

WHOLE NO., 106.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

For the New Era

C. HAMMOND, Medium

From the N. Y. Evangelist

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

—like eyes of cherubs, shining
From out the veil that hid the ark.

The year just passed, like all other has taken from a thousand circles the dead, the just and the beloved—there are in a thousand graveyards, which have this year dearer than all the living, but in the loneliness of sorrow, how do we feel the loss of those who have passed from us. They still may move about homes, shedding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace, their own atonement of reproaches of evil. We are compassed by a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts are in sympathy with every effort and who thrill with joy at our successes. Should this thought of theirs and rebuke of our world feeling and unworthy purporting be in the midst of a forgetful, unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace. They have overcome, risen—are crowned, glorified—but remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness they say to us: "So we grieved, so we strived."

so we faint, so we doubted—but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have found all true, and in our heaven behold the certainty of thy own."

THE NEW ERA.

"REHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, } EDITORS.
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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 spirit in the flesh or out, should stand only on its intrinsic merits.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

The Marriage Question.

The subject of the present article is now fairly before our readers, and it seems proper, if not absolutely demanded, that we should say some more definite word thereupon, than we have heretofore done. Some very sensitive friends think we should have done this sooner, but our own judgment has constantly decided otherwise. In relation to a question of this nature, and involving such momentous results, it has seemed to us especially needful to let the effervescence of thought and of passion have its brief day, that the public mind might be the better prepared for a more dispassionate and rational view of the subject, than has, for the most part, been entertained of late in almost any quarter.

All questions, in their outset, are subject to extremes. And this is especially true of Marriage, which is the pivotal question of this age. Very seldom do we find those who are prepared to take neither side exclusively, but who, at the same time, see very clearly the truth and the error of both. Yet now and then, such do appear and say their word, only perhaps, for the time being, to get more kicks and curses, than good will and encouragement. Nevertheless, their word must be said, and if time does not, the eternities will, do them justice. So much then, in preface. We come now to the question itself.

1. WHAT IS MARRIAGE? Does it consist in variety, or in duality? Is it a mere legal and external union, or is it mainly spiritual? We hesitate not to say that marriage is strictly dual in its nature—that it is the union of two, and of two only, in conjugal love. We have no possible faith in the idea of variety, either limited, or universal, if by that term is meant simultaneous change in one's conjugal love—or, in other words, the capacity and strict rightfulness of loving, conjugally, more than one at the same time. The very idea of conjugality, by common consent, excludes the idea of various and simultaneous loves, for conjugality is duality, and that alone. It becomes, therefore, a solecism to talk of simultaneous variety in conjugal love. It is not simply an apparent, but a real paradox. The thing cannot be. There may be other loves, outside the conjugal—as that of charity, friendship, offspring, etc., which may be simultaneous and in variety; but the conjugal passion itself, is essentially dual, and is therefore exclusive, in the legitimate, proper and good sense of that term.

But what proof have we of this? It is said that all nature illustrates the contrary. The male and female principles, we are told, exist throughout all nature—that even the mineral kingdom, as well as the vegetable, animal and human, reveals the principles of sexuality not only, but illustrates the doctrine of variety. There is a constant interchange of positive and negative, or male and female influence, not simply between two minerals, two vegetables, or two animals, but between each other, in almost endless variety. Here is a deposit of iron, copper, silver, or gold, giving off its chemical efflux, positively and negatively, or masculinely and femininely, not in a dual way, simply, but in variety, to any extent. Here, also, is a field of grain in blossom, and its impregnating substance is carried by the four winds, from one stalk to another, and another, and still another, without limit, knowing no exclusiveness—no confinement. And here again is the animal kingdom, with its genera and species—with also, its varied attractions—its constant crossing and re-crossing of breeds, and its endless interchanges of influences which reciprocally affect, not two only, from each other, but many from one, and one from many, on the male and female principles. So, also, it is argued, should it be with human beings, for the same law holds here as in all other departments of nature. If the law of variety is found everywhere else, and where, too, this principle of sex is especially concerned, why should it not be found also to be true of man—of the human race?

The argument for variety, thus drawn from nature below and outside of man, it is said, is confirmed by human history. Scarcely a nation has yet existed, which has not, in some form, not only tolerated, but approved of polygamy. And those nations which have been openly and professedly monogamic, have not been able, after all, to suppress, except in part, and mostly in mere outside public opinion and conventional arrangements, the actual manifestations of that love of variety in sexuality, which is true of all nature elsewhere. The conclusion therefore is, that variety in love is native and radical in man and woman, and that all confinement, or dual exclusiveness, is contrary to the nature and the well-being of the race.

We have thus endeavored to give the argument its full force, and its advocates the

full advantage of this specious and seemingly plausible reasoning. We have done so, in order to give them no just cause of complaint, while at the same time we might be enabled thereby to present a more striking contrast between truth and error, on this subject, than we otherwise could possibly have done.

And now, in replying, we may say in the outset, that the reasoning we have glanced at puts man on a level, not simply with the brutes, but lower still—with mere vegetable and mineral nature. And here is where it sadly fails, for although the great primary law of sexual union is essentially the same in all kingdoms, and although man is the complement, or epitome of the whole, yet he is *vastly* more than such complement or epitome. Man has a spiritually personal nature, which far outstrips all the relations of laws, elements, substances, creatures and influences in each and all the kingdoms below himself. The vegetable may grow out of the mineral, the animal out of both, and man, so far as they go, may be the culmination of them all, yet if he were no more than that, he would be no more than a *hormonal animal*; he would have no spiritual nature—no properly reasoning intellect—no spiritual attributes. He would be simply and only, the great representative of *animal nature*—he would not be *MAN*. But being man, by virtue of a manhood superadded to his animal being, which gives to that being all its essential glory and crown, which, while it unites, yet divides the manhood from the animal attributes, the primary law of sexuality rises here to a similar dignity, and is characterized by qualities and principles as far above animal, vegetable and mineral variety, in their interchange of sexual influences, as the personality, human form and angelic nature of man, are superior to merely diffusible elements, unconscious forces and abstract laws. Minerals, vegetables and animals are utterly incapable of forming intelligent, and spiritually and morally conscious sexual relations with each other; and especially are they incapable of calculating and providing for those multitudinous, ever-varying and elevated wants and results which constantly flow from the union of the sexes of the human race.

There is, therefore, a marked difference between man and all nature besides; and this difference puts every law of nature, outside of man, into different relations to him, when such law enters into, and becomes a part of himself. Purposes have now to be fulfilled and objects gained, which never could enter into the economy of the lower kingdoms, and hence the demands of the sexual law involve different relations, and those, too, of a more sacred and important character, in human beings, than in all nature besides.

While, therefore, the laws of nature in the inferior kingdoms may be the same essentially, or in principle, with those in the human race, it is plain that in the latter, these same laws become more complicated, imply new relations, and involve different results. And furthermore, such being the case, we involve ourselves in endless absurdities, when we attempt to draw an exact parallel throughout, between human sexuality, or marriage, in its true and normal sense, and the relations and operations of the same essential principle, or law, in either or all of the three kingdoms below man.

And in relation to the argument from human history, it may be said, that we have so little that is truly normal in that, in relation to the question under consideration, and what we have of a healthy character is so much on the side of duality, that it would seem the argument for variety must utterly fail in this direction. The Polygamy of ancient times, not only among the Heathen, but also among the Jews, as also that of a later day, not entirely confined to these classes, we should much sooner think the result of an inordinate and diseased sexuality, than of a healthy or normal tone of that passion of our nature. At any rate, it is a fact of history, that polygamy and its adjuncts, have always existed among those people who have been noted for very strong passions of the kind under consideration. But we think it will hardly be contended, on reflection, that this argument from history is tantamount to an argument from nature, inasmuch as nature is pretty effectually covered up by disease, so far as the history goes on that side of the question. Furthermore, when we take a comprehensive view of history in the premises, its testimony is very strongly on the side of the dual marriage, in this one particular, if no other,—viz.: that while polygamy and consequent variety have existed mainly among the older nations, and the ruler, less cultivated and less spiritually elevated people, the monogamic or dual marriage has prevailed most under the light and refinement of the later civilizations. True, even here, marriage is vastly inferior in character to the true idea of the conjugal relation, but at the same time, we find the idea of duality, or pairing, keeping exact pace with the progress of the human race. And in saying this, we do not overlook the great Mormon fact of these times, or the more formidable, because more subtle, doctrine of variety, as taught by some agitators of the present times. We look upon this, however, as the great summoning occasion of a mighty battle of principles already fairly begun, and not to be ended till the great doctrine of conjugal union, or dual marriage, is brought out into bolder relief than ever before,—its laws, principles, and results thoroughly comprehended and acted upon—till loftier ideas of marriage are entertained, and vastly purer motives are cherished and made the constant promptings of such marriages as the angels smile upon, and God himself approves. But we must reserve much we would say for other opportunities. N.

Several articles intended for this paper are necessarily omitted. Correspondents will have patience.

Conference at Harmony Hall.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 8TH.

It is seldom our privilege to meet with the friends, and take part in the discussions of the weekly Conferences of this city. But on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8th, we embraced the opportunity offered us, and met a quiet little circle of believers in Spiritualism at the Hall named above. The topic for discussion on this occasion, was *PSYCHOMETRY*. We proposed the subject for consideration, and endeavored to get at the philosophy of it. The statement and the argument were substantially these: That, although the human powers, (i. e., of the Psychometrist,) the autograph, etc., were absolutely necessary to the result, yet that they served rather as *occasions*, than as *causes*. The Psychometrist does not, of himself, read the life-story of the writer of an autograph, or of a letter, but is made the organ of doing it, by operative causes superior to himself. These causes are Spiritual, and from the world of of causes. Spiritual beings, partly from personal knowledge of the person whose character is to be read, and partly from their clairvoyant powers, come *en rapport* with the Psychometrist, and use his organs for the work, while, to all appearance, the Psychometrist himself does the whole of it. And the use of the autograph, the letter, or any thing else that may have been in contact with the person whose character is to be read, is simply to serve as a bond of connection, or to make an occasion for the reading.

So much, then, for the statement. Now for the argument. It is granted, that the autograph, especially when written with ink, may be impregnated with the soul-magnetism of the writer. But it is hardly supposable that such magnetism will remain with the autograph for the space of a hundred years. And yet it is a fact, that letters a hundred years old have been as accurately psychometrized, as those just written,—or as the living person, whose hand takes that of the psychometrist. If we suppose the person present, who wrote the letter while in the flesh, or some other one who was familiar with his character when on earth, and making use of the organs of the apparent reader, the thing is easily explained. But to suppose there is enough soul-magnetism remaining, after the lapse of a hundred years, seems quite impossible. Even what is called the permanent magnet, if left without its armature, in contact with other freely conducting substances, would lose all its attractive force in less than one half of that time. This soul-magnetism is evidently governed by a similar law, and must, therefore, be diffused long before the hundred years are out. What is there, then, in the ancient autograph to excite the powers of the psychometrist, so as to enable him to read, accurately and vividly, the character of the writer? Plainly, nothing at all, or next to that. Certainly, there is not *cause* enough here to balance the effect. The former, therefore, must be sought elsewhere.

This view of the subject, however, does not, in the least, contravene the idea of a constant efflux of soul-magnetism from each person of the human race, or from the fingers and the pen of a writer, which impregnates everything with which it comes in contact, and especially the letter which is being written; but the question is, whether there is enough in this substantive efflux, which, *per se*, is as unconscious as any other diffusible element of nature, to account for the result we witness? It would seem that there is not.

Dr. FELCH, quoting the language of some eminent savan, replied to our remarks, by saying, that "if the premises were correct, the conclusion" we drew from them, "must be true also," which, of course, was decidedly non-committal. The Dr. also made several other apt observations which we cannot recall.

Mr. ATKINS coincided with our view of the matter, and related a case in his own experience, which confirmed that view. A gentleman on Cape Cod had written his autograph with a pencil, to make a trial, in that way, of this soul-reading. Now, it is plain that the steel pen and the liquid ink are more ready conductors of magnetism, than a dry lead pencil; and it may, therefore, be fairly supposed, that the autograph written with the latter, would be less fully charged, than with the former; and yet there is no perceptible difference in the results.

Mr. BLACKER did not feel competent to treat this matter; but he did feel, that the time was speedily coming when we shall understand and live by *law*. And this he thought would be the *practical* tendency of Psychometry. Hereafter almost everybody has lived in constant violation of nature's laws, and questions like the present will tend to make nature more transparent to us, so that we shall know what she is—what her laws are—what our relations to her and them; and therefore, what our life ought to be.

We responded to this practical idea, and suggested, that we unconsciously, yet really and constantly affect each other, for good or evil, by the constant efflux of soul-magnetism. If we cherish elevated thought and sentiment, an elevated efflux radiates from us, and mingles with the spheres of others; and *vice versa*.

Dr. FELCH mentioned the fact, that a dog would readily track his master, whether the latter wore old boots or new ones, in confirmation of this idea of efflux.

Mr. ENSON did not think we were forced to adopt the Spiritual theory of Psychometry. The dog, he said, was a natural clairvoyant—an organ for the soul of the Universe to operate through instinctively. So may we be organs also, on a higher plane. And the soul of the Universe may read, to us, individual souls, through the personal organism of the psychometrist, on the clairvoyant principle. So we are not obliged to suppose individual spirits to be *en rapport* with the visible reader, in order to account for the result.

Mr. LOVELAND did not agree with the clairvoyant view. The psychometrist *feels*—not sees. He had, furthermore, no doubt that

the soul of the writer impressed itself upon the autograph; and if Spirits do the reading, through the organs of the psychometrist, there is no need of an autograph.

We reiterated, that the use of an autograph is to make an *occasion* for the reading. If there were no occasion for the reading, there would be no reading.

Mr. CROSBY thought Spirits helped the psychometrist, and related a fact concerning friend Wilson's psychometrical delineations, which illustrated the point.

Dr. FELCH illustrated Bro. Loveland's position, that the psychometrist *feels*, and thereby determines the character he is reading, by relating the fact concerning a piece of money and its magnetic qualities in connexion with sensitive. Such determine to whom the money belongs by feeling alone—not by clairvoyance.

Mr. LOVELAND did not believe in giving up one's individuality, and attributing the whole of Psychometry to Spirits—making them the sole cause in the case.

We replied, that our view of the matter did not thus yield the whole to them. It was true, that the Spirit World, being the *world of causes*, as all admit, became the *primary* cause in these readings; but, inasmuch, as the human medium, the autograph, and all other conditions requisite to the result produced, furnished the general occasion for the action of the primary causes, these also, in their turn, became, together, a secondary cause to the same end. It is thus that occasions form one—though an inferior—element of all causation; and while this idea remains, the psychometrist has no reason for parting with his individualities.

"Nothing New."

Dr. J. H. ROBINSON, in the last *Spiritual Telegraph*, thus disposes of that assumption which the opponents of Spiritualism so generally make in their last resort, when all other subterfuges fail—namely, "Spirits communicate nothing new." He is dealing especially with the *New York Tribune*; and although that allegation is capable of a still further reply, yet this ought to be sufficient to close the mouths of those who so thoughtlessly use it:—

"The *Tribune* has been in circulation several years, and carried many thousands of columns of matter to various parts of the Union. It has done more real, radical, practical talking than any paper in the country. Now will the frisky 'ghost' editor, who loveth to haunt the columns of the *Tribune*, and fliteth darkly about the editorial kenel, be so very kind and obliging as to inform me, and the world generally, what new principle in Art, Science, or Philosophy it has sent forth to enlighten the world, of which it can justly claim the paternity. Gentle spectre, I pause for a response! What has the organ you delight to honor with the playful children of your brain originated, that nobody ever thought of before?"

Still, has not the *Tribune* exercised a strong and lasting influence on the minds of men? Would it be too charitable to suppose that it has been the instrument of positive good to the human family? And yet the *Tribune* has not made a single grand discovery, notwithstanding it has communicated with the world so many years, and done so much hard rapping. Is the worth of anything to be measured by its absolute newness? What did Jesus of Nazareth, the most noted of reformers, teach that was positively new? He proclaimed the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and insisted on the practical acknowledgment of the "Golden Rule." Had not Confucius and several other "heavenly philosophers" taught the same doctrines? Many think that he was the "very God," yet find not a word of fault because he preached no doctrines entirely new. If a God could teach nothing higher, and nobler than brotherly love, what can Trinitarians expect of departed human spirits, in all essential respects beings like ourselves? Does the spectre editor feel inclined to undervalue the ministry of Jesus, because he inculcated such plain and simple truths? Far from it, I imagine. He is quite aware that that personage has exercised a very great influence on the destiny of the world. As a reformer, the majority of Spiritualists receive, believe in him, and love his pure and peaceful doctrines. They desire nothing better than the full realization of his prophecies. They believe the churches have the form without the power of godliness—the external code without the inner life and spirit of Christ, written on the tablet of the mind. Churchmen hope they shall have a conscious existence after the death of the body, Spiritualists *know* they shall. Hence most of the latter class have a strong faith in the practicability of many of the strange things recorded in the Bible, and believed to be miraculous or contrary to the laws of Nature.

The *Tribune* has been in operation longer than the marvels of modern Spiritualism, yet it has convinced nobody of the immortality of the soul; Spiritualism has convinced thousands. Horace Greeley (the responsible editor) is a man of genius—as such a special instrument of Heaven as Henry Ward Beecher, or a clever shoemaker, blacksmith, or anybody else—but he gives us nothing wonderfully new."

Lectures in Lowell.

The friends of Spiritualism in Lowell are awake to the claims of the cause in that city, and are having lectures every Sunday by a variety of speakers. They have already made arrangements to continue these lectures to the first of January; when they hope to be better able to go forward, possess themselves of a more convenient place of meeting, and give a more substantial character to the movement in their locality. They now hold, and will continue to hold, their meetings in Wells' Hall until the time specified above, three times on Sunday, the afternoon being specially devoted to a free conference, while the morning and evening are occupied in listening to lectures.

MELDEON COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the contributors to the "Meldeon Fund" held at that Hall on Sunday morning last, the following persons were appointed a Board of Directors to manage the Spiritualists' meetings held in that place:

J. S. Loveland, Chairman; M. T. Dole, Secretary; John Wood, William R. Hayden, W. K. Lewis, Abijah Fessenden, John Wilkins.

A. J. Davis's Lectures.

The teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy spoke on Tuesday and Friday evenings of last week in the Music Hall Lecture Room, and in the Meldeon on Sunday afternoon and evening, Nov. 19th. We were unable to be present at the first two lectures, but a friend has furnished us the following synopsis of that of Friday evening:

Mr. Davis announced as his subject "The extent and import of Nature," and as his text therefor the lines which were by some poet applied to the Bible:—

"Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."

Mr. D. first spoke of the entire inability of the great mass of people to comprehend the beauties of nature. To them it is a meaningless mass, from which they are to procure their subsistence—nothing more. To others it is God's footstool, very prettily carpeted and decorated, but only a footstool to the Almighty. To others it is a sort of basement story or cellar-kitchen of God's Universe. Some look on its most beautiful and sublime scenes without any deep and refined emotions whatever. It was related of Byron that he was once riding in a stage-coach through a very beautiful tract of country, the only occupant of the coach besides himself being a lady. Occasionally she would interrupt Byron's deep meditations on the ever-varying beauties which met his eye. At last a line of very beautiful hills came in view, when she said to him, "How pretty them hills is, ain't they?" "Driver!" exclaimed Byron, putting his head out at the window, "stop and let me get out; I'll walk," unable longer to endure it. A New York dandy once visited Niagara Falls. On reaching there he took out his eye-glass and after surveying it a moment said, "An exceedingly fine display; but, Fwed," turning to his companion, "come away, it makes such a disagreeable roar." These, said the speaker, are the only emotions produced in the breasts of some by such scenes.

But to him who comes with his perceptions quickened by an intercourse with Nature, each rose and violet is the symbol of something higher and better, and did we know how to question it, it would teach us some of the deepest lessons of life. The tree, to the chemist, is composed of so many chemicals of different kinds; to the anatomist it is the teacher of anatomy; the traveler who reposes beneath its boughs, is reminded of a canopy formed by guardians for his case, as he refreshes his weary body beneath its shade and listens to the carols of the birds in its boughs; the philosopher had from time immemorial referred to "the brave old oak," and taught many lessons therefrom; but to the thinking Spiritualist it suggested deeper and holier lessons still.

The earth is two hundred and fifty thousand miles in circumference, yet how few have bestowed much thought upon it. How much yet unexplored land near where Franklin recently perished; how much in Patagonia! The ocean between the American coast and Asia is constantly traversed now, yet how few had meditated upon the vast expanse of water there.

Mr. D. thought the surface of the earth had formerly been rough, mountainous rocks, traversed by strong, impetuous currents of water, which in washing the stones back and forth, had caused a continual rubbing of them together, and the effects of this was the first land. He does not sympathize with the idea that God made in six days, in its present complete manner, "the earth and all that therein is," but believes that Nature by her own operations produced a great portion of her present population of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. For instance, if a man does not disturb a tract of primeval forest after its being burned over, it will produce the first year fire-weed; cut it down, and the next year it will produce smart-weed; cut it again, and the next year it will produce a very long, coarse grass, such as no cattle will eat; the next year it will produce Timothy grass; the fifth year it will produce a wild oat, and so on, producing every year something more valuable. So with trees. The meaneast kind of land produces pines; the next, chestnut, and so on, up to the more valuable sorts, arriving in other climates to delicious fruits. This was caused by the natural properties of the vegetation imparted to the earth each by their decomposition.

He passed lightly over the contemplation of the million and a half species of the animal world, to the most grand, most sublime of all things,—nine hundred millions of men and women who at this time inhabit the earth. The speaker was not of the opinion that the body was created and then the spirit fashioned to suit that vessel and its different organs, as is taught by the popular theology. He said that his first experience as a clairvoyant was as if the soul left the body and visited different places. He labored under this mistake some four years before he discovered to the contrary. The mind of each man daguerreotypes itself upon the atmosphere, and a person in the clairvoyant state reads, not the mind, but the daguerreotype of the mind. While in that state, the clairvoyant saw an entirely different representation over the cities of New York, Boston, London, Paris, Vienna, etc., according to the character and intelligence of the inhabitants.

And now the time has arrived when the world of men is brought into nearer communion with the spirit-world than ever before, and their influences are being exercised upon it. It is so in literature, politics, war. The spirits of departed Russian soldiers had informed him that many in their ranks longed to leave and fight for the Turks, but dared not. He read an exordium given through him by a member of the Spiritual Congress before the war commenced, which asserted that Russia would not be successful; her generals would lose their cunning. This was being fulfilled. A great lesson of the war in

the east is, that man is beginning to look more at justice, and less at dogmas and creeds; for Christian nations were now allying themselves with Pagan, to fight against Christians, for justice.

Thus, said Mr. Davis, he had endeavored to give some idea of Nature, but how slight were his remarks compared with the subject. He had not entered upon the threshold. How grand the theme! Let us strive to become more capable of studying, comprehending and enjoying her.

We have notes of the Sunday lectures which we have not room to insert in this paper. Both efforts were listened to by large and intelligent audiences. Mr. D. aimed to exhibit the true nature and tendencies of the Spiritual movement, and his remarks were characterized by a geniality and vigorous good sense which commended him and his subject to the better feelings of his auditors.

Communications.

Letter from Warren Chase.

The following is the remainder of the communication from which we gave the first paragraph last week.

