could wish to know. Society would not be safe, and would soon crumble at its foundation, and become a heap of shapeless ruins. What is that thing which man desires to know

above all others? The secret of life, and its entrance with the soul into the body: a search for the first cause, its composition, and by what subtle and minute degrees or powers it acts. No, you can never know of that!"

"I am satisfied," we replied; "but there is one thing more which I wish to know. How can immaterial act on the material? How can life, soul and mind be separated in the living form?"

"Mind, life and soul are different things."

"Will you explain in a few words your meaning?" we inquired.

"I cannot in a few words; Mr. — will read you some of our remarks upon the subject. He has many of them, if your patience can brook it."

"Thank you," we replied. "I did not will it so."

"Do you will your dreams? Can you help them? This is unavoidable."

"We are still perplexed at not having any recollection of this strange fact!"

"Not at all. The mind is always active. For instance, you may be seated reading a book; persons around and about you are talking aloud. The sounds of course must enter your ear, though your mind does not instantaneously act upon them, it being engaged upon your book. After a time, your mind does act, and then words are brought to your recollection. You have heard them somewhere, you can't tell where; or perhaps you fancy that you have dreamed them, or thought of the same subject before. You are perplexed, and cannot at all understand it. You relate the circumstance to one of your friends who was present at the time the conversation occurred, and who joined in it. He attempts to explain. No, you had not heard it then, for you have no such recollection. It is perfectly unaccountable to you. It is above your comprehension, and, whatever is above your comprehension, is either wonderful or false. You judge only according to your capacity, therefore we would recommend, although it is opposite to the subject at issue, that whenever you, or others, meet with seeming contradictions in holy writ, not to condemn, but to treat them as things for which your comprehensions will not allow you to satisfactorily account."

This conversation continued for some little time longer with much interest. After this, at the request of some present, the argument was dropped for a time, for the purpose of getting other communications. Several Spirits came up, and spelled out their names through the mediumship of the alphabet and raps.

Then, one gentleman present was told to put his hand under the table, and to hold it there for a little time. When he drew it back, it contained a letter. Now, how this letter got into his hand is a perfect marvel, as the hands of all were resting upon the table.

This letter was written in a scratchy hand, upon a very smooth and curiously colored paper, and was, furthermore, dated from "LONDON, CRYSTAL STREET, STRAND," to "Mr. — and his select party of friends."

It was from an evil Spirit, and its purport would be of no great moment to the reader, were we to give it. But there was one thing in it especially worthy of note. It fully described the dress of a gentleman who was present (giving his name also), who had not the slightest idea of being there, until brought by his friend upon the impulse of a moment. The letter was excessively prone to a sharp, bitter sarcasm, very disagreeable to those against whom it was leveled. The following are extracts:—

"I tell you that I am an evil Spirit. I wish to deal frankly with you; and I hereby caution you all, that there is no species of mischief but it shall be practiced by me. I will deceive you in spite of yourself."

And again:—

"I am half tempted to disturb this circle by splitting the table into a thousand atoms, and dragging the parties present by the hair of their heads about the room, without regard to age, sex, or party!"

During this time the tables were agitated violently, and we, and others, were touched upon the knees, hands, and feet, in the meanwhile.

We were then requested to put our hand under the table, and having complied, another letter was placed in it, in the same mysterious manner, all hands being upon the table except the one engaged. The direction of this letter was written in hues of almost every possible degree, the words all being joined together by straggling picturesque lines like the branches of a vine, and presented a beautiful appearance to view. To a mortal it must have been a work of immense and unprofitable labor. Strange to say, it was utterly impossible to tell where it began or where it ended. There were four different shades of blue, nine of scarlet, four of red, four of brown, etc., and all harmoniously and artistically blended. Its interior was no less wonderful in appearance than its exterior. It was written in myriad colored inks of every hue, shade, and degree, which were scattered over it in miraculous shades and gradations. One letter had as many as seven different hues in it. It was as follows:—

November 12, 1854.

"Creatures of Ye Flesh—Ye are doubtless assembled to view ye marvels of Spiritualism, inasmuch as ye may afford you amusement. If any such there be now assembled at this table, it may be proper to undeceive them on certain points connected with this view—our object being not only to amuse, but also to instruct."

"To those present who can not, or rather will not, profit in a moral point of view by our teachings, let them be warned, lest certain inquiries be exposed, the publication of which may, perchance, cover them with shame and confusion!"

"To those who have already witnessed our manifestations, this exordium is particularly addressed. We caution them, ere yet it be too late, to turn their minds towards the power and wondrous mercy of that great and Almighty God, whose eye is everywhere, and whose judgment, though slow, is nevertheless sure! Therefore see that ye sin no more!"

"We are advertised of those who sin carnally in the flesh, and whose brute natures, unsubdued by the precepts of ye most holy

commandments, do, nevertheless follow in ye foul wake of Lechery, deceiving with reckless falsehood ye tender companions of their lives. * * * We, therefore, out of the spirit of humanity, caution such persons, if there be any present, to reflect upon what is here writ, lest further caution arrive too late, and ye wrath of the Almighty fall upon them ere they list."

"A prevailing notion has gone forth into ye world to ye effect that we are Devils, seeking to devour ye souls of those who follow our teachings."

"God hath endowed man with reasoning faculties, whereby he is enabled to distinguish right from wrong, so that if he be not a brute and past redemption, he will, of his own accord, be able to distinguish vice from virtue; and so must be judged of us."

"We warn mankind against ye influences of evil spirits. He, man, must judge according to ye advice and counsel he receives from a spiritual circle, and act accordingly. We hereby draw his most especial attention toward the Ten Commandments, they being the tenets of good spirits, and we never depart from them. It therefore behooves you to come with clean and good minds into our circles, and with a fervent desire to amend the wicked errors of your past lives. * * *

"Pluck ye, therefore, the moral fruits and judge us by our teachings."

"There are at this circle those who have been tempted by evil spirits, and have manfully resisted their wiles. If they have not otherwise progressed morally, their sins be upon their own heads, and upon those of their children!"

"Our office is to teach the doctrines of morality. It is man's duty to profit by our discourse. * * * We frequently encounter those who, from a desire of worldly gain, and without any belief whatsoever in our teachings, attend spiritual circles for ye purpose of making a profit therefrom. These worldly mortals attend mock-circles, knowing them to be such, and connive at the rascality of the knaves who obtain money from the credulous under false pretences. We caution all present to oppose these vile practices, seeing that they but lead men into the committing of heinous crimes, and the upholding of swindling."

BEN JONSON."

We have given the main points in the letter, the parts in stars being partly personal, and partly a repetition of what had been before written. After having commented upon this extraordinary letter for a short time, another gentleman was requested to place his hand under the table, and another letter was brought forth, but not before a violent struggle had taken place between the recipient and some unseen power that bestowed it. The hands were never stirred from the table during the whole time, and our legs had free play beneath. This letter was signed by the autograph names of nearly all present, ourselves included; but none of us had any knowledge of ever having signed it. It was a short petition. It was very curiously sealed and folded. It was burned by order of the spirits. This I saw complied with myself. Another gentleman was then requested to put his hand under the table as the others had done. It was the same, or a fac-simile of the same letter which had been burned, with the exception of some additional lines and a portrait, which the other had not. A small piece of paper was then torn, having nothing on it, and thrown under the table. We were presently desired to hold out our hand, and we received the same paper with a name written upon it in pencil. These things were accomplished with the greatest rapidity in succession.

A lady was then told to hold out her hand under the table, which she did, and a letter was delivered into it. She could not, however, bring it forth until she had pulled violently at it, and torn the corner of the envelope in which it was inclosed. It was a letter upon scientific subjects, containing a new and wonderful theory upon the tendency of air and light subjects to ascend. It was purported to be written by a gentleman present, who, however, denied all knowledge of it. It was, he owned, an exact fac-simile of his style and writing, but he denied having penned it to his remembrance.

After this a letter fell upon the table, apparently from the ceiling. It was written in French, and was also from an evil spirit, and began as follows: It was signed Ralph.

"Mes Chères Amis.—Je vous salue le bon soir! Comment cela va-t-il? Je suis à votre service; et vous pouvez disposer de moi! Vous n'avez, qu'à parler, j'attends vos ordres. Je ne puis rien vous refuser, et je suis charmé de trouver l'occasion de vous rendre service. Ordonnez et vous serez obéi! etc."

It was partly translated by a lady present, but in consequence of her not being able to read the cramped spiritual hand in which it was indited, the spirits completed its rendition.

We then stated that we had never witnessed any manifestations so wonderful as these, and only one thing that at all approached them. We mentioned having seen a key taken from a door, and deposited in a gentleman's pocket as the instance in question. We had scarcely ceased speaking when a gentleman was asked to put his hand under the table, and a key was put immediately into it. Upon examination it proved to be the key of an adjoining room, at the other end of the apartment, which had been locked, but which was now found open and minus the key. The rapidity with which these things were accomplished was astonishing. This fully convinced, as the mention of the key had been entirely impulsive with us.

We were then told to place our hand under the table again, and felt a cold hand plainly placed in it, while the hands of all present were on the table. The table-cloth was forcibly dragged off and drawn to the ground through the space between the tables, and afterwards deposited in our hands.

We and other gentlemen were then requested to place our fingers between the crevices of the table, which we did; and we then both felt a cold and clammy hand clutch us, as likewise did the mediums and two others.

Our son-in-law then felt a cold and damp hand seize his under the table. Pencils,

penknives, and pens were at times placed in the hands of those assembled by invisible agencies. The manifestations now grew very violent. Tables were thrown about, and a penknife was thrown at and struck a gentleman upon the head with excessive violence, but without doing him the least apparent injury. Our clothes were pulled at, and we distinctly saw—as did likewise several others—a ghastly colored hand arise slowly between the crevices of the table. A lady who was evidently of a very timid disposition, had her silk dress roughly pulled in all directions with such force as almost to pull her from her chair, at which she became greatly alarmed; but whenever she moved, the same results followed. Three other gentlemen saw a naked foot of a little girl about 13 years of age, which they described as a perfect model of beauty and symmetry. There was no child whatever in the room. We received a pencil from the hand of a spirit under the table. Our son-in-law saw a large, dark hand seize upon the aforesaid lady's dress, and pull it downward. He says it was surrounded by a species of pale light. We likewise saw a double-bladed penknife clutched in a naked hand beneath the table, and several persons felt sharp punctures in their flesh simultaneously, for they cried out with pain. The tables were then drawn violently across the room, carrying the mediums along with them. In fact, it would be tiresome to myself and to the reader, were we to give an account of all we beheld at this most extraordinary circle upon this memorable night. Suffice it to say that we never saw anything so wonderful and so entirely satisfactory. We were completely hors du combat. We have asked permission to attend the future meetings of this circle, and should it be awarded us, we will perhaps be enabled to lay before the public some more of the miracles there enacted. This circle—which is asserted to be the most powerful in the world—is entirely private; nor have its members any interest whatever in convincing the world at large of the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism. They are satisfied of it, and that is sufficient for them. With such proofs as we have there witnessed, for whom would it not be sufficient? CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

For the New Era.

Test of Identity.

BRO. EDITOR:—Enclosed I send you the copy of a communication purporting to come from the spirit of a friend of mine who was freed from her earth-tenement a few months since. I send it to you not because I deem there is anything very remarkable in the communication itself, but the circumstances connected with it, the manner in which it was given, etc., prove beyond a doubt, to me at least, the identity of the spirit purporting to communicate. Her illness—which was protracted and severe—she bore with that calm resignation which a firm, unwavering trust in the All-wise Spirit and a true conception of the spiritual existence alone can give. I visited her a short time before her spiritual birth, during which I conversed with her on the subject of our being governed by circumstances. She argued with ability that there was no need of our being so governed. This conversation took place in the presence of her husband and myself only, at the conclusion of which she said to me, "If it be possible for me to communicate to you after I leave the flesh, through your wife (who was then a partial medium) I will draw your attention to this conversation, which shall be a test to you that it is me."

Last evening, just before retiring, I suggested to Mrs. B. that we should sit down and see if we could not get some manifestation of spirit-presence besides raps, which we have heard for several weeks, but from which we could gain no intelligence. Very soon Mrs. B.'s eyes were closed, when she said she could distinctly see printed letters, which soon formed into words, and I wrote them down as she read them to me. The name (Sarah) was entirely new to us, but we have since ascertained that was her name. I give you the communication without any alteration, as it was given to me in the manner described. M. V. BLV.

COMMUNICATION.

I know you are anxious to hear from me. "The ministry of angels is realized." I say circumstances hinder not any man from doing as he ought. Duty to himself before all others. Each being lives to control its own self. Plant a flower-seed, and unless checked by something in opposition to Nature, it becomes the flower it is destined to be. It does not stop in its progression to perfection because this little stone lies close to its roots; but gently pushing it aside it looks upward and rejoices in its own sweet way. This shows that man who has reason and Nature for his guide, ought and can do the same. The formation of the world is such that it ought to be a miniature heaven; but I do not yield to despair, for "the ministry of angels is realized," and so put on a smiling countenance, an emblem of what you profess, that people may know that indeed sweet communion with the spirit of God is happiness worth wearing a smiling countenance for. Your world is not a world of woes—a dark valley of death, sorrow, and grief; but it is lovely and beautiful. Its hills and valleys are strewn with the sweetest of flowers, a fit emblem of, and teachers to, man. In short, everything that an All-wise Spirit could make for his children you have. All is perfect but man—he that should be ruler, makes himself, by instituting laws of his own contrary to the laws of Nature, less capable to conform to such laws than a little simple flower. Duty to one's self will enable him to perform duties heretofore unthought of towards others. Again I say, the world and all that is in it, are governed by the law of Nature, not by circumstances. Strange it may seem to you that as long as we can, if we wish, communicate by raps, we do not; but as there are other, shorter and more convenient ways of communicating to you,

year of his age. But Comenius lived above forty years after.

"An angel appeared to her, and told her she should speedily dye of an Apoplexy—she was that night smitten with that disease. She made her will, and took her leave of all her friends; was for some time thought to be really dead; there was no breath perceived in her, but she was grown quite cold; her hands and feet were become stiff, like a dead person's. All persons went out of the room, leaving only two nurses to lay her out. But on a sudden she rose up in her bed, and called for her clothes, and was in such perfect health as before she had not been in, her lame hand and foot being whole and perfect, to the astonishment of all about her."

"The account which she herself giveth of this matter is, that on the day before, there was a knocking or striking on the table—first, one stroke, and after that five; whence she concluded that the next day she should dye at five o'clock in the afternoon—that she heard a voice saying, 'Come! come! come!'

When that evening came her sight and speech failed; and (says she) 'I felt myself go forth with my spirit, and be carried into Heaven, where, surrounded with a great shining, I saw a huge company clothed in white; and the Lord stepping forth took me in his embrace.' She addeth that the Lord told her she should return again, and behold his goodness in the land of the living; that her disease should leave her. Whereupon she worshipped Him, and was restored to life, and to full vigor, health, and strength, in that very moment."

"This, surely, is a strange relation; yet reported as credible by as grave and learned a man as Comenius. Now, I must confess I am not easy to believe that Christina's death or her ascension into Heaven, was real, but that they were both fantastical."

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we decline any other but that of the present mode; occasionally rapping, to show that there is other and higher power apart from the mediums themselves. My promised visitation is fulfilled—I will come again. My love to all.

"Bear in mind you are not to be governed by circumstances."

SARAH HEWITT.

THE NEW ERA.

"REBOL! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT,
A. E. NEWTON, } Editors.

S. C. HEWITT, PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE, NO. 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

TERMS, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

N. B.—The Editors, Correspondents, and Readers of this paper are all expected to do their own thinking, and no one to be held responsible for the opinions of another. The Editors will indicate their principal productions by their proper initials, and will exercise their best judgment in selecting from the favors of correspondents; but it is desired that every thought expressed, whether old or new, from spirits in the flesh or out, should stand on its intrinsic merits.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

To the Readers of the New Era.

The undersigned finds himself compelled, though with great reluctance, to withdraw from his connection with the editorial management of this paper, after this date. The reasons for this step are of a personal and private nature, but will be briefly stated for the information of such as care to know them.