Bro. Hewitt:—I send this short, "picked-up" letter more to inform my friends of my whereabouts, my latitude and longitude, than to instruct or advise; but I must drop in here a specimen of religious fanaticism which I found in my travels, but which the press which circulates so much gossip about Spiritualists, has failed to promulgate. A young man in a small village in Indiana, (Knights-town) not long ago became religious and fanatical to that degree that he declared both his hands had offended, and according to Scripture he must cut them off; but as he could not cut both off himself he would burn them off. For that purpose he thrust them into a hot fire, and before he could be drawn away, actually burned them so as to result in his death soon after. Would not this horrible fact (for it is a fact, as any one can ascertain by inquiry in that town) be of use to our friends of the *Oliver Branch*, and post them up in the character and effect of delusions! Would they not have found out and used this act, if it could have been traced to Spiritualism as its source? The Bible literally followed; leads to some terrible results to fanatics, of which there are thousands of instances, both recorded and unrecorded. In fact, I believe I have heard of a preacher of sectarian religion who left his wife and ran away, or tried to, with a woman some other man legally owned. Wonder if the *Oliver Branch* would find a fact of this character; and if so, if it would do as it does by Spiritualism with such facts!

Now, Bro. Snow, or any others, I am sorry I have hurt your feelings by the severity of my review of Bro. Ballou's article. I cannot, however, for my life, discover where in I have done injustice to truth or to Spiritualism. I was not mistaken in my belief when I read that article, that it would afford more material for our opponents upon which to slander and abuse us, than any article of its length ever published by friend or foe. It has done so; and hence, as I supposed, it was (however honestly designed) the most deadly stab we have ever had. But it is not fatal; for the healing power is yet sufficient. My brother thinks I have some idolatry remaining. I have ever been termed infidel, and was not aware of ever having or worshipping any idol. If I do, and my brother will name the object of idolatry, I will hand it over to him, and worship outside.

I have recently met Mrs. Thomas, and find her an excellent medium, but teaching in my presence no such fears or allusions to "free-loveism" as Brother Ballou referred to; but both herself and the spirits through her, in my presence, teach and believe on this subject as I and Spiritualists generally do. But I did not intend ever to refer to this letter or discussion again, and I do it now merely to say I have nothing to take back. Yet I deny all hard feelings, all envy or hatred; for I felt nothing but kindness and pity, however severe my expressions might have appeared to some religiously sensitive friends. They often give me hard pills to swallow when they drag into Spiritualism modern or ancient idolatry, as superior to the unfoldings of the human intellect in the Rationalism or Spiritualism of our age. But I endeavor to excuse it, and make the proper allowances for education and condition, and never feel offended, nor withdraw my efforts or support from the cause or the papers on that account. I should be sorry to see our sensitive brethren show less charity for one who has ever been skeptical till facts and philosophy had reached and converted him, than such an infidel shows and feels for them.

One more item, and I have done. The letter of Brother Sunderland to me, in the last Era, needs no reply from me. I am glad, and so will many others be, to see Bro. S. winding, (to use a sea-phrase,) and I hope hereafter he will sail with us and with God in *Nature*, not *discreet* from Nature. Those who have read his letters and my comments will be able to judge of our positions and do justice to us both. If I did misunderstand my brother, I am glad, for he has thus been led to set others right, who also misunderstood him as I did. I meant all I said in my letter to Bro. S. of my experience; but as I find and recognize no evil, and in an absolute sense, no high or low, (only relative) and positively no good or bad, and progression only as change, of course I could have no evil communications, but only harmony and inharmony; expressed in extremes of love and hate, or positive evil. He that dwells in and feels in love and harmony is happy, and the opposite unhappy. Their conditions are named in extremes sometimes Heaven and Hell. Still I suppose "all partial evil is universal good." Now let me pass, brethren, as

WARREN CHASE.

AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 6th, 1854.

Weekly Record of Phenomena.

Spiritual Manifestations in London thirty years ago.

Messrs. Editors.—Were it possible to satisfy the human mind in reference to its underlying interests in the yet, to us, unknown, because untrodden, future, by the mere speculative theories of men, in either the past or present age, methinks we have enough to satisfy the most skeptical enquirer. But the ever continued, and still continuous cry for facts in reference to our existence in the future, are proofs, clear and demonstrative, that the mind can never rest its belief alone upon mere abstract and intangible theories, unsubstantiated by the most palpable and irrefragable facts; and in evidence of this, I refer you and your readers to the varied classes of phenomena spread through the entire range of Scripture history, and which have invariably preceded the different theories.

And while we admit that these things have subserved the purposes for which they were given, in their adaptiveness to the wants of the people of that age, we cannot surely deem it wrong that the people of the present age should seek similar evidence to satisfy the demands of their external senses as to the internal reality; especially when we find nature so lavish in unfolding her mysteries to the inhabitants of earth, and calling upon them to behold these symbols of wisdom; to investigate, to classify, and to arrange them, so that they may no longer remain ignorant of her laws by which they are surrounded and governed, and which connect man with an all-related system of things, both as it pertains to this world and that which is to come. It is then in view of these facts, and in answer to the "cui bono" so constantly sounded in our ears in reference to the phenomena called Spiritual Manifestations, that I have resolved to give you a relation of facts, which came (many of them) under my own special notice, and all having occurred in the house of my sister, who resided at that time (about thirty years ago) in London. They can be well attested to, if needed. But to proceed:

Some few years after my sister's marriage, she was wont, in her frequent visits with her husband and little ones, to the home of her childhood, to make frequent complaints that their domestic tranquility at home was much disturbed and broken in upon by certain strange noises in the house, such as the ringing of the street door bell, and the bells in the different rooms connecting with the kitchen; sounds of some one with thick, heavy-nailed shoes coming down stairs; the opening of doors after they had been locked and bolted; the running of the mangle after all the inmates of the house had gone to rest; moving about of a small work table; flatirons coming down from the shelves on which they were placed; the long lath window-blinds coming down out of their brackets, with crashing noises like the falling in of the roof of the house; and numberless other strange things, to all of which would our family lend a listening ear.

At that period, few indeed of those in the middle walks of life, were acquainted with the nature of those subtle and imperceptible agencies, with whose action and effects we are now so generally familiar; and in order to a proper solution of these occult mysteries, they were obliged to be referred to those minds, who were thought to be alone capable of solving them; and of course the minister was among the first to be applied to. He, after witnessing many of the demonstrations, arrived at the sage conclusion that the whole affair was the work of the devil. This disposition of the matter, though perhaps conclusive to his mind, was not exactly so to ours; and as my sister's husband held a long lease of the house and premises, (he being a shipwright and boat-builder,) they could not leave the place without involving themselves in a great sacrifice of property. I mention this in order to account for their remaining there under such unpleasant circumstances, and it will tend to throw some light upon what follows. His business involving him in the necessity of being frequently from home, my sister, not liking to remain in the house with only the servant girl and the children, would, on those occasions, ask my brother or myself, sometimes both, to remain with her a few days till he should return. This gave us full opportunity of witnessing many of the strange things already spoken of. But I will now relate more in detail the various phenomena as they occurred from time to time, to the best of my recollection.

On one occasion, when at the house with my father, in the day time, we had no sooner got within the passage and shut the street door, than the door-bell began to ring most violently. My father being nearest the door instantly opened it, believing it to be a trick of some one; but, to his surprise, the bell-handle was working in and out most violently, and that without any visible aid. He of course took hold of it to try and stop it, but without avail. It forced itself from his hand with the utmost ease. We then went into a back parlor, and were talking with my sister on the subject, when the bell in the kitchen began to ring most lustily, and on looking at the side of the fireplace, we saw the bell-pull working like that of the street door, without visible aid.

These things being of almost daily occurrence, and of course very annoying, my brother took down the bells in the passage and lower rooms, thinking if it was a trick played by any one, that would stop it. But alas! the bell-pulls, wires and cranks, danced as merrily as before. At another time, when staying there with my brother, we had just retired to rest, and had not been in bed many minutes before the bed-clothes were dragged off on to the floor. No sooner were they righted than off they went again; once more set right, we were no further molested in that way. But while speaking of these strange things, the bell

connected with this chamber began to ring. My brother then got out of bed, and applied the end of a thick oak walking-stick, which stood in the room, against the crank of the bell, the other end resting on his breast, when he was repelled backwards with considerable force.

Another instance; I went one evening to see my sister, but found both her and her husband were gone out. The girl saying she soon expected them home, I was induced to stop, and while there an uncle came to see them. While we were chatting over family matters, awaiting their return, imagine our surprise to see a small oval work-table which stood in the kitchen, begin to move about the room. My uncle, a man naturally timid, began to manifest symptoms of uneasiness, when the flatirons, on a shelf behind where he sat, came tumbling down one after another, till all had left their resting-place, and without apparently anything to cause their disturbance. This was immediately followed by the sound as of some one with heavy nailed shoes or boots on, clumping heavily down the stairs, and whom we expected instantly to see in the kitchen with us, but we saw no one. The fears of my uncle had now attained their height; he seized his hat and made a very speedy exit from the house, and to the heat of my recollection, never entered it again.

On another visit to the house with my father and mother, on a fine bright day in summer, as we were standing in a garden at the back of the house, talking about these things with my sister, (for they had become now a general theme of conversation whenever we met, and throughout the neighborhood,) the long green blinds (as we term them) came down from their brackets with much force. My father directly called the joiner, who was at work in a building contiguous to the house, to come and fix them up firmly in the brackets, which he did, inserting the gudgeons in the rest of the brackets, full an inch and a half in depth; at the same time saying that he did not think they would stay there long, for when they were at their pranks, nothing would hold them. Scarcely had he spoken, and while looking up at them, down they came with a rush. They were subsequently put up again and then allowed to rest. So frequent were these things that it was very difficult for my sister to get a girl to remain long with her, they became so alarmed.

I must now relate a circumstance that took place there, but to which I was not an eye-witness, but received the account from my sister and her husband, corroborated by a gentleman who was in the house when it occurred. One evening, as my brother and the captain of a vessel for which he had been doing some heavy repairs, were sitting in a back parlor, making out the ship's accounts, they were suddenly alarmed by a loud scream, and the sound of some one falling on the floor, proceeding from the kitchen. Upon going down stairs, they found my sister lying in the door-way between the front and back kitchens, where she had received the alarm, fainted, and fallen. Upon restoring her, however, they learned the cause of all the difficulty. She was doing some ironing, and in passing from the front to the back kitchen to get her irons, as she came to the door, a figure arose up before her and prevented her from passing; upon which she screamed and fainted. This is the matter in brief.

I will now relate a circumstance which took place one Sunday afternoon. While my sister was making her toilet in an ante-room, between two chambers, the slap of a hand on her back, as loud as that given by any human hand, and leaving the print on her back, caused her to swoon, and she fell to the floor. The noise of the slap on her back had aroused her husband, who had thrown himself on the bed in the front chamber, waiting the completion of her toilet, as they were going to church. He came forth just as she was falling; and I have heard him often speak of the circumstance, and when asked if it might not have been imagination, reply, that hearing so loud a noise close to him, and instantly seeing the print of the hand ere the blow could have had time to recede, were too plain evidences to be other than real.

I shall now give one more circumstance ere I conclude this narrative of facts. One night, at the request of my sister, her husband being absent on business, I went to stay there, to see to the place being locked up after the men had left, it being winter and they were working by candle-light. When the men were gone, I went through the boat-lofts, in which were suspended many new boats, and boats under repair, to see that all was safe from fire. Having satisfied myself, I returned through the garden into the house, the entrance to which was through two doors, the outer one leading to the garden, a sash or glass door, fastened by two bolts as well as a lock—the other two folding-doors, merely fastened by two bolts, both of which I fastened; also the door leading from the back parlor to the passage, together with the passage door, and then retired. The room in which I slept was a front chamber, over the one in which my sister slept, and which looked into the street.

I had been in bed perhaps an hour, but was not yet asleep, when the street door-bell began to ring most violently. I jumped out of bed, and threw up the window, but all was still and calm, and the moon shone bright; and I could see the handle of the door-bell working in and out, but no visible being touching it. I then got into bed again, and might have laid there for half an hour, ruminating upon these strange mysteries, when suddenly there came a noise, and the house was shaken to the very foundation. I could conclude nothing else than that all the heavy ship-boats had broken from their lashings, and had carried away both floors. After recovering myself from the fright, I got up, dressed, went down stairs, and took a light from my sister, who, with the girl,

were in a terrible state of alarm. Judge, if you can, of my surprise on beholding the doors which I had locked and bolted only an hour or two before, all open to my egress. I passed through the shed where they made the masts, oars and blocks, up into both boat-lofts, and if my surprise was great at the noise I had just heard, and what I had seen, it was certainly greater on beholding all things in their places, as I had left them when I went to bed. I returned, went to bed again, and heard no more that night.

I could mention many other things of a like character, but I am warned that this letter is already too long, and therefore shall conclude with a few remarks. Shortly after these things had been seen and heard, my sister died. Her husband married again, and I have not learned that they have ever been troubled since. This leads me to infer that my sister must have been the medium through whom some of these manifestations were made, and I presume others may be accounted for in the peculiar electrical conditions of the place.

Now, Messrs. Editors, in view of the above given facts, combined with similar ones coming to us through all ages, and through different classes and conditions of people, supported and confirmed as they are by the multitudinous evidence of the present age, may we not reasonably infer that Spiritual intercourse is as much a reality of the present, as it is allowed and admitted to have been of the past? Why, I ask in the name of reason and common sense, is it demanded of men, by the religious teachers of all ages, that they believe in these things as coming through and based upon mere human authorities of the past, when they deny to the authority of the present the same right of belief, based, as we deem that belief to be, not only on the revelations of the past, but most fully substantiated, corroborated and confirmed in the more extensively unfolding phenomena of the present? If, as has been asserted by some, (but I believe falsely,) we have no right to doubt the authority of the past, coming to us as it does so strongly attested, and confirmed by so many competent witnesses, I think they should allow to the human family in this more progressed age of the world's history, the privilege of believing the evidence of their own senses in matters of this kind, in preference, at least, to that of others. This, man everywhere demands, as an inalienable right of his being. I will here (instead of inserting it,) refer your readers to an extract from "Reid on the Mind," made by Judge Edmunds in his work on Spiritualism, page 14; and with this I shall conclude, and subscribe myself

Ever yours in the cause of Truth,
THOS. MIDDLETON.
Woodstock, Vt.

Mr. L. Parker, of Manchester, Conn., writes us concerning some facts and phenomena personally witnessed by himself, and of which we give the following digest: He says that during the month of July last, Mr. William Hulme, a speaking, writing, and rapping medium, spent nearly a week at his house. Soon after his arrival, the Spirits called the attention of our correspondent to some copper tacks lying in a certain place in the mill where the medium had never been, and advised him to take care of them as they were new. In reply to a question, the Spirits said the tacks were No. 12, which was the fact. On one evening, after the medium had retired to bed, Mr. Parker and his two sons being in other beds in the same room, the Spirits made various demonstrations, by carrying and throwing things about the room, answering questions by pounding with a boot upon the floor, pulling up the carpet and piling it up in the middle of the floor, moving the table to and fro, and answering questions by tipping it while the medium was not near it, etc. By request, the Spirits promised to write without the aid of the medium's hand, and tell, the next morning, where their writing might be found. The next morning they accordingly directed them to search in an adjoining room in an upper story of the house, on doing which there was writing found perfectly executed. Soon after, being with the medium at the house of Mr. O. Spencer, in South Manchester, Mr. P. was directed to look under the table around which they were seated. He did so, and found a knot, ribbon and buckle, which, it would seem, the Spirits must have carried from his house, three miles distant. A lady present was requested to read from the Bible, which she declined to do, saying that she had left her spectacles at home. The spectacles were presently brought into the room by invisible hands, though the distance to the lady's residence was half a mile! (Spiritual Telegraph.)

To Our Friends.
Do our friends realize our needs? Do they not know many persons interested in Spiritualism who would easily be induced to take the paper if the same were shown, and its merits made known to them? Will they not do what lies in their power to extend our circulation, and thus give us the needed help? These, friends, are three direct and practical questions. They need no explanation, except, perhaps, that we should say, that, with the amount of matter we give our readers weekly, (to say nothing of its quality,) we really ought to have our subscription doubled. Friends, one and all, will you do what you can to that end immediately? It only needs that each subscriber to the ERA now, get one of his neighbors to give in his name, with \$1.50 in advance, and the work is done. That is just one of the easiest things in the world—only to get one subscriber each—and our list is doubled, our hands are strengthened, our hearts encouraged, and our needs are met. We speak to you, friends, the simple truth, when we say what we do of our needs; and we ent. With these questions, Shall the list of the New Era be doubled? And will you do it now?

DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, of this city, will speak in the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening next. The subject of the afternoon lecture will be, "What good will Modern Spiritualism do?" In the evening he will give, "Evenings with the Spirits at Koons' Spirit-room, Ohio," illustrated by sketches and diagrams. An admission fee of ten cents charged in the evening to non-subscribers.

WARREN CHASE lectures at Worcester Nov. 25th, and will be in this city Dec. 1st. He will probably speak in the Melodeon on Sunday, Dec. 3d. His address will be Boston, Mass., during December and January, where the friends wishing him to lecture in other places should address him without delay.

SPIRITUAL MORALITY.—The following questions were dictated from a Spiritual source, as suitable to be asked previous to engaging in any undertaking or performing any action. If this is diabolism, as many good people would have us believe, we think the world will be much benefited by its prevalence.

"1st. Is this thing which I am about to do, in and of itself, just, aside from any considerations of honor, pleasure, or profit?"

"2d. Will this thing injure any person in body or mind?"

"3d. Should I do this thing now? Are circumstances and conditions favorable?"

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He 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. He wishes it to be constantly borne in mind that this is the AGE OF FAITH TRUTH, 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, as one essential element of advancement, can any true progress be made.

THE ERA will still be the vehicle of the prominent FACTS of the Spiritual Movement, of the various phases of its PHILOSOPHY, and of such suggestions of a PRACTICAL nature as may with justice and propriety come within its own province to present and discuss. In short, while it will ever earnestly strive to be true to its own convictions, it will as truly try to do its whole duty to the Public.

The New Volume begins with entire NEW TYPE and a NEW HEAD, and will contain from week to week about one-third more reading matter than it ever has before. And yet for this, among other additions to its expenses, there will be no addition to the price of the paper. Thankful for the past efforts of its many friends in its behalf, it may be said the ERA still needs, *deserit*, and confidently expects the continuance of those efforts in the future, that it may not only be enabled to live, but to appear from week to week in the most attractive garb of Truth itself, and thereby exert an influence for good which otherwise it would be greatly incapable of doing.

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Poetry.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
 Night and day,
 Sow the seed of truth and the certain!
 Clear the way!
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow,
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray!
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way!
 Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day;
 What the evils that shall perish
 In its ray!
 Aid the daring tongue and pen!
 Aid it, hopes of honest men!
 At its, paper—aid it, type!
 Aid it, for the hour is now,
 And effort must not slacken
 Into gray!
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!
 Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the sky,
 Lo! the right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!
 And a broken wrong to crumble
 Into clay,
 With that right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With that giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey!
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time,
 As it runs through the realms of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
 And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
 And blends with the ocean of years.
 There's a musical Isle up the river Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the tunes with the roses are staying.
 And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
 There are hearts of duty, but we love them so,
 There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.
 There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There's a late sunset, and a lamp without strings;
 There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
 And the garment she used to wear.
 There are hands that were waved when the fairy
 shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent
 roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.
 O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
 All the day of our life until night;
 And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that greenwood of soul be in sight.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

A brook went dancing on its way,
 From bank to valley leaping;
 And by its sunny margin lay
 A lovely infant sleeping.
 The murmur of the purpling stream
 Broke not the spell which bound him;
 Like music breathing in his dream
 A lullaby around him.
 It is a lovely sight to view,
 Within this world of sorrow,
 One spot which still retains the hue
 That earth from heaven may borrow;
 And such was this—some so fair,
 Arrayed in summer brightness,
 And one pure being resting there—
 One soul of radiant whiteness.
 What happy dreams, fair child, are given,
 To east their sunshine o'er thee?
 What cord unites that soul to heaven,
 Where visions glide before thee?
 For wandering spirit, of cloudless mirth
 O'er thy glad features leaping,
 Say, not a thought, a form of earth,
 Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

LEIGH HUNT.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise,
 What glorious deeds my suffering brother;
 Would they unite
 In love and right,
 And cease their scorn for one another!
 Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling drops of loving kindness;
 And knowledge pour
 From shore to shore,
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.
 All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
 All vice and crime might die together;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in sunny weather.
 What might be done if this might be done;
 And more than this, my suffering brother,
 More than the tongue
 E'er said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other.

TO LITTLE FREDDY IN HEAVEN.

Fair spirit, from the earth untimely fled,
 Dost thou come near with thy silver wings?
 Or is it some bright bird of heaven that sings
 So sweetly in my heart, since thou wast dead?
 Alas! the hands that pillored thy dead head,
 The eyes that watched thee through long nights
 Of pain,
 Will know thee nevermore on earth again;
 For thou art gone unto thy narrow bed.
 Yet if to weary hearts that long have shed
 Their tears for thee in drops of scalding rain,
 Thou comest still—oh! be it not in vain,
 That we, too, follow where thy feet have led,
 Upward through this dark world to that bright
 shore
 Where those who part on earth shall meet to
 part no more.

H. W. ROCKWELL.

FREEDOM.

In the great feast of Freedom all men share,
 Whose lives unfold in harmony with truth.
 Joy, beauty, inspiration, deathless youth,
 Pure poet-vision, prophet-sight, and skill
 To shape inferior natures to their will,
 And love so deep the soul may gaze into
 A golden ocean blended with the blue,
 And see therein an endless beauty-maze
 Where the celestial sun reflected plays;
 And gladness, like a rainbow that ascends,
 And all the radiant being overbends;
 And endless-growing virtues, summer-sweet,
 Rich as the fruits immortal angels eat—
 All these to Freedom's followers are given;
 All these are the loved of God, and theirs is truth's
 own heaven.

T. L. HARRIS.

Miscellany.

[From the "Sacred Circle," for September.]

The Newsboy.

WEST ROXBURY, July 29, 1854.

One day, while sitting in my room reading some letters to my family, my daughter became influenced quite unexpectedly, and began by saying: "Hurra! hurra! I am out of them dirty streets of New York."

I did not keep notes of this interview, and can therefore only state some things generally about it. He said he was a newsboy in New York, and his name was Tim Peters; that he had died since the last 4th of July, of cholera, and was about twelve years old; that his father had been run over by a railroad car; that he was a man of intemperat habits; that his mother had survived him while in feeble health, and he had one brother, named Bill, about ten years old.

He said many things which showed me that he was familiar with the localities near the upper end of Nassau Street, and his shrewdness, his slang terms, and his manner of speaking were particularly characteristic of the class of boys to which he said he belonged. And he spoke of men and boys, with whom he had been thrown in contact, in a manner so natural as to carry conviction that he was what he said he was.

There was a keen shrewdness of thought, a reckless, devil-may-care manner, and a love of fun about him that can be seen in full combination only in them. He sometimes swore, but immediately checked himself, and said that his mother (who was with him) told him he must not talk so. He said he had seen me when I was a judge, and had read my letter of last August. He had sold me *Heralds* with that in it than usual. I asked him if he had noticed what effect it had had on those who read it. He said, "I have seen a fellow sitting on a hydrant, who said he 'liked that fellow who opened his jaws, and dared to say what he thought, and not like —, who was afraid of having pins stuck in him.'"

This is a part only of this interview, but it is enough to show the character of it. But in the course of it, he said that he wanted to give me his history, and have me write it down, and publish it in the *SACRED CIRCLE*, so that the newsboys might see it, for it would "do 'em good." I told him I would soon give him an opportunity.

We were then called to dinner, but in the afternoon he came again, and gave me his history, which I wrote down as he went along, nearly in the following words:

Hurra! hurra!
 Say! that light hurts this ere girl's eyes.
 [The medium was sitting facing the window.]
 You know, as I told you before, my name is Tim Peters. Well, my mother was a good, respectable kind of a woman, and worked at sewing when a gal, she says. Dad was a day-laborer—that wasn't his trade—he was a harness-maker. I didn't know that, but mother says so. Golly! why didn't he stick to it!

Dad worked at that ever so long after he hitched horses with mother, and I was his oldest boy. Well, I grow'd up 'longside my brother, and we had a jolly good time when little, mother says. Mother was American, father was English.

Well, father took to drink, like a darned sight of other folks, and went head over heels down hill as fast as he knew how. Mother got sick and worn out, and got to feeling bad.

When dad used to come home, she dreaded to speak to him. He would come tumbling into the house, cuffing us here and there, and swearing at mother, and she used to cry.

One day I come in and see her crying, and I says, "Well, marn, what do you feel bad about?" she cried, and said, "Tim, my boy, your father's worse and worse; he has taken everything from us, and if he don't take care, he will take me from you. And, Tim, I hain't got a cent in the house to get breakfast with for to-morrow."

"Well," says I, "mother, wipe your peepers; I'll be supporting on you, mother; you ain't got two boys for nothin'; just say how I can go ahead, and I'll be doin' something."

So she ups with her apron and wiped her eyes. That was an awful cold night. Oh, mercy! I'd heard mother say, when she was a gal, if farmers wanted rain, they prayed in meetin' for it; so when I went to bed, I down on my benders and asked for snow, and somehow or other snow come. So the next morning I borrowed next-door neighbor's shovel, and went along the streets hunting 'snow-jobs,' as the boys call it. I got one.

"Hurra!" says I, "now you are set up in business, you're in for it, Tim." So I pockets my money, and trudges home. Says I, "Mother, here's your money." Well, I declare, if she didn't make me feel soft as a girl—I warn't no more a boy—kase she went to cryin' again.

"Well," says I, "mother, I didn't pray for rain last night. You melt me all down, mother; I feel all gone."

Well, she smiled, and says, "Tim, my boy, what'll we do when this is gone?"

"Well," says I, "mother, give me half o' that, and I'll buy some papers, and start in business myself."

[I asked him how much the half was—he said fivepence. "Was better than nothing; 'twould buy a loaf of bread anyhow."]

Well! golly! I pitched down Fulton Street, and invested my stock in papers. 'Twas the *Sun*. You can get lots of 'em for that. I got six for fivepence, and they trusted me three more for tuppence. I don't know how they come to trust me—the boys 'round said they never did it to them. Well, I sold all but one, and what do you think I did with that? I kept it as a show for next day; for if I could only buy three, four would look more respectable. That's the way folks trade, you know. Well, I took my money home, and that's the way I helped my mother along.

"Tim," I said, "let me ask you—
 Well, I'm in the witnesses' box—go it."
 "How did you get money to buy papers next day?"

Did another job of snow.
 [While I was writing this down, the medium whistled, and he immediately said, "Golly! I didn't think I could do that—thought I must do something while waiting for yer."]

Where did I leave off? Oh, I got a shillin', and give it to mother. Stock was up, but I had none on, so I said nothin'.

When I went home each night there was a grin on my face broad as a moon. Mother said, "Tim, I've hopes of you, if you'll only keep out of liquor." So down she went on her marrow-bones—why-on-earth she did it I couldn't see—but she ups with her eyes and says, "God bless Tim!" Somehow I felt well, in the joys, and down I went; 'twas catchin', so says I, "God bless Tim, too." Then I played leap-frog all around the room, I was so happy. Mother laughed, and said, "Tim, my crazy boy; that made me feel better, but I couldn't understand it."

By-and-by dad come in, and he smelt like a distillery; and oh, if he didn't rip it! but I gave mother the wink not to let him know I was set up in business. When he come in he couldn't stand up, so he down on his marrow-bones, and swore a blue streak. I thought I smelt brimstone. What was eternal strange to me was, mother didn't cry a bit; says I, "Tim, that's mighty strange, she'd cry for you, and not a bit for that lubber." But she did worse—she took to coughing, and I knew the jig was up for that time. And so it went, day after day. Dad said she was drunk, but he *knew* he lied.

Well, I kept selling papers and increasing my stock. I took the *Herald*, and sold lots of 'em; 'twas a good investment. I ups Broadway one day, Bill at my side, and I seen some M. P.'s on a corner. I warn't afraid of 'em, so I stepped on one of their toes. He gin' me a devil of a look—mother says I mustn't say that—says I to Bill, "Let's to our trotters, or we'll be sent to the House of Refuge." I'd heard tell of that, dad used to threaten me with it. Down by the Park I saw some awful fine dandies prinking along; says I, "Bill, just seen the M. P.'s; now look at the M. T.'s."

So I went it every day; I couldn't feel bad, to save my life—suspect I warn't born in a bad time. Mother said it used to make her heart good to see me come in.

I asked him, "Were you so cheerful, then?"
 I warn't nothin' else. When I used to swear, it made her feel bad. I told her I took it the natural way.
 I asked him, "How so?"
 I had heard my forefathers—I'll tell you what I heard one day in the Park.
 A great lubberly feller was making a speech. He said, "The time is coming when the day shall be celebrated —, hem, — that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers." I'm not so grand as he; I can't make such a cock-a-doodle do. So I run home and said, "Mother, the day is coming when it shall be celebrated that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers."

She said, "Tim, Tim, what on earth will come of you?" So it went along.

One day dad was brought in dead. I needn't enter into particulars, 'twas all in the papers. I cried it, and made it an extra *Herald* for me.
 I asked him, "How so?"
 It was the celebration of the death of my forefathers.
 I went home, after getting a few coppers, and found mother cryin' and blubbering like everything, for she had loved him once. She said, "Tim, stop softly, your father's dead." Says I, "I will, for I'm 'fraid I'll wake him up."

"Oh," says she, "Tim, you'll break my heart, talking so; forget the past; go look at him who once loved you, and called you his child." I went and looked; his face warn't red no more, and there was a sorrowful expression about his mouth—and I caught something running down my cheek afore I knew it. Well, they held a cornerer's inquest, and he was buried.

I asked what made his tears run.
 He had a kind o' sorrowful look. I felt, oh, dear! suppose he'd been a good man, like I see in the Park, wouldn't he love his Tim? and I thought, "Tim, don't you love him?" How could I, when he made mother suffer. I sposed he was in hell and damnation they talked of, and I couldn't but feel sorry. That was the end of that.

I watched mother mighty close after father's exit. In spite of herself she breathed fire. I never see the woman so happy. Bill come in with a forlorn old black bonnet he'd begged somewhere; she kissed him, and said, "God has blessed me in my trials." I felt so proud I could have knocked over anybody. We had some potatoes that day—Bill got 'em.

I used often to feel soft—I was took that way every once in a while—tears and fun altogether. I used to be ashamed of myself, and then I'd swear a blue streak to hide it. Bill sold radishes for a living. He went into the vegetable line. I was more intellectual.

Mother got sewing. She scratched, and she scratched, and we got along nicely; there was nobody to drink it all up.

I was death on the M. P.'s, just for deviltry; I couldn't keep still.
 I used to feel bad, coming home nights; to see mother look so bleached. I saw a "pain-killer" advertised down Nassau St., so I went and got some for mother. Warn't a fool, liked to have killed her, not the pain.

One day she said to me, "Tim, take this ring, my boy, and go buy yourself a pair of shoes." Well, says I, "No, mother, I can't do it." She says, "Timmy, I'll never live to see you wear 'em out, so let me see you have them." If I'd got a licking, I couldn't have felt worse. So I runs after Bill, and says I, "Bill, come in here, mother's kinder lonely." Bill never stopped for nothing, but after the doctor he goes—a "spensary doctor"—mother looked so sick. Says I, "Mother, open your peepers; don't look so." She says, "Tim, God bless you, Tim and Bill. I hate to leave you, but God will take care of the orphans." I says, "Mother, I'm sorry you are going, but seeing you can't stay, hurry up your cakes, and I'll take care of myself."

I asked him, "Why did you say that?"
 Oh, she did feel awful bad; so says I, "Mother, Jordan is a hard road to travel. If you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm coming, too." She laughed, and by golly! if she didn't die a laughing, and that was just what I wanted.

Bill didn't get back before she died. Oh! didn't he take on! Poor creature! He took on awful bad, seeing mother 'd gone before he got there. "Well," says I, "Bill, if I'm only know how to wear petticoats, I'll be a mother to you; but," says I, "never mind, we'll set up bachelor's hall."

I thought I was going to stay at that place, but no; rent day come, and we had to go; and when I gets outside I said to Bill, "Nothing like taking the air." So we slept 'round in the carts that night.

A poor old Irish woman washed for mother when she died. She did it for nothing. Catch rich folks doing that. She said she knew how she'd feel if she should leave her boys kicking about, and if I wouldn't be up to so many tricks, she'd keep us. So we staid with her after that. She was a darned good old thing, but not so clean as mother. I told her I would do some odd jobs for her. Her rooms were dark, and I whitewashed them, and whitewashing it was! She was awful tickled; but I didn't like my boarding-place, 'cause she wouldn't take any pay.

Says I to Bill, "I'll get you a situation." So, as luck would have it, I used to listen to people's talking, and one day I heard a man say he wished he had a smart boy to take into the country. I goes up to him and says, "I knows a fellow." He looks at me, and says, "What do you mean?" I says, "I knows a fellow will suit your capacity." Says he, "Are you the chap?" Says I, "No, I ain't, but I knows one what is." "Well," says he, "I like the looks of you." Says I, "I'm obliged to you." So I whis-

pered to Bill, and he come. He was really a pretty-eyed fellow, just like mother. So the man axed me about my relations, and I told him all about it. "Well," says he, "I like the looks of your boy there, and I'll take him." "But," says I, "look here, mister, don't you lick him; if you do, I'll lick you back." I thought he'd die a laughing.

So I fitted Bill out. How do you think I did it? I give him some gingerbread. 'Twas as hard as two peas in a pod. But the old feller fixed him all up before he went out of town. Bill felt so grand and happy, that he forgot to be sorry at leaving me.

[I asked him here if he could tell me the name of that old Irishwoman, and where she lived. He said it was Bridget Mahan; she lived near the Five Points; he couldn't mention the name of the street; said it was a short one, and added, "Hold on! I see if I can fetch it!" He paused a moment, and not recalling the name, went on.]

I trudged home to the old woman's where I boarded. I felt awful streaked; I couldn't cry nor do nothing, so I went to the National Theatre. I saw nothing for my tears—had to laugh once in a while. 'Twasn't the National Theatre—it was the next one to it, where the boys could get in for sixpence. I sold papers ever so long after that. I got in all sorts of mischief; took to smoking and chewing—the boys set me up to it. Then I got happy again, but I felt lonesome; I went to all the fires—used to go to Hoboken; pitched pennies till I got enough to pay the ferriage. The boys used to say I cheated. I wonder if I did? They said I was a gambler, but I only used common cents. I had a black eye every once in a while, fighting the boys who twitted me about Bill and mother. I wouldn't stand that, so I give 'em something to remember me by. They are hard boys—had to be so. I used to pitch into the bullies when pushing the little ones away, and hooking their papers.

I made about a shilling a day, depending on the news and the brain of the editor. I tell you one thing, if any one of the boys didn't sell his papers, we'd go shucks with him, and each take one—that was among the good fellows. Tell you what I used to do—go 'long up Broadway, and see one of your fine looking fellows, run agin' him, most knock his breath out, then ask, "Have a paper, sir?"

I always thought of mother while bawling my paper at the top of my lungs. Sunday was a forlorn day.

One day I thought I'd treat myself, so I bought one of them penny ice creams that they sell at the corners. I was took up with the cramp, and went home. I had changed my boarding-place, and the way I paid my board was—if I made a shilling, I paid two cents for my board; if I made eighteen pence, then I paid four cents. I was awful sick. "Tim," says I, "you goin' home, ain't you glad?"

I grew worse and worse, and all grew dark about me. I wished for Bill. I lay on some straw on the floor. I begun to feel so pleasant and happy. I heard mother speaking to me, "Tim, my boy!" I jumped right up in bed, but I saw nothing—then the pain come on. One of the boys come in, and says he, "Tim, what you doing there?" "Ike," says I, "I'm going where the good niggers go, I s'pect."

"Tim," says he, "I guess you'll be well to-morrow."
 "Ike," says I, "if I'm well, I won't be here. Mother's calling me, and I can't stay." What did he do but cry. I never see folks cry so easy. Says I, "Ike, don't let the bullies beat that new-comer—the green 'un—will yer?"

Says he, "No, I'll take care o' him till you come back."
 Then it grew darker: I didn't hear his voice. All at once I saw mother. I had no pain, and there was no tears in her eyes. Says I, "Hurra! I'm for it. Ain't I, mother! How the dickens did I come here?"

Says she, "Look!"
 I looked, and saw them carrying my coffin out of the room. Then she took me with her, and if I ain't as happy as a bee, I tell you. I go 'bout singing, but not the papers. There are lots of other boys, but somehow I feel a kind of babyish; I don't want to be out of her sight. I thought I was independent.

I've been back to the *Herald* office; there I heard some one say, "Timothy." "Oh, grand," says I.
 "Hush!" says mother, "don't talk so." Then the other one said, "You must go back, my child, and teach the little news-boys, that if they keep a kind feeling in their hearts and try to be good, there is a happy place for them all."

"Well," says I, "mister, whoever you are, its easier said than done; because, if a boy tries to be good, there is always somebody to kick it out of him. But," says I, "mister, I'll do that same;" so here I am at it.

Would you like to know how I learn to read? Mother taught me some, then I taught myself some. All the newsboys cut read, but when they have got through selling their papers, some one of 'em who can read sits down with a lot 'round him, and reads to 'em; so they know a darned sight more of what's goin' on than you think they do. Then they talk it over among 'emself.

Look here, mister, I tell you what had a wonderful effect—when a newsboy come up to a gentleman, and he looked pleasant on him and smiled; 'twas worth three cents to sell a paper to that feller. But when they are cross and push 'em aside, it makes a feller swear. Whoever it is, tell 'em to be good to their mothers, and they'll be as happy as I am. Hurra!

Here ended this interview. The next day he came again, and talked considerably. Among other things, he said that once he got drunk just to see how it was. "Golly," said he, "I got enough of it, never catch me at it again." I asked him if he could give me the name of any of his companions. He gave me the names of four of them: Jim, Ike, John Smith, and Lazy Bob.

He brought with him at this interview the Spirit of a boy younger than himself, who said his name was Dick Hardin.

J. W. EDMONDS.

TASTES DIFFER.—In a lecture on what he has seen abroad, Wendell Phillips observes:

In Italy you will see a man breaking up his land with two cows and the root of a tree for a plough, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw wood, he does not bring a horse along. He never had one, or his father before him. He puts one end of the saw on the ground, and the other on his breast, and taking the wood in his hand, rubs against the saw. It is a solemn fact, that in Florence, a city filled with the triumph of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole, he does it with a red-hot poker! This results not from the want of industry, but of sagacity of thought. The people are by no

means idle. They toil early and late, men, women, and children, with an industry that shames labor-saving Yankees. Thus he makes labor, that the poor must live. In Rome, charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules, bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule could draw all of it in a cart. But the charcoal vender never had a cart, and so he keeps his mules and feeds them. This is from no want of industry, but there is no competition.

A Yankee always looks haggard and nervous, as though he were chasing a dollar. With us, money is everything; and when we go abroad, we are surprised to find that the dollar has ceased to be almighty. If a Yankee refuse to do a job for fifty cents, he will probably do it for a dollar, and will certainly do it for five. But one of the lazaroni of Naples, when he has earned two cents, and eaten them, will work no more that day, if you offer him ever so large a sum. He has earned enough for the day, and wants no more. So there is no eagerness for making money, no motive for it, and everybody moves slowly.

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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. 8.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

WHOLE NO., 106.

Thoughts of the Age.

The Position of Science in True Religious Teaching.

An Address given at the Opening of the Melodion for Meetings of Spiritualists, Oct. 1, 1854.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

The term *science* means simply *knowledge*; or, if a more positive expression be desired, *certain knowledge—demonstrated truth* concerning anything and everything within the reach of human cognition. Thus, the science of Astronomy includes all that is known respecting the sun, moon, planets, stars, comets, etc., and the relations of our earth to them—the science of Geology includes all that is known respecting the internal structure of the earth—that of Geography embraces all knowledge respecting the earth's surface—Mineralogy comprehends all that is known respecting the various kinds of substances of which the earth is composed—Chemistry respects the nature and properties of these substances as ascertained by analysis and synthesis—the science of Botany includes all that is known of plants and vegetable productions—Zoology embraces all knowledge in relation to animal formations—Anthropology comprehends all that is known of man and his history—Pneumatology includes what is known respecting spiritual existences in general—Psychology what is known respecting the human soul—and Theology what is known respecting God—though it must be said that the present systems embrace what is *believed*, rather than what is *known*. All these branches of science have their divisions and subdivisions—as, for instance, Anthropology, or the Science of Man, includes Animal Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, Dietetics, Medicine, Phrenology, Psychology, and whatever relates to the diversified manifestations of quality and capability which the human being ever has exhibited or now exhibits.

Science, then, is our knowledge of actualities—it embraces all that we really know, of anything and everything in the universe, be the same more or less.

Now if it be admitted, as most minds are willing to admit, that all things in the universe have proceeded from one central or ultimate cause, called God—be that cause considered merely as a universal Forming Principle without personality, or embodied as a Personal Intelligence—it follows that science in its broad sense is only KNOWLEDGE OF GOD—that physical science is simply knowledge of God's works, and of his ways of working, in physical nature.

This being so, it is self-evident that all scientific truth (I do not say all scientific theories or speculations, but scientific truth) is DIVINE TRUTH—than which nothing can be more sacred or authoritative. In so far as science has arrived at any positive results in any department of inquiry, it gives positive knowledge respecting the character and the will of the Divine Author of all, to just the degree that these are manifested in that particular department of His works. The sculptor elaborates his interior conception in the chiseled marble, and in gazing on that, we learn the characteristics of his inner life.—The painter portrays his hidden thoughts upon the canvas; and from the pencilings he traces there, we read the emotions of his inmost soul. The poet "builds the lofty rhyme," and the architect constructs the stately edifice, and the artisan fabricates the skillful mechanism, from each of which productions we judge with certainty of the interior characteristics and capabilities of each mind. We all know each other by what we do and what we make. If our souls are filled with beauty, music, godliness, loveliness and truth, these characteristics will show themselves outwardly in what we do, and say, and create. So has it been truly said of God, that "the invisible things of Him, since the creation of the world have been clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

It is furthermore evident that we can derive full and complete knowledge of God only by becoming acquainted with all His works—in other words, by a knowledge of all science. Just so far as we come short of this, so far are our conceptions of Him limited and partial—and those persons are necessarily most limited and partial in their conceptions of God, who know least of the various departments in which He has revealed Himself.

Suppose one man to be possessed of a variety of capacities, each in an exalted degree; is it not perfectly clear that whatever he might produce in one department would give little indication of his capacities in another, and thus little knowledge of his character as a whole? That he could make a nicely adjusted watch might prove him a skillful mechanic, but it would give you no idea of his genius as a poet; nor would the most exquisitely chiseled statue give the slightest conception of his musical powers; nor would a moral essay convey any true idea of his abilities as an architect or a mathematician. He could reveal his capacities in each department only by what he produced in that department.

So the Deity reveals His various attributes or characteristics in manifold outward exhibitions. Limited or partially developed human minds have ever been prone to fix on some one department of His revelation, and thence have derived but limited conceptions of Him.

One sees in the Universe a grand exhibition of mechanical powers and contrivances, and hence he conceives of the Deity as a Grand Mechanic.

Another looks chiefly upon the artistic beauties of creation—the lights and shades of coloring spread out before the eye—and his God is a Great Painter.

A third listens enraptured to the song of the breeze, the cadence of the waterfall, the notes of the bird, and the "music of the spheres"—and his Deity is a Mighty Musician.

"And the realms of space are His octave bars, And His music notes are the suns and stars."

To another, "God is the Poet of Poets," and

"Each ray of light is a thought in verse, From the Poet-Heart of our God outspung."

Another sees in the Universe a grand chemical laboratory—each living organism is but a piece of nicely adjusted chemical apparatus; and his God is thence a Great Chemist; and he can speak of even the Deity Himself as "that chemical combination whom men call God."

Some recognize nothing but a set of impersonal principles or Eternal Laws, destitute of moral, affectional, or intelligent attributes, and these are their God.

Others, fixing their minds chiefly on the manifestations of moral inflexibility, the punitive safeguards against violation of law, conceive of a Stern Lawgiver—an Unbending Sovereign—"a consuming fire."

Now is not it indisputable that God is truly all these, and inconceivably more! But to know Him truly, we must search all His revelations of Himself, that we may see all sides of His character. If He has made a revelation in writing, (as the Bible is claimed to be,) that is *but one* of the endless methods He has taken to make Himself known. And as we are better known by what we do than by what we say, or write, so God may be more surely known by His works than by writings. More than this, a revelation written in human language, is but a manifestation of God through man, and of course liable to be rendered imperfect by the imperfections of the medium or instrument employed. A flower is an instrument for the revelation of God's Beauty, but flowers differ in their capacity to reveal the element of Beauty,—and no one flower, nor all the flowers of our earth together, can be supposed to be capable of revealing the whole Beauty of the All-Beautiful. So man is an instrument for revealing God's wisdom and love, but no one man, nor all men who have ever yet written, can be supposed to have had sufficient capacity to unfold the whole of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love.

Moreover, since man possesses an independent consciousness and an intelligence of his own, he must be peculiarly liable to vitiate with his own thoughts and conceptions whatever revelations of the Divine are made through his agency. Hence it is clear that any written revelation of God is less likely to represent Him truly and more likely to represent Him falsely to our apprehensions, than those revelations which are given without human agency. In other words, the deductions of positive science furnish us more reliable testimony as to the character and doings of God, than can be possibly be furnished by any revelation made in human language.

Especially must this be true as regards a revelation made in an age when science was almost wholly unknown, and when neither human language furnished the terms, nor human minds the capacity, to grasp its wonderful unfoldings.

Admitting, then, according to the formulas of the theologians, that the great end of all knowledge is to know God, and the great use of all knowledge is to enable us to understand and to do His will, and thus escape the penalties of transgression,—it is perfectly clear that these ends can never be attained without the aid of what is technically called science. For it is the very province of science, as before stated, to inform us of His works and of His ways of working.

It has been well said that

"The devout astronomer is mad,"

and the same may be as truly said of the devotee of any branch of science. But it is equally evident that the devout religionist who ignores science, and repudiates its positive deductions, is infected with a far more dangerous madness.

As God is one, and the Universe one, so Truth is one; all its departments are equally sacred, and important just in proportion to their bearing on human well.

Illustrations of the importance of scientific knowledge to human welfare might be drawn abundantly from every hand. Man's relations to the external world, and to the internal world, are boundless as the Universe, measureless as Deity. All he can never wisely fulfil the duties of all these relations without some knowledge of them and of the laws which govern them.