The labors which have been performed in the capacity of assistant editor, were assumed some five months since, in addition to other laborious and responsible occupations. They were undertaken in compliance with the repeated urgencies of friends of Spiritualism from different quarters of the country, and with the hope of contributing to render the Era acceptable to a larger portion of the Spiritualist public, and thus securing for it a wider circulation and a better support. It soon became evident that little could be accomplished to this end, without securing the conditions of a better mechanical execution and a more careful editorial supervision than was practicable as the paper was then issued. The undersigned was therefore induced, about three months ago, to undertake the personal superintendence of the printing of the paper, which necessarily involved a large addition to his editorial labors upon it. This was done under the expectation that the proprietorship of the paper would shortly be assumed by an organization, or, at least, that the publication would be placed upon such a basis as to afford some suitable remuneration for the labor required upon it. His labors, therefore, in the editorial department, have been performed thus far almost as an entire gratuity.

The expectation referred to, however, has not been realized; for reasons which need not be here recited; and the pecuniary condition of the paper has not been and is not such as to enable the proprietor to afford any compensation for the services of an assistant. The undersigned has therefore been compelled to rely for support on other occupations; and under the double burden of labor and responsibility thus far borne, he finds his health breaking down, and feels that duty to himself and those dependent upon him, imperatively requires that it should be borne no longer. Relief and rest must be had; and as these, from the nature of his constitution, cannot be secured while sustaining even nominally the responsible position he has occupied, he sees no alternative but to withdraw entirely, for the present, at least, from its duties.

That this announcement will be received with some regrets by a few of the readers of the Era, he has some reasons to suppose; but such may be assured that their regrets cannot be greater than his own.

In conclusion, the undersigned feels that it is needless to say a word to the readers of this paper in commendation to its claims upon their continued support. The position, the abilities, and the past indefatigable labors of its proprietor, amid many discouragements and much obloquy, as a pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, are well known to all, and will, it is hoped, yet receive the just reward to which they are entitled.

The undersigned feels it a necessity of his nature to devote such energies as he may have to expend, to the advancement of the benign and saving truths unfolded by Spiritualism; but in what field, and to what extent, these may hereafter be employed, he leaves to be determined by the developments of the future.

A. E. NEWTON.

Bro. Newton's Valedictory.

By the above the reader will observe that Bro. Newton leaves the "New Era," as one of its editors, with the present number. He there gives his reasons for so doing, which are all very just and truthful, although their existence, both as to his own waning health and the inability of the proprietor of this Journal to suitably reward his self-sacrificing labors, is very much to be regretted. We have felt, as we have no doubt our readers have also, that the aid of Bro. N. has been very valuable, and our earnest wish and effort has all along been to render his burden as light as might be practical under the circumstances, and give him that pecuniary reward also which was justly his due. But as he has virtually said, while the "Era" may be able to support itself and its Editor and Proprietor by the practice of strict economy and plain fare, it is not at present able to pay adequately an additional editor. Many firm friends of our enterprise who aided us in the outset in the way of getting us subscribers and inducing many inquirers to take our Journal, and who give us still the warmest expressions of their sympathy in their correspondence, seem to have forgotten, now that the paper is fairly before the pub-

lic, and in the way to live, that we still need their deeds as well as their words of encouragement, in order to make the Era what it should be and what we very much desire it to be; what, in short, we have ever striven to make it, though we lacked the necessary means to accomplish that purpose. We have often said—and we meant it, if we ever meant anything we have said—that any extra aid we might receive in the prosecution of this work, should go for the perfecting of that work—in other words, that we would make the Era more and more perfect, in its matter and its manner, as we became peculiarly able to do so. Thus we have always felt, and thus we still feel, for we delight much in the perfection of every work, and we also know that the more perfect the work is, the more effectual it is as an instrument of good. At the same time, we are not one of those who, because we cannot, at once, reach our ideal, refuse to do anything at all towards accomplishing the work for which our whole spiritual being yearns with an agony only to be soothed and quieted by living deeds, as perfect as the present opportunities will allow. The old adage is, that "half a loaf is better than none;" and having that, at least, as we humbly thought, we started on our way in faith that the *half loaf* would sooner or later grow to be a *whole one*, and be the means ultimately of accomplishing much good. We have the same faith still, and shall therefore "go on our way rejoicing in hope" of all truly desirable and worthy results.

And now, while we are truly sorry to part with the valuable labors of Bro. N., we cannot otherwise than tender him our warmest thanks, not only for the efficient aid he has rendered us in our arduous editorial labors, but also for the truly brotherly, kind and appreciative manner in which he parts with us and our readers. His kind words in reference to ourself, particularly, will ever be cherished as incentives to encouragement in the line of the strictest duty, whatever may be the inducements to a different course from interested partisans, or the worldly, selfish, and therefore often doubting predilections and influence of friends whose principles and whose faith do not lie in the line of our own clear vision and our own proper work.

But before we close we may say that we are quite happy in being able to inform our readers, that since the necessary step which Bro. N. has taken, was fairly decided upon, several gentlemen and ladies, fully competent by nature, and by a free and generous culture, not only in general science and letters, but also in Spiritualism and its world-wide philosophy and spirit, have voluntarily stepped forward and offered their free aid in making up the weekly contributions of this journal, for the interest of our readers. They are persons fully competent to that work—the majority of them having previously served the public acceptably in the editorial capacity. By this arrangement, then, our own labors will be lightened, so that we shall be fully able to attend to the business of publishing the Era, giving frequent lectures within feasible distances, and receiving such pecuniary aid, in the form of scrip-tions, by personal attention to that matter, as those with whom we meet, from time to time, may feel inclined to contribute. In the main time, may we not expect that all the real friends of the Era—of whom we know there are many—will do all they can to increase our subscription list? We call their special attention to our terms—particularly our proposition to *clubs*. Ten subscribers, it will be seen, form a club for \$12. Of course, we do not object to the number being larger than ten—the larger the better; but if larger, the terms will be in the same ratio. Will not our friends, then, lend us their earnest and efficient aid, that we may be able to work without being cramped—that we may have the means of rewarding those who propose to contribute to the instruction, information and interest of our readers freely, and thus have all our efforts tell with power and efficiency in the extension and triumph of Spiritualism and its blessings? Brethren, friends—one and all—we await your response.

S. C. HEWITT.

Magnetism Diabolical.

A writer in the *Advent Herald*, of this city, is laboring to prove that the mesmeric influence, or human magnetism, even when employed for the cure of disease, proceeds directly from that arch-enemy of our race, known in the books by the name of Satan; who is represented as having become especially busy in these "last days." The following is the writer's method of disposing of "one of the difficulties" of the case:

"One of the difficulties in seeing the truth as to this matter, arises from the fact, that place under mesmeric power, and that many good men—physicians, clergymen and others—use it for that end, and succeed.

"But this is a difficulty only to those who do not consider the extent of Satan's devices. May he not by this means exercise his power through the invisible elements in such a way, move diseases? Is there no such thing as healing by magic—by charms? As Satan is the author and instigator of disease, derangement and death—(Heb. 2: 14, Luke 10: 19, 13: 16, 1 Cor. 5: 5, Job 2: 7)—may he not, when it suits his purpose, withdraw the influence? Will he not withdraw it, if he can gain a greater object by so doing? Satan has many devices to catch men. He knows how to meet the disposition of each, and to lay a net for each. And now that the last days are upon us, we must expect that he will be more subtle than ever. The time is fast advancing, when the controversy between good and evil—between the power of God in His church, and the power of Satan to resist it—must manifest itself in a more open way than has hitherto been seen on the earth, in order to bring out the final apostasy and condemnation of the ungodly, and the perfecting and saving of those who receive and obey the truth."

Had this writer lived in the days of Jesus, the great magnetizer of Judea, he would not

probably have been satisfied with the answer which that distinguished personage returned to John the Baptist, when the latter sent men to inquire in regard to the character of his mission. They were directed to tell John of the cures and miracles they had seen wrought—just such cures and miracles as "take place under mesmeric power" in our days—and leave him to his own conclusions as to the character of the operator. (See Luke 8: 19, 23.) Had John been as expert at discerning "Satan's devices to catch men," as this writer thinks himself, would he not have replied, "Satan is the author of diseases, and may be not, when it suits his purpose, withdraw the influence?" or, in the very words of the (im) pious Jews of that day: "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub—the prince of devils!" So precisely do the religionists of our day follow in the footsteps of those whom they call the "blasphemers" of a former age!

Probably this writer would esteem those maxims of Jesus, "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit," and "The works that I do bear witness of me," very dangerous ones to be adopted in this age. It is very evident that Jesus did "not consider the extent of Satan's devices" in these last days, when he gave utterance to such faulty precepts!

There is one redeeming feature, however, in this quotation—one indication of progress. The author considers "Satan" to be the "author and instigator of disease, derangement and death." Pious people have been taught, for many years, that "the Lord" was the author of all such afflictions—that they were "mysterious dispensations of Providence," which must be endured with becoming resignation and patience. It is very gratifying to learn that the Deity is to be hereafter relieved from the responsibility of many hard things which have been alleged against Him, and it is to be hoped that religious people generally, and our *Adventist* friends in particular, will come to have a better opinion of their Father in Heaven than has so long prevailed.

N.

Where will it stop?

That the Spiritual movement will by and by come to an end, many disbelievers either do, or affect to believe. Their faith in this negation is worth about as much, however, as anything else of like character, and doubtless springs simply and only from their strong desire to have it so. They are hereby informed that they cannot be gratified, for Spiritualism has an end in view, of which they little dream, indeed, but which as surely determines its constant progress and its ultimate triumph, as the triumph and the progress of any movement, or any principle under the whole heavens, was ever incited. That end is an ENTIRELY NEW CREATION ON THIS GLOBE. First, a new Spiritual creation, and then, as properly and legitimately growing out of this, a new material creation. The earth and man are not yet finished. Both are yet to be unfolded and perfected beyond even the dreams of the greatest dreamer, and the imagination of the keenest mind. Spiritualism, as we see it, will not rest with its beautiful and sure demonstrations of immortality, with its healing of the sick, and the amusements it sometimes seems to afford to mere "curiosity seekers." No, no; it is utterly unworthy of the subject to rest here—to go no farther—to be content with these comparatively inferior ends. Its great aim always has been and still is, the entire emancipation of man and woman—the complete elevation of Humanity. With nothing less than this will it be content—with nothing less will it finish its work.

It has been given us to see, somewhat, the principles, the prophecies, and the sure tendencies of the movement; and though its speed may be slow, as men count slowness, because of the immensity of the movement itself, yet the surety is, in just the proper time, to bring about an end in human conditions, as far superior to the present state of things, as Heaven is superior to Hell! This is our own clear sight—the deepest and single conviction of our heart, and the consideration above all others, that inspires us to labor on still, through evil report and through good report. And thus may it ever be ours to labor.

N.

They Give us Nothing New.

It has been asserted over and over again, not only by the New York Tribune, which cannot even allude to Spiritualism without using some opprobrious epithet, as "Ghost-seeing," and the like,—but by numerous other journals both secular and religious, as also by numerous lecturers against Spiritualism, that the "Spirits have not communicated one new idea, or revealed one new principle." This, however, is simply a mistake of those who make such assertions. Presuming that they are as fully in the secret of Spiritualism as anybody else, though they get what they think they know, only at second or third hand, or it may be even more remotely, they come forth in their egotism, and make assertions as unwarrantable in truth, as they seem anxious to appear all-knowing on this important subject.

But have the Spirits given us any new ideas or principles? We answer yes—and many. In the present article, however, we shall be content to confine ourselves to a single thought, and that is contained in this question, WHY IS GLASS AN INSULATOR? Can the schools tell why? Do the books contain the answer? Not at all. We have conversed much with scientific men, on this and kindred subjects; we have read and studied the books on science, but we have never yet found the man or the book that could give, or that pretended to give the reason why glass was an insulator. That it is an insulator, they know very well, and they teach and act upon that fact extensively; and so far, very well. But why it should be an insulator, has been thought by them, too much of an enigma to be solved this side of the boundary line between the world of matter and the world of spirit. And so it has been, and still is, by the ordinary modes of investi-

gation. But Spiritualism gives us a new and altogether extraordinary mode of getting at the solution of this and kindred questions. Without, however, tarrying here to delineate the mode, we will simply give our readers the rationale of the idea.

When it is said that glass is an insulator, everybody understands that all that is intended is, that it is so only to electricity. It is not an insulator to magnetism, for a magnet will instantly show its power on steel filings, and the like, through a plate of glass. The glass, therefore, forms no obstruction to magnetism, while—so far as is known—it perfectly obstructs the passage of electricity. Light also passes readily through glass. Now, why is this? The thought suggested by the Philosophers of the Higher Life, is the following: What is called cohesive attraction, is, in principle and substance, the essential thing which holds the aggregate and visible atoms of a thing together. Take that principle away—a principle which is substantive, though invisible, as well as in active condition, and the atoms are disintegrated—the thing is no longer a thing—it is dissolved. Now, this principle of cohesive attraction is much finer in some substances than in others. In glass, it has a specific degree of fineness, as compared with all other classes of substances. And now, for the sake of convenience, in illustration, we will call this principle in glass, ether. This ether, being material substance, must be composed of ultimate particles or atoms, however small they may be; and their size is actually smaller than the ultimate particles of electricity. Now, it is very plain to be seen, that the finer can be contained in, or pass through the coarser, but that the coarser cannot pass through the finer. Thus water, being much finer in its globules than the substance of a sponge, is readily absorbed by the latter. So, also, salt, being much finer in its atoms than water, is readily held in solution by it. But the water cannot contain the sponge, nor the salt the water. So also is it with ether and electricity. The latter being much coarser, or its globules much larger than those of ether, and the latter being the constantly contained substance, which infiltrates and binds all the visible particles of the glass together, electricity cannot, of course, pass through it. Magnetism can and does pass through it. So does light. And this fact proves that the particles of magnetism, as those also of light, are finer than those of electricity; else they could not pass, while electricity is left behind.

The question, then, is answered, and this is the reason: ELECTRICITY IS COMPOSED OF LARGER GLOBULES THAN THOSE OF THE ETHER WHICH GLASS EMBODIES. THE LARGER CANNOT PASS THROUGH THE INTERSTICES OF THE SMALLER. THEREFORE GLASS IS AN INSULATOR TO ELECTRICITY. The reason to us, is plain and sufficient. To all who think, it must be conclusive, we are fully inclined to believe. And while we get the idea at the suggestion of Spirits, we accept it only on the ground of its own rationality, which is so plainly evident, that it needs only to be stated, to be seen and appreciated. At another time, we shall have something to say about the form of electrical and ethereal particles, as those also of light. In the mean time, we propose the following question, which we shall endeavor to answer at the suggestion of spirits: WHY DOES LIGHT TRAVEL WITH GREATER VELOCITY THAN ELECTRICITY? N.

"Blessed are the Peace-Makers."

Yes, blessed, thrice blessed are they who can pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and speak peace to the troubled soul; who are able to still the sea of passion, roll back the angry tide, and cause the troubled waters to become placid and serene. How much of restlessness, sorrow and deep anguish there is in our world! How many hearts now throb with anguish and despair! Oh! who will save these crushed and bleeding spirits, and whisper to them words of peace? Could we see others as they see themselves, we should often pity, where we now censure and condemn. We should recall many unkind words, and reverse many an opinion which we had too hastily formed.