For example, each of us, in our present life, is possessed of a physical body, composed of the elements of the material world around us, and affected by influences from it—a spiritual body, consisting of the more refined and subtle elements of this same material world, and susceptible to influences from the realm of the spiritual—and also a more interior nature, or soul, manifesting itself in intelligence, affections and emotions, and al-

lied to the Great Soul of the Universe Himself. We know not only that all manifestations of the internal must be made through the external, but that the internal receives the elements of its growth and development through the external. There cannot therefore be a sound and healthful development of the interior nature in an unsound and unhealthy body. But how to attain this healthfulness of the physical nature, it is the province of science to inform us.

The devout man may pray for purity, and sanctification, and holiness—but he can never attain them while he feeds the grossness of his animality with the impurities which modern cookery places on our tables. He may supplicate most earnestly for "growth in grace"—but it will be of little avail while his dietetic habits tend surely to promote growth in *grease*. He may agonize for spiritual and moral strength—power to resist temptation and to overcome evil—but his prayers will be likely to remain unanswered so long as he tampers with alcohol, tobacco, coffee, or any of those narcotics which weaken the nervous system and enervate the will. He may desire to consecrate all his energies of body and mind to what he conceives to be the service of God, but will be very apt to come short of the mark so long as he uses the suicidal razor to shave away the choicest of his physical strength three times every week. He may pray most earnestly for salvation in the future, but he can have little hope of attaining it, so long as he continues, by violation of the laws of his physical being, to incur damnation in the present.

In short, no amount of wordy supplication to the Author of our being, for aid of any kind, can be expected to be of much avail, while we neglect or go counter to the very conditions on which He must bestow that aid. Said an ancient writer, "Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto all thy commandments." And this is the only condition in which we shall not have reason to be ashamed.

The popular religious teachers of the day, it need hardly be said, to a great extent, ignore the lessons of science, in what are termed their "sacred ministrations." Their subjects must be chosen from the pages of one book, which all admit makes no claims to teach of science. To set forth the glory of God as declared by the heavens—to portray the history of the earth's creation, as traced by the mighty Maker's own finger on those tables of stone which encrust the globe—to read the commandments written upon the physical, mental and moral constitution of man—in short, to scan the diversified revelations which God has made and is continually making of Himself in all life, all motion, all beauty, and all beneficence around us—these are esteemed, with some honorable exceptions, a *desecration* of our pulpits! In fact, it may be said that most of our modern religious temples are consecrated to the God of the past—a Deity who ignores science and frowns on all investigation,—while the LIVING God, who to-day is working in all the forces of Nature, and is the Life of all life, has no place within their precincts.

In the spiritual era, which is now dawning upon earth, if I have at all rightly apprehended its characteristics, science is to be the grand Revelator of God. Material Science and Spiritual Truth are to be wedded in Divine Harmony, and together will constitute a true Theology—a real SCIENCE OF GOD,—comprehensive as the Universe, and exhaustless as Deity Himself.

The evidence of this I find not only in the fact that the present enlightened condition of the human mind, and its intuitive conviction of the necessary ONENESS of all truth, will not permit it to receive spiritual revelations which contradict the positive facts of material science—but also in the fact that the revelations which mark this era, instead of being confined to merely moral and spiritual matters, do enter the domain of the physical sciences and undertake to unfold man's relations to the world of matter. The writings of Davis, of Ambler, Wilson, Hammond, Fishbough, and others,—the communications given through J. M. Spear, and many more, as well as the constant intercourse of more advanced minds and circles, furnish proof of this.

I do not affirm that all or any of these purported revelations, as yet given, whether made direct from Spiritual Intelligences, through unconscious entranced mediums, or written by highly spiritual minds acting normally—I do not affirm that any of these scientific revelations are yet to be accepted as text-books of science—authoritative and final. I only say, that it is a characteristic of the revelations of this era, that they embrace scientific and philosophical, as well as moral and theological questions; and that the great effort of the minds of the Higher Spheres, who are leading in this movement, evidently is to make man understand what he has never understood, and realize what he has never realized—the importance of his physical relations to his spiritual development and immortal life. When this shall be accomplished, then in the beautiful language of an ancient seer, "Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven." (Ps. 135: 11.)

I have only to add, in concluding these observations, that it may be expected of those who may be invited from time to time, by the Boston Conference of the Spiritualists,

to speak in this place, that their discourses will be confined to no one class of topics, that they will present no one phase of truth to the neglect of all others, and that their texts will be derived from no one volume of the writings of the past, to be denominated "The Sacred Volume." The whole outspread creation is our text-book, and every iota of truth that we can gather respecting any department of it, is sacred truth. The flower, the pebble, yea, even the paving-stone, trodden under foot as it is of man and beast,—each may furnish a text whose divine authorship none can call in question—each may preach lessons of "wisdom the weary school-men never knew."

For the New Era.

Personal Virtue Essential to Happiness.

An impartial review of public sentiment discloses a sad conflict of minds upon almost every question in which those minds are interested. No age or nation can claim unity of opinion, nor boast of infallibility of judgment. Whatever of refinement may be allowed to exist in individuals, still the masses of nations have not partaken of the perfectibility of the most refined, nor cared to become the followers of the light set before them. Great minds and good men have set the principles of justice and equity before their fellows in strong and effective language, and still stronger and more effectually in their examples; and yet the masses of society, though formally acknowledging the perfection of their principles and the purity of their conduct, have sadly ignored the practice which they commended in others. Complimentary as their words may seem to the wise and the good, it is but ignorant zeal which allows them to approve of what they practically disown.

In no age or nation has this infatuation—this commendation of principles by words and denial by acts—been more nakedly manifested than at this moment and in this country. I see vast multitudes applauding with words the conduct of the wise and good, and seriously condemning the foolish and the bad, who have not the virtue to practice their own recommendations. They can approve of the noble and just principles of other men, and laud their examples of benevolence and worth with stirring words, but to follow them through good report and evil report is a task for which they have no relish.

Instances are not wanting in which men commend to others what they themselves refuse to practice. How sweetly are the enjoinments of Jesus enunciated, how pathetically is his life described, how feelingly are his virtues commended, and how energetically are his principles enforced! All that words can do, all that language can express, is done to commend and enforce the religion which he taught. But what is the conduct? What are the examples, the doings, of those who speak so favorably of him? Where are they found in practice? How many seek to follow him? How many practically shun his footsteps? Why commend in words what is denied in acts? Does religion consist in words or deeds? Are men and women to enter heaven because Jesus is good, or because he lived what he taught? Is no goodness in them requisite to be as happy as he? Is heaven so cheap, happiness so easy and plentiful, that no virtue is required in the person seeking it?

We who have dwelt in the earth-body, and sojourned in the spirit-world for nearly half a century, have not yet discovered any law or any way by which the goodness of one person can make another good or happy, unless that goodness become the actual property of the individual. It matters not how good the Infinite, or Jesus, or any one else may be, to those who are destitute of this quality. Neither the goodness of God nor the angels can make a soul happy without they possess that goodness and exercise it for themselves. It is contrary to the laws of mind to make a soul happy without love and wisdom of its own.

What though Christ be good, his goodness is his own, and not the quality of another's acts, until he or she shall exercise by their own will the principles of Jesus, or the virtues upon which all enjoyment in earth or heaven depends. What though all the angels in heaven be happy, what doth it profit those who reject the principles upon which such happiness is immutably based? It is a fundamental and eternal law of nature, that all happiness must result from the practical and personal goodness of the possessor, and cannot accrue to any person dispossessed of the principles which generate it.

All happiness is resultant from individual qualities, and consists in the degree of the development of those qualities in each person. Relying upon finding enjoyment because another is possessed of the virtue which brings it, is a delusion that paralyzes all our efforts to secure happiness. Men have dreamed that God, in his infinite goodness, would in his purposes of grace transfer the merits of Jesus to those who trusted in such an unjust and arbitrary insult to the natural workings of his wisdom in the government of mankind. The moral force of such instruction is weakening to the cause of personal improvement, and makes the individual who relies upon such faith indifferent as to his or her personal worth. Merit

cannot be transferred, and to suppose that the merits of Jesus may be set to the credit of others, is a mistake which will find no justification in the truth. It matters not what authors or books may teach, the laws of God warrant no such injustice between man and man, nor between man and his Maker.

There is no law in the Universe that will justify the practice of crediting the merits of Jesus, or of angels, to any other individual than the proper one. And no individual has any right to expect such a fraudulent transaction as the doctrine of imputed sin and righteousness attaches to the Ruler of the Universe.

Personal virtue recoils at the thought of such injustice. And if men and women venture to trust on getting to heaven because some one else is good while they are not, or in any record of history which may be thought to inculcate such an idea, it will still be a truth that they will find themselves disappointed when the justice of natural law shall be made known to them. They will then see that all happiness is but the result of an actual merit of some virtue existing in some person who is the recipient of its blessings.

Men and women should not trust in errors to gain happiness. They cannot gain felicity by succumbing to popular views which conflict with the laws of reason and nature, nor receive the merits of another without possessing another's virtues. The noblest minds of earth and heaven are those who have merits of their own, and are capable of trusting in their own virtues to secure their exaltation to higher spheres. In so doing, they act and think for themselves, and gather such instructions as nature with her millions of tongues, may present for their acceptance. Spirits may teach, men may listen, but when men do what law and nature demand, the virtue is the property of the doer, and the effect of such doing is happiness. This happiness is personal, and can accrue only to the actor. Such is the reward of good works.

C. HAMMOND, Medium.

[The following article has appeared once in the columns of this paper, a year or two since; but we republish it at the request of several subscribers. We think it would be difficult for the talented authors to find admission for such an article in any of our prominent religious journals at present. What was orthodox on this subject a few years since, is fearfully heterodox now.—N. E.]

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

On the Ministration of Departed Spirits in this World.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering on viewless wings
The Spirits of the dead.

While every year is taking one and another from the ranks of life and usefulness, or the charmed circle of friendship and love, it is soothing to remember that the Spiritual world is gaining in riches through the poverty of this.

In early life, with our friends all around us—hearing their voices, cheered by their smiles—death and the Spiritual world are to us remote, misty, and half fabulous; but as we advance in our journey, and voice after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadows fall almost solitary on the hill-side of life, the soul, by a necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and Spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this. For with every friend that dies, dies also some peculiar form of social enjoyment, whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend: till, late in the afternoon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world, in successive portions, half his own Spirit; and poor is he who has not familiarized himself with that unknown, whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending. One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond the vale, is for some assurance that they will still love and care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereavement would lose half its bitterness. As a German writer beautifully expressed it—"Our friend is not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage"—hence the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever made the guardianship of, and ministration of departed Spirits, a favorite theme of poetic fiction.

But is it, then, fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none? Is there no sober certainty to correspond to the inborn and passionate craving of the soul? Do departed Spirits, in verity, retain any knowledge of what transpires in this world, and take any part in its scenes?

All that revelation says of a Spiritual state, is more intimation than assertion—it has no direct treatise, and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but gives vague, glorious images, while now and then, some accidental ray of intelligence looks out.

—like eyes of cherubs, shining
From out the veil that hid the ark.

But, out of all the different hints and assertions of the Bible, we think a better inferential argument might be constructed, to prove the ministration of departed Spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed, in its day, for the height of orthodoxy.

First, then, the Bible distinctly says, that there is a class of invisible Spirits who minister to the children of men. "Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" It is said of little children, that their "angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in Heaven." The last passage from the words of our Savior, taken in connection with the well-known tradition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of individual guardian Spirits.

For God's government over mind is, it seems throughout, one of intermediate agencies, and these not chosen at random, but with the nicest reference to their adaptation to the purpose intended.

Is it likely, then, that, in selecting subordinate agencies, this so necessary a requisite of a human life and experience, is overlooked? While around the throne of God stand Spirits, now sainted and glorified, but thrillingly conscious of a past experience of sin and sorrow, and trembling to the soul, in sympathy with temptations and struggles like their own; is it likely that He would pass by these souls, thus burning for the work, and commit it to those bright abstract Spirits, whose knowledge and experience are comparatively so distant and so cold?

It is strongly in confirmation of this idea, that in the transfiguration scene, which seems to have been intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of the glorified state of their Master, we find him attended by two Spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, "which appeared with him in glory, and spake of his death, which he should at accomplish at Jerusalem."

It appears that these so long departed ones were still mingling in deep sympathy with the tide of human affairs, not only aware of the present, but also informed as to the future.

In coincidence with this idea, are all those passages which speak of the redeemed of earth as being closely and indissolubly identified with Christ, members of his body, of his flesh and his bones. It is not to be supposed that these united to Jesus above all others, by so vivid a sympathy and community of interests, are left out as instruments in that great work of human regeneration which engrosses him; and when we hear Christians spoken of as kings and priests unto God, as those who shall judge angels, we see it more than intimated that they are to be the parents and actors in that great work of Spiritual regeneration, of which Jesus is the head.

What then? May we look among the bands of ministering Spirits for our departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core—a friend to whom we have unfolded our souls in their most secret recesses—to whom we have confessed our weaknesses and deplored our griefs—if we are to have a ministering Spirit, who better adapted?

Have we not memories which correspond to such belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up." Have not glances and breezes of sweet and healing thought been wafted over us, as if an angel has shaken from his wings the odors of Paradise? Many a one, we are confident, can remember such things; and whence come they?

Why do the children of the pious woman, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers fearful and imminent as the crossing Mohammed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah! could we see that glorious form! that face where the angel conceals not the mother—our questions would be answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken because the Divine One sees that their ministry can act upon us more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.

Here, the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human events and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impression on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the heart of her child; she yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a Spiritual and holy life; but all her own weaknesses, faults and mortal cares, cramp and confine her, till death breaks all fetters—and then first truly alive, risen, purified and at rest, she may do calmly, sweetly and certainly, what amid the tempests and tossings of life, she labored for painfully and fitfully.

So, also, to generous souls who burn for the good of man, who deplore the shortness of life, and the little that is permitted to any individual agency in this life, does this belief open a heavenly field. Think not, father or brother, long laboring for man, till thy sun stands on the western mountains—think not that thy day in this world is over. Perhaps, like Jesus, thou hast lived a human life and gained human experience, to become, under and like him, a savior of thousands—thou hast been through the preparation, but thy real work of good, thy full power of doing, is yet to begin.

There are some Spirits (and those of earth's choicest,) to whom, so far as enjoyment to themselves or others is concerned, this life seems to have been a total failure. A hard hand from the first, and all the way through life, seems to have been laid upon them; they seem to live only to be chastened and crushed, and we lay them in the grave at last in mournful silence. To such what a vision is opened by this belief! This hard discipline has been the school and task work by which their soul has been fitted for their invisible labors in a future life; and when they pass the gates of the grave, their course of benevolent acting first begins, and they find themselves delighted possessors of what through many years they have sighed for—the power of doing good.

The year just passed, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just and the beloved—there are spots in a thousand graveyards, which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow, how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us. They still may move about our homes, shedding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good, and reproofs of evil; we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at our success. How should this thought cheer and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace. They have overcome—have risen—were crowned, glorified—yet still remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, remain to us in every hour of darkness they seem to say to us: "So we grieved, so we struggled,

so we faint, so we doubted—but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have found all true, and in our heaven behold the certainty of thy own."

THE NEW ERA.

"BEHOLD! 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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Mr. 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, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

The Marriage Question.

The subject of the present article is now fairly before our readers, and it seems proper, if not absolutely demanded, that we should say some more definite word thereupon, than we have heretofore done. Some very sensitive friends think we should have done this sooner, but our own judgment has constantly decided otherwise. In relation to a question of this nature, and involving such momentous results, it has seemed to us especially needful to let the effluence of thought and of passion have its brief day, that the public mind might be the better prepared for a more dispassionate and rational view of the subject, than has, for the most part, been entertained of late in almost any quarter.

All questions, in their outset, are subject to extremes. And this is especially true of Marriage, which is the pivot question of this age. Very seldom do we find those who are prepared to take neither side exclusively, but who, at the same time, see very clearly the truth and the error of both. Yet now and then, such do appear and say their word, only perhaps, for the time being, to get more kicks and curses, than good will and encouragement. Nevertheless, their word must be said, and if time does not, the eternities will, do them justice. So much then, in preface. We come now to the question itself. And

1. WHAT IS MARRIAGE? Does it consist in variety, or in duality? Is it a mere legal and external union, or is it mainly spiritual? We hesitate not to say that marriage is strictly dual in its nature—that it is the union of two, and of two only, in conjugal love. We have no possible faith in the idea of variety, either limited, or universal, if by that term is meant simultaneous change in one's conjugal loves—or, in other words, the capacity and strict rightfulness of loving, conjugally, more than one at the same time. The very idea of conjugality, by common consent, excludes the idea of various and simultaneous loves, for conjugality is duality, and that alone. It becomes, therefore, a solecism to talk of simultaneous variety in conjugal love. It is not simply an apparent, but a real paradox. The thing cannot be. There may be other loves, outside the conjugal—as that of charity, friendship, offspring, etc., which may be simultaneous in variety; but the conjugal passion itself, is essentially dual, and is therefore exclusive, in the legitimate, proper and good sense of that term.

But what proof have we of this? It is said that all nature illustrates the contrary. The male and female principles, we are told, exist throughout all nature—that even the mineral kingdom, as well as the vegetable, animal and human, reveals the principles of sexuality not only, but illustrates the doctrine of variety. There is a constant interchange of positive and negative, or male and female influence, not simply between two minerals, two vegetables, or two animals, but between each other, in almost endless variety. Here is a deposit of iron, copper, silver, or gold, giving off its chemical efflux, positively and negatively, or masculinely and femininely, not in a dual way, simply, but in variety, to any extent. Here, also, is a field of grain in blossom, and its impregnating substance is carried by the four winds, from one stalk to another, and another, and still another, without limit, knowing no exclusiveness—no confinement. And here again is the animal kingdom, with its genera and species—with also, its varied attractions—its constant crossing and re-crossing of breeds, and its endless interchanges of influences which reciprocally affect, not two only, from each other, but many from one, and one from many, on the male and female principles. So, also, it is argued, should it be with human beings, for the same law holds here as in all other departments of nature. If the law of variety is found everywhere else, and where, too, this principle of sex is especially concerned, why should it not be found also to be true of man—of the human race?

The argument for variety, thus drawn from nature below and outside of man, it is said, is confirmed by human history. Scarcely a nation has yet existed, which has not, in some form, not only tolerated, but approved of polygamy. And those nations which have been openly and professedly monogamous, have not been able, after all, to suppress, except in part, and mostly in mere outside public opinion and conventional arrangements, the actual manifestations of that love of variety in sexualism, which is true of all nature elsewhere. The conclusion therefore is, that variety in love is native and radical in man and woman, and that all confinement, or dual exclusiveness, is contrary to the nature and the well-being of the race.

We have thus endeavored to give the argument its full force, and its advocates the

full advantage of this specious and seemingly plausible reasoning. We have done so, in order to give them no just cause of complaint, while at the same time we might be enabled thereby to present a more striking contrast between truth and error, on this subject, than we otherwise could possibly have done.

And now, in reply, we may say in the outset, that the reasoning we have glanced at puts man on a level, not simply with the brutes, but lower still—with mere vegetable and mineral nature. And here is where it sadly fails, for although the great primary law of sexual union is essentially the same in all kingdoms, and although man is the complement, or epitome of the whole, yet he is *not* more than such complement or epitome. Man has a spiritually personal nature, which far outstrips all the relations of laws, elements, substances, creatures and influences in each and all the kingdoms below himself. The vegetable may grow out of the mineral, the animal out of both, and man, so far as they go, may be the culmination of them all, yet if he were no more than that, he would be no more than a *harmatonic animal*; he would have no spiritual nature—no properly reasoning intellect—no spiritual attributes. He would be simply and only, the great representative of *animal nature*—he would not be *MAN*. But being man, by virtue of a manhood superadded to his animal being, which gives to that being all its essential glory and crown, which, while it unites, yet divides the manhood from the animal attributes, the primary law of sexuality rises here to a similar dignity, and is characterized by qualities and principles as far above animal, vegetable and mineral variety, in their interchange of sexual influences, as the personality, human form and angelic nature of man, are superior to merely diffusible elements, unconscious forces and abstract laws. Minerals, vegetables and animals are utterly incapable of forming intelligent, and spiritually and morally conscious sexual relations with each other; and especially are they incapable of calculating and providing for those multitudinous, ever-varying and elevated wants and results which constantly flow from the union of the sexes of the human race.

There is, therefore, a marked difference between man and all nature besides; and this difference puts every law of nature, outside of man, into different relations to him, when such law enters into, and becomes a part of himself. Purposes have now to be fulfilled and objects gained, which never could enter into the economy of the lower kingdoms, and hence the demands of the sexual law involve different relations, and those, too, of a more sacred and important character, in human beings, than in all nature besides.

While, therefore, the laws of nature in the inferior kingdoms may be the same essentially, or in principle, with those in the human race, it is plain that in the latter, these same laws become more complicated, imply new relations, and involve different results. And furthermore, such being the case, we involve ourselves in endless absurdities, when we attempt to draw an exact parallel throughout, between human sexuality, or marriage, in its true and normal sense, and the relations and operations of the same essential principle, or law, in either or all of the three kingdoms below man.

And in relation to the argument from human history, it may be said, that we have so little that is truly normal in that, in relation to the question under consideration, and what we have of a healthy character is so much on the side of duality, that it would seem the argument for variety must utterly fail in this direction. The Polygamy of ancient times, not only among the Heathen, but also among the Jews, as also that of a later day, not entirely confined to these classes, we should much sooner think the result of an inordinate and diseased sexuality, than of a healthy or normal tone of that passion of our nature. At any rate, it is a fact of history, that polygamy and its adjuncts, have always existed among those people who have been noted for very strong passions of the kind under consideration. But we think it will hardly be contended, on reflection, that this argument from history is tantamount to an argument from nature, inasmuch as nature is pretty effectually covered up by disease, so far as the history goes on that side of the question. Furthermore, when we take a comprehensive view of history in the premises, its testimony is very strongly on the side of the dual marriage, in this one particular, if no other, viz.: that while polygamy and consequent variety have existed mainly among the older nations, and the ruder, less cultivated and less spiritually elevated people, the monogamic or dual marriage has prevailed most under the light and refinement of the later civilizations. True, even here, marriage is vastly inferior in character to the true idea of the conjugal relation, but at the same time, we find the idea of duality, or pairing, keeping exact pace with the progress of the human race. And in saying this, we do not overlook the great Mormon fact of these times, or the more formidable, because more subtle, doctrine of variety, as taught by some agitators of the present times. We look upon these, however, as the great summoning occasions of a mighty battle of principles already fairly begun, and not to be ended till the great doctrine of conjugal union, or dual marriage is brought out into bolder relief than ever before—its laws, principles, and results thoroughly comprehended and acted upon—till loftier ideas of marriage are entertained, and vastly purer motives are cherished and made the constant promptings of such marriages as the angels smile upon, and God himself approves. But we must reserve much we would say for other opportunities.

Several articles intended for this paper are necessarily omitted. Correspondents will have patience.

Conference at Harmony Hall.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 8TH.

It is seldom our privilege to meet with the friends, and take part in the discussions of the weekly Conferences of this city. But on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8th, we embraced the opportunity offered us, and met a quiet little circle of believers in Spiritualism at the Hall named above. The topic for discussion on this occasion, was *PSYCHOMETRY*. We proposed the subject for consideration, and endeavored to get at the philosophy of it. The statement and the argument were substantially these: That, although the human powers, (i. e., of the Psychometrist,) the autograph, etc., were absolutely necessary to the result, yet that they served rather as *occasions*, than as *causes*. The Psychometrist does not, of himself, read the life-story of the writer of an autograph, or of a letter, but is made the organ of doing it, by operative causes superior to himself. These causes are Spiritual, and from the world of causes. Spiritual beings, partly from personal knowledge of the person whose character is to be read, and partly from their clairvoyant powers, come *en rapport* with the Psychometrist, and use his organs for the work, while, to all appearance, the Psychometrist himself does the whole of it. And the use of the autograph, the letter, or any thing else that may have been in contact with the person whose character is to be read, is simply to serve as a bond of connection, or to make an occasion for the reading.