I have often asked myself the question, whether Spiritualists—those who profess to hold converse with Spirits of the higher life—who have high and holy communion with angels that inhabit the supernal spheres, if they are more gentle, kind and loving—are disposed to be more charitable to those who may differ from them, than those who profess not the beautiful theories, I may say the sublime truth of Spirit communion? Let each Spiritualist ask him or herself the question, Am I doing all I can in word, thought, deed, or action, to spread those soul-elevating truths which have been revealed to me, by Spirits of the higher life? Has the "gentle white dove" borne to our hearts the olive branch of peace? Has Christ said unto us, Blessed are ye, for ye are peace-makers? Have those beautiful ministering spirits who throng our pathway, said unto us, Blessed, thrice blessed are ye, for we perceive that a peace branch from on high, has been planted in your souls? Cherish, cherish it with tender care. Water it with affection's dew, and let mercy's tear often fall upon it. We need, and oh, how much we need to watch and guard our own hearts. It is with our own we have to do. But as a general thing, mankind have more to do with their neighbors' hearts than their own. And I fear it is much the same with Spiritualists. We are so anxious to detect faults in others, that we seem to have but little time to attend to our own. I fear we are too censorious; we exercise too little charity towards those who may conscientiously differ from us, and I think we are too much disposed to look upon the weak side of a person's character, especially those who perchance may differ from us, and see not as we see. Did the angels look upon us as suspiciously as we look upon one another, and were they as much disposed to bring

our faults to light, and as little disposed to palliate the wrong which we often do, how should we look upon them, and what would be the effect which this course would produce upon our hearts? I know that they often rebuke us, but their rebukes end in blessings. And we, perhaps, have felt an angel's tear, mingling with the gentle words of forgiveness, which have in dulcet tones, been whispered in our ears. They speak peace to the troubled soul. They pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and soothe the crushed, lacerated and bleeding heart. Ye loving angel ministers, that so often come to me, when morning is bright as midday, but more especially in the still hush of night, breathe upon my soul your all-absorbing love. O let a peace branch from your shady bowers fall upon my restless spirit. Help me to be more loving, more child-like, and therefore more Christ-like. Then shall I be less disposed to censure others. I shall be better prepared to guard the avenues to my own soul. Then ye pure seraphic ones can come to my heart and not be repelled. Attract me, O! attract me to your own genial clime. And when I am safely enfolded in your loving arms, my restless spirit can find repose.

To all whose eyes may fall upon these lines, I would say, If we would be loved, we must be loving, if we would have mercy shown to us, we must be merciful. Let us also ever remember that kind words, compassion's tears, are more potent in reclaiming the erring, than all the hard words we may find it in our power to use. These fall like adamant upon the crushed and sensitive soul. But mercy's tear never pleads in vain. Beautiful tear, thou art only a little thing, but beautiful, because of thy simplicity—strong, from thy very weakness. Who can deny mercy when thou pleadest? or deny thy power? Thy home is in the heart, and when the heart feels most deeply, then dost thou fall most freely—thou outline and effectual tear—Once more I will add, Let us who love the angels, and the angel world, be just and kind to all. Let us breathe a spirit of peace and love upon all who may come within our sphere. Then, perchance, we may hear the voice of Jesus breaking from the watch-tower, saying, "Blessed are ye."

LIDA.

Spiritualism in Berkshire Co.

PITTSFIELD, Dec. 3, 1854.

MESSRS. HEWITT AND NEWTON:—The cause of Spiritualism is making gradual and steady progress, even here, among the hills and dales of Berkshire. We have had a medium among us most of the time during the last year, who is very highly developed, and through whom many persons have received the most overwhelming proofs of the presence of spirit-friends. He is now spending a short season at a quiet retreat in Stockbridge, near a village called Glendale, where there are some four or five families who are converts to the new philosophy—one of them being composed almost wholly of individuals who belonged to that class of persons termed Infidels. But the power of truth has overcome their doubts, and they are capable of receiving it understandingly, into honest hearts. Another is a family by the name of Clark. Mrs. C. has been developed as a psychometrical medium. She is capable of discovering and prescribing for disease, by examining the patient through a lock of hair, and I know that she has given accurate descriptions of the maladies that "flesh is heir to."

A short time since, it was told them through Mr. M., the medium before mentioned, that, if they would make arrangements, and serve themselves up for the occasion, on Thanksgiving eve, the Spirits would give them a feast of rich things for the soul. They accordingly made preparation, and invited the Spiritualists of Pittsfield to be present; and a goodly number were there.

After partaking of the bountiful entertainment furnished by our friends, we repaired to the house of Bro. Clark, formed our circle, made ourselves social by singing, and free conversational intercourse. The mediums became entranced, and spoke to us from the "superior state," in a manner which, for beauty of expression and depth of thought, I have seldom heard surpassed. Questions were discussed, displaying much ability, by the invisibles; and also messages to individuals, touching and tender, filling the soul with confiding hope, such as the inhabitants of the superior life alone are capable of inspiring in the hearts of mortals. Our entertainment continued until a very late hour, when we retired.

The next day, we all dined together, when Mr. M. became again entranced, and spoke at the table, after which, we returned to our several places of abode, satisfied that our spirit-friends had given us more, even, than they had advertised. It was truly a season long to be treasured in the heart.

One incident I should like to mention. Just before the circle was convened, Mr. M. became influenced by a spirit who called herself Julia Goddard; grasped the hands of myself and wife, saying that she tried to influence her, one day, while here at home, looking out at the window, to sing the well-known lines—

"When shall we three meet again,
Which thing had actually occurred, as far as the singing was concerned; and we were intimately acquainted with a most estimable person of the name mentioned, who once resided in Millbury, and was there a member of a choir of singers under my direction.

If you are not wearied with the length of this article, and think the facts worth publishing in your valuable *New Era*, they are at your service.

I am yours in the cause of human progress,
SHELDON C. MOSES.

We would refer our readers to the article by Bro. Charles Partridge on our outside this week. It possesses more than ordinary interest.

Mistaken View.

A friend writes us as follows:—

MR. NEWTON: Dear Sir:—Having lately seen a number of articles in the Era, condemning the institution of Marriage, you have the goodness to inform me and the public, through your paper, what the writers would have, or what they wish to substitute in its stead? It is not through a spirit of capriciousness or opposition that I ask this favor, but solely for the sake of information, as I am entirely in the dark on the subject.

Very truly yours, E. B.

We can only say to our friend, that if those who have written on the subject in our columns have not made their own ideas understood, we have little hope of elucidating them. Perhaps, however, his difficulty may have grown out of a misunderstanding which we have feared might arise from the manner in which some have treated the question. We do not understand it to have been the design of any of these writers to condemn the institution of Marriage in itself, but rather the false notions which are prevalent respecting its nature, and the false unions (or rather non-unions), which are prevalent under the legislative form. All are in favor of a true marriage—a marriage in spirit, and not in form only. But there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the best means by which this may be secured to the greatest extent. Some would have important modifications in the legal restrictions on the matter, by which it might be rendered more difficult to enter the legal relation, and more easy to leave it; while others conceive that legislation should have nothing to do with the affair at all—it being a matter of the affections, which human statutes cannot reach. The practical point of difference here, we shall have obtained sufficient light upon the subject; and we hope that our friend and all our readers will do the same for themselves.

N.

A Chance to do Good.

PREQUEE ISLE, Aroostook Co. Me., Nov. 23, 1854.

BRO. HEWITT:—I am urged by a power within to express my pleasure on reading a communication in your issue of the 18th, signed "Joseph Cram." Especially were his practical suggestions, relative to lecturers, of the right stamp. We do need teachers "who shall go out into the 'highways and hedges,' to teach the glorious and light-giving principles of Spiritualism 'to every creature.'" I write from one of the dark corners of the earth. The bright sun of the New Dispensation, that seems to shed its beams with such splendor in other sections, has hardly risen here. Our people seem to be buried in the moral darkness of popular creeds and religious superstitions. It is true there are a very few whose eyes are turned heavenward, but those have had no opportunities of instruction, no teacher but their own reason. We need a teacher, one who shall be able to convince the pious skeptics in this region that you teach the truth. A good medium could do a great amount of good here, as we have none of our own. There are several of my acquaintances who are impressive, but such is the force of prejudice and superstition, that they are afraid to permit our Spirit-friends to communicate, and so we remain in darkness. Will not some one see the way open to visit us?

I like your paper and its teachings. May Heaven bless your self-sacrificing labors.

Yours for God and Truth,
JOSEPH B. HALL.

P. S. Should you know of any suitable person or medium who would like to come here on a mission for humanity—one so well developed as to be able to convince skeptics fully enmeshed in the sectarian shell of utter disbelief, I will authorize you to offer them from me a brother's welcome and a brother's home, as long as good can be done by their presence.

J. B. H.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—Some people seem to act as though reputation was everything and character nothing. Let them reverse the matter and they will be very much nearer right. Jesus of Nazareth, "made himself of no reputation," and yet no man ever lived that equalled him in real, genuine character. Let those Spiritualists mark this, who would expend their highest efforts to make Spiritualism merely respectable, while they seem to care but little about its character. They will do themselves and the movement a far higher service by radically changing their course.

N.

Spiritualists' Conferences.—We beg leave to remind our friends of these Conferences which are held each week, when Spiritualist as such meet together for the interchange of thought upon questions of vital interest.

THE MANIFESTATIONS AT MESSRS. KOONS' AND BARNARD'S.—We are requested to state that the question for discussion at the Spiritualists' Conference at Chapman Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13th, will be the Manifestations at the Spirit-Rooms of Mr. Koons, in Ohio, and Mr. Barnard in this city. As these matters have recently been before the public, the discussion will be of more than usual interest.

Remittances.

Some persons send us \$1.00, some \$1.50, and some \$5.00—more or less. Whatever sum is sent we give credit for, and if mistakes are made we cheerfully correct them as soon as we find them out.

When persons send \$1.50, they can send the odd change in three cent stamps. This will save them postage, and will be about as well for us. And our friends will remember that the larger the sum they send, the more they aid and strengthen our efforts. Some of our friends send us clubs of from seven to ten, and so on, according to our published terms. Will others do what they can to get us clubs, as well as single subscribers?

N.

The Model Home.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I send you the following communication through JOHN M. SPEAR, medium, and forwarded to me, I suppose to be used as my judgment might dictate. At this particular juncture of the spiritual movement, I deem it wise that it should be published. Perhaps those Spiritualists who would be leaders, and who feel responsible for the respectability of Spiritualism—who declare themselves spiritual socialists in the parlor, but who in their public addresses deny that Spiritualism tends to Socialism, will find encouragement in this paper to be true to themselves and this holy cause, both in parlor and in public. Perhaps too, the *New York Tribune*, which finds nothing new, will perceive that there is something practical in spiritual communications; and that, too, on the most momentous of subjects. Seeing the three leading editors of the *Tribune* have for years been avowed Socialists, it is to be hoped they will thank God and take courage that Spiritualism is getting up out of the "mire of manifestations and rappings," on to the solid ground of practical beneficence. It is to be hoped that the *Tribune* will, at least, keep its eyes open as to what may come of Spiritualism in the next twenty years.

Yours, JOHN ORVIS.

Fables are frequently useful as instructors, making things clear to the mind which otherwise might remain quite obscure. Thus the fable of the fox and the swan may now be used for an illustrative purpose. The fox invited the swan to dine, but his dishes were so shallow that while the fox could feast himself, the swan went away quite unsatisfied. But the swan resolved to invite the fox also to dine, and she prepared quite long-necked dishes into which she could compel the fox to look on feeling that he was quite out-witted. This fable teaches that certain things, certain locations, certain conditions may be quite well suited to one class, while another would be quite inconvenient.

Man, like the rose, is perpetually unfolding, requiring new conditions, and yet greater improvements. Dissatisfied with the past, also uncomfortable in the present, he looks and earnestly longs for the future and the more progressed conditions. They who have passed on to higher conditions and have wisely improved their time, their talents, and their opportunities, have seen and have enjoyed greater advantages; some of which they desire to unfold to the yet dwellers on this earth. Earnestly they have been and continue to be employed in concocting and unfolding schemes which, when comprehended, will be received with deepest interest, and will be highly appreciated by greatly advanced persons.

There must be a model, as it were, a miniature world, which model being inspected, will meet the approval of sincere and earnest inquirers. It is not designed to make onslaughts on the fox with his shallow vessel, nor to frighten the swan with her long-necked dish; but it is designed to unfold a better condition, so that the fox and the swan may both be suited and live harmoniously together. These somewhat discursive observations are presented at this favorable moment as an introduction to a somewhat elaborate paper on the wants of man. Few, if any subjects can be presented so fraught with interest as this subject.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

It may be premised that the word *wants* and the word *needs* will in this paper be used interchangeably, bearing, it is intended, the same general meaning. In introducing a subject so vast, it is deemed essential that there should be a broad view taken of the various nations on this earth. Able as persons are who have passed to higher conditions, to inspect the condition or conditions of man in various parts of this earth, they are able to present in a concise form all the essential wants or needs of man; meaning in this paper by man, the inhabitants of this earth, of whatever sex, clime or color.

First, *Man needs a substantial material or mineral basis on which he can quietly and securely stand.* Without such a basis, without staring a portion of earth's inhabitants in their faces, there will be not only irregularities and uneasiness; but as it were, one class will devour the other. Thus has it been in the past; thus it is in the present, and thus it will be in the future, until man's material wants are generously met. The starving soldier kills his neighbor to obtain a trifling monthly pittance. He could not be engaged in wholesale slaughter could his wants otherwise be met. The highwayman comes forth under night's sable curtain and plunges his dagger in the heart of his victim, because he wants. Otherwise, kindness may dwell in his breast; but food he must have. The cunning trader defrauds his neighbor to supply his individual and family wants. Interiorly he sometimes loathes himself, but his wants, he says, must be supplied. Thus throughout all the ramifications of society, man wants; resorts to this or that expedient to gratify his needs. The first great, grand progressive movement should be in this direction—to supply to man a mineral or material basis. Without this, progressive efforts will take but slight and quite unimportant roots.

Secondly, *Man wants a permanent home.* Much is conveyed to the greatly unfolded mind in the word *Home*. Few, if any words in any form of language call forth more pleasant associations than the word *home*. Without a home, man is a cheerless and comparatively a friendless wanderer, having no abiding place, no home to which he is attracted, on which his higher affections are fixed, he becomes an insulated, unwelcome, restless, dissatisfied being. On this branch of this paper, of the wants of man, an effort will be made to present to the intelligent mind a picture of home—a sweet, attractive, quiet, happy home.

1st. There must be constructed a convenient and a tasteful building, suited to his wants, his conditions, his state of unfolding, and his aspirations. In a rude, uncultivated condition, man constructed rude edifices in the earth's bowels, or slight huts on the earth's outer surface; but as he has emerged from the lower conditions, he has required and constructed more and yet more neat, economical, convenient and tasteful edifices. Precisely in the ratio of his unfoldings will man perfect his places of habitation.

2dly. To constitute a home, man requires that his habitation be erected where agreeable landscapes, groves, grasses, eminences, valleys, waters, can be daily beheld—each and all of which exert their varied, appropriate, and beautiful influences on the eye, and the whole character of the beholder.

3dly. Within his habitation he needs domestic enjoyments, flowing from intimate association with a companion whose thoughts, whose feelings, whose desires, whose age, whose aspirations, harmonize with his own, from the twin springing truly beautiful and perpetually unfolding offspring, cementing more closely the hearts of the twin, and calling out their efforts and their affections to improve and unfold the higher faculties of their offspring.

These several particulars, constituting a home, supplied with a permanent material basis, so that all essential wants may be easily supplied, and there is truly an anxious, beautiful, permanent home. In the more unfolded lives such homes are. That which is in a higher life may and should be transmitted to a next succeeding lower life. Interested deeply in the highest welfare of unfolding man on this earth, a desire is felt that a *Model Home* may be here constructed. They who come from the higher conditions, loving deeply those who dwell on this earth, desire not only to show man what he needs, but they come for a loftier purpose; to show him the way and aid him in arriving at the high condition pictured in this design.

When a *Model Home* has been constructed, intelligent persons will come from various directions who will in their persons be individual models of intelligence, models of purity, models of harmony, models of spirituality; and there will be persons who will come as inspectors: who will, as it were, light their torches from this model home, and will kindle these fires from this flame, in different sections of this earth.

It may now, for the first time, be unfolded that this spot is designed primarily for a *Model Home*, including in the scheme certain beneficent institutions which will be particularized at a certain season.

3dly. Man wants *general social intercourse usually, denominated society.* It is not enough that his individual and more domestic wants are gratified, but he desires to hold intercourse with persons who may be scientifically, philanthropically, religiously, morally, and spiritually unfolded, that he may enjoy the satisfaction which come of imparting and receiving instructions.

The family relation may be considered the first grand circle, and what is called society may constitute the second, and thus the individual's domestic and societary wants are gratified, forming a grand, harmonious, beautiful whole.

A picture of society will now be drawn, and when man truly becomes a component part of such society, in connection with the domestic relations, and the individual wants being gratified, he becomes what may be justly called a *MAN*. On drawing a picture of society, several particulars will be presented prominently in the foreground.

1st. There must be in society a just sexual balance; each of the sexes enjoying his or her rights, following his or her attractions to highest possible extent.

2dly. There should be a very high, moral general standard of thought, of feeling, of speech and of act.

3dly. There should be a high appreciation of the beautiful, the lofty, and the sublime.

4thly. There should be a high and very greatly cultivated spiritual, or aspirational feeling.

5thly. There should be a highly, and very broadly cultivated philanthropy.

6thly. There should be found greatest delight in cultivating, in receiving and imparting useful knowledge.

7thly. There should be cultivated a constant feeling, that the present life, is a grand preparation for the lives which are yet to be.

A society where these seven particulars are enjoyed—constantly, richly, sweetly, pleasantly, harmoniously cultivated, would be among the greatest sources of felicity, which man could be favored with on this earth at its present condition of unfolding. To each and all of these is man capable of arriving during this present current century. Fifty years from this time will unfold science, philanthropy, morals, spirituality, vastly more rapidly than in any former half century.

To accomplish a work so vast, so grand, so desirable, persons come from the higher conditions, that thought may be stirred, that thought may ripen into action, and that action may bring the greatly to be desired results. The first great work is to construct a model, to show man that the things which the mind is capable of conceiving can be brought forth. There must be the conceptual state, the gestational condition, and the outer birth.

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The notice of Warren Chase's lectures at the Melodeon, is necessarily put over to next week.

Psychometrical Delineation of Charles Main.

BY R. P. WILSON.

This gentleman has large activity of body, and is capable of enduring much physical labor. His temperaments are vital and magnetic, imparting a great amount of influence of a healthful nature when coming in contact with others. He is very sympathetic and impressive,—feels and imparts influence very rapidly. He has large benevolent feelings; and being sympathetic, would be of great use as an instrument of healing the sick. His ambition seems almost wholly to be directed towards the good of others. He has a large spiritual development, and deep religious feelings. Hence he would labor to overcome the discords of others, by imparting a spiritual magnetism to those with whom he came in contact. His great delight consists in doing good to others. His mind is free, and his will is independent. He feels that the bonds of prejudice can no more surround him, or direct his steps; yet he strongly feels the importance of strict moral integrity, and purity of motive and action. His nature is full of the milk of human kindness; he would restore the sick, and free the oppressed.—This gentleman has good mechanical powers—can construct well, and will give a superior polish to all his work. He loves to contemplate the works of nature, for thereby his thoughts are directed to the Great Artist and Constructor of all things. His power of self-government is very great,—will control and direct his feelings and impulses in such a manner as not to infringe on the rights of others. He is intuitive in his nature, and comes to all conclusions by asking the decision of his own wisdom. His social nature and feelings are very strong. In this respect he has the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a loving woman. His friendship is firm and lasting—his sphere is refining, gentle and attractive.

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A WONDERFUL SPIRIT-PICTURE.—Some months ago, we published the singular fact that the likeness of a certain well-known, though not very publicly known Spiritualist, a clergyman of this city, was suddenly found impressed on a piece of painted floor-cloth under a stove, at Mr. Snyder's, at Green Point, where the gentleman was in the habit of attending spiritual circles. As we then stated, the likeness of a negro was also impressed in a kneeling posture by the side of the clergyman, and that the latter was significantly pointing him up to heaven. The gentleman exhibited this picture at the Telegraph Office Conference, on Tuesday evening of last week, and stated a fact concerning it which we deem so wonderful as to deserve special record. It is, that the picture, which ordinarily is dark and somewhat indistinct in its features, when placed in the hands of certain mediums, become distinctly illuminated! and sometimes so remarkably as to exhibit even the color of the eyes! This phenomenon has been witnessed by numerous persons, as well as those who had not, as those who had been told of its occurrence, and there seems to be no room for possible mistake concerning it. In our first account of the picture, we stated that while being examined by the curious shortly after its first discovery, it suddenly became entirely invisible, but that in the course of a week the figures reappeared as distinctly as at first. (Telegraph.)

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
The Co-partnership existing between HENRY F. GARDNER, of Boston, and JOHN ORVIS, of Roxbury, is by mutual consent this day dissolved. All persons having demands against said firm are requested to present them, and all persons indebted are called upon to make payment to H. F. GARDNER, who is alone authorized to settle the same.
H. F. GARDNER.
Fountain House, Boston, Dec. 4th, 1854.

N. B. A few Spiritualists can be accommodated with board at the Fountain House, by applying soon.
H. F. GARDNER.

REGULAR MEETINGS IN BOSTON.
Sunday meetings at the Melodeon, afternoons and evenings at the usual hours.
Conference meetings on Wednesday evenings, at the Hall in Chapman Place, and at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street.

J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Wells Hall, Lowell, Mass., on Sunday, Dec. 17th, and S. C. HEWITT will supply his place in Charlestown.

SPIRITUALISTS' FESTIVAL.
A Spiritualists' Festival will be held at Chapman Hall, School street, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14th. In connection with the festivities of the evening, addresses will be made by Hon. WARREN CHASE, of Wisconsin, and Rev. J. S. LOVELAND, of Charlestown. Tickets 25 cents, to be had at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street; Bela Marsh's, Franklin street, or at the Fountain House.

LIST OF LECTURERS.
The following persons are now prepared to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever and whenever their services may be desirable and circumstances permit. They may be addressed at this office, No. 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND. A. E. NEWTON,
R. P. WILSON. S. C. HEWITT,
J. H. FOWLER. JOHN ORVIS.

THE DIAL ALPHABET.
This unique and highly useful instrument for communicating readily with spirits, and which is very highly recommended by Prof. Hare of Philadelphia, may be had of BELA MARSH. Price \$2.00. Sent only by express or private conveyance. Address: Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED: a new first-class Family Newspaper, devoted to News, Literature, Science, and Art; to Entertainment, Improvement, and Progress. Published weekly at two dollars a year, in advance, by Fowlers and Wells, New York.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Human Nature, to Education, Biography, (with Portraits), Mechanics, and the Natural Science. Monthly, at one dollar a year in advance.

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL: devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Health; with Engagingly illustrating the Human System. It is, emphatically a guide to health and longevity. One dollar a year, in advance.
Please address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York, or 142 Washington Street, Boston.

Advertisements.
CHARLES MAIN,
CLAIRVOYANT and Healing Medium, No. 5, Hayward Place, Boston.
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 10tf

TO THE SUFFERING.
STEPHEN CUTTER, of Woburn, Mass., is induced again to offer his services as a Healing Medium to those who may be suffering under any form of disease. He is located at Central Square, about a mile from Woburn Centre, and has accommodations for a limited number of patients at his home. He has the assistance of other Healing Mediums in his family, and avails himself of the remedial virtues of the magnetic machine, water, etc., and has been very successful in the treatment of rheumatism, fevers, and inflammatory diseases generally.

Refers to Capt. Oliver Bacon, Ebenezer Dow, George W. Allen, and Gideon Chellis of Woburn Centre; John Howlett, of Saugus, and others. 11tf

HARMONY HALL RE-OPENED.
This well known resort of Spiritualists is now open as a Reading Room, Book Store and Circulating Library in the new building.
The room will be open each day from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M.
Also Clairvoyant, Psychometric, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours.
J. S. LOVELAND.
Dec. 10, 1854.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
MRS. H. JENNES, a superior Clairvoyant for Medical examinations and prescriptions, may be consulted at Harmony Hall every day from 1 to 5 P. M.
Special attention given to Chronic diseases. Boston, Dec. 10, 1854.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST;
15 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

HEALING OINTMENT.
PREPARED true to directions received from the Spirit Land. It will be useful for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and all external injuries, also for Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Humors and Skin Diseases. It is cooling, soothing, and removes inflammation; exciting healthy action on diseased surfaces, and removing pain. Prepared by William E. Rice; for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston. Price 25 cents per box.

ADIN BALLOU'S NEW WORK ON SO-CALLED SPIRITISM, 650 pages large octavo. Price \$1.75. Just published, and for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street.

HEALING MEDIUM.
DR. T. H. PINKETON,
Office, 80 Cambridge St., Boston.
Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M., daily. 11tf

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, having postponed her return to England for the present, has taken rooms at No. 45, Hayward Place, near Adams House, and will be happy to wait upon those who may desire to investigate the subject of Spiritualism.

Hours at home, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Public Circles only in the evening.
Private sittings \$1 each person; public, 50 cts. each person.

A. C. STILES, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, East Bridgeport, Conn. Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Fancy Articles. The sick attended at all hours of day or night. No mineral poison used.

Dr. S. has become developed as a Clairvoyant Medium, and can perfectly describe the *local* of disease, also the feelings experienced by the patient. Letters post paid, strictly attended to. Consultation fee, \$1. 10tf

GREAT STOCK OF
Fall and Winter Clothing.
Manufactured expressly for
THE NEW ENGLAND TRADE,
Comprising every variety of style and quality adapted the tastes and wants of all classes of customers.

Also, a very extensive assortment of
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
WINTER UNDER GARMENTS, &c., &c.

Together with the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of
YOUTH'S AND LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

To be found in this or any other city, all of which are offered upon the most favorable terms, at wholesale and retail.

OAK HALL,
28, 30, 32, 34, 36 & 38, NORTH STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

BATHING ROOMS.
MEDICATED, Sulphur, Iodine, and plain vapor Baths; warm, cold, and shower baths; administered from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., at 233 Washington street, rear of Marlboro' Hotel.

WILLIAM TEBB, Photographic Teacher, Providence, R. I., continues to give lectures through the Mail on Photography, enabling every one to report the Spiritual communications with the utmost ease and correctness. Terms for a course of twelve lessons, with answers to all queries and full explanatory corrections to all exercises, \$5. 83c

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK
FOR
SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF TRUTH.
Will be published on or about the 15th of Dec.,

THE LILY WREATH
OF
SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.
Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS.

By A. B. CHILDS, M. D.
THOSE who have read the manuscripts of this work, pronounce it unsurpassed in purity and elegance of diction, in beauty of style, and in its correct and attractive presentation of truth.

THE LILY WREATH will be printed in a superior manner, equal to that of the finest annuals, bound in rich and durable binding, and in every way made in typographical and mechanical appearance, in keeping with the intrinsic value of its contents.

Dealers and others can address
PARTRIDGE & BRITTON, New York,
Bela Marsh, Boston.

LIDA'S TALES OF A RURAL HOME.
Here is a series of books for the young, of the very first order. They are full of good moral sentiment, written in a pleasing style, and well adapted to children. Lida understands young human nature, and has done abundantly well, in this series, to meet its mental wants. Success to Lida's Tales, for they are full of Spiritualism—therefore full of truth. All our readers who have children, and wish to put the best books into their hands, should send 36 cents, in postage stamps, or other currency, (postage paid,) to EMILY GAY, Hopdale, Milford, Mass., and she will return them the whole series of Tales, (8 books in all,) pre-paying postage on them—so that 36 cents is all they cost her buyer.

ECLECTICISM,
FOR THE RELIEF OF THE AFFLICTED.
DR. J. T. PATTERSON having had considerable experience as a Medium, clairvoyant and psychometric, which of course has led to thorough analytical and scientific investigation of these and other forms of medical treatment, makes examinations as usual from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., and adopts Eclecticism as a rule of practice. Office 25 Winter street, Boston.

Dr. P. lectures by engagement on Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Health, and Human Physiology. 6tf

KNOW THYSELF.
SELF-KNOWLEDGE is of more importance than any other, because it is the index to the vast volume of wisdom and knowledge which exists in other minds, and in the external world around us. You can obtain this knowledge of your character and capabilities through the science of Psychometry. Having located myself for the present in Boston, I am prepared to give psychometrical readings at my room at the FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue, by the autograph enclosed in an envelope. Terms, \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass.

N. B. Persons desiring their ideal of the conjugal relation, in mental and spiritual adaptations, will please make it known. 3tf

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP
though known as a universal panacea, is one of the most efficacious remedies for all those diseases which originate in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, inactivity of the liver, constipation of the bowels, and irritation of the mucous membrane, together with their various sympathetic effects, will find this syrup invaluable. Also constantly on hand MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED DYSENTERY CORDIAL. A new supply of her CHOLERA ELIXIR received.

FEDERHEN & CO. 9 and 13, Court street, Boston, agents for New England, to whom all orders must be addressed. 3m5

DR. CUTTER'S
PSYCHOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL OFFICE,
No. 202 Washington St., Boston,
Corner of Bedford St., Room No. 4, over J. T. Brown's Drug Store.

A NEW and valuable remedy for SCROFULA, recently discovered by a Clairvoyant, is now ready and for sale at the above office.

WILLIAM D. EMERSON,
The Medium Clairvoyant, or Seer, will attend to the examination of the Sick, as above.
Office hours, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. August 16. 1f

TO THE AFFLICTED.
IT IS with the greatest satisfaction that Dr. R. Cummings has received many testimonials of important service rendered to such of the afflicted as applied to him, in consequence of a notice in the New Era from February to June, 1854. Obnoxious diseases which will send, postage paid, to R. Cummings, M. D., Mendon, Mass., a particular description of their disease and symptoms, their age, occupation, temperament, whether single or otherwise, the last medical treatment, and their own address, may be greatly benefited.

N. B. Those who apply to Dr. C. must pay postage, and for such medicine as is necessary. Advice free.

THE NEW ERA.

The Third Volume of this Journal has now commenced. It will still be the advocate of SPIRITUALISM in its broadest, most comprehensive, and most tolerant sense, according to the best understanding and conviction of its Editor and Proprietor, who, while he recognizes his own proper individual responsibility to the Public for what he may utter through its columns, and for the general character and tone of the paper, at the same time wishes it to be distinctly understood that he

Poetry.

For the New Era.

TO

Sweet languor softly o'er me crept,
As twilight o'er the sea,
My weary eyelids drooped and closed—
Then sped my thoughts to thee.

To thee, whose heart with mine conjoins
To form a blissful one—
We've garnered our most precious hopes
In that dear union.

No wish upspringing within my heart
But finds response in thine;
The treasures of thy jeweled soul
Reflex themselves in mine.

If grief's mighty shadow caste,
The clouds will not disclose
The great effulgence of that light
Which softens all our woes.

The deepest gloom cannot conceal
From our delighted eyes
The star of love, which beams for us,
And crowns our Paradise.

Then through the varied walks of life
Together we will rove,
Rejoicing that the God of love
Our destinies involve.

And, with high aspirations filled,
In faith we'll look above,
Dwelling in peace, nor ever doubt
Our Heavenly Father's love.

East Lexington, Nov. 25th. E. A. N.

OF ONE BELOVED.

"The dear departed, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Sure we shall meet at heretofore,
Some summer morning."

The house is hushed in sleep;—I only hear
From yonder room the slumberer's even breath—
Only my eyes close not—yet with no fear
I linger here, alone with thee, O Death!

The one whom we have loved has passed along
The valley of the shadow;—even now
Faith hears the echo of her angel-song
And sees the crown of light upon her brow.

Why call the valley dark?—No shadowing
Of grief or gloom on her fair brow has place,
Death's loving angel, with his snowy wing,
Has swept all pain and sorrow from her face.

Why call the valley dark? Is it that we
Look on it through a veil of grief the while?
It was not dark to her—it could not be
When lighted by our Father's loving smile!

Not dark to her, while those she held most dear
Stood hopelessly, with tearful eyes cast down,
Her lifted eyes, with faith undimmed and clear
Beheld afar the triumph and the crown!

Their eyes are tearful; hers have ceased to weep;
Their hearts are aching; hers will ache no more—
For she has crossed Death's ocean, chill and deep,
To find a welcome on the other shore.

As star-beams faint in morning light away,
So softly have life's drooping wings been
Furled—
And as I gaze, the pale lips seem to say,
Though motionless, "At peace with all the world."

I know that when around the lighted hearth,
Ye gather, as the evening hours come on,
Like a soft cloud between your hearts and mirth
Will rise the memory of the absent one.

I know that ye will watch "the vacant chair,"
And gazing dimly through the gathering tears,
Will think of her, who from her station there
Looked love upon you for so many years.

But by that faith which is a joy to me,
Cheering me on the way of grief and ill,
I know the one ye mourn so bitterly,
Though all unseen, will be among you still.

Unseen—yet will she comfort you and bless;
Her gentle spirit, to its mission true,
Will love and cheer and guide you none the less,
Because her form is hidden from your view.

Let this sweet solace with your grieving blend,
And give your aching bosoms hope and peace—
Though ye have lost your dearest earthly friend,
Lo, ye have gained an angel in her place!

Night, Nov. 15th-16th, 1854. L.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH AND THE ANGELS.