So much, then, for the statement. Now for the argument. It is granted, that the autograph, especially when written with ink, may be impregnated with the soul-magnetism of the writer. But it is hardly supposable that such magnetism will remain with the autograph for the space of a *hundred years*. And yet it is a fact, that letters a hundred years old have been as accurately psychometrized, as those just written,—or as the living person, whose hand takes that of the psychometrist. If we suppose the person present, who wrote the letter while in the flesh, or some other one who was familiar with his character when on earth, and making use of the organs of the apparent reader, the thing is easily explained. But to suppose there is enough soul-magnetism remaining, after the lapse of a hundred years, seems quite impossible. Even what is called the permanent magnet, if left without its armature, in contact with other freely conducting substances, would lose all its attractive force in less than one half of that time. This soul-magnetism is evidently governed by a similar law, and must, therefore, be diffused long before the hundred years are out. What is there, then, in the ancient autograph to excite the powers of the psychometrist, so as to enable him to read, accurately and vividly, the character of the writer? Plainly, nothing at all, or next to that. Certainly, there is not enough here to balance the effect. The former, therefore, must be sought elsewhere.

This view of the subject, however, does not, in the least, contravene the idea of a constant efflux of soul-magnetism from each person of the human race, or from the fingers and the pen of a writer, which impregnates everything with which it comes in contact, and especially the letter which is being written; but the question is, whether there is enough in this substantive efflux, which, *per se*, is as unconscious as any other diffusible element of nature, to account for the result we witness? It would seem that there is not.

Dr. FELCH, quoting the language of some eminent savan, replied to our remarks, by saying, that "if the premises were correct, the conclusion" we drew from them, "must be true also," which, of course, was decidedly non-committal. The Dr. also made several other apt observations which we cannot recall.

Mr. ATKINS coincided with our view of the matter, and related a case in his own experience, which confirmed that view. A gentleman on Cape Cod had written his autograph with a pencil, to make a trial, in that way, of this soul-reading. Now, it is plain that the steel pen and the liquid ink are more ready conductors of magnetism, than a dry lead pencil; and it may, therefore, be fairly supposed, that the autograph written with the latter, would be less fully charged, than with the former; and yet there is no perceptible difference in the results.

Mr. BLACKER did not feel competent to treat this matter; but he did feel, that the time was speedily coming when we shall understand and live by law. And this he thought would be the practical tendency of Psychometry. Heretofore almost everybody has lived in constant violation of nature's laws, and questions like the present will tend to make nature more transparent to us, so that we shall know what she is—what her laws are—what our relations to her and them; and therefore, what our life ought to be.

We responded to this practical idea, and suggested, that we unconsciously, yet really and constantly affect each other, for good or evil, by the constant efflux of soul-magnetism. If we cherish elevated thought and sentiment, an elevated efflux radiates from us, and mingles with the spheres of others; and *vice versa*.

Dr. FELCH mentioned the fact, that a dog would readily track his master, whether the latter wore old boots or new ones, in confirmation of this idea of efflux.

Mr. ENSON did not think we were *forced* to adopt the Spiritual theory of Psychometry. The dog, he said, was a natural clairvoyant—an organ for the soul of the Universe to operate through instinctively. So may we be organs also, on a higher plane. And the soul of the Universe may read, to us, individual souls, through the personal organism of the psychometrist, on the clairvoyant principle. So we are not obliged to suppose individual spirits to be *en rapport* with the visible reader, in order to account for the result.

Mr. LOVELAND did not agree with the clairvoyant view. The psychometrist *feels*—not *sees*. He had, furthermore, no doubt that

the soul of the writer impressed itself upon the autograph; and if Spirits do the reading, through the organs of the psychometrist, there is no need of an autograph.

We reiterated, that the use of an autograph is to make an *occasion* for the reading. If there were no occasion for the reading, there would be no reading.

Mr. CROSBY thought Spirits helped the psychometrist, and related a fact concerning friend Wilson's psychometrical delineations, which illustrated the point.

Dr. FELCH illustrated Bro. Loveland's position, that the psychometrist *feels*, and thereby determines the character he is reading, by relating the fact concerning a piece of money and its magnetic qualities in connexion with sensitivities. Such determine to whom the money belongs by feeling alone—not by clairvoyance.

Mr. LOVELAND did not believe in giving up one's individuality, and attributing the whole of Psychometry to Spirits—making them the sole cause in the case.

We replied, that our view of the matter did not thus yield the whole to them. It was true, that the Spirit World, being the *world of causes*, as all admit, became the *primary* cause in these readings; but, inasmuch, as the human medium, the autograph, and all other conditions requisite to the result produced, furnished the general occasion for the action of the primary causes, these also, in their turn, became, together, a secondary cause to the same end. It is thus that occasions form one—though an inferior—element of all causation; and while this idea remains, the psychometrist has no reason for parting with his individualities.

"Nothing New."

Dr. J. H. Robinson, in the last *Spiritual Telegraph*, thus disposes of that assumption which the opponents of Spiritualism so generally make their last resort, when all other subterfuges fail—namely, "Spirits communicate nothing new." He is dealing especially with the *New York Tribune*; and although that allegation is capable of a still further reply, yet this ought to be sufficient to close the mouths of those who so thoughtlessly use it:—

"The *Tribune* has been in circulation several years, and carried many thousands of columns of matter to various parts of the Union. It has done more real, radical, practical talking than any paper in the country. Now will the frisky 'ghost' editor, who loveth to haunt the columns of the *Tribune*, and fliteth darkly about the editorial kennel, be so very kind and obliging as to inform me, and the world generally, what new principle in Art, Science, or Philosophy it has sent forth to enlighten the world, of which it can justly claim the paternity. Gentle spectre, I pause for a response! What has the organ you delight to honor with the playful children of your brain originated, that nobody ever thought of before?"

Still, has not the *Tribune* exercised a strong and lasting influence on the minds of men? Would it be too charitable to suppose that it has been the instrument of positive good to the human family? And yet the *Tribune* has not made a single grand discovery, notwithstanding it has communicated with the world so many years, and done so much hard rapping. Is the worth of anything to be measured by its absolute newness? What did Jesus of Nazareth, the most noted of reformers, teach that was positively new? He proclaimed the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and insisted on the practical acknowledgment of the "Golden Rule." Had not Confucius and several other "heavenly philosophers" taught the same doctrines? Many think that he was the "very God," yet find not a word of fault because he preached no doctrines entirely new. If a God could teach nothing higher and nobler than brotherly love, what can Trinitarians expect of departed human spirits, in all essential respects beings like ourselves? Does the spectre editor feel inclined to undervalue the ministry of Jesus, because he inculcated such plain and simple truths? Far from it, I imagine. He is quite aware that that personage has exercised a very great influence on the destiny of the world. As a reformer, the majority of Spiritualists receive, believe in him, and love his pure and peaceable doctrines. They desire nothing better than the full realization of his prophecies. They believe the churches have the form without the power of godliness—the external code without the inner life and spirit of Christ, written on the tablets of the mind. Churchmen *hope* they shall have a conscious existence after the death of the body, Spiritualists *know* they shall. Hence most of the latter class have a strong faith in the practicability of many of the strange things recorded in the Bible, and believed to be miraculous or contrary to the laws of Nature.

The *Tribune* has been in operation longer than the marvels of modern Spiritualism, yet it has convinced nobody of the immortality of the soul; Spiritualism has convinced thousands. Horace Greeley (the responsible editor) is a man of genius—as much a special instrument of Heaven as Henry Ward Beecher, or a clever shoemaker, blacksmith, or anybody else—but he gives us nothing wonderfully new."

Lectures in Lowell.

The friends of Spiritualism in Lowell are awake to the claims of the cause in that city, and are having lectures every Sunday by a variety of speakers. They have already made arrangements to continue these lectures to the first of January, when they hope to be better able to go forward, possess themselves of a more convenient place of meeting, and give a more substantial character to the movement in their locality. They now hold, and will continue to hold, their meetings in Wells' Hall until the time specified above, three times on Sunday, the afternoon being specially devoted to a free conference, while the morning and evening are occupied in listening to lectures.

MELODEON COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the contributors to the "Melodeon Fund" held at that Hall on Sunday morning last, the following persons were appointed a Board of Directors to manage the Spiritualists' meetings held at that place:

J. S. Loveland, Chairman; M. T. Dole, Secretary; John Wood, William R. Hayden, W. K. Lewis, Abijah Fessenden, John Wilkins.

A. J. Davis's Lectures.

The teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy spoke on Tuesday and Friday evenings of last week in the Music Hall Lecture Room, and in the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening, Nov. 19th. We were unable to be present at the first two lectures, but a friend has furnished us the following synopsis of that of Friday evening:

Mr. Davis announced as his subject "The extent and import of Nature," and as his text therefor the lines which were by some poet applied to the Bible:—

"Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."

Mr. D. first spoke of the entire inability of the great mass of people to comprehend the beauties of nature. To them it is a meaningless mass, from which they are to procure their subsistence—nothing more. To others it is God's footstool, very prettily carpeted and decorated, but only a footstool to the Almighty. To others it is a sort of basement story or cellar-kitchen of God's Universe. Some look on its most beautiful and sublime scenes without any deep and refined emotions whatever. It was related of Byron that he was once riding in a stage-coach through a very beautiful tract of country, the only occupant of the coach besides himself being a lady. Occasionally she would interrupt Byron's deep meditations on the ever-varying beauties which met his eye. At last a line of very beautiful hills came in view, when she said to him, "How pretty them hills is, ain't they?" "Driver!" exclaimed Byron, putting his head out at the window, "stop and let me get out; I'll walk," unable longer to endure it. A New York dandy once visited Niagara Falls. On reaching there he took out his eye-glass and after surveying it a moment said, "An exceedingly fine display; but, Fwed," turning to his companion, "come away, it makes such a disagreeable roar." These, said the speaker, are the only emotions produced in the breasts of some by such scenes.

But to him who comes with his perceptions quickened by an intercourse with Nature, each rose and violet is the symbol of something higher and better, and did we know how to question it, it would teach us some of the deepest lessons of life. The tree, to the chemist, is composed of so many chemicals of different kinds; to the anatomist it is the teacher of anatomy; the traveler who reposes beneath its boughs, is reminded of a canopy formed by guardians for his case, as he refreshes his weary body beneath its shade and listens to the carols of the birds in its boughs; the philosopher had from time immemorial referred to "the brave old oak," and taught many lessons therefrom; but to the thinking Spiritualist it suggested deeper and holier lessons still.

The earth is two hundred and fifty thousand miles in circumference, yet how few have bestowed much thought upon it. How much yet unexplored land near where Franklin recently perished; how much in Patagonia! The ocean between the American coast and Asia is constantly traversed now, yet how few had meditated upon the vast expanse of water there.

Mr. D. thought the surface of the earth had formerly been rough, mountainous rocks, traversed by strong, impetuous currents of water, which in washing the stones back and forth, had caused a continual rubbing of them together, and the effects of this was the first land. He does not sympathize with the idea that God made in six days, in its present complete manner, "the earth and all that therein is," but believes that Nature by her own operations produced a great portion of her present population of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. For instance, if a man does not disturb a tract of primeval forest after its being burned over, it will produce the first year fire-weed; cut it down, and the next year it will produce smart-weed; cut it again, and the next year it will produce a very long, coarse grass, such as no cattle will eat; the next year it will produce Timothy grass; the fifth year it will produce a wild oat, and so on, producing every year something more valuable. So with trees. The meanest kind of land produces pines; the next, chestnut, and so on, up to the more valuable sorts, arriving in other climates to delicious fruits. This was caused by the natural properties of the vegetation imparted to the earth each by their decomposition.

He passed lightly over the contemplation of the million and a half species of the animal world, to the most grand, most sublime of all things,—nine hundred millions of men and women who at this time inhabit the earth. The speaker was not of the opinion that the body was created and then the spirit fashioned to suit that vessel and its different organs, as is taught by the popular theology. He said that his first experience as a clairvoyant was as if the soul left the body and visited different places. He labored under this mistake some four years before he discovered to the contrary. The mind of each man daguerreotypes itself upon the atmosphere, and a person in the clairvoyant state reads, not the mind, but the daguerreotype of the mind. While in that state, the clairvoyant saw an entirely different representation over the cities of New York, Boston, London, Paris, Vienna, etc., according to the character and intelligence of the inhabitants.

And now the time has arrived when the world of men is brought into nearer communion with the spirit-world than ever before, and their influences are being exercised upon it. It is so in literature, politics, war. The spirits of departed Russian soldiers had informed him that many in their ranks longed to leave and fight for the Turks, but dared not. He read an exordium given through him by a member of the Spiritual Congress before the war commenced, which asserted that Russia would not be successful; her generals would lose their cunning. This was being fulfilled. A great lesson of the war in

the east is, that man is beginning to look more at justice, and less at dogmas and creeds; for Christian nations were now allying themselves with Pagan, to fight against Christians, for justice.

Thus, said Mr. Davis, he had endeavored to give some idea of Nature, but how slight were his remarks compared with the subject. He had not entered upon the threshold. How grand the theme! Let us strive to become more capable of studying, comprehending and enjoying her.

We have notes of the Sunday lectures which we have not room to insert in this paper. Both efforts were listened to by large and intelligent audiences. Mr. D. aimed to exhibit the true nature and tendencies of the Spiritual movement, and his remarks were characterized by a geniality and vigorous good sense which commended him and his subject to the better feelings of his auditors.

Communications.

Letter from Warren Chase.

The following is the remainder of the communication from which we gave the first paragraph last week.

BRO. HEWITT:—I send this short, "picked-up" letter more to inform my friends of my whereabouts, my latitude and longitude, than to instruct or advise; but I must drop in here a specimen of religious fanaticism which I found in my travels, but which the press which circulates so much gossip about Spiritualists, has failed to promulgate. A young man in a small village in Indiana, (Knights town) not long ago became religious and fanatical to that degree that he declared both his hands had offended, and according to Scripture he must cut them off; but as he could not cut both off himself he would burn them off. For that purpose he thrust them into a hot fire, and before he could be drawn away, actually burned them so as to result in his death soon after. Would not this horrible fact (for it is a fact, as any one can ascertain by inquiry in that town) be of use to our friends of the *Olive Branch*, and post them up in the character and effect of delusions? Would they not have found out and used this act, if it could have been traced to Spiritualism as its source? The Bible literally followed, lends to some terrible results to fanatics, of which there are thousands of instances, both recorded and unrecorded. In fact, I believe I have heard of a preacher of sectarian religion who left his wife and ran away, or tried to, with a woman some other man legally owned. Wonder if the *Olive Branch* would find a fact of this character; and if so, if it would do as it does by Spiritualism with such facts?

Now, Bro. Snow, or any others, I am sorry I have hurt your feelings by the severity of my review of Bro. Ballou's article. I cannot, however, for my life, discover where in I have done injustice to truth or to Spiritualism. I was not mistaken in my belief when I read that article, that it would afford more material for our opponents upon which to slander and abuse us, than any article of its length ever published by friend or foe. It has done so; and hence, as I supposed, it was (however honestly designed) the most deadly stab we have ever had. But it is not fatal; for the healing power is yet sufficient. My brother thinks I have some idolatry remaining. I have ever been termed infidel, and was not aware of ever having or worshipping any idol. If I do, and my brother will name the *object* of idolatry, I will hand it over to him, and worship outside.

I have recently met Mrs. Thomas, and find her an excellent medium, but teaching in my presence no such fears or allusions to "free-loveism" as Brother Ballou referred to; but both herself and the spirits through her, in my presence, teach and believe on this subject as I and Spiritualists generally do. But I did not intend ever to refer to this letter or discussion again, and I do it now merely to say I have nothing to take back. Yet I deny all hard feelings, all envy or hatred; for I felt nothing but kindness and pity, however severe my expressions might have appeared to some religiously sensitive friends. They often give me hard pills to swallow when they drag into Spiritualism modern or ancient idolatry, as superior to the un-folding of the human intellect in the Rationalism or Spiritualism of our age. But I endeavor to excuse it, and make the proper allowances for education and condition, and never feel offended, nor withdraw my efforts or support from the cause or the papers on that account. I should be sorry to see our sensitive brethren show less charity for one who has ever been skeptical till facts and philosophy had reached and converted him, than such an infidel shows and feels for them.

One more item, and I have done. The letter of Brother Sunderland to me, in the last Era, needs no reply from me. I am glad, and so will many others be, to see Bro. S. winding. (to use a sea-phrase) and I hope hereafter he will sail with us and with God in Nature, not *discreted* from Nature. Those who have read his letters and my comments will be able to judge of our positions and do justice to us both. If I did misunderstand my brother, I am glad, for he has thus been led to set others right, who also misunderstood him as I did. I meant all I said in my letter to Bro. S. of my experience; but as I find and recognize no evil, and in an absolute sense, no high or low, (only relative) and positively no good or bad, and progression only as change, of course I could have no evil communications, but only harmony and inharmony; expressed in extremes by love and hate, which are never evidences of positive good or positive evil. He that dwells in and feels in love and harmony is happy, and the exact opposite unhappy. Their conditions are named in extremes sometimes Heaven and Hell. Still I suppose "all partial evil is universal good." Now let me pass, brethren, as

WARREN CHASE.
ATLANTA, N. Y., Nov. 24th, 1854.

Weekly Record of Phenomena.

For the New Era.

Spiritual Manifestations in London thirty years ago.

Messrs. Editors:—Were it possible to satisfy the human mind in reference to its undying interests in the yet, to us, unknown, because untried, future, by the mere speculative theories of men, in either the past or present age, methinks we have enough to satisfy the most skeptical enquirer. But the ever continued, and still continuous cry for facts in reference to our existence in the future, are proofs, clear and demonstrative, that the mind can never rest its belief alone upon mere abstract and intangible theories, unsubstantiated by the most palpable and irrefragable facts; and in evidence of this, I refer you and your readers to the varied classes of phenomena spread through the entire range of Scripture history, and which have invariably preceded the different theories.

And while we admit that these things have subserved the purposes for which they were given, in their adaptedness to the wants of the people of that age, we cannot surely deem it wrong that the people of the present age should seek similar evidence to satisfy the demands of their external senses as to the internal reality; especially when we find nature so lavish in unfolding her mysteries to the inhabitants of earth, and calling upon them to behold these symbols of wisdom; to investigate, to classify, and to arrange them, so that they may no longer remain ignorant of her laws by which they are surrounded and governed, and which connect man with an all-related system of things, both as it pertains to this world and that which is to come. It is then in view of these facts, and in answer to the "cui bono" so constantly sounded in our ears in reference to the phenomena called Spiritual Manifestations, that I have resolved to give you a relation of facts, which came (many of them) under my own especial notice, and all having occurred in the house of my sister, who resided at that time (about thirty years ago) in London. They can be well attested to, if needed. But to proceed:

Some few years after my sister's marriage, she was wont, in her frequent visits with her husband and little ones, to the home of her childhood, to make frequent complaints that their domestic tranquillity at home was much disturbed and broken in upon by certain strange noises in the house, such as the ringing of the street door bell, and the bells in the different rooms connecting with the kitchen; sounds of some one with thick, heavy-nailed shoes coming down stairs; the opening of doors after they had been locked and bolted; the running of the mangle after all the inmates of the house had gone to rest; moving about of a small work table; flatirons coming down from the shelves on which they were placed; the long lath window-blinds coming down out of their brackets, with crashing noises like the falling in of the roof of the house; and numberless other strange things, to all of which our family lend a listening ear.

At that period, few indeed of those in the middle walks of life, were acquainted with the nature of those subtle and imponderable agencies, with whose action and effects we are now so generally familiar; and in order to a proper solution of these occult mysteries, they were obliged to be referred to those minds, who were thought to be alone capable of solving them; and of course the minister was among the first to be applied to. He, after witnessing many of the demonstrations, arrived at the sage conclusion that the whole affair was the work of the devil. This disposition of the matter, though perhaps conclusive to his mind, was not exactly so to ours; and as my sister's husband held a long lease of the house and premises, (he being a shipwright and boat-builder,) they could not leave the place without involving themselves in a great sacrifice of property. I mention this in order to account for their remaining there under such unpleasant circumstances, and it will tend to throw some light upon what follows. His business involving him in the necessity of being frequently from home, my sister, not liking to remain in the house with only the servant girl and the children, would, on those occasions, ask my brother or myself, sometimes both, to remain with her a few days till he should return. This gave us full opportunity of witnessing many of the strange things already spoken of. But I will now relate more in detail the various phenomena as they occurred from time to time, to the best of my recollection.

On one occasion, when at the house with my father, in the day time, we had no sooner got within the passage and shut the street door, than the door-bell began to ring most violently. My father being nearest the door instantly opened it, believing it to be a trick of some one; but, to his surprise, the bell-handle was working in and out most violently, and that without any visible aid. He of course took hold of it to try and stop it, but without avail. It forced itself from his hand with the utmost ease. We then went into a back parlor, and were talking with my sister on the subject, when the bell in the kitchen began to ring most lustily, and on looking at the side of the fireplace, we saw the bell-pull working like that of the street door, without visible aid.

These things being of almost daily occurrence, and of course very annoying, my brother took down the bells in the passage and lower rooms, thinking if it was a trick played by any one, that would stop it. But alas! the bell-pulls, wires and cranks, danced as merrily as before. At another time, when staying there with my brother, we had just retired to rest, and had not been in bed many minutes before the bed-clothes were dragged off on to the floor. No sooner were they righted than off they went again; once more set right, we were no further molested in that way. But while speaking of these strange things, the bell

connected with this chamber began to ring. My brother then got out of bed, and applied the end of a thick oak walking-stick, which stood in the room, against the crank of the bell, the other end resting on his breast, when he was repelled backwards with considerable force.

Another instance; I went one evening to see my sister, but found both her and her husband were gone out. The girl saying she soon expected them home, I was induced to stop, and while there an uncle came to see them. While we were chatting over family matters, awaiting their return, imagine our surprise to see a small oval work-table which stood in the kitchen, begin to move about the room. My uncle, a man naturally timid, began to manifest symptoms of uneasiness, when the flatirons, on a shelf behind where he sat, came tumbling down one after another, till all had left their resting-place, and without apparently anything to cause their disturbance. This was immediately followed by the sound of some one with heavy nailed shoes or boots on, clumping heavily down the stairs, and whom we expected instantly to see in the kitchen with us, but we saw no one. The fears of my uncle had now attained their height; he seized his hat and made a very speedy exit from the house, and to the best of my recollection, never entered it again.

On another visit to the house with my father and mother, on a fine bright day in summer, as we were standing in a garden at the back of the house, talking about these things with my sister, (for they had become now a general theme of conversation whenever we met, and throughout the neighborhood,) the long green blinds (as we term them) came down from their brackets with much force. My father directly called the joiner, who was at work in a building contiguous to the house, to come and fix them up firmly in the brackets, which he did, inserting the gudgeons in the rest of the brackets, full an inch and a half in depth; at the same time saying that he did not think they would stay there long, for when they were at their pranks, nothing would hold them. Scarcely had he spoken, and while looking up at them, down they came with a rush. They were subsequently put up again and then allowed to rest. So frequent were these things that it was very difficult for my sister to get a girl to remain long with her, they became so alarmed.

I must now relate a circumstance that took place there, but to which I was not an eye-witness, but received the account from my sister and her husband, corroborated by a gentleman who was in the house when it occurred. One evening, as my brother and the captain of a vessel for which he had been doing some heavy repairs, were sitting in a back parlor, making out the ship's accounts, they were suddenly alarmed by a loud scream, and the sound of some one falling on the floor, proceeding from the kitchen. Upon going down stairs, they found my sister lying in the door-way between the front and back kitchens, where she had received the alarm, fainted, and fallen. Upon restoring her, however, they learned the cause of all the difficulty. She was doing some ironing, and in passing from the front to the back kitchen to get her irons, as she came to the door, a figure arose up before her and prevented her from passing; upon which she screamed and fainted. This is the matter in brief.

I will now relate a circumstance which took place one Sunday afternoon. While my sister was making her toilet in an ante-room, between two chambers, the slap of a hand on her back, as loud as that given by any human hand, and leaving the print on her back, caused her to swoon, and she fell to the floor. The noise of the slap on her back had aroused her husband, who had thrown himself on the bed in the front chamber, waiting the completion of her toilet, as they were going to church. He came forth just as she was falling; and I have heard him often speak of the circumstance, and when asked if it might not have been imagination, reply, that hearing so loud a noise close to him, and instantly seeing the print of the hand ere the blow could have had time to recede, were too plain evidences to be other than real.

I shall now give one more circumstance ere I conclude this narrative of facts. One night, at the request of my sister, her husband being absent on business, I went to stay there, to see to the place being locked up after the men had left, it being winter and they were working by candle-light. When the men were gone, I went through the boat-lofts, in which were suspended many new boats, and boats under repair, to see that all was safe from fire. Having satisfied myself, I returned through the garden into the house, the entrance to which was through two doors, the outer one leading to the garden, a sash or glass door, which fastened by two bolts as well as a lock,—the other two folding-doors, merely fastened by two bolts, both of which I fastened; also the door leading from the back parlor to the passage, together with the passage door, and then retired. The room in which I slept was a front chamber, over the one in which my sister slept, and which looked into the street.

I had been in bed perhaps an hour, but was not yet asleep, when the street door-bell began to ring most violently. I jumped out of bed, and threw up the window, but all was still and calm, and the moon shone bright; and I could see the handle of the door-bell working in and out, but no visible being touching it. I then got into bed again, and might have laid there for half an hour, ruminating upon these strange mysteries, when suddenly there came a noise, and the house was shaken to the very foundation. I could conclude nothing else than that all the heavy ship-boats had broken from their lashings, and had carried away both floors. After recovering myself from the fright, I got up, dressed, went down stairs, and took a light from my sister, who, with the girl,

were in a terrible state of alarm. Judge, if you can, of my surprise on beholding the doors which I had locked and bolted only an hour or two before, all open to my egress. I passed through the shed where they made the masts, oars and blocks, up into both boat-lofts, and if my surprise was great at the noise I had just heard, and what I had seen, it was certainly greater on beholding all things in their places, as I had left them when I went to bed. I returned, went to bed again, and heard no more that night.

I could mention many other things of a like character, but I am warned that this letter is already too long, and therefore shall conclude with a few remarks. Shortly after these things had been seen and heard, my sister died. Her husband married again, and I have not learned that they have ever been troubled since. This leads me to infer that my sister must have been the medium through whom some of these manifestations were made, and I presume others may be accounted for in the peculiar electrical conditions of the place.

Now, Messrs. Editors, in view of the above given facts, combined with similar ones coming to us through all ages, and through different classes and conditions of people, supported and confirmed as they are by the multitudinous evidence of the present age, may we not reasonably infer that Spiritual intercourse is as much a reality of the present, as it is allowed and admitted to have been of the past? Why, I ask in the name of reason and common sense, is it demanded of men, by the religious teachers of all ages, that they believe in these things as coming through and based upon mere human authorities of the past, when they deny to the authority of the present the same right of belief, based, as we deem that belief to be, not only on the revelations of the past, but most fully substantiated, corroborated and confirmed in the more extensively unfolding phenomena of the present? If, as has been asserted by some, (but I believe falsely,) we have no right to doubt the authority of the past, coming to us as it does so strongly attested, and confirmed by so many competent witnesses, I think they should allow to the human family in this more progressed age of the world's history, the privilege of believing the evidence of their own senses in matters of this kind, in preference, at least, to that of others. This man everywhere demands, as an inalienable right of his being. I will here (instead of inserting it,) refer your readers to an extract from "Reid on the Mind," made by Judge Edmunds in his work on Spiritualism, page 14; and with this I shall conclude, and subscribe myself

Ever yours in the cause of Truth,

THOS. MIDDLETON.

Woodstock, Vt.

Mr. L. Parker, of Manchester, Conn., writes us concerning some facts and phenomena personally witnessed by himself, and of which we give the following digest: He says that during the month of July last, Mr. William Hulme, a speaking, writing, and rapping medium, spent nearly a week at his house. Soon after his arrival, the Spirits called the attention of our correspondent to some copper tanks lying in a certain place in the mill where the medium had never been, and advised him to take care of them as they were new. In reply to a question, the Spirits said the tanks were No. 12, which was the fact. On one evening, after the medium had retired to bed, Mr. Parker and his two sons being in other beds in the same room, the Spirits made various demonstrations, by carrying and throwing things about the room, answering questions by pounding with a boot upon the floor, pulling up the carpet and piling it up in the middle of the room, moving the table to and fro, and answering questions by typing it while the medium was not near it, etc. By request, the Spirits promised to write without the aid of the medium's hand, and tell the next morning, where their writing might be found. The next morning they accordingly directed them to search in an adjoining room in an upper story of the house, on doing which there was writing found perfectly executed. Soon after, being with the medium at the house of Mr. O. Spencer, in South Manchester, Mr. P. was directed to look under the table around which they were seated. He did so, and found a knot, ribbon and buckle, which, it would seem, the Spirits must have carried from his house, three miles distant. A lady present was requested to read from the Bible, which she declined to do, saying that she had left her spectacles at home. The spectacles were presently brought into the room by invisible hands, though the distance to the lady's residence was half a mile! (Spiritual Telegraph.)

To Our Friends.

Do our friends realize our needs? Do they not know many persons interested in Spiritualism who would easily become induced to take the paper if the same were shown, and its merits made known to them? Will they not do what lies in their power to extend our circulation, and thus give us the needed help? These, friends, are three direct and practical questions. They need no explanation, except, perhaps, that we should say, that, with the amount of matter we give our readers weekly, (to say nothing of its quality,) we really ought to have our subscription doubled. Friends, one and all, will you do what you can to that end immediately? It only needs that each subscriber to the ERA now, get one of his neighbors to give in his name, with \$1.50 in advance, and the work is done. That is just one of the easiest things in the world—only to get one subscriber each—and our list is doubled, our hands are strengthened, our hearts encouraged, and our needs are met. We speak to you, friends, the simple truth, when we say what we do of our needs; and we enc. with these questions, Shall the list of the New Era be doubled? And will you do it now?

Dr. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, of this city, will speak in the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening next. The subject of the afternoon lecture will be, "What good will Modern Spiritualism do?" In the evening he will give, "Evenings with the Spirits at Rooms Spirit-room, Ohio," illustrated by sketches and diagrams. An admission fee of ten cents charged in the evening to non-subscribers.

WARREN CHASE lectures at Worcester Nov. 26th, and will be in this city Dec. 1st. He will probably speak in the Melodeon on Sunday, Dec. 3d. His address will be Boston, Mass., during December and January, where the friends wishing him to lecture in other places should address him without delay.

SPIRITUAL MORALITY.—The following questions were dictated from a Spiritual source, as suitable to be asked previous to performing any action. If this be diabolism, as many good people would have us believe, we think the world will be much benefited by its prevalence.

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"2d. Will this thing injure any person in body or mind?"

"3d. Should I do this thing now? Are circumstances and conditions favorable?"

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6 f

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 married, and the last medical treatment, and give their own address, may be greatly benefited.

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TO THE AFFLICTED.

CHARLES C. YORK, Healing and Clairvoyant Medium. You can receive an examination and prescription by sending your name, age, and place of residence. Price \$2.00, post paid. Address C. C. York, Clermont, N. H.

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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 PRESS.

He 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. He 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, as one essential element of advancement, can any true progress be made.

THE ERA will still be the vehicle of the prominent FACTS of the Spiritual Movement, of the various phases of its PHILOSOPHY, and of such suggestions of a PRACTICAL nature as may with justice and propriety come within its own province to present and discuss. In short, while it will ever and earnestly strive to be true to its own convictions, it will as truly try to do its whole duty to the Public.

The New Volume begins with entire New Type and a New HEAD,—and will contain from week to week about *one third* more reading matter than it ever has before. And yet for this, among other additions to its expenses, there will be no addition to the price of the paper. Thankful for the past efforts of its many friends in its behalf, it may be said the ERA still needs, *desires*, and confidently expects the continuance of those efforts in the future, that it may not only be enabled to live, but to appear from week to week in the most attractive garb of Truth itself, and thereby exert an influence for good which otherwise it would be greatly incapable of doing.

TERMS: Single Copy for one year \$1.50.
Seven Copies " " \$9.00
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One Copy Eight Months " \$1.00

Poetry.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
 Night and day;
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain!
 Clear the way!
 There's a faint about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam;
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a dawn about to blow,
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into grey;
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day;
 What the evils that shall perish
 In its ray!

Aid the daring tongue and pen!
 Aid it, hopes of honest men!
 Aid it, paper—aid it, type!
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
 And our effort must not slacken
 Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day—
 Lo! the right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!

And a broken wrong to crumble
 Into clay,
 With that right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;

With that giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time,
 As it runs through the realms of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
 And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
 And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical Isle up the river Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the tunes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are beads of beauty and bosoms of snow,
 There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
 There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There's a lute unswung, and a harp without strings;
 There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
 And the garment she used to wear.

There are hands that were waved when the fairy
 shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent
 roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
 All the day of our life until night;
 And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that greenwood of soul be in sight.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

A brook went dancing on its way,
 From bank to valley leaping;
 And by its sunny margin lay
 A lovely infant sleeping.
 The murmur of the purpling stream
 Broke not the spell which bound him;
 Like music breathing in his dream
 A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
 Within this world of sorrow,
 One spot which still retains the hue
 That earth from heaven may borrow;
 And such was this scene so fair,
 Arrayed in summer brightness,
 And one pure being resting there—
 One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair child, are given,
 To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
 What cord unites that soul to heaven,
 Where visions glide before thee?
 For wandering souls of cloudless mirth
 O'er thy glad features beaming,
 Say, not a thought, a form of earth,
 Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,
 Thy silent spirit soaring,
 Now hears the burst from golden springs,
 Where angels are adoring,
 And with the pure helix of song,
 Around their Maker praising,
 The joyous heart may join the song
 Ten thousand tongues are raising!

LEIGH HUNT.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise,
 What glorious deeds, my suffering brother;
 Would they unite
 In love and right,
 And cease their scorn for one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling words of loving kindness;
 And knowledge pour,
 From shore to shore,
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
 All vice and crime might die together;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in sunny weather.

What might be done? This might be done;
 And more than this, my suffering brother—
 More than the tongue
 E'er said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other.

TO LITTLE FREDDY IN HEAVEN.

Fair spirit, from the earth untimely fled,
 Dost thou come near me with thy silver wings?
 Or is it some bright bird of heaven that sings
 So sweetly in my heart, since thou wast dead?
 Alas! the hands that piloted thy dear head,
 The eyes that watched thee through long nights
 of pain,

Will know thee nevermore on earth again;
 For thou art gone unto thy narrow bed.
 Yet if to weary hearts that long have shed
 Their tears for thee in drops of scalding rain,
 Thou comest still—oh! be it not in vain,
 Upward through this dark world to that bright
 shore

Where those who part on earth shall meet to
 part no more.

H. W. ROCKWELL.

FREEDOM.

In the great feast of Freedom all men share,
 Whose lives unfold in harmony with truth.
 Joy, beauty, inspiration, deathless youth,
 Pure poet-vision, prophet-sight, and skill
 To shape inferior natures to their will,
 And love so deep the soul may gaze into
 A golden ocean blended with the blue,
 And see therein an endless beauty-maze

And see therein an endless beauty-maze
 Where the celestial rainbow that ascends,
 And glances like a rainbow that ascends,
 And all the radiant being overbends;
 And endless-growing virtues, summer-sweet,
 Rich as the fruits immortal angels eat;
 All these to Freedom's followers are given;
 They are the loved of God, and theirs is truth's
 own heaven.

T. L. HARRIS.

Miscellany.

[From the "Sacred Circle," for September.]

The Newsboy.

WEST ROXBURY, July 29, 1854.

One day, while sitting in my room reading
 some letters to my family, my daughter be-
 came influenced quite unexpectedly, and be-
 gan by saying: "Hurra! hurra! I am out
 of them dirty streets of New York."

I did not keep notes of this interview, and
 can therefore only state some things gener-
 ally about it. He said he was a news-boy;
 in New York, and his name was Tim Peters;
 that he had died since the last 4th of July,
 of cholera, and was about twelve years old;
 that his father had been run over by a rail-
 road car; that he was a man of intemperate
 habits; that his mother had survived him
 while in feeble health, and he had one
 brother, named Bill, about ten years old.

He said many things which showed me
 that he was familiar with the localities near
 the upper end of Nassau Street, and his
 shrewdness, his slang terms, and his manner
 of speaking were particularly characteristic
 of the class of boys to which he said he be-
 longed. And he spoke of men and boys,
 with whom he had been thrown in contact,
 in a manner so natural as to carry conviction
 that he was what he said he was.

There was a keen shrewdness of thought,
 a reckless, devil-may-care manner, and a
 love of fun about him that can be seen in
 full combination only in them. He some-
 times swore, but immediately checked him-
 self, and said that his mother (who was
 with him) told him he must not talk so. He
 said he had seen when I was a judge, and
 had read my letter of last August. He
 had sold more *Heralds* than that in it than
 usual. I asked him if he had noticed what
 effect it had had on those who read it. He
 said, "I have seen a feller sitting on a hy-
 draunt, who said he 'liked that feller who
 opened his jaws, and dared to say what he
 thought, and not like —, who was afraid
 of having pins stuck in him.'"

This is a part only of this interview, but
 it is enough to show the character of it.
 But in the course of it, he said that he
 wanted to give me his history, and have me
 write it down, and publish it in the *SACRED*
CIRCLE, so that the newsboys might see it,
 for it would "do 'em good." I told him I
 would soon give him an opportunity.

We were then called to dinner, but in the
 afternoon he came again, and gave me his
 history, which I wrote down as he went
 along, nearly in the following words:

Hurra! hurra!
 Say! that light hurts this ere girl's eyes.
 [The medium was sitting facing the window.]
 You know, as I told you before, my name
 is Tim Peters. Well, my mother was a
 good, respectable kind of a woman, and
 worked at sewing when a gal, she says.
 Dad was a day-laborer—that wasn't his
 trade—he was a harness-maker. I didn't
 know that, but mother says so. Golly! why
 didn't he stick to it!

Dad worked at that ever so long after he
 hitched horses with mother, and I was his
 oldest boy. Well, I grow'd up 'longside my
 brother, and we had a jolly good time when
 little, mother says. Mother was American,
 father was English.

Well, father took to drink, like a darned
 sight of other folks, and went head over
 heels down hill as fast as he knew how.
 Mother got sick and worn out, and got to
 feeling bad.

When dad used to come home, she dread-
 ed to speak to him. He would come tum-
 bling into the house, cuffing us here and
 there, and swearing at mother, and she used
 to cry.

One day I come in and see her crying, and
 I says, "Well, marm, what do you feel bad
 about?" she cried, and said, "Tim, my
 boy, your father's worse and worse; he
 has taken everything from us, and if he don't
 take care, he will take me from you. And,
 Tim, I hain't got a cent in the house to get
 breakfast with for to-morrow."

"Well," says I, "mother, wipe your
 peepers; I'll be supporting on you, mother;
 you ain't got two boys for nothin'; just say
 how I can go ahead, and I'll be doin' some-
 thin'."

So she ups with her apron and wiped her
 eyes. That was an awful cold night. Oh,
 mercy! I'd heard mother say, when she
 was a gal, if farmers wanted rain, they
 prayed in meetin' for it; so when I went to
 bed, I down on my benders and asked for
 snow, and somehow or other snow come.
 So the next morning I borrowed next-door
 neighbor's shovel, and went along the streets
 hunting "snow-jobs," as the boys call it. I
 got one. "Hurra!" says I, "now you are
 set up in business, you're in for it, Tim." So
 I pockets my money, and trudges home.

Says I, "Mother, here's your money." Well,
 I declare, if she didn't make me feel soft
 as a girl—I warn't no more a boy—kase
 she went to cryin' agin.

"Well," says I, "mother, I didn't pray
 for rain last night. You melt me all down,
 mother; I feel all gone."

Well, she smiled, and says, "Tim, my
 boy, what'll we do when this is gone?"
 "Well," says I, "mother, give me half o'
 that, and I'll buy some papers, and start in
 business myself."

[I asked him how much the half was—he
 said fivepence. "Twas better than nothin';
 'twould buy a loaf of bread anyhow!"]

Well! golly! I pitched down Fulton
 Street, and invested my stock in papers.
 'Twas the *Sun*. You can get lots of 'em for
 that. I got six for fivepence, and they
 trusted me three more for tuppence. I don't
 know how they come to trust me—the boys
 'round said they never did it to them. Well,
 I sold all but one, and what do you think I
 did with that? I kept it as a show for next
 day; for if I could only buy three, four
 would look more respectable. That's the
 way folks trade, you know. Well, I took
 my money home, and that's the way I
 helped my mother along.

"Tim," I said, "let me ask you—"
 Well, I'm in the witness' box—go it.
 "How did you get money to buy papers
 next day?"

Did another job of snow.
 [While I was writing this down, the me-
 dium whistled, and he immediately said,
 "Golly! I didn't think I could do that—
 thought I must do something while waiting
 for yer!"]

Where did I leave off? Oh, I got a shil-
 lin', and give it to mother. Stock was up,
 but I had none on, so I said nothin'.

When I went home each night there was
 a grin on my face broad as a moon. Mother
 said, "Tim, I've hopes of you, if you'll only
 keep out of liquor." So down she went on
 her marrow-bones—why-on-earth she did it
 I couldn't see—but she ups with her eyes
 and says, "God bless Tim!" Somehow I
 felt weak in the joints, and down I went;
 'twas catchin', so says I, "God bless Tim,
 too." Then I played leap-frog all around
 the room, I was so happy. Mother laughed,
 and said, "Tim, my crazy boy," that made
 me feel better, but I couldn't understand it.

By-me-by dad come in, and he smelt like a
 distillery; and oh, if he didn't rip it! but I
 gave mother the wink not to let him know I
 was set up in business. When he come in
 he couldn't stand up, so he down on his
 marrow-bones, and swore a blue streak. I
 thought I smelt brimstone. What was eter-
 nal strange to me was, mother didn't cry a
 bit; says I, "Tim, that's mighty strange,
 she'd cry for you, and not a bit for that lub-
 ber." But she did worse—she took to
 coughing, and I knew the jig was up for that
 time. And so it went, day after day. Dad
 said she was drunk, but he *knew* he lied.

Well, I kept selling papers and increasing
 my stock. I took the *Herald*, and sold lots
 of 'em; 'twas a good investment. I ups
 Broadway one day, Bill at my side, and I
 seen some M. P.'s on a corner. I warn't
 afraid of 'em, so I stepped on one of their
 toes. He gin' me a devil of a look—mother
 says I mustn't say that—we I to Bill,
 "Let's to our trotters, or we'll be sent to
 the House of Refuge." I'd heard tell of
 that, dad used to threaten me with it.
 Down by the Park I saw some awful fine
 dandies prinking along; says I, "Bill, just
 see the M. P.'s; now look at the M. T.'s."

So I went it every day; I couldn't feel
 bad, to save my life—suspect I warn't born
 in a bad time. Mother said it used to make
 her heart good to see me come in.

I asked him, "Were you so cheerful,
 then?"

I warn't nothin' else. When I used to
 swear, it made her feel bad. I told her I
 took it the natural way.

I asked him, "How so?"

I had heard my forefathers—I'll tell you
 what I heard one day in the Park.

A great lubberly feller was making a
 speech. He said, "The time is coming
 when the day shall be celebrated —, hem,
 — that speaks of the noble deeds of our
 forefathers." I'm not so grand as he; I
 can't make such a cock-a-doodle doo. So I
 run home and said, "Mother, the day is
 coming when it shall be celebrated that
 speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers."

She said, "Tim, Tim, what on earth will
 come of you?" So it went along.

One day dad was brought in dead. I
 needn't enter into particulars, 'twas all in
 the papers. I cried it, and made it an extra
Herald for me.

I asked him, "How so?"

It was the celebration of the death of my
 forefathers.

I went home, after getting a few coppers,
 and found mother cryin' and blubbering like
 everything, for she had loved him once. She
 said, "Tim, step softly, your father's dead." Says
 I, "I will, for I'm 'fraid I'll wake him up."

"Oh," says she, "Tim, you'll break my
 heart, talking so; forget the past; go look
 at him who once loved you, and called you
 his child." I went and looked; his face
 warn't red no more, and there was a sorrow-
 ful expression about his mouth—and I
 caught something running down my cheek
 afore I knowed it. Well, they held a cor-
 ner's inquest, and he was buried.

I asked what made his tears run.

He had a kind o' sorrowful look. I felt,
 oh, dear! suppose he'd been a good man,
 like I see in the Park, wouldn't he love his
 Tim? and I thought, "Tim, don't you love
 him?" How could I, when he made mother
 suffer so. I sposed he was in hell and dan-
 nation they talked of, and I couldn't but
 feel sorry. That was the end of that.

I watched mother mighty close after father's
 exit. In spite of herself she breathed
 free. I never see the woman so happy.
 Bill come in with a forlorn old black bonnet
 he'd begged somewhere; she kissed him,
 and said, "God has blessed me in my trials."
 I felt so proud I could have knocked
 over anybody. We had some potatoes that
 day—Bill got 'em.

I used often to feel soft—I was took that
 way every once in a while—tears and fun
 altogether. I used to be ashamed of myself,
 and then I'd swear a blue streak to hide it.
 Bill sold radishes for a living. He went into
 the vegetable line. I was more intellectual.

Mother got sewing. She scratched, and
 we got along nicely; there was nobody to
 drink it all up.

I was dead on the M. P.'s, just for devil-
 try; I couldn't keep still.

I used to feel bad, coming home nights,
 to see mother look so bleached. I saw a
 "pain-killer" advertised down Nassau St.,
 so I went and got some for mother. Warn't
 I a fool, liked to have killed her, not the
 pain.

One day she said to me, "Tim, take this
 ring, my boy, and go buy yourself a pair of
 shoes." Well, says I, "No, mother, I can't
 do it." She says, "Timmy, let me see you
 see you wear 'em out, so let me see you
 have them." If I'd got a licking, I couldn't
 have felt worse. So I runs after Bill, and
 says I, "Bill, come in here, mother's kinder
 lonely." Bill never stopped for nothing,
 but after the doctor he goes—a spensary
 doctor—mother looked so sick. Says I,
 "Mother, open your peepers; don't look so
 'fraid." She says, "Tim, God bless you, Tim
 and Bill. I hate to leave you, but God will
 take care of the orphans." I says, "Moth-
 er, I'm sorry you are going, but seeing you
 can't stay, hurry up your cakes, and I'll
 take care of myself."

I asked him, "Why did you say that?"