THE ANGELS.
We are waiting, Spirit, waiting,
We have called the spirits here,
Mid the outer and the inner spheres,
Glories of the inner spheres
From the starry hills of heaven
Gaze we for thy solemn wing,
Wherefore was thy mission given?
He who sent thee hither bring!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.
She is sleeping—softly sleeping
Like an infant lulled to rest,
O'er her bosom her mother weeping,
Can I snatch her from her breast?
Can I hurt the arms that fold her,
Would the heart which loves her so?
Let the mother's eye behold her
Yet a breath—and she shall go!

THE ANGELS.
Lingering yet—and yet delaying
Still thy steps from heaven's dome;
Angels and archangels staying
Call the wanderer to her home!
We have scattered flowers clystian,
Gathered from immortal streams;
Show her, then, this lofty vision!
Fill her soul with seraph dreams!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.
She has asked to see her faces;
And her heart is beating fast;
For those sweet and sad embraces
Which she knows must be her last!
Have I breathed of angel blisses,
Told her spirit not to grieve;
Must I take her from her kisses?
From the last she must receive!

There were sounds of hosts rejoicing
As they stepped from heaven's dome;
Angels and archangels voicing
Hymns of triumph and of love!
There were sounds of the midnight rending,
From a heart with anguish tost;
And a mother's prayer ascending—
Weeping, waiting for her lost!

CHARLES SWAIN.

VIRTUE.

As the angle moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer's eve,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as by power
Yea, with her own unobscured light, like power abides
Capacious and serene: Like virtue thus,
In man's celestial spirit, Virtue thus,
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incunabula of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt,
And sometimes, so relentless justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH.

Miscellany.

Hugh, the Hunchback.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Shame! for shame!"
"To treat a deformed child so!"
"Why can't you look, man, at what
you're treading upon?"

Such were a few of the ejaculations poured out by a group of men, on the outskirts of a crowd assembled to witness a grand exhibition of fireworks, on the eve of the Fourth of July. The first speaker had picked up from the dusty grass a child, who had accidentally been knocked down in the general crowding and jostling, and who now lay apparently senseless in his arms.

"Who is it?—what is it?" inquired one and another.

"It's Joe Patterson's little hunchbacked Hugh," answered the man; "and pity 'tis they couldn't have kept him out of this crowd. He has been knocked down and banged about, till I am not sure whether there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir!" exclaimed an elegantly dressed lady, whose carriage had been driven just outside of the ring which encircled the crowd.

"Oh, mamma! he is dead! the poor boy!" cried the youngest of her children, with tears in her pitying blue eyes.

"Just as well if he were," said another lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness to let such a deformed child live to grow up."

"Hush! sister," returned the first lady, "he is coming to. Remember, the child probably has a mother to love him, if he is a hunchback!"

"And he has a soul, too, Auntie," spoke up little Lilla, with a reproachful look in her half-dimmed eyes.

"You are a strange child, Lilla! Look at the fireworks!"

But the blazing rockets had lost half their attraction for Lilla; and when her mother proposed leaving them for a few minutes, to take the deformed boy home, as his arm was very painful, she consented gladly.

"I declare, I never will ride with you again, sister Winstan," said the aunt, disdainfully; "you are always picking up some object of distress to shock my nerves. I shall not get this creature out of my dreams for a month."

Lilla glanced at the boy, whose lips and eyelids trembled, though he lay perfectly still on the cushions. Hugh had heard all; but it was nothing new to the poor deformed child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon him. Yet it wounded him not less deeply, for he had a sensitive spirit, which had grown sore in its harsh contact with a selfish world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had guessed wrong; he had no mother in this world, but was cared for in some small measure by a boisterous, drinking father, and a rough, but well-meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive him, soon after the carriage stopped at their dwelling—a tumbling-down block in the dirtiest street of the suburbs. She lifted him out in her strong, red arms, thanked the lady for her kindness, in a loud, shrill tone, and then stooped to watch the horses as they trotted away.

"Oh, Dolly!" moaned the boy, "please carry me up stairs!"

"Yes, yes, you silly child! this is what you get by going to such places! How long, I wonder, before you will learn that you are not like other folks, and can't go amongst 'em!"

"Not like other folks!" repeated poor little Hugh, when his sister had tucked him up carefully in his warm attic, and gone down to forget for a moment his bodily pain. He forgot the pain which shot through his heart at these careless words. "Not like other folks! no indeed, I am not! But how am I to blame for it? I didn't make myself! Why did God make me so?"

He raised the blanket from his face, and peered into the darkness with a kind of superstitious fear at the question he had involuntarily asked, for he had not forgotten what his dead mother had taught him: that God was good, and that he did everything for the best.

"I don't know what we shall do with Hugh," he kept him out of harm's way," said his father, the next morning, he has such an intolerable curiosity to see all that's going on in the world, that he'll get his neck broken among these city boys. I'll send him to my sister's cousin in the country, to learn a shoemaker's trade."

"The best trade in the world for such as he," replied Dolly. And so, as soon as the sprained wrist was strong again, little Hugh was packed off to a country cobbler's close leather-perfumed shop.

It was a new thing to him to be imprisoned from morning until night, winking ends, whittling pegs, or driving them into the tough soles of shoes, new or old. Not a kind word ever fell on the poor boy's ear. If he did his work faithfully, he received no word or look of encouragement. If he fell to musing, as he sometimes did, he was roughly aroused by a shake, and a growl to the effect that he "didn't earn the salt to his victuals; should like to know what he expected to do in the world!"

One Saturday, Hugh had the unusual privilege of half-holiday. With the village boys he could not go to play, for they had been driven from their green, with shouts of scornful laughter. So he turned down a shaded lane, that led to a dark pine wood. Through the heart of this wood stole a still stream of cool water. Upon a mossy knoll, on its bank, Hugh threw himself down to cherish sad thoughts.

"To be a shoemaker all my days, and stay in a staved-up shop!" thought he. "I can't bear it! But what else can I do? Who cares for me? Who is there that does not laugh at me? I wish I was dead, so I do."

He laid his pale cheek on the soft moss, and watered it with bitter tears. As he raised his eyes at length, they lighted on a clear blossom of the fringed gentian. As he took the flower in his hand, it seemed to him as though its fringed blue eye looked lovingly into his, saying, "God made me!"

"God made you—yes; made you sweet and beautiful, but how did he make me?" reasoned the bewildered boy, whose rebellious feelings had by no means left him. Still he looked fixedly into the flower.

"I don't laugh at your hunched shoulders, Hugh," it seemed to him again to be saying softly.

"No—you don't; and if there was one living blue eye that looked as kind as yours"—he stopped, and thought for a moment of little Lilla and her mother. "But that was only pity; even kind people can never love me. I wonder if the angels in Heaven will love me! My mother will, I know!" and his lips trembled. "But I am afraid I never shall be fit to go to her, if these naughty feelings stay in my heart! I can't help them, either. It must be God made me for something, as well as this dear little flower! Yes,

he gave me a soul—the little girl said that! Perhaps my soul can do something in the world, though my body is poor and crooked. I'll try!"

And with these little magic words, Hugh sprang up from his knoll, batted down the flower in his vest, and made his way homeward to his work.

Five years have flown. In the hall of a village academy, a knot of school-boys are discussing a weighty matter. The young men of the academy have been delivering orations of their own composition, for a prize; and the result has astonished every one.

"Is it not too bad," says Sarah, "that such a fellow should win the prize?"

"Why, he has not as good a right as any of them!" asks a blue-eyed girl of fourteen at her side.

"Oh, right, to be sure! But I shouldn't think such a deformed piece of humanity would be very forward to push himself before other people!"

"Should he not make the most of the gifts God has given him? It is unjust Sarah! He won the prize fairly, and spoke nobly! You ought not to be so unkind!"

"I suppose you think no prize too great for him," responded Sarah, with a malicious little laugh. "Perhaps he will offer his services in escorting you to the picnic next Monday, in return for your eloquent defence of his rights." The Lily of Lisbon Academy, as Professor R. called her, would be honored by such company."

"She would indeed be honored, Sarah, by any mark of esteem from one whose opinion is worth something!" replied the blue-eyed girl, proudly arching her graceful neck.

"Did you never learn those lines of Watts—'I would be measured by my soul; The mind's the stature of the man?'"

"You are a most unaccountable girl, Lilla Winstan! But, good evening!—I must not stand fooling any longer." And away went Sarah, followed by most of her mates, while Lilla returned to the school-room, to search for a missing book.

"Thank you, Miss Winstan!" These words, spoken almost in her ear, as she was bending over her desk, caused her to lift her head with a start and a blush of surprise.

The deformed Hugh, now a young man of some seventeen years, stood by her chair, gazing at her with those mournful, deep, black eyes, which had often won her sympathy.

"Bless you for your words of kindness! they have done more for me than a hundred prizes could! I have learned that there is at least one in the world who will judge me by truth—not by sight!"

In the pulpit of one of the principal churches of D—, rises Sabbath by Sabbath, a pale-faced, high-browed man, whose deformity is the first feature to catch the eye of the stranger. It is not until you hear him speak—until you catch the fire from his eye, and the enthusiasm from his lips, that you forget to pity the speaker. You do not wonder then, that he is willing to come before the public eye weekly, even with the weight of his natural defects; for who can think of these, when once carried away by the tide of his eloquence?

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is "measured by his soul" in the sight of all who know him. He has striven nobly, by the help of his Maker, to fit that soul for companionship with the spotless apostles and angels, and a ray of their own pure light seems to have fallen upon it.

If any one wonders at seeing, after the church services are over, a young, proud, beautiful woman, lay her white hand upon the deformed preacher's arm, to walk down the richly-carpeted aisle, they have but to look into Lilla's face for the solution of the mystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled form at her side, better than the most matchless ones of earth, but she is proud of her noble husband!—[The Little Pilgrim.

The Farewell to Calvary.

[From "Gospel Legends of the Nineteenth Century," by A. Constant.]

Jesus crossed the desolate fields of Judea and stopped upon the arid summit of ancient Calvary.

There an angel with black brows and gloomy eye was seated, enveloped in his two vast wings. It was Satan, the king of the old world.

The rebellious angel was sad and fatigued, and he turned away his looks with disgust from an earth in which evil was without genius, and in which the enmity of a timid corruption had taken the place of the Titanian combats of the great ancient passions.

He felt that in trying men he had taught the strong and deceived only the weak; therefore he no longer deigned to tempt any one, and gloomy under his diadem of gold, he vaguely listened to the fall of souls into eternity, as to the monotonous drops of an eternal rain.

Impelled by a force which was unknown to him, he had come and seated himself upon Calvary, and thinking of the death of the Man-God, he was jealous of him.

He was a powerful and beautiful angel; but he was jealous of the Christ, and that jealousy was symbolized by a serpent which buried its head in his bosom, and gnawed his heart.

Jesus and Mary stood before him and looked upon him in silence with great pity. Satan in his turn looked upon the Redeemer and smiled with bitterness.

"Have you come, to see a world which you could not save by your first execution? Have you tried in vain to change stones into bread to feed your people, and do you come to confess to me your defeat? Have you fallen from the pinnacle of the temple, and has your divinity been broken by its fall?"

"Do you come to adore me, in order that you may possess the world? Go! it is too late now, and I could not deceive you. The empire of the world has departed from those who adored me in your name; and I myself am tired of reigning without glory. If you are discouraged like me, take your seat by my side, and let us think no longer of God or of man."

"I do not come to take a seat by your side," said the Christ, "I come to raise you, to forgive you and to console you, in order that you may cease to be wicked."

"I want none of your forgiveness," replied the bad angel, "and it is not I who am wicked."

"The wicked one is he who gives to spurious truth in his impenetrable mystery. It is an ideal virgin, of their love the glimpse of as to cast them into delirium, and who gives her to them only to tear her at once from their eternal chains. It is he in fine who has given liberty to the angels, and who has prepared infinite punishments for those who did not wish to be his slaves."

"The wicked one is he who has killed his innocent son under the pretext of avenging upon him the crimes of the guilty, and who

has not pardoned the guilty, but has made the assistance of the keeper, the doctor made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. On making his appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid his head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary, and examined the fish's skull, and found it was going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of the skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hand. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received, and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fish are sensible to sound.

"Why recall to me so bitterly the ignorance and the error of men?" returned Jesus. "I know better than you do how much they have disgraced the image of God, and you yourself know very well that God does not resemble the image they have made of him."

"God gave you a thirst for intelligence only to quench it forever with the waters of eternal truth. But why close your eyes and seek for daylight in yourself instead of looking at the sun? If you sought the light where it is, you would find it, for in God there are neither shadows nor mysteries; the shadows are in yourself, and the mysteries are the weaknesses of your spirit."

"God did not give liberty to his creatures in order to take her from them again, but he gives her to them as a wife, and not as an illegitimate mistress; he desires that they should possess her and not commit violence on her, for that chaste daughter of heaven cannot survive an outrage, and when her virgin dignity is wounded, liberty is dead to him who has misunderstood her."

"God does not desire slaves; it is revolted pride which has created servitude. The law of God is the royal right of his creatures; it is the title of their everlasting liberty."

God did not kill his son, but the son of God voluntarily gave his life in order to kill death; and this is why he now lives in the whole of humanity, and will save all the generations, from trial to trial he leads the human family into the promised land, and they have already tasted its first fruits. I therefore come to announce to you, O Satan, that your last hour has arrived, unless you wish to be free and to reign with me over the world, by intelligence and love."

"But you shall no longer be called Satan, you shall resume the glorious name of Lucifer, and I will place a star on your brow and a torch in your hand. You shall be the genius of labor and of industry, because you have greatly striven, greatly suffered, and sadly thought!"

"You shall stretch your wings from one pole to the other, and you shall hover over the world; glory shall reawaken at your voice. Instead of being the pride of isolation, you shall be the sublime pride of devotedness, and I will give to you the sceptre of earth and the key of heaven."

"I do not understand you," said the demon, sadly shaking his head, "and I am not able to understand you. You know well that I can no longer love!" And with a sorrowful gesture the fallen angel showed to the Christ the wound that furrowed his chest and the serpent that knawed his heart.

Jesus turned towards his mother and looked upon her: Mary understood the eyes of her son; she approached the unhappy angel, and did not disdain to stretch forth her hand to him, and to touch his wounded breast. Then the serpent fell of itself and expired at the feet of Mary, who crushed it under her foot; the wound of the angel's heart was healed; and a tear, the first he had shed, slowly descended upon the repentant countenance of Lucifer. That tear was precious as the blood of a God; and by it were ransomed all the blasphemies of hell.

The regenerated angel prostrated himself upon Calvary, and weeping, kissed the place where the cross had formerly stood.

Then he rose, triumphing with hope and radiant with love, and threw himself into the arms of the Christ.

Then Calvary trembled: its arid summit was suddenly clothed with a fresh and brilliant verdure, and was crowned with flowers.

At the spot where the cross had stood, a young vine grew and was loaded with ripe and perfumed fruit.

The Saviour then said: "This is the vine which shall give the wine of universal communion, and it shall grow until all its branches shall embrace the whole earth."

Then taking his mother by the hand, he extended the other to the angel of liberty, and said: "Let our symbolical forms now return to heaven; I shall not again come back to suffer death upon this mountain, Mary will no longer weep here for her son, and Lucifer will no longer drag here the remorse of his now effaced crime."

"We are now but one spirit: the spirit of intelligence and of love, the spirit of liberty and of courage, the spirit of life which has triumphed over death."

Then all three took their flight through space; and rising to a prodigious height, they saw the earth and all its kingdoms stretching their roads towards each other like arms intertwined; they saw the fields already green with the first fraternal crops, and from East to West they heard the mysterious prelude of the chant of union. And towards the north, upon the crest of a bluish mountain, they saw portrayed the gigantic figure of a man who raised his arms towards heaven. Upon his arms could still be seen the recent marks of the chains he had just broken, and his chest was scarred like that of Lucifer. Under his right foot, upon the sharpest peak of the mountain, still palpitated the body of a vulture, the head and wings of which hung down.

That mountain was the Caucasus; and the delivered giant who stretched forth his hands was the ancient Prometheus.

Thus the great divine and human symbols met and saluted each other under the same heaven; then they disappeared to give place to God himself, who came to dwell forever with men.