Oh, she did feel awful bad; so says I,
 "Mother, Jordan is a hard road to travel.
 If you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm
 coming, too." She laughed, and by golly!
 if she didn't die a laughing, and that was
 just what I wanted.

Bill didn't get back before she died. Oh!
 didn't he take on! Poor cretur! He took
 on awful bad, seeing mother'd gone before
 he got there. "Well," says I, "Bill, if I
 only knew how to wear petticoats, I'd be a
 mother to you; but," says I, "never mind,
 we'll set up bachelor's hall."

I thought I was going to stay at that
 place, but no; rent day come, and we had
 to go; and when I gets outside I said to
 Bill, "Nothing like taking the air." So we
 slept 'round in the carts that night.

A poor old Irish woman washed for moth-
 er when she died. She did it for nothing.
 Catch rich folks doing that. She said she
 knowed how she'd feel if she should leave
 her boys kicking about, and if I wouldn't be
 up to so many tricks, she'd keep us. So we
 staid with her after that. She was a darned
 good old thing, but not so clean as mother.

I told her I would do some odd jobs for her.
 Her rooms were dark, and I whitewashed
 them, and whitewashing it was! She was
 awful tickled; but I didn't like my board-
 ing-place, 'cause she wouldn't take any pay.

Says I to Bill, "I'll get you a situation." So,
 as luck would have it, I used to listen to
 people's talking, and one day I heard a man
 say he wished he had a smart boy to take
 into the country. I goes up to him and
 says, "I knows a fellow." He looks at me,
 and says, "What do you mean?" I says,
 "I knows a fellow will suit your capacity."

Says he, "Are you the chap?" Says I,
 "No, I aint, but I knows one what is."

"Well," says he, "I like the looks of you,"
 Says I, "I'm obliged to you." So I whis-

ted to Bill, and he come. He was really a
 pretty-eyed fellow, just like mother. So the
 man axed me about my relations, and I told
 him all about it. "Well," says he, "I like
 the looks of your boy there, and I'll take
 him." "But," says I, "look here, mister,
 don't you lick him; if you do, I'll lick you
 back." I thought he'd die a laughing.

So I fitted Bill out. How do you think I
 did it? I give him some gingerbread.
 'Twas as hard as two peas in a pod. But the
 old feller fixed him all up before he went
 out of town. Bill felt so grand and happy,
 that he forgot to be sorry at leaving me.

[I asked him here if he could tell me the
 name of that old Irishwoman, and where she
 lived. He said it was Bridget Mahan; she
 lived near the Five Points; he couldn't men-
 tion the name of the street; said it was a
 short one, and added, "Hold on! see if I
 can fetch it!" He paused a moment, and
 not recalling the name, went on:]

I trudged home to the old woman's where
 I boarded. I felt awful streaked; I couldn't
 cry nor do nothing, so I went to the Nation-
 al Theatre. I saw nothing for my tears—
 had to laugh once in a while. 'Twasn't the
 National Theatre—it was the next one to it,
 where the boys could get in for sixpence.

I sold papers ever so long after that. I got
 in all sorts of mischief; took to smoking and
 chewing—the boys set me up to it. Then I
 got happy agin, but I felt lonesome; I went
 to all the firs—used to go to Hoboken;
 pitched pennies till I got enough to pay the
 ferrage. The boys used to say I cheated.

I wonder if I did? They said I was a gam-
 bler, but I only used common cents. I had
 a black eye every once in a while, fighting the
 boys who twitted me about Bill and mother.

I wouldn't stand that, so I give 'em some-
 thing to remember me by. They are hard
 boys—had to be so. I used to pitch into
 the bullies when pushing the little ones
 away, and hooking their papers.

I made about a shilling a day, depending
 on the news and the brain of the editor. I
 tell you one thing, if any one of the boys
 didn't sell his papers, we'd go shucks with
 him, and each take one—that was among
 the good fellows. Tell you what I used to
 do—go 'long up Broadway, and see one of
 your fine looking fellows, run agin' him,
 most knock his breath out, then ask, "Have
 a paper, sir?"

I always thought of mother while hawling
 my paper at the top of my lungs. Sunday
 was a forlorn day.

One day I thought I'd treat myself, so I
 bought one of them penny ice creams that
 they sell at the corners. I was took up with
 the cramp, and went home. I had changed
 my boarding-place, and the way I paid my
 board was—if I made a shilling, I paid two
 cents for my board; if I made eighteen
 pence, then I paid four cents. I was awful
 sick. "Tim," says I, "you goin' home,
 ain't you glad?"

I grew worse and worse, and all grew
 dark about me. I wished for Bill. I lay on
 some straw on the floor. I begun to feel so
 pleasant and happy. I heard mother speak-
 ing to me, "Tim, my boy!" I jumped
 right up in bed, but I saw nothing—the
 pain come on. One of the boys come in,
 and says he, "Tim, what you doing there?"

"Ike," says I, "I'm going where the good
 niggers go, I s'pect."

"Tim," says he, "I guess you'll be well
 to-morrow."

"Ike," says I, "if I'm well, I won't be
 here. Mother's calling me, and I can't
 stay." What did he do but cry. I never
 see folks cry so easy. Says I, "Ike, don't
 let the bullies beat that new-comer—the
 green 'un—will yer?"

Says he, "No, I'll take care o' him till
 you come back."

Then it grew darker; I didn't hear his
 voice. All at once I saw mother. I had no
 pain, and there was no tears in her eyes.
 Says I, "Hurra! I'm for it. Ain't I,
 mother! How the dickens did I come
 here?"

Says she, "Look!"

I looked and saw them carrying my coffin
 out of the room. Then she took me with
 her, and if I ain't as happy as a bee, I tell
 you. I go 'bout singing, but not the papers.
 There are lots of other boys, but somehow I
 feel a kind of babyish; I don't want to be
 out of her sight. I thought I was independ-
 ent.

I've been back to the *Herald* office; there
 I heard some one say, "Timothy." "Oh,
 grand," says I.

"Hush!" says mother, "don't talk so."
 Then the other one said, "You must go
 back, my child, and teach the little news-
 boys, that if they keep a kind feeling in their
 hearts and try to be good, there is a happy
 place for them all."

"Well," says I, "mister, whoever you
 are, its easier said than done; because, if a
 boy tries to be good, there is always some-
 body to kick it out of him. But," says I,
 "mister, I'll do that same; 'so here I am
 at it."

Would you like to know how I learn to
 read? Mother taught me some, then I
 taught myself some. All the newsboys
 can't read, but when they have got through
 selling their papers, some one of 'em who
 can read sits down with a lot 'round him,
 and reads to 'em; so they know a darned
 sight more of what's goin' on

THE NEW ERA.

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

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

WHOLE NO., 106.

Thoughts of the Age.

The Position of Science in True Religious Teaching.

An Address given at the Opening of the Melodeon for Meetings of Spiritualists, Oct. 1, 1854.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

The term *science* means simply *knowledge*; or, if a more positive expression be desired, *certain knowledge—demonstrated truth* concerning anything and everything within the reach of human cognition. Thus, the science of Astronomy includes all that is known respecting the sun, moon, planets, stars, comets, etc., and the relations of our earth to them—the science of Geology includes all that is known respecting the internal structure of the earth—that of Geography embraces all knowledge respecting the earth's surface—Mineralogy comprehends all that is known respecting the various kinds of substances of which the earth is composed—Chemistry respects the nature and properties of these substances as ascertained by analysis and synthesis—the science of Botany includes all that is known of plants and vegetable productions—Zoology embraces all knowledge in relation to animal formations—Anthropology comprehends all that is known of man and his history—Pneumatology includes what is known respecting spiritual existences in general—Psychology what is known respecting the human soul—and Theology what is known respecting God—though it must be said that the present systems embrace what is *believed*, rather than what is *known*. All these branches of science have their divisions and subdivisions—as, for instance, Anthropology, or the Science of Man, includes Animal Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, Dietetics, Medicine, Phrenology, Psychology, and whatever relates to the diversified manifestations of quality and capability which the human being ever has exhibited or now exhibits.

Science, then, is our knowledge of actualities—it embraces all that we really know, of anything and everything in the universe, be the same more or less.

Now if it be admitted, as most minds are willing to admit, that all things in the universe have proceeded from one central or ultimate cause, called God—be that cause considered merely as a universal Forming Principle without personality, or embodied as a Personal Intelligence—it follows that science in its broad sense is only *Knowledge of God*—that physical science is simply *knowledge of God's works*, and of his ways of working, in physical nature.

This being so, it is self-evident that all scientific truth (I do not say all scientific theories or speculations, but scientific truth) is *DIVINE TRUTH*—that which nothing can be more sacred or authoritative. In so far as science has arrived at any positive results in any department of inquiry, it gives positive knowledge respecting the character and the will of the Divine Author of all, to just the degree that these are manifested in that particular department of His works. The sculptor elaborates his interior conception in the chiseled marble, and in gazing on that, we learn the characteristics of his inner life. The painter portrays his hidden thoughts upon the canvas; and from the pencilings he traces there, we read the emotions of his inmost soul. The poet "builds the lofty rhyme," and the architect constructs the stately edifice, and the artisan fabricates the skillful mechanism, from each of which productions we judge with certainty of the interior characteristics and capabilities of each mind. We all know each other by what we do and what we make. If our souls are filled with beauty, music, goodness, loveliness and truth, these characteristics will show themselves outwardly in what we do, and say, and create. So has it been truly said of God, that "the invisible things of Him, since the creation of the world have been clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

It is furthermore evident that we can derive full and complete knowledge of God only by becoming acquainted with all His works—in other words, by a knowledge of all science. Just so far as we come short of this, so far are our conceptions of Him limited and partial—and those persons are necessarily most limited and partial in their conceptions of God, who know least of the various departments in which He has revealed Himself. Suppose one man to be possessed of a variety of capacities, each in an exalted degree; is it not perfectly clear that whatever he might produce in one department would give little indication of his capacities in another, and thus little knowledge of his character as a whole? That he could make a nicely adjusted watch might prove him a skillful mechanic, but it would give you no idea of his genius as a poet; nor would the most exquisitely chiseled statue give the slightest conception of his musical powers; nor would a moral essay convey any true idea of his abilities as an architect or a mathematician. He could reveal his capacities in each department only by what he produced in that department.

So the Deity reveals His various attributes or characteristics in manifold outward exhibitions. Limited or partially developed human minds have ever been prone to fix on some one department of His revelation, and thence have derived but limited conceptions of Him.

One sees in the Universe a grand exhibition of mechanical powers and contrivances, and hence he conceives of the Deity as a Grand Mechanic.

Another looks chiefly upon the artistic beauties of creation—the lights and shades of coloring spread out before the eye—and his God is a Great Painter.

A third listens enraptured to the song of the breeze, the cadence of the waterfall, the notes of the bird, and the "music of the spheres"—and his Deity is a Mighty Musician.

To another, "God is the Poet of Poets," and

"Each ray of light is a thought in verse,
From the Poet-Heart of our God outspung."

Another sees in the Universe a grand chemical laboratory—each living organism is but a piece of nicely adjusted chemical apparatus; and his God is thence a Great Chemist; and he can speak of even the Deity Himself as "that chemical combination whom men call God."

Some recognize nothing but a set of impersonal principles or Eternal Laws, destitute of moral, affectional, or intelligent attributes, and these are their God.

Others, fixing their minds chiefly on the manifestations of moral inflexibility, the punitive safeguards against violation of law, conceive of a Stern Lawgiver—an Unbending Sovereign—"a consuming fire."

Now is it not indisputable that God is truly all these, and inconceivably more! But to know Him truly, we must search all His revelations of Himself, that we may see all sides of His character. If He has made a revelation in writing, (as the Bible is claimed to be,) that is but one of the endless methods that He has taken to make Himself known. And as we are better known by what we do than by what we say, or write, so God may be more surely known by His works than by His writings. More than this, a revelation written in human language, is but a manifestation of God through man, and of course liable to be rendered imperfect by the imperfections of the medium or instrument employed. A flower is an instrument for the revelation of God's Beauty, but flowers differ in their capacity to reveal the element of Beauty—and no one flower, nor all the flowers of our earth together, can be supposed to be capable of revealing the whole Beauty of the All-Beautiful. So man is an instrument for revealing God's wisdom and love, but no one man, nor all men who have ever yet written, can be supposed to have had sufficient capacity to unfold the whole of Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love.

Moreover, since man possesses an independent consciousness and an intelligence of his own, he must be peculiarly liable to vitiate with his own thoughts and conceptions whatever revelations of the Divine are made through his agency. Hence it is clear that any written revelation of God is less likely to represent Him truly and more likely to represent Him falsely to our apprehensions, than those revelations which are given without human agency. In other words, the deductions of positive science furnish us more reliable testimony as to the character and doings of God, than can be possibly be furnished by any revelation made in human language.

Especially must this be true as regards a revelation made in an age when science was almost wholly unknown, and when neither human language furnished the terms, nor human minds the capacity, to grasp its wonderful unfoldings.

Admitting, then, according to the formulas of the theologians, that the great end of all knowledge is to know God, and the great use of all knowledge is to enable us to understand and to do His will, and thus escape the penalties of transgression,—it is perfectly clear that these ends can never be attained without the aid of what is technically called science. For it is the very province of science, as before stated, to inform us of His works and of His ways of working.

It has been well said that

"The devout astronomer is mad,"
and the same may be as truly said of the devotee of any branch of science. But it is equally evident that the devout religionist who ignores science, and repudiates its positive deductions, is infected with a far more dangerous madness.

As God is one, and the Universe one, so Truth is one; and all its departments are equally sacred, and important just in proportion to their bearing on human weal.

Illustrations of the importance of scientific knowledge to human welfare might be drawn abundantly from every hand. Man's relations to the external world, and to the internal world, are boundless as the Universe, measureless as Deity. And he can never wisely fulfil the duties of all these relations without some knowledge of them and of the laws which govern them.

For example, each of us, in our present life, is possessed of a physical body, composed of the elements of the material world around us, and affected by influences from it—a spiritual body, consisting of the more refined and subtle elements of this same material world, and susceptible to influences from the realm of the spiritual—and also a more interior nature, or soul, manifesting itself in intelligence, affections and emotions, and al-

lied to the Great Soul of the Universe Himself. We know not only that all manifestations of the internal must be made through the external, but that the internal receives the elements of its growth and development through the external. There cannot therefore be a sound and healthful development of the interior nature in an unsound and unhealthy body. But how to attain this healthfulness of the physical nature, it is the province of science to inform us.

The devout man may pray for purity, and sanctification, and holiness—but he can never attain them while he feeds the grossness of his animal nature with the impurities which modern cookery places on our tables. He may supplicate most earnestly for "growth in grace"—but it will be of little avail while his dietetic habits tend surely to promote growth in *grease*. He may agonize for spiritual and moral strength—power to resist temptation and to overcome evil—but his prayers will be likely to remain unanswered so long as he tampers with alcohol, tobacco, coffee, or any of those narcotics which weaken the nervous system and enervate the will. He may desire to consecrate all his energies of body and mind to what he conceives to be the service of God, but will be very apt to come short of the mark so long as he uses the suicidal razor to shave away the choicest of his physical strength three times every week. He may pray most earnestly for salvation in the future, but he can have little hope of attaining it, so long as he continues, by violation of the laws of his physical being, to incur damnation in the present.

In short, no amount of wordy supplication to the Author of our being, for aid of any kind, can be expected to be of much avail, while we neglect or go counter to the very conditions on which He must bestow that aid. Said an ancient writer, "Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto all thy commandments," and this is the only condition in which we shall not have reason to be ashamed.

The popular religious teachers of the day, it need hardly be said, to a great extent, ignore the lessons of science, in what are termed their "sacred ministrations." Their subjects must be chosen from the pages of one book, which all admit makes no claims to teach of science. To set forth the glory of God as declared by the heavens—to portray the history of the earth's creation, as traced by the mighty Maker's own finger on those tables of stone which encrust the globe—to read the commandments written upon the physical, mental and moral constitution of man—in short, to scan the diversified revelations which God has made and is continually making of Himself in all life, all motion, all beauty, and all beneficence around us—these are esteemed, with some honorable exceptions, a *desecration* of our pulpits! In fact, it may be said that most of our modern religious temples are consecrated to the God of the past,—a Deity who ignores science and frowns on all investigation,—while the Living God, who to-day is working in all the forces of Nature, and is the Life of all life, has no place within their precincts.

In the spiritual era, which is now dawning upon earth, if I have at all rightly apprehended its characteristics, science is to be the grand Revelator of God. Material Science and Spiritual Truth are to be wedded in Divine Harmony, and together will constitute a true Theology—a real Science of God,—comprehensive as the Universe, and exhaustless as Deity Himself.

The evidence of this I find not only in the fact that the present enlightened condition of the human mind, and its intuitive conviction of the necessary ONENESS of all truth, will not permit it to receive spiritual revelations which contradict the positive facts of material science—but also in the fact that the revelations which mark this era, instead of being confined to merely moral and spiritual matters, do enter the domain of the physical sciences and undertake to unfold man's relations to the world of matter. The writings of Davis, of Ambler, Wilson, Hammond, Fishbough, and others,—the communications given through J. M. Spear, and many more, as well as the constant intercourse of more advanced minds and circles, furnish proof of this.

I do not affirm that all or any of these purported revelations, as yet given, whether made direct from Spiritual Intelligences, through unconscious entranced mediums, or written by highly spiritual minds acting normally—I do not affirm that any of these scientific revelations are yet to be accepted as text-books of science—authoritative and final. I only say, that it is a characteristic of the revelations of this era, that they embrace scientific and philosophical, as well as moral and theological questions; and that the great effort of the minds of the Higher Spheres, who are leading in this movement, evidently is to make man understand what he has never understood, and realize what he has never realized—the importance of his physical relations to his spiritual development and immortal life. When this shall be accomplished, then in the beautiful language of an ancient seer, "Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven." (Ps. 135: 11.)

I have only to add, in concluding these observations, that it may be expected of those who may be invited from time to time, by the Boston Conference of the Spiritualists, to speak in this place, that their discourses will be confined to no one class of topics, that they will present no one phase of truth to the neglect of all others, and that their texts will be derived from no one volume of the writings of the past, to be denominated "The Sacred Volume." The whole outspread creation is our text-book, and every iota of truth that we can gather respecting any department of it, is sacred truth. The flower, the pebble, yea, even the paving-stone, trodden under foot as it is of man and beast,—each may furnish a text whose divine authorship none can call in question—each may preach lessons of "wisdom the weary school-men never knew."

For the New Era.

Personal Virtue Essential to Happiness.

An impartial review of public sentiment discloses a sad conflict of minds upon almost every question in which those minds are interested. No age or nation can claim unity of opinion, nor boast of infallibility of judgment. Whatever of refinement may be allowed to exist in individuals, still the masses of nations have not partaken of the perfectibility of the most refined, nor cared to become the followers of the light set before them. Great minds and good men have set the principles of justice and equity before their fellows in strong and effective language, and still stronger and more effectively in their examples; and yet the masses of society, though formally acknowledging the perfection of their principles and the purity of their conduct, have sadly ignored the practice which they commended in others. Complimentary as their words may seem to the wise and the good, it is but ignorant zeal which allows them to approve of what they practically disown.

In no age or nation has this infatuation—this commendation of principles by words and denial by acts—been more nakedly manifested than at this moment and in this country. I see vast multitudes applauding with words the conduct of the wise and good, and seriously condemning the foolish and the bad, who have not the virtue to practice their own recommendations. They can approve of the noble and just principles of other men, and laud their examples of benevolence and worth with stirring words, but to follow them through good report and evil report is a task for which they have no relish.

Instances are not wanting in which men commend to others what they themselves refuse to practice. How sweetly are the encomiums of Jesus enunciated, how pathetically is his life described, how feelingly are his virtues commended, and how energetically are his principles enforced! All that words can do, all that language can express, is done to commend and enforce the religion which he taught. But what is the conduct? What are the examples, the doings, of those who speak so favorably of him? Where are they found in practice? How many seek to follow him? How many practically shun his footsteps? Why commend in words what is denied in acts? Does religion consist in words or deeds? Are men and women to enter heaven because Jesus is good, or because he lived what he taught? Is no goodness in them requisite to be as happy as he? Is heaven so cheap, happiness so easy and plentiful, that no virtue is required in the person seeking it?

We who have dwelt in the earth-body, and sojourned in the spirit-world for nearly half a century, have not yet discovered any law or any way by which the goodness of one person can make another good or happy, unless that goodness become the actual property of the individual. It matters not how good the Infinite, or Jesus, or any one else may be, to those who are destitute of this quality. Neither the goodness of God nor the angels can make a soul happy without they possess that goodness and exercise it for themselves. It is contrary to the laws of mind to make a soul happy without love and wisdom of its own.

What though Christ be good, his goodness is his own, and not the quality of another's acts, until he or she shall exercise by their own will the principles of Jesus, or the virtues upon which all enjoyment in earth or heaven depends. What though all the angels in heaven be happy, what doth it profit those who reject the principles upon which such happiness is immutably based? It is a fundamental and eternal law of nature, that all happiness must result from the practical and personal goodness of the possessor, and cannot accrue to any person dispossessed of the principles which generate it.

All happiness is resultant from individual qualities, and consists in the degree of the development of those qualities in each person. Relying upon finding enjoyment because another is possessed of the virtue which brings it, is a delusion that paralyzes all our efforts to secure happiness. Men have dreamed that God, in his infinite goodness, would in his purposes of grace transfer the merits of Jesus to those who trusted in such an unjust and arbitrary insult to the natural workings of his wisdom in the government of mankind. The moral force of such instruction is weakening to the cause of personal improvement, and makes the individual who relies upon such faith indifferent as to his or her personal worth. Merit

cannot be transferred, and to suppose that the merits of Jesus may be set to the credit of others, is a mistake which will find no justification in the truth. It matters not what authors or books may teach, the laws of God warrant no such injustice between man and man, nor between man and his Maker.

There is no law in the Universe that will justify the practice of crediting the merits of Jesus, or of angels, to any other individual than the proper one. And no individual has any right to expect such a fraudulent transaction as the doctrine of imputed sin and righteousness attaches to the Ruler of the Universe.

Personal virtue recoils at the thought of such injustice. And if men and women venture to trust on getting to heaven because some one else is good while they are not, or in any record of history which may be thought to inculcate such an idea, it will still be a truth that they will find themselves disappointed when the justice of natural law shall be made known to them. They will then see that all happiness is but the result of an actual merit of some virtue existing in some person who is the recipient of its blessings.

Men and women should not trust in errors to gain happiness. They cannot gain felicity by succumbing to popular views which conflict with the laws of reason and nature, nor receive the merits of another without possessing another's virtues. The noblest minds of earth and heaven are those who have merits of their own, and are capable of trusting in their own virtues to secure their exaltation to higher spheres. In so doing, they act and think for themselves, and gather such instructions as nature with her millions of tongues, may present for their acceptance. Spirits may teach, men may listen, but when men do what law and nature demand, the virtue is the property of the doer, and the effect of such doing is happiness. This happiness is personal, and can accrue only to the actor. Such is the reward of good works.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

[The following article has appeared once in the columns of this paper, a year or two since; but we republish it at the request of several subscribers. We think it would be difficult for the talented author to find admission for such an article in any of our prominent religious journals at present. What was orthodox on this subject a few years since, is fearfully heterodox now.—J.]

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

On the Ministration of Departed Spirits in this World.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering on winged wings
The Spirits of the dead.

While every year is taking one and another from the ranks of life and usefulness, or the charmed circle of friendship and love, it is soothing to remember that the Spiritual world is gaining in riches through the poverty of this.