Gratitude of Fish.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Institution, the following curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick, one of its members, with respect to animals. He stated that when he resided in Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking in the Park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were kept. He took notice of a fine pike, about six pounds in weight, which, when he observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tender hook in a post (of which there were several in the pond to prevent poaching,) and as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the fish was most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, boring in the mud, whirled itself around with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick replaced the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it darted and plunged about until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick put it into the water. It continued for several times to

throw itself out of the water, and with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. On making his appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid his head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary, and examined the fish's skull, and found it was going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of the skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hand. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received, and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fish are sensible to sound.

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TO THE READERS OF THE NEW ERA.
The undersigned finds himself compelled, though with great reluctance, to withdraw from his connection with the editorial management of this paper, after this date. The reasons for this step are of a personal and private nature, but will be briefly stated for the information of such as care to know them.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

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The undersigned finds himself compelled, though with great reluctance, to withdraw from his connection with the editorial management of this paper, after this date. The reasons for this step are of a personal and private nature, but will be briefly stated for the information of such as care to know them.

The labors which have been performed in the capacity of assistant editor, were assumed some five months since, in addition to other laborious and responsible occupations. They were undertaken in compliance with the repeated urgencies of friends of Spiritualism from different quarters of the country, and with the hope of contributing to render the Era acceptable to a larger portion of the Spiritualist public, and thus securing for it a wider circulation and a better support. It soon became evident that little could be accomplished to this end, without securing the conditions of a better mechanical execution and a more careful editorial supervision than was practicable as the paper was then issued. The undersigned was therefore induced, about three months ago, to undertake the personal superintendence of the printing of the paper, which necessarily involved a large addition to his editorial labors upon it. This was done under the expectation that the proprietorship of the paper would shortly be assumed by an organization, or, at least, that the publication would be placed upon such a basis as to afford some suitable remuneration for the labor required upon it. His labors, therefore, in the editorial department, have been performed thus far almost as an entire gratuity.

The expectation referred to, however, has not been realized, for reasons which need not be here recited; and the pecuniary condition of the paper has not been and is not such as to enable the proprietor to afford any compensation for the services of an assistant. The undersigned has therefore been compelled to rely for support on other occupations; and under the double burden of labor and responsibility thus far borne, he finds his health breaking down, and feels that duty to himself and those dependent upon him, imperatively requires that it should be borne no longer. Relief and rest must be had; and as these, from the nature of his constitution, cannot be secured while sustaining even nominally the responsible position he has occupied, he sees no alternative but to withdraw entirely, for the present, at least, from his duties.

That this announcement will be received with some regrets by a few of the readers of the Era, he has some reasons to suppose; but such may be assured that their regrets cannot be greater than his own.

In conclusion, the undersigned feels that it is needless to say a word to the readers of this paper in commendation to its claims upon their continued support. The position, the abilities, and the past indefatigable labors of its proprietor, amid many discouragements and much obloquy, as a pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, are well known to all, and will, it is hoped, yet receive the just reward to which they are entitled.

The undersigned feels it a necessity of his nature to devote such energies as he may have to expend, to the advancement of the benign and saving truths unfolded by Spiritualism; but in what field, and to what extent, these may hereafter be employed, he leaves to be determined by the developments of the future.

A. E. NEWTON.

Bro. Newton's Valedictory.

By the above the reader will observe that Bro. Newton leaves the "New Era," as one of its editors, with the present number. He there gives his reasons for so doing, which are all very just and truthful, although their existence, both as to his own waning health and the inability of the proprietor of this Journal to suitably reward his self-sacrificing labors, is very much to be regretted. We have felt, as we have no doubt our readers have also, that the aid of Bro. N. has been very valuable, and our earnest wish and effort has all along been to render his burden as light as might be practical under the circumstances, and give him that pecuniary reward also which was justly his due. But as he has virtually said, while the "Era" may be able to support itself and its Editor and Proprietor by the practice of strict economy and plain fare, it is not at present able to pay adequately an additional editor. Many firm friends of our enterprise who aided us in the outset in the way of getting us subscribers and inducing many inquirers to take our Journal, and who give us still the warmest expressions of their sympathy in their correspondence, seem to have largely forgotten that the paper is fairly before the pub-

lic, and in the way to live, that we still need their deeds as well as their words of encouragement, in order to make the Era what it should be and what we very much desire it to be; what, in short, we have ever striven to make it, though we lacked the necessary means to accomplish that purpose. We have often said—and we meant it, if we ever meant anything we have said—that any extra aid we might receive in the prosecution of this work—in other words, that we would make the Era more and more perfect, in its matter and its manner, as we became peculiarly able to do so. Thus we have always felt, and thus we still feel, for we delight much in the perfection of every work, and we also know that the more perfect the work is, the more effectual it is as an instrument of good. At the same time, we are not one of those who, because we cannot, at once, reach our ideal, refuse to do anything at all towards accomplishing the work for which our whole spiritual being yearns with an agony only to be soothed and quieted by living deeds, as perfect as the present opportunities will allow. The old adage is, that "half a loaf is better than none;" and having that, at least, as we humbly thought, we started on our way in faith that the *half loaf* would sooner or later grow to be a *whole one*, and be the means ultimately of accomplishing much good. We have the same faith still, and shall therefore "go on our way rejoicing in hope" of all truly desirable and worthy results.

And now, while we are truly sorry to part with the valuable labors of Bro. N., we cannot otherwise than tender him our warmest thanks, not only for the efficient aid he has rendered us in our arduous editorial labors, but also for the truly brotherly, kind and appreciative manner in which he parts with us and our readers. His kind words in reference to ourself, particularly, will ever be cherished as incentives to encouragement in the line of the strictest duty, whatever may be the inducements to a different course from interested partisans, or the worldly, selfish, and therefore often doubting predictions and influence of friends whose principles and whose faith do not lie in the line of our own clear vision and our own proper work.

But before we close we may say that we are quite happy in being able to inform our readers, that since the necessary step which Bro. N. has taken, was fairly decided upon, several gentlemen and ladies, fully competent by nature, and by a free and generous culture, not only in general science and letters, but also in Spiritualism and its world-wide philosophy and spirit, have voluntarily stepped forward and offered their free aid in making up the weekly contributions of this journal, for the interest of our readers. They are persons fully competent to that work—the majority of them having previously served the public acceptably in the editorial capacity. By this arrangement, then, our own labors will be lightened, so that we shall be fully able to attend to the business of publishing the Era, giving frequent lectures within feasible distances, and receiving such pecuniary aid, in the form of subscriptions, by personal attention to that matter, as those with whom we meet, from time to time, may feel inclined to contribute. In the mean time, may we not expect that all the real friends of the Era—of whom we know there are many—will do all they can to increase our subscription list? We call their special attention to our terms—particularly our proposition to *clubs*. Ten subscribers, it will be seen, form a club for \$12. Of course, we do not object to the number being larger than ten—the larger the better; but if larger, the terms will be in the same ratio. Will not our friends, then, lend us their earnest and efficient aid, that we may be able to work without being cramped—that we may have the means of rewarding those who propose to contribute to the instruction, information and interest of our readers freely, and thus have all our efforts tell with power and efficiency in the extension and triumph of Spiritualism and its blessings? Brethren, friends—one and all—we await your response.

S. C. HEWITT.

Magnetism Diabolical.

A writer in the *Advent Herald*, of this city, is laboring to prove that the mesmeric influence, or human magnetism, even when employed for the cure of disease, proceeds directly from that arch-enemy of our race, known in the books by the name of Satan, who is represented as having become especially busy in these "last days." The following is the writer's method of disposing of "one of the difficulties" of the case:

"One of the difficulties in seeing the truth as to this matter, arises from the fact, that undoubtedly many cases of healing take place under mesmeric power, and that many good men,—physicians, clergymen and others,—use it for that end, and succeed."

"But this is a difficulty only to those who do not consider the extent of Satan's devices. May he not by this means exercise his power over the invisible elements in such a way, though we cannot understand it, as to remove diseases? Is there no such thing as healing by magic,—by charms? As Satan is the author and instigator of disease, derangement and death,—(Heb. 2: 14, Luke 10: 19, 13: 16, 1 Cor. 5: 5, Job 2: 7)—may he not, when it suits his purpose, withdraw the influence? Will he not withdraw it, if he can gain a greater object by so doing? Satan has many devices to catch men. He knows how to meet the disposition of each, and to lay a net for each. And now that the last days are upon us, we must expect that he will be more subtle than ever. The time is fast advancing, when the controversy between good and evil,—between the power of God in His church, and the power of Satan to resist it,—most manifest itself in a more open way than has hitherto been seen on the earth, in order to bring out the final apostasy and condemnation of the ungodly, and the perfecting and saving of those who receive and obey the truth."

Had this writer lived in the days of Jesus, the great magnetizer of Judea, he would not

probably have been satisfied with the answer which that distinguished personage returned to John the Baptist, when the latter sent men to inquire in regard to the character of his mission. They were directed to tell John of the cures and miracles they had seen wrought—just such cures and miracles as "take place under mesmeric power" in our days—and leave him to his own conclusions as to the character of the operator. (See Luke 8: 19, 23.) Had John been as expert at discerning "Satan's devices to catch men," as this writer thinks himself, would he not have replied, "Satan is the author of diseases, and may be not, when it suits his purpose, withdraw the influence?" or, in the very words of the (im)pious Jews of that day: "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub—the prince of devils!" So precisely do the religionists of our day follow in the footsteps of those whom they call the "blasphemers" of a former age!

Probably this writer would esteem those maxims of Jesus, "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit," and "The works that I do bear witness of me," very dangerous ones to be adopted in this age. It is very evident that Jesus did "not consider the extent of Satan's devices" in these last days, when he gave utterance to such faulty precepts!

There is one redeeming feature, however, in this quotation—one indication of progress. The author considers "Satan" to be the "author and instigator of disease, derangement and death." Pious people have been taught, for many years, that "the Lord" was the author of all such afflictions—that they were "mysterious dispensations of Providence," which must be endured with becoming resignation and patience. It is very gratifying to learn that the Duty is to be hereafter relieved from the responsibility of many hard things which have been alleged against Him, and it is to be hoped that religious people generally, and our *Adventist* friends in particular, will come to have a better opinion of their Father in Heaven than has so long prevailed.

Where will it stop?

That the Spiritual movement will by and by come to an end, many disbelievers either do, or affect to, believe. Their faith in this negation is worth about as much, however, as anything else of like character, and doubtless springs simply and only from their strong desire to have it so. They are hereby informed that they cannot be gratified, for Spiritualism has an end in view, of which they little dream, indeed, but which as surely determines its constant progress and its ultimate triumph, as the triumph and the progress of any movement, or any principle under the whole heavens, was ever insured. That end is an ENTIRELY NEW CREATION ON THIS GLOBE. First, a new Spiritual creation, and then, as properly and legitimately growing out of this, a new material creation. The earth and man are not yet finished. Both are yet to be unfolded and perfected beyond even the dreams of the greatest dreamer, and the imagination of the keenest mind. Spiritualism, as we see it, will not rest with its beautiful and sure demonstrations of immortality, with its healing of the sick, and the amusements it sometimes seems to afford to mere "curiosity seekers." No; it is utterly unworthy of the subject to rest here—to go no farther—to be content with these comparatively inferior ends. Its great aim always has been and still is, the entire emancipation of man and woman—the complete elevation of Humanity. With nothing less than this will it be content—with nothing less will it finish its work.

It has been given us to see, somewhat, the principles, the prophecies, and the sure tendencies of the movement; and though its speed may be slow, as men count slowness, because of the immensity of the movement itself, yet the surety is, in just the proper time, to bring about an end in human conditions, as far superior to the present state of things, as Heaven is superior to Hell! This is our own clear sight—the deepest and single conviction of our heart, and the consideration above all others, that inspires us to labor on still, through evil report and through good report. And thus may it ever be ours to labor.

They Give us Nothing New.

It has been asserted over and over again, not only by the New York Tribune,—which cannot even allude to Spiritualism without using some opprobrious epithet, as "Ghost-seeing," and the like,—but by numerous other journals both secular and religious, as also by numerous lecturers against Spiritualism, that the "Spirits have not communicated one new idea, or revealed one new principle." This, however, is simply a mistake of those who make such assertions. Presuming that they are as fully in the secret of Spiritualism as anybody else, though they get what they think they know, only at second or third hand, or it may be even more remotely, they come forth in their egotism, and make assertions as unwarrantable in truth, as they seem anxious to appear all-knowing on this important subject.

But have the Spirits given us any new ideas or principles? We answer yes—and many. In the present article, however, we shall be content to confine ourselves to a single thought, and that is contained in this question, *WHY IS GLASS AN INSULATOR?* Can the schools tell why? Do the books contain the answer? Not at all. We have conversed much with scientific men, on this and kindred subjects; we have read and studied the books on science, but we have never yet found the man or the book that could give, or that pretended to give the reason why glass was an insulator. That it is an insulator, they know very well, and they teach and act upon that fact extensively; and so far, very well. But why it should be an insulator, has been thought by them, too much of an enigma to be solved this side of the boundary line between the world of matter and the world of spirit. And so it has been, and still is, by the ordinary modes of investi-

gation. But Spiritualism gives us a new and altogether extraordinary mode of getting at the solution of this and kindred questions. Without, however, tarrying here to delineate the mode, we will simply give our readers the rationale of the idea.

When it is said that glass is an insulator, everybody understands that all that is intended is, that it is so only to electricity. It is not an insulator to magnetism, for a magnet will instantly show its power on steel filings, and the like, through a plate of glass. The glass, therefore, forms no obstruction to magnetism, while—so far as is known—it perfectly obstructs the passage of electricity. Light also passes readily through glass. Now, *why is this?* The thought suggested by the Philosophers of the Higher Life, is the following: What is called cohesive attraction, is, in principle and substance, the essential thing which holds the aggregate and visible atoms of a thing together. Take that principle away—a principle which is *substantive*, though invisible, as well as in active condition, and the atoms are disintegrated—the thing is no longer a thing—it is dissolved. Now, this principle of cohesive attraction is much *finer* in some substances than in others. In glass, it has a specific degree of fineness, as compared with all other classes of substances. And now, for the sake of convenience, in illustration, we will call this principle in glass, *ether*. This ether, being material substance, must be composed of ultimate particles or atoms, however small they may be; and their size is actually smaller than the ultimate particles of electricity. Now, it is very plain to be seen, that the finer can be contained in, or pass through the coarser, but that the coarser cannot pass through the finer. Thus water, being much finer in its globules than the substance of a sponge, is readily absorbed by the latter. So, also, salt, being much finer in its atoms than water, is readily held in solution by it. But the water cannot contain the sponge, nor the salt the water. So also is it with ether and electricity. The latter being much coarser, or its globules much larger than those of ether, and the latter being the constantly contained substance, which infiltrates and binds all the visible particles of the glass together, *electricity cannot*, of course, pass through it. Magnetism can and does pass through it. So does light. And this fact proves that the particles of magnetism, as those also of light, are finer than those of electricity; else they could not pass, while electricity is left behind.

The question, then, is answered, and this is the reason: *ELECTRICITY IS COMPOSED OF LARGER GLOBULES THAN THOSE OF THE ETHER WHICH GLASS EMBODIES. THE LARGER CANNOT PASS THROUGH THE INTERSTICES OF THE SMALLER. THEREFORE GLASS IS AN INSULATOR TO ELECTRICITY.* The reason to us, is plain and sufficient. To all who think, it must be conclusive, we are fully inclined to believe. And while we get the idea at the suggestion of Spirits, we accept it only on the ground of its own rationality, which is so plainly evident, that it needs only to be stated, to be seen and appreciated. At another time, we shall have something to say about the form of electrical and etherial particles, as those also of light. In the mean time, we propose the following question, which we shall endeavor to answer at the suggestion of spirits: *WHY DOES LIGHT TRAVEL WITH GREATER VELOCITY THAN ELECTRICITY?* II.

"Blessed are the Peace-Makers."

Yes, blessed, thrice blessed are they who can pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and speak peace to the troubled soul; who are able to still the sea of passion, roll back the angry tide, and cause the troubled waters to become placid and serene. How much of restlessness, sorrow and deep anguish there is in our world! How many hearts now throb with anguish and despair! Oh! who will save these crushed and bleeding spirits, and whisper to them words of peace? Could we see others as they see themselves, we should often pity, where we now censure and condemn. We should recall many unkind words, and reverse many an opinion which we had too hastily formed.

I have often asked myself the question, whether Spiritualists—those who profess to hold converse with Spirits of the higher life—who have high and holy communion with angels that inhabit the supernal spheres, if they are more gentle, kind and loving—are disposed to be more charitable to those who may differ from them, than those who profess not the beautiful theories, I may say the sublime truth of Spirit communion? Let each Spiritualist ask him or herself the question, Am I doing all I can in word, thought, deed, or action, to spread those soul-elevating truths which have been revealed to me, by Spirits of the higher life? Has the "gentle white dove" borne to our hearts the olive branch of peace? Has Christ said unto us, Blessed are ye, for ye are peace-makers! Have those beautiful ministering spirits who throng our pathway, said unto us, Blessed, thrice blessed are ye, for ye perceive that a peace branch from on high, has been planted in your souls! Cherish, cherish it with tender care. Water it with affection's dew, and let mercy's tear often fall upon it. We need, and oh, how much we need to watch and guard our own hearts. It is with our own we have to do. But as a general thing, mankind have more to do with their neighbors' hearts than their own. And I fear it is much the same with Spiritualists. We are so anxious to detect faults in others, that we seem to have but little time to attend to our own. I fear we are too censorious; we exercise too little charity towards those who may conscientiously differ from us. And I think we are too much disposed to look upon the weak side of a person's character, especially those who perchance may differ from us, and see not as we see. Did the angels look upon us as suspiciously as we look upon one another, and were they as much disposed to bring

our faults to light, and as little disposed to palliate the wrong which we often do, how should we look upon them, and what would be the effect which this course would produce upon our hearts? I know that they often rebuke us, but their rebukes end in blessings. And we, perhaps, have felt an angel's tear, mingling with the gentle words of forgiveness, which have in dulcet tones, been whispered in our ears. They speak peace to the troubled soul. They pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and soothe the crushed, lacerated and bleeding heart. Ye loving angel ministers, that so often come to me, when morning is bright as midday, but more especially in the still hush of night, breathe upon my soul your all-absorbing love. O let a peace branch from your shady bowers fall upon my restless spirit. Help me to be more loving, more child-like, and therefore more Christ-like. Then shall I be less disposed to censure others. I shall be better prepared to guard the avenues to my own soul. Then ye pure seraphic ones can come to my heart and not be repelled. Attract me, O! attract me to your own genial clime. And when I am safely enfolded in your loving arms, my restless spirit can find repose.

To all whose eyes may fall upon these lines, I would say, if we would be loved, we must be loving, if we would have mercy shown to us, we must be merciful. Let us also ever remember that kind words, compassion's tears, are more potent in reclaiming the erring, than all the hard words we may find it in our power to use. These fall like adamant upon the crushed and sensitive soul. But mercy's tear never pleads in vain. Beautiful tear, thou art a little thing, but beautiful, because of thy simplicity—strong, from thy very weakness. Who can deny mercy when thou pleadest? or deny thy power! Thy home is in the heart, and when the heart feels most deeply, then dost thou fall most freely—thou sublime and effectual tear. Once more I will add, Let us who love the angels, and the angel world, be just and kind to all. Let us breathe a spirit of peace and love upon all who may come within our sphere. Then, perchance, we may hear the voice of Jesus breaking from the watch-tower, saying, "Blessed are ye."

LIDA.

Spiritualism in Berkshire Co.

PITTSFIELD, Dec. 3, 1854.

MESSES. HEWITT AND NEWTON:—The cause of Spiritualism is making gradual and steady progress, even here, among the hills and dales of Berkshire. We have had a medium among us most of the time during the last year, who is very highly developed, and through whom many persons have received the most overwhelming proofs of the presence of spirit-friends. He is now spending a short season at a quiet retreat in Stockbridge, near a village called Glendale, where there are some four or five families who are converts to the new philosophy—one of them being composed almost wholly of individuals who belonged to that class of persons termed Infidels. But the power of truth has overcome their doubts, and they are capable of receiving it understandingly, into honest hearts. Another is a family by the name of Clark. Mrs. C. has been developed as a psychometrical medium. She is capable of discovering and prescribing for disease, by examining the patient through a lock of hair, and I know that she has given accurate descriptions of the maladies that "flesh is heir to."

A short time since, it was told them through Mr. M., the medium before mentioned, that, if they would make arrangements, and serve themselves up for the occasion, on Thanksgiving eve, the Spirits would give them a feast of rich things for the soul. They accordingly made preparation, and invited the Spiritualists of Pittsfield to be present; and a goodly number were there.

After partaking of the bountiful entertainment furnished by our friends, we repaired to the house of Bro. Clark, formed our circle, made ourselves social by singing, and free conversational intercourse. The mediums became entranced, and spoke to us from the "superior state," in a manner which, for beauty of expression and depth of thought, I have seldom heard surpassed. Questions were discussed, displaying much ability, by the invisibles; and also messages to individuals, touching and tender, filling the soul with confident hope, such as the inhabitants of the superior life alone are capable of inspiring in the hearts of mortals. Our entertainment continued until a very late hour, when we retired.

The next day, we all dined together, when Mr. M. became again entranced, and spoke at the table, after which, we returned to our several places of abode, satisfied that our spirit-friends had given us more, even, than they had advertised. It was truly a season long to be treasured in the heart.

One incident I should like to mention. Just before the circle was convened, Mr. M. became influenced by a spirit who called herself Julia Giddard; grasped the hands of myself and wife, saying that she tried to influence her, one day, while here at home, looking out at the window, to sing the well-known lines—

"When shall we three meet again,"

which thing had actually occurred, as far as the singing was concerned; and we were intimately acquainted with a most estimable person of the name mentioned, who once resided in Millbury, and was there a member of a choir of singers under my direction.

If you are not wearied with the length of this article, and think the facts worth publishing in your valuable *New Era*, they are at your service.

I am yours in the cause of human progress,
SHELDON C. MOSES.

We would refer our readers to the article by Bro. Charles Partridge on our outside this week. It possesses more than ordinary interest.

Mistaken View.

A friend writes us as follows:—
Mr. NEWTON: Dear Sir:—Having lately seen a number of articles in the Era, condemning the institution of Marriage, will you have the goodness to inform me and the public, through your paper, what the writers would have, or what they wish to substitute in its stead? It is not through a spirit of capriciousness or opposition that I ask this favor, but solely for the sake of information, as I am entirely in the dark on the subject.

Very truly yours, E. B.

We can only say to our friend, that if those who have written on the subject in our columns have not made their own ideas understood, we have little hope of elucidating them. Perhaps, however, his difficulty may have grown out of a misunderstanding which we have feared might arise from the manner in which some have treated the question. We do not understand it to have been the design of any of these writers to condemn the institution of Marriage in itself, but rather the false notions which are prevalent respecting its nature, and the false unions (or rather non-unions,) which are prevalent under the legislative form. All are in favor of a true marriage—a marriage in spirit, and not in form only. But there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the best means by which this may be secured to the greatest extent. Some would have important modifications in the legal restrictions on the matter, by which it might be rendered more difficult to enter the legal relation, and more easy to leave it; while others conceive that legislation should have nothing to do with the affair at all—it being a matter of the affections, which human statutes cannot reach. The practical point of difference here, we shall have obtained sufficient light upon the subject; and we hope that our friend and all our readers will do the same for themselves.

A Chance to do Good.

{ PRESQUE ISLE, ARIZONA
Co. Me., Nov. 23, 1854.

BRO. HEWITT:—I am urged by a power within to express my pleasure on reading a communication in your issue of the 13th, signed "Joseph Cram." Especially were his practical suggestions, relative to lecturers of the right stamp. We do need teachers "who shall go out into the 'highways and hedges,' to teach the glorious and light-giving principles of Spiritualism 'to every creature.'" I write from one of the dark corners of the earth. The bright sun of the New Dispensation, that seems to shed its beams with such splendor in other sections, has hardly risen here. Our people seem to be buried in the moral darkness of popular creeds and religious superstitions. It is true there are a few very whose eyes are turned heavenward, but those have had no opportunities of instruction,—no teacher but their own reason. We need a teacher, one who shall be able to convince the pious skeptics in this region that you teach the truth: A good medium could do a great amount of good here, as we have none of our own. There are several of my acquaintances who are impracticable, but such is the force of prejudice and superstition, that they are afraid to permit our Spirit-friends to communicate, and so we remain in darkness. Will not some one see the way open to visit us?

I like your paper and its teachings. May Heaven bless your self-sacrificing labors.

Yours for God and Truth,

JOSEPH B. HALL.

P. S. Should you know of any suitable person or medium who would like to come here on a mission for humanity—one so well developed as to be able to convince skeptics fully enmeshed in the sectarian shell of utter disbelief, I will authorize you to offer them from me a brother's welcome and a brother's home, as long as good can be done by their presence.

J. B. H.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—Some people seem to act as though reputation was everything and character nothing. Let them reverse the matter and they will be very much nearer right. Jesus of Nazareth, "made himself of no reputation," and yet no man ever lived that equalled him in real, genuine character. Let these Spiritualists mark this, who would expend their highest efforts to make Spiritualism merely respectable, while they seem to care but little about its character. They will do themselves and the movement a far higher service by radically changing their course.

Spiritualists' Conferences.—We beg leave to remind our friends of these Conferences which are held each week, when Spiritualists as such meet together for the interchange of thought upon questions of vital interest.

THE MANIFESTATIONS AT MESSES. KOONS' AND BARNARD'S.—We are requested to state that the question for discussion at the Spiritualists Conference at Chapman Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 13th, will be the Manifestations at the Spirit-Rooms of Mr. Koons, in Ohio, and Mr. Barnard in this city. As these matters have recently been before the public, the discussion will be of more than usual interest.

Remittances.

Some persons send us \$1.50, some \$1.50, and some \$5.00—more or less. Whatever sum is sent we give credit for, and if mistakes are made we cheerfully correct them as soon as we find them out.

When persons send \$1.50, they can send the odd change in three cent stamps. This will save them postage, and will be about as well for us. And our friends will remember that the larger the sum they send, the more they aid and strengthen our efforts. Some of our friends send us clubs of from seven to ten, and so on, according to our published terms. Will others do what they can to get us clubs, as well as single subscribers?

N.

Poetry.

For the New Era.

TO—

Sweet tanager only for me crept,
As twilight's o'er the sea,
My weary eyelids drooped and closed—
Then sped my thought to thee—
To thee, whose heart with mine conjoins
To form a blissful one—
We've garnered our most precious hopes
In that dear union.

No wish upspringing in my heart
But finds response in thine;
The treasures of thy jeweled soul
Rebaptize themselves in mine.

If grief its mighty shadow casts,
The clouds will not disclose
The great effulgence of that light
Which softens all our woes.

The deepest gloom cannot conceal
From our delighted eyes
The star of love, which beams for us,
And crowns our Paradise.

Then through the varied walks of life
Together we will rove,
Rejoicing that the God of love
Our destinies involve;

And, with high aspirations filled,
In faith we'll look above,
Dwelling in peace, nor ever doubt
Our Heavenly Father's love.

East Lexington, Nov. 25th. R. A. N.

OF ONE BELOVED.

"The dear departed, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
None we shall meet as herebefore,
None whom we'll meet as herebefore."

The house is hushed in sleep;—I only hear
From yonder room the slumberer's even breath—
Only my eyes close not—yet with no fear
I linger here, alone with thee, oh, Death!

The one whom we have loved has passed along
The valley of the shadow;—even now
Faith hears the echo of her angel-song
And sees the crown of light upon her brow.

Why all the valley dark!—No shadowing
Of grief or gloom on her fair brow has place—
Death's loving angel, with his snowy wing,
Has swept all pain and sorrow from her face.

Why all the valley dark? Is it that we
Look on it through a veil of grief the while?
It was not dark to her—it could not be—
When lighted by our Father's loving smile!

Not dark to her; while those she held most dear
Stood hopelessly, with fearful eyes cast down,
Her lifted eyes, with faith undimmed and clear
Beheld afar the triumph and the crown!

Their eyes are tearful; hers have ceased to weep;
Their hearts are aching; hers will ache no more—
For she has crossed Death's ocean, chill and deep,
To find a welcome on the other shore.

As star-beams faint in morning light away,
So softly have life's drooping wings been
Furled—
And as I gaze, the pale lips seem to say,
Though motionless, "At peace with all the world."

I know that when around the lighted hearth,
Ye gather, as the evening hours come on,
Like a soft cloud between your hearts and mirth
Will rise the memory of the absent one.

I know that ye will watch "the vacant chair,"
And gaze dimly through the gathering tears,
Will think of her, who from her station there
Looked love upon you for so many years.

But by that faith which is a joy to me,
Cheering me on the way of grief and ill,
I know the one ye mourn so bitterly,
Though all unseen, will be among you still.

Unseen—yet will she comfort you and bless;
Her gentle spirit, to its mission true,
Will love and cheer and guide you none the less,
Because her form is hidden from your view.

Let this sweet solace with your grieving blend,
And give your aching bosoms glad and peace—
Though ye have lost your dearest earthly friend,
Lo, ye have gained an angel in her place!

Night, Nov. 15th-16th, 1854. L.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH AND THE ANGELS.

THE ANGELS.

We are waiting, Spirit, waiting,
We have called the seraphs here,
Mid the outer world creating
Glories of the inner sphere!
From the starry hills of heaven
Gaze we for thy solemn wing,
Wherefore was thy mission given?
He who sent thee here to bring!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.

She is sleeping—softly sleeping
Like an infant hushed to rest;
O'er her bends her mother weeping:
Can I snatch her from her breast?
Can I hurt the arms that fold her,
Wound the heart which loves her so?
Let the mother's eye behold her
Yet a breath—and she shall go!

THE ANGELS.

Lingering yet—and yet delaying
Still thy steps from heaven's dome;
Angels and archangels staying
Call the wanderer to her home!
We have scattered flowers elysian,
Gathered from immortal streams;
Show her, then, this lofty vision!
Fill her soul with seraph dreams!

SPIRIT OF DEATH.

She has asked to see their faces;
And her heart is beating fast,
For those sweet and sad embraces
Which she knows must be her last!
I have breathed of angel bliss,
Told her spirit not to grieve;
Must I take her from her kisses?
From the last she must receive!

There were sounds of hosts rejoicing
In that seraph realm above;
Angels and archangels voicing
Hymns of triumph and of love!
There were sounds the midnight rending,
From a heart with anguish torn;
And a mother's prayer ascending—
Weeping, waiting for her loss!

CHARLES SWAIN.

VIRTUE.

As the apple moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer's eve,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconquering fire of light
In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy embrace, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as power
Yea, with her own incorporeal, by power
In man's celestial spirit, thus feeds
Sets forth and magnifies herself, thus feeds
A soul, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incinerations of mortal life,
And from error, disappointment—nay, from guilt,
And a mother's prayer ascending—
Weeping, waiting for her loss!

WORDSWORTH.

Miscellany.

Hugh, the Hunchback.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Shame! for shame!"
"To treat a deformed child so!"
"Why can't you look, man, at what
you're trampling upon?"

Such were a few of the ejaculations poured
out by a group of men, on the outskirts of a
crowd assembled to witness a grand exhibi-
tion of fireworks, on the eve of the Fourth of
July. The first speaker had picked up from
the dusty grass a child, who had accidentally
been knocked down in the general crowding
and jostling, and who now lay apparently
senseless in his arms.

"Who is it?—what is it?" inquired one
and another.

"It's Joe Patterson's little hunchbacked
Hugh," answered the man; "and pity 'tis
they couldn't have kept him out of this
crowd. He has been knocked down and
banged about, till I am not sure whether
there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir!" exclaimed an elegantly
dressed lady, whose carriage had
been driven just outside of the ring which
encircled the crowd.

"Oh, mamma! he is dead! the poor
boy!" cried the youngest of her children,
with tears in her pouting blue eyes.

"Just as well if he were," said another
lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness
to let such a deformed child live to grow
up."

"Hush! sister," returned the first lady,
"he is coming to. Remember, the child
probably has a mother to love him, if he is
a hunchback!"

"And he has a soul, too, Aunt," spoke
up little Lilla, with a reproachful look in
her half-dimmed eyes.

"You are a strange child, Lilla! Look at
the fireworks!"

But the blazing rockets had lost half their
attraction for Lilla; and when her mother
proposed leaving them for a few minutes, to
take the deformed boy home, as his arm was
very painful, she consented gladly.

"I declare, I never will ride with you
again, sister Winstan!" said the aunt, dis-
dainfully; "you are always picking up some
object of distress to shock my nerves. I
shall not get this creature out of my dreams
for a month."

Lilla glanced at the boy, whose lips and
eyes she trembled, though he lay perfectly
still on the cushions. Hugh had heard all;
but it was nothing new to the poor deformed
child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon
him. Yet it wounded him not less deeply,
for he had a sensitive spirit, which had
grown sore in its harsh contact with a selfish
world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had
guessed wrong; he had no mother in this
world, but was cared for in some small
measure by a boisterous, drinking father,
and a rough, but well-meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive
him, soon after the carriage stopped at their
dwelling—a tumbling-down block in the
dirtiest street of the suburbs. She lifted him
out in her strong, red arms, thanked the
lady for her kindness, in a loud, shrill tone,
and then stood to watch the horses as they
trotted away.

"Oh, Dolly!" moaned the boy, "please
carry me up stairs!"

"Yes, yes, you silly child! this is what
you got by going to such places! How long,
I wonder, before you will learn that you are
not like other folks, and can't go amongst
'em!"

"Not like other folks!" repeated poor
little Hugh, when his sister had tucked him
up carefully in his warm attic, and
gone down to prepare a wash for his sprained
wrist. He forgot for a moment his bodily
pain, in the pain which shot through his
heart at these careless words. "Not like
other folks! no indeed, I am not! But how
am I to blame for it? I didn't make myself!
Why did God make me so?"

He raised the blanket from his face, and
peered into the darkness with a kind of su-
perstitious fear at the question he had involun-
tarily asked, for he had not forgotten what
his dead mother had taught him: that God
was good, and that he did everything for
the best.

"I don't know what we shall do with
Hugh, to keep him out of harm's way,"
said his father, the next morning, he has
such an intolerable curiosity to see all that's
going on in the world, that he'll get his neck
broken among these city boys. I'll send
him to my sister's cousin in the country, to
learn a shoemaker's trade."

"The best trade in the world for such as
he," replied Dolly. And so, as soon as the
sprained wrist was strong again, little Hugh
was packed off to a country cobbler's close
leather-perfumed shop.

It was a new thing to him to be imprisoned
from morning until night, waxing ends,
whittling pegs, or driving them into the
tough soles of shoes, new or old. Not a
kind word ever fell on the poor boy's ear.
If he did his work faithfully, he received no
word or look of encouragement. If he fell
to musing, as he sometimes did, he was
roughly aroused by a shake, and a growl to
the effect that he "didn't earn the salt to
his victuals; should like to know what he
expected to do in the world!"

One Saturday, Hugh had the unusual
privilege of half holiday. With the village
boys he could not go to play, for they had
once driven him from their green, with
shouts of scornful laughter. So he turned
down a shaded lane, that led to a dark pine
wood. Through the heart of this wood stole
a still stream of cool water. Upon a mossy
knoll, on its bank, Hugh threw himself down
to cherish and thought.

"To be a shoemaker all my days, and stay
in a staved-up shop!" thought he; "I can't
bear it! But what else can I do? Who
cares for me? Who is there that does not
laugh at me? I wish I was dead, so I do."

He laid his pale cheek on the soft moss,
and watered it with bitter tears. As he
raised his eyes at length, they lighted on a
clear blossom of the fringed gentian. As he
took the flower in his hand, it seemed to him
as though its fringed blue eyes looked lovingly
into his, saying, "God made me!"

"God made you—yes; made you sweet
and beautiful, but how did he make me?"
reasoned the bewildered boy, whose rebel-
lious feelings had by no means left him.
Still he looked fixedly into the flower.

"I don't laugh at your hunched shoulders,
Hugh," it seemed to him again to be saying
softly.

"No—you don't; and if there was one
living blue eye that looked as kind as yours!"
he stopped, and thought for a moment of
little Lilla and her mother. "But that was
only pity; even kind people can never love
me! I wonder if the angels in Heaven will
love me! My mother will, I know!"—and
his lips trembled. "But I am afraid I never
shall be fit to go to her, if these naughty
feelings stay in my heart! I can't help them,
either. It must be God made me for some-
thing, as well as this dear little flower! Yes,

he gave me a soul—the little girl said that!
Perhaps my soul can do something in the
world, though my body is poor and crooked.
I'll try."

And with these little magic words, Hugh
sprang up from his knoll, bumbled the flower
in his vest, and made his way homeward
to his work.

Five years have flown. In the hall of a
village academy, a knot of school-girls are
discussing a weighty matter. The young
men of the academy have been delivering
orations of their own composition, for a
prize; and the result has astonished every
one.

"Is it not too bad," says Sarah, "that
such a fellow should win the prize?"
"Why, had he not as good a right as any
of them?" asks a blue-eyed girl of fourteen
at her side.

"Oh, right, to be sure! but I shouldn't
think such a deformed piece of humanity
would be very forward to push himself be-
fore other people!"

"Should he not make the most of the
gifts God has given him? It is unjust Sarah!
He won the prize fairly, and spoke nobly!
You ought not to be so unkind!"

"I suppose you think no prize too great
for him," responded Sarah, with a malicious
little laugh. "Perhaps he will offer his
services in escorting you to the picnic next
Monday, in return for your eloquent defence
of his rights." The Lily of Lebanon Acad-
emy, as Professor R. called her, would be
honored by such company."

"She would indeed be honored, Sarah, by
any mark of esteem from one whose opinion
is worth something!" replied the blue-eyed
girl, proudly arching her graceful neck.
"Did you never learn those lines of Watts—
'I would be measured by my soul?'"

"The mind's the stature of the man?"
"You are a most unaccountable girl, Lilla
Winstan! But, good evening!—I must not
stand fooling any longer."—And away went
Sarah, followed by most of her mates, while
Lilla returned to the school-room, to search
for a missing book.

"Thank you, Miss Winstan!" These
words, spoken almost in her ear, as she was
bending over her desk, caused her to lift her
head with a start and a blush of surprise.
The deformed Hugh, now a young man of
some seventeen years, stood by her chair,
gazing at her with those mournful, deep,
black eyes, which had often won her sym-
pathy.

"Bless you for your words of kindness!
they have done more for me than a hundred
prizes could! I have learned that there is
at least one in the world who will judge me
by truth—not by sight!"

In the pulpit of one of the principal
churches of D—, rises Sabbath by Sab-
bath, a pale-faced, high-browed man, whose
deformity is the first feature to catch the
eye of the stranger. It is not until you hear
him speak—until you catch the fire from his
eye, and the enthusiasm from his lips, that
you forget to pity the speaker. You do not
wonder then, that he is willing to come be-
fore the public eye weekly, even with the
weight of his natural defects; for who can
think of these, when once carried away by
the tide of his eloquence?

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is
"measured by his soul" in the sight of all
who know him. He has striven nobly, by
the help of his Maker, to fit that soul for
companionship with the spotless apostles
and angels, and a ray of their own pure
light seems to have fallen upon it.

If any one wonders at seeing, after the
church services are over, a young, proud,
beautiful woman, lay her white hand upon
the deformed preacher's arm, to walk down
the richly-carpeted aisle, they have but to
look into Lilla's face for the solution of the
mystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled
form at her side, better than the most
matchless ones of earth, but she is proud of
her noble husband!—[The Little Pilgrim.

The Farewell to Calvary.

[From "Gospel Legends of the Nineteenth Cen-
tury," by A. Constant.]

Jesus crossed the desolate fields of Judea
and stopped upon the arid summit of ancient
Calvary.

There an angel with black brows and
gloomy eye was seated, enveloped in his two
vast wings. It was Satan, the king of the
old world.

The rebellious angel was sad and fatigued,
and he turned away his looks with disgust
from an earth in which evil was without
genius, and in which the enmity of a timid
corruption had taken the place of the Titan-
ian combats of the great men he had taught.
He felt that in trying men he had taught
the strong and deceived only the weak;
therefore he no longer deigned to tempt any
one, and gloomy under his diadem of gold,
he vaguely listened to the fall of souls into
eternity, as to the monotonous drops of an
eternal rain.

Impelled by a force which was unknown
to him, he had come and seated himself upon
Calvary, and thinking of the death of the
Man-God, he was jealous of him.

He was a powerful and beautiful angel;
but he was jealous of the Christ, and that
jealousy was symbolized by a serpent which
buried its head in his bosom, and gnawed
his heart.

Jesus and Mary stood before him and
looked upon him in silence with great pity.
Satan in his turn looked upon the Redeemer
and smiled with bitterness.

"Have you come," said he to him, "to
try and die a second time for your first execution?
Have you tried in vain to change stones into
bread to feed your people, and do you come
to confess to me your defeat? Have you
fallen from the pinnacle of the temple, and
has your divinity been broken by its fall?"

"Do you come to adore me, in order that
you may possess the world? Go! it is too
late now, and I could not deceive you. The
empire of the world has departed from those
who adored me in your name; and I myself
am tired of reigning without glory. If you
are discouraged like me, take your seat by
my side, and let us think no longer of God
or of man."

"I do not come to take a seat by your
side," said the Christ, "I come to raise you,
to forgive you and to console you, in order
that you may cease to be wicked."

"I want none of your forgiveness," re-
plied the bad angel, "and it is not I who am
wicked."

"The wicked one is he who gives to spir-
its a thirst for intelligence, and who envel-
opes truth in an impenetrable mystery. It
is he who allows to their love the glimpse of
an ideal virgin, of a beauty so intoxicating
as to cast them into delirium, and who gives
her to them only to tear her at once from
their first embraces, and to lead her with
eternal chains. It is he in fine who has given
liberty to the angels, and who has pre-
pared infinite punishments for those who did
not wish to be his slaves."

"The wicked one is he who has killed his
innocent son under the pretext of avenging
upon him the crimes of the guilty, and who

has not pardoned the guilty, but has made
the death of his son an additional crime on
his part."

"Why recall to me so bitterly the ignominy
and the cross of men?" returned Jesus.
"I know better than you do how much
they have disgraced the image of God, and
you yourself know very well that God does
not resemble the image they have made of
him."

"God gave you a thirst for intelligence
only to quench it forever with the waters of
eternal truth. But why close your eyes and
seek for daylight in yourself instead of look-
ing at the sun? If you sought the light
where it is, you would find it, for in God
there are neither shadows nor mysteries;
the shadows are in yourself, and the myster-
ies are the weaknesses of your spirit."

"God did not give liberty to his creatures
in order to take her from them again, but he
gives her to them as a wife, and not as an
illegitimate mistress; he desires that they
should possess her and not commit violence
on her, for that chaste daughter of heaven
cannot survive an outrage, and when her
virgin dignity is wounded, liberty is dead to
him who has misunderstood her."

"God does not desire slaves; it is revolted
pride which has created servitude. The
law of God is the royal right of his creatures;
it is the title of their everlasting liberty."

"God did not kill his son, but the son of
God voluntarily gave his life in order to kill
death; and this is why he now lives in the
whole of humanity, and will save all the
generations, from trial to trial he leads
the human family into the promised land,
and they have already tasted its first fruits.
I therefore come to announce to you, O Sa-
tan, that your last hour has arrived, unless
you wish to be free and to reign with me
over the world, by intelligence and love."

"But you shall no longer be called Satan,
you shall resume the glorious name of Luci-
fer, and I will place a star on your brow and
a torch in your hand. You shall be the
genius of labor and of industry, because you
have greatly striven, greatly suffered, and
sadly thought!"

"You shall stretch your wings from one
pole to the other, and you shall hover over
the world; glory shall reawaken at your
voice. Instead of being the pride of isola-
tion, you shall be the sublime pride of de-
votedness, and I will give to you the sceptre
of earth and the key of heaven."

"I do not understand you," said the de-
mon, sadly shaking his head, "and I am not
able to understand you. You know well
that I can no longer love!" And with a
sorrowful gesture the fallen angel showed to
the Christ the wound that furrowed his
chest and the serpent that gnawed his heart.

Jesus turned towards his mother and
looked upon her: Mary understood the eyes
of her son; she approached the unhappy an-
gel, and did not disdain to stretch forth her
hand to him, and to touch his wounded
breast. Then the serpent fell of itself and
expired at the feet of Mary, who crushed it
with her foot; the wound of the angel's heart
was healed, and a tear, the first he had shed,
slowly descended upon the repentant coun-
tenance of Lucifer. That tear was precious
as the blood of a God; and by it were ran-
somed all the blasphemies of hell.

The regenerated angel prostrated himself
upon Calvary, and weeping, kissed the place
where the cross had formerly stood.

Then he rose, triumphing with hope and
radiant with love, and threw himself into
the arms of the Christ.

Then Calvary trembled: its arid summit
was suddenly clothed with a fresh and bril-
liant verdure, and was crowned with flowers.
At the spot where the cross had stood, a
young vine grew and was loaded with ripe
and perfumed fruit.

The Saviour then said: "This is the vine
which shall give the wine of universal com-
munion, and it shall grow until all its
branches shall embrace the whole earth."

Then taking his mother by the hand, he
extended the other to the angel of liberty,
and said: "Let our symbolical forms now
return to heaven; I shall not again come
back to suffer death upon this mountain,
Mary will no longer weep here for her son,
and Lucifer will no longer drag here the re-
morse of his now effaced crime."

"We are now but one spirit: the spirit of
intelligence and of love, the spirit of lib-
erty and of courage, the spirit of life which
has triumphed over death."

Then all three took their flight through
space; and rising to a prodigious height,
they saw the earth and all its kingdoms
stretching their roads towards each other
like arms intertwined; they saw the fields
already green with the first fraternal crops,
and from East to West they heard the mys-
terious prelude of the chant of union. And
towards the north, upon the crest of a bluish
mountain, they saw portrayed the gigantic
figure of a man who raised his arms towards
heaven. Upon his arms could still be seen
the recent marks of the chains he had just
broken, and his chest was scarred like that
of Lucifer. Under his right foot, upon the
sharpest peak of the mountain, still pul-
sated the body of a vampire, the head and
wings of which hung down.

That mountain was the Caucasus; and
the delivered giant who stretched forth his
hands was the ancient Prometheus.

Thus the great divine and human symbols
met and saluted each other under the same
heaven; then they disappeared to give place
to God himself, who came to dwell forever
with men.

Gratitude of Fish.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary
and Philosophical Institution, the following
curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick,
one of its members, with respect to animals.
He stated that when he resided in Durham,
the seat of the Earl of Stamford and War-
rington, he was walking in the Park, and
came to a pond where fish intended for the
table were kept. He took notice of a fine
pike, about six pounds in weight, which,
when he observed him, darted hastily away.
In so doing, it struck its head against a ten-
der hook in a post (of which there were sev-
eral in the pond to prevent poaching), and
as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull,
and turned the optic nerve on one side. The
anguish evinced by the fish was most horri-
ble. It rushed to the bottom, boring in the mud,
whirled itself around with such velocity that
it was almost lost to the sight for a short in-
terval. It then plunged about the pond, and
at length threw itself completely out of the
water on the bank. He (the doctor) went
and examined it, and found that a very small
portion of the brain was protruding from
the fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced
this, and with a small silver tooth-pick raised
the indented portion of the skull. The fish
remained still for a short time, and he then
put it again into the pond. It appeared at
first a good deal relieved, but in a few min-
utes it darted and plunged about until it
threw itself out of the water a second time.
A second time Dr. Warwick did what he
could to relieve it, and again put it into the
water. It continued for several times to

throw itself out of the water, and with the
assistance of the keeper, the doctor made a
kind of pillow for the fish, which was then
laid in the pond to its fate. On making his
appearance at the pond the following morn-
ing, the pike came towards him to the edge
of the water, and actually laid its head upon
his foot. The doctor thought this most ex-
traordinary, and examined the fish's skull,
and found it was going on all right. He then
walked backwards and forwards along the
edge of the pond for some time, and the fish
continued to swim up and down, turning
whenever he turned; but being blind on the
wounded side of the skull, it always appeared
agitated when it had that side towards the
bank, as it could not see its benefactor. On
the next day he took some young friends
down to see the fish, which came to him as
usual; and at length he actually taught the
pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed
out of his hand. With other persons it con-
tinued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr.
Warwick) thought this a most remarkable
instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit
received, and as it always came at his whistle,
it proved also what he had previously
with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fish
are sensible to sound.

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