In early life, with our friends all around us—hearing their voices, cheered by their smiles—death and the Spiritual world are to us remote, misty, and half fabulous; but as we advance in our journey, and voice after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadows fall almost solitary on the hill-side of life, the soul, by a necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and Spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this. For with every friend that dies, dies also some peculiar form of social enjoyment, whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend; till, late in the afternoon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world, in successive portions, half his own Spirit; and poor is he who has not familiarized himself with that unknown, whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending. One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond the vale, is for some assurance that they will still love and care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereavement would lose half its bitterness. As a German writer beautifully expressed it—"Our friend is not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage"—hence the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever made the guardianship of, and ministration of departed Spirits, a favorite theme of poetic fiction.

But is it, then, fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none? Is there no sober certainty to correspond to the inborn and passionate craving of the soul? Do departed Spirits, in reality, retain any knowledge of what transpires in this world, and take any part in its scenes?

All that revelation says of a Spiritual state, is more intimation than assertion—it has no direct treatise, and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but gives vague, glorious images, while now and then, some accidental ray of intelligence looks out.

—like eyes of cherubs, shining
From out the veil that hid the ark.

But, out of all the different hints and assertions of the Bible, we think a better inference argument might be constructed, to prove the ministration of departed Spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed, in its day, for the height of orthodoxy.

First, then, the Bible distinctly says, that there is a class of invisible Spirits who minister to the children of men. "Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" It is said of little children, that their "angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in Heaven." The last passage from the words of our Savior, taken in connection with the well-known tradition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of individual guardian Spirits.

For God's government over mind is, it seems throughout, one of intermediate agencies, and these not chosen at random, but with the nicest reference to their adaptation to the purpose intended.

Is it likely, then, that, in selecting subordinate agencies, this so necessary a requisite of a human life and experience, is overlooked? While around the throne of God stand Spirits, now sainted and glorified, but thrillingly conscious of a past experience of sin and sorrow, and trembling to the soul, in sympathy with temptations and struggles like their own; is it likely that He would pass by these souls, thus burning for the work, and commit it to those bright abstract Spirits, whose knowledge and experience are comparatively so distant and so cold?

It is strongly in confirmation of this idea, that in the transfiguration scene, which seems to have been intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of the glorified state of their Master, we find him attended by two Spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, "which appeared with him in glory, and spake of his death, which he should at accomplish at Jerusalem."

It appears that these so long departed ones were still mingling in deep sympathy with the tide of human affairs, not only aware of the present, but also informed as to the future.

In coincidence with this idea, are all those passages which speak of the redeemed of earth as being closely and indissolubly identified with Christ, members of his body, of his flesh and his bones. It is not to be supposed that these united to Jesus above all others, by so vivid a sympathy and community of interests, are left out as instruments in that great work of human regeneration which engrosses him; and when we hear Christians spoken of as kings and priests unto God, as those who shall judge angels, we see it more than intimated that they are to be the parents and actors in that great work of Spiritual regeneration, of which Jesus is the head.

What then? May we look among the bands of ministering Spirits for our departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core—a friend to whom we have unfolded our souls in their most secret recesses—to whom we have confessed our weaknesses and deplored our griefs—if we are to have a ministering Spirit, who better adapted?

Have we not memories which correspond to such belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, "There is lifting up." Have not gales and breezes of sweet and healing thought been wafted over us, as if an angel had shaken from his wings the odors of Paradise? Many a one, we are confident, can remember such things; and whence come they?

Why do the children of the pious mother, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers fearful and imminent as the crossing Mohammed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah! could we see that glorious form! That face where the angel condescends not the mother—our questions would be answered.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken because the Divine One sees that their ministry can act upon us more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.

Here, the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human events and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impression on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the heart of her child; she yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a Spiritual and holy life; but all her own weaknesses, faults and mortal cares, cramp and confine her, till death breaks all fetters—and then first truly alive, risen, purified and at rest, she may calmly, sweetly and certainly, what amid the tempests and tossings of life, she labored for painfully and fruitfully.

So, also, to generous souls who burn for the good of man, who deplore the shortness of life, and the little that is permitted to any individual agency in this life, does this belief open a heavenly field. Think not, father or brother, long laboring for man, till thy sun stands on the western mountains—think not that thy day in this world is over. Perhaps, like Jesus, thou hast lived a human life and gained human experience, to become, under and like him, a savior of thousands—thou hast been through the preparation, but thy real work of good, thy full power of doing, is yet to begin.

There are some Spirits (and those of earth's choicest,) to whom, so far as enjoyment to themselves or others is concerned, this life seems to have been a total failure. A hard hand from the first, and all the way through life, seems to have been laid upon them; they seem to live only to be chastened and crushed, and we lay them in the grave at last in mournful silence. To such a vision is opened by this belief! This hard discipline has been the school and task work by which their soul has been fitted for their invisible labors in a future life; and when they pass the gates of the grave, their course of benevolent acting first begins, and they find themselves delighted possessors of what through many years they have sighed for—the power of doing good.

The year just passed, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just and the beloved—there are spots in a thousand graveyards, which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow, how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us. They still may move about our homes, shedding around them an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good, and reproofs of evil; we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at our success. How should this thought cheer and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace. They have overcome—have risen—are crowned, glorified—but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness they seem to say to us: "So we grieved, so we struggled,

so we faint, so we doubt—but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have found all true, and in our heaven behold the certainty of our own."

THE NEW ERA.

"BEHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR.
A. E. NEWTON, EDITOR.

S. C. HEWITT, PROPRIETOR.
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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 spirit in the flesh or out, should stand only on its intrinsic merits.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

The Marriage Question.

The subject of the present article is now fairly before our readers, and it seems proper, if not absolutely demanded, that we should say some more definite word thereupon, than we have heretofore done. Some very sensitive friends think we should have done this sooner, but our own judgment has constantly decided otherwise. In relation to a question of this nature, and involving such momentous results, it has seemed to us especially needful to let the effluence of thought and of passion have its brief day, that the public mind might be the better prepared for a more dispassionate and rational view of the subject, than has, for the most part, been entertained of late in almost any quarter.

All questions, in their outset, are subject to extremes. And this is especially true of Marriage, which is the *peculiar* question of this age. Very seldom do we find those who are prepared to take neither side exclusively, but who, at the same time, see very clearly the truth and the error of both. Yet now and then, such do appear and say their word, only perhaps, for the time being, to get more kicks and curses, than good will and encouragement. Nevertheless, their word must be said, and if time does not, the eternities will, do them justice. So much then, in preface. We come now to the question itself. And

1. WHAT IS MARRIAGE? Does it consist in variety, or in duality? Is it a mere legal and external union, or is it mainly spiritual? We hesitate not to say that marriage is strictly dual in its nature—that it is the union of two, and of two only, in conjugal love. We have no possible faith in the idea of variety, either limited, or universal, if by that term is meant simultaneous change in one's conjugal loves—or, in other words, the capacity and strict rightfulness of loving, conjugally, more than one at the same time. The very idea of conjugality, by common consent, excludes the idea of various and simultaneous loves, for conjugality is duality, and that alone. It becomes, therefore, a solecism to talk of simultaneous variety in conjugal love. It is not simply an apparent, but a real paradox. The thing cannot be. There may be other loves, outside the conjugal—as that of charity, friendship, offspring, etc., which may be simultaneous and in variety; but the conjugal passion itself, is essentially dual, and is therefore exclusive, in the legitimate, proper and good sense of that term.

But what proof have we of this? It is said that all nature illustrates the contrary. The male and female principles, we are told, exist throughout all nature—that even the mineral kingdom, as well as the vegetable, animal and human, reveals the principles of sexuality not only, but illustrates the doctrine of variety. There is a constant interchange of positive and negative, or male and female influence, not simply between two minerals, two vegetables, or two animals, but between each other, in almost endless variety. Here is a deposit of iron, copper, silver, or gold, giving off its chemical efflux, positively and negatively, or masculinely and femininely, not in a dual way, simply, but in variety, to any extent. Here, also, is a field of grain in blossom, and its impregnating substance is carried by the four winds, from one stalk to another, and another, and still another, without limit, knowing no exclusiveness—no confinement. And here again is the animal kingdom, with its genera and species—with also, its varied attractions—its constant crossing and re-crossing of breeds, and its endless interchanges of influences which reciprocally affect, not two only, from each other, but many from one, and one from many, on the male and female principles. So, also, it is argued, should it be with human beings, for the same law holds here as in all other departments of nature. If the law of variety is found everywhere else, and where, too, this principle of sex is especially concerned, why should it not be found also to be true of man—of the human race?

The argument for variety, thus drawn from nature below and outside of man, it is said, is confirmed by human history. Scarcely a nation has yet existed, which has not, in some form, not only tolerated, but approved of polygamy. And those nations which have been openly and professedly monogamic, have not been able, after all, to suppress, except in part, and mostly in mere outside public opinion and conventional arrangements, the actual manifestations of that love of variety in sexuality, which is true of all nature elsewhere. The conclusion therefore is, that variety in love is native and radical in man and woman, and that all confinement, or dual exclusiveness, is contrary to the nature and the well-being of the race.

We have thus endeavored to give the argument its full force, and its advocates the

full advantage of this specious and seemingly plausible reasoning. We have done so, in order to give them no just cause of complaint, while at the same time we might be enabled thereby to present a more striking contrast between truth and error, on this subject, than we otherwise could possibly have done.

And now, in replying, we may say in the outset, that the reasoning we have glanced at puts man on a level, not simply with the brutes, but lower still—with mere vegetable and mineral nature. And here is where it sadly fails, for although the great primary law of sexual union is essentially the same in all kingdoms, and although man is the complement, or epitome of the whole, yet he is *essentially* more than such complement or epitome. Man has a spiritually personal nature, which far outstrips all the relations of laws, elements, substances, creatures and influences in each and all the kingdoms below himself. The vegetable may grow out of the mineral, the animal out of both, and man, so far as they go, may be the culmination of them all, yet if he were no more than that, he would be no more than a *hormonal animal*; he would have no spiritual nature—no properly reasoning intellect—no spiritual attributes. He would be simply and only, the great representative of *animal nature*—he would not be *MAN*. But being man, by virtue of a manhood superadded to his animal being, which gives to that being all its essential glory and crown, which, while it unites, yet divides the manhood from the animal attributes, the primary law of sexuality rises here to a similar dignity, and is characterized by qualities and principles as far above animal, vegetable and mineral variety, in their interchange of sexual influences, as the personality, human form and angelic nature of man, are superior to merely diffusible elements, unconscious forces and abstract laws. Minerals, vegetables and animals are utterly incapable of forming intelligent, and spiritually and morally conscious sexual relations with each other; and especially are they incapable of calculating and providing for those multitudinous, ever-varying and elevated wants and results which constantly flow from the union of the sexes of the human race.

There is, therefore, a marked difference between man and all nature besides; and this difference puts every law of nature, outside of man, into different relations to him, when such law enters into, and becomes a part of himself. Purposes have now to be fulfilled and objects gained, which never could enter into the economy of the lower kingdoms, and hence the demands of the sexual law involve different relations, and those, too, of a more sacred and important character, in human beings, than in all nature besides.

While, therefore, the laws of nature in the inferior kingdoms may be the same essentially, or in principle, with those in the human race, it is plain that in the latter, these same laws become more complicated, imply new relations, and involve different results. And furthermore, such being the case, we involve ourselves in endless absurdities, when we attempt to draw an exact parallel throughout, between human sexuality, or marriage, in its true and normal sense, and the relations and operations of the same essential principle, or law, in either or all of the three kingdoms below man.

And in relation to the argument from human history, it may be said, that we have so little that is truly normal in that, in relation to the question under consideration, and what we have of a healthy character is so much on the side of duality, that it would seem the argument for variety must utterly fail in this direction. The Polygamy of ancient times, not only among the Heathen, but also among the Jews, as also that of a later day, not entirely confined to these classes, we should much sooner think the result of an inordinate and diseased sexuality, than of a healthy or normal tone of that passion of our nature. At any rate, it is a fact of history, that polygamy and its adjuncts, have always existed among those people who have been noted for very strong passions of the kind under consideration. But we think it will hardly be contended, on reflection, that this argument from history is tantamount to an argument from nature, inasmuch as nature is pretty effectually covered up by disease, so far as the history goes on that side of the question. Furthermore, when we take a comprehensive view of history in the premises, its testimony is very strongly on the side of the dual marriage, in this particular, if no other,—viz.: that while polygamy and consequent variety have existed mainly among the older nations, and the ruder, less cultivated and less spiritually elevated people, the monogamic or dual marriage has prevailed most under the light and refinement of the later civilizations. True, even here, marriage is vastly inferior in character to the true idea of the conjugal relation, but at the same time, we find the idea of duality, or pairing, keeping exact pace with the progress of the human race. And in saying this, we do not overlook the great Mormon fact of these times, or the more formidable, because more subtle, doctrine of variety, as taught by some agitators of the present times. We look upon these, however, as the great summing up occasions of a mighty battle of principles already fairly begun, and not to be ended till the great doctrine of conjugal union, or dual marriage is brought out into bolder relief than ever before,—its laws, principles, and results thoroughly comprehended and acted upon—till loftier ideas of marriage are entertained, and vastly purer motives are cherished and made the constant promptings of such marriages as the angels smile upon, and God himself approves. But we must reserve much we would say for other opportunities.

Several articles intended for this paper are necessarily omitted. Correspondents will have patience.

Conference at Harmony Hall.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 8TH.

It is seldom our privilege to meet with the friends, and take part in the discussions of the weekly Conferences of this city. But on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8th, we embraced the opportunity offered us, and met a quiet little circle of believers in Spiritualism at the Hall named above. The topic for discussion on this occasion, was *PSYCHOMETRY*. We proposed the subject for consideration, and endeavored to get at the philosophy of it. The statement and the argument were substantially these: That, although the human powers, (i. e., of the Psychometrist,) the autograph, etc., were absolutely necessary to the result, yet that they served rather as *occasions*, than as *causes*. The Psychometrist does not, of himself, read the life-story of the writer of an autograph, or of a letter, but is made the organ of doing it, by operative causes superior to himself. These causes are Spiritual, and from the world of causes. Spiritual beings, partly from personal knowledge of the person whose character is to be read, and partly from their clairvoyant powers, come in rapport with the Psychometrist, and use his organs for the work, while, to all appearance, the Psychometrist himself does the whole of it. And the use of the autograph, the letter, or any thing else that may have been in contact with the person whose character is to be read, is simply to serve as a bond of connection, or to make an occasion for the reading.

So much, then, for the statement. Now for the argument. It is granted, that the autograph, especially when written with ink, may be impregnated with the soul-magnetism of the writer. But it is hardly supposable that such magnetism will remain with the autograph for the space of a hundred years. And yet it is a fact, that letters a hundred years old have been as accurately psychometrized, as those just written,—or as the living person, whose hand takes that of the psychometrist. If we suppose the person present, who wrote the letter while in the flesh, or some other one who was familiar with his character when on earth, and making use of the organs of the apparent reader, the thing is easily explained. But to suppose there is enough soul-magnetism remaining, after the lapse of a hundred years, seems quite impossible. Even what is called the permanent magnet, if left without its armature, in contact with other freely conducting substances, would lose all its attractive force in less than one half of that time. This soul-magnetism is evidently governed by a similar law, and must, therefore, be diffused long before the hundred years are out. What is there, then, in the ancient autograph to excite the powers of the psychometrist, so as to enable him to read, accurately and vividly, the character of the writer? Plainly, nothing at all, or next to that. Certainly, there is not cause enough here to balance the effect. The former, therefore, must be sought elsewhere.

This view of the subject, however, does not, in the least, contravene the idea of a constant efflux of soul-magnetism from each person of the human race, or from the fingers and the pen of a writer, which impregnates everything with which it comes in contact, and especially the letter which is being written; but the question is, whether there is enough in this substantive efflux, which, *per se*, is as unconscious as any other diffusible element of nature, to account for the result we witness? It would seem that there is not.

Dr. FELCH, quoting the language of some eminent savant, replied to our remarks, by saying, that "if the premises were correct, the conclusion" we drew from them, "must be true also," which, of course, was decidedly non-committal. The Dr. also made several other apt observations which we cannot recall.

Mr. ATKINS coincided with our view of the matter, and related a case in his own experience, which confirmed that view. A gentleman on Cape Cod had written his autograph with a pencil, to make a trial, in that way, of this soul-reading. Now, it is plain that the steel pen and the liquid ink are more ready conductors of magnetism, than a dry lead pencil; and it may, therefore, be fairly supposed, that the autograph written with the latter, would be less fully charged, than with the former; and yet there is no perceptible difference in the results.

Mr. BLACKER did not feel competent to treat this matter; but he did feel, that the time was speedily coming when we shall understand and live by law. And this he thought would be the practical tendency of Psychometry. Heretofore almost everybody has lived in constant violation of nature's laws, and questions like the present will tend to make nature more transparent to us, so that we shall know what she is—what her laws are—what our relations to her and them; and therefore, what our life ought to be.

We responded to this practical idea, and suggested, that we unconsciously, yet really and constantly affect each other, for good or evil, by the constant efflux of soul-magnetism. If we cherish elevated thought and sentiment, an elevated efflux radiates from us, and mingles with the spheres of others; and *vice versa*.

Dr. FELCH mentioned the fact, that a dog would readily track his master, whether the latter were old boots or new ones, in confirmation of this idea of efflux.

Mr. EMSON did not think we were forced to adopt the Spiritual theory of Psychometry. The dog, he said, was a natural clairvoyant—an organ for the soul of the Universe to operate through instinctively. So may we be organs also, on a higher plane. And the soul of the Universe may read, to us, individual souls, through the personal organism of the psychometrist, on the clairvoyant principle. So we are not obliged to suppose individual spirits to be in rapport with the visible reader, in order to account for the result.

Mr. LOVELAND did not agree with the clairvoyant view. The psychometrist feels—not sees. He had, furthermore, no doubt that

the soul of the writer impressed itself upon the autograph; and if Spirits do the reading, through the organs of the psychometrist, there is no need of an autograph.

We reiterated, that the use of an autograph is to make an occasion for the reading. If there were no occasion for the reading, there would be no reading.

Mr. CHESBY thought Spirits helped the psychometrist, and related a fact concerning friend Wilson's psychometrical delineations, which illustrated the point.

Dr. FELCH illustrated Bro. Loveland's position, that the psychometrist feels, and thereby determines the character he is reading, by relating the fact concerning a piece of money and its magnetic qualities in connexion with sensitives. Such determine to whom the money belongs by feeling alone—not by clairvoyance.

Mr. LOVELAND did not believe in giving up one's individuality, and attributing the whole of Psychometry to Spirits—making them the sole cause in the case.

We replied, that our view of the matter did not thus yield the whole to them. It was true, that the Spirit World, being the world of causes, as all admit, became the primary cause in these readings; but, inasmuch, as the human medium, the autograph, and all other conditions requisite to the result produced, furnished the general occasion for the action of the primary causes, these also, in their turn, became, together, a secondary cause to the same end. It is thus that occasional forms—though an inferior—element of all causation; and while this idea remains, the psychometrist has no reason for parting with his individualities.

"Nothing New."

Dr. J. H. ROBINSON, in the last *Spiritual Telegraph*, thus disposes of that assumption which the opponents of Spiritualism so generally make their last resort, when all other subterfuges fail—namely, "Spirits communicate nothing new." He is dealing especially with the *New York Tribune*; and although that allegation is capable of a still further reply, yet this ought to be sufficient to close the mouths of those who so thoughtlessly use it.

"The *Tribune* has been in circulation several years, and carried many thousands of columns of matter to various parts of the Union. It has done more real, radical, practical talking than any paper in the country. Now will the frisky 'ghost' editor, who loveth to haunt the columns of the *Tribune*, and fliteth darkly about the editorial kennel, be so very kind and obliging as to inform me, and the world generally, what new principle in Art, Science, or Philosophy it has sent forth to enlighten the world, of which it can justly claim the paternity. Gentle spectre, I pause for a response! What has the organ you delight to honor with the playful children of your brain originated, that nobody ever thought of before?"

Still, has not the *Tribune* exercised a strong and lasting influence on the minds of men? Would it be too charitable to suppose that it has been the instrument of positive good to the human family? And yet the *Tribune* has not made a single grand discovery, notwithstanding it has communicated with the world so many years, and done so much hard rapping. Is the worth of anything to be measured by its absolute newness? What did Jesus of Nazareth, the most noted of reformers, teach that was positively new? He proclaimed the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and insisted on the practical acknowledgment of the "Golden Rule." Had not Confucius and several other "heavenly philosophers" taught the same doctrines? Many think that he was the "very God," yet find not a word of fault because he preached no doctrines entirely new. If a God could teach nothing higher and nobler than brotherly love, what can Trinitarians expect of departed human spirits, in all essential respects being like ourselves? Does the spectre editor feel inclined to undervalue the ministry of Jesus, because he inculcated such plain and simple truths? Far from it, I imagine. He is quite aware that that personage has exercised a very great influence on the destiny of the world. As a reformer, the majority of Spiritualists receive, believe in him, and love his pure and peaceable doctrines. They desire nothing better than the full realization of his prophecies. They believe the churches have the form without the power of godliness—the external code without the inner life and spirit of Christ, written on the tablets of the mind. Churchmen hope they shall have a conscious experience of the death of the body, Spiritualists know they shall. Hence most of the latter class have a strong faith in the practicability of many of the strange things recorded in the Bible, and believed to be miraculous or contrary to the laws of Nature.

The *Tribune* has been in operation longer than the marvels of modern Spiritualism, yet it has convinced nobody of the immortality of the soul; Spiritualism has convinced thousands. Horace Greeley (the responsible editor) is a man of genius—as such a special instrument of Heaven as Henry Ward Beecher, or a clever shoemaker, blacksmith, or anybody else—but he gives us nothing wonderfully new.

Lectures in Lowell.

The friends of Spiritualism in Lowell are awake to the claims of the cause in that city, and are having lectures every Sunday by a variety of speakers. They have already made arrangements to continue these lectures to the first of January, when they hope to be better able to go forward, possess themselves of a more convenient place of meeting, and give a more substantial character to the movement in their locality. They now hold, and will continue to hold, their meetings in Wells' Hall until the time specified above, three times on Sunday, the afternoon being specially devoted to a free conference, while the morning and evening are occupied in listening to lectures.

MELDEON COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the contributors to the "Melodeon Fund" held at that Hall on Sunday morning last, the following persons were appointed a Board of Directors to manage the Spiritualists' meetings held in that place:

J. S. Loveland, Chairman; M. T. Dole, Secretary; John Wood, William R. Hayden, W. K. Lewis, Abijah Fessenden, John Wilkins.

A. J. Davis's Lectures.

The teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy spoke on Tuesday and Friday evenings of last week in the Music Hall Lecture Room, and in the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening, Nov. 19th. We were unable to be present at the first two lectures, but a friend has furnished us the following synopsis of that of Friday evening:

Mr. Davis announced as his subject "The extent and import of Nature," and as his text therefor the lines which were by some poet applied to the Bible:—

"Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."

Mr. D. first spoke of the entire inability of the great mass of people to comprehend the beauties of nature. To them it is a meaningless mass, from which they are to procure their subsistence—nothing more. To others it is God's footstool, very prettily carpeted and decorated, but only a footstool to the Almighty. To others it is a sort of basement story or cellar-kitchen of God's Universe. Some look on its most beautiful and sublime scenes without any deep and refined emotions whatever. It was related of Byron that he was once riding in a stage-coach through a very beautiful tract of country, the only occupant of the coach besides himself being a lady. Occasionally she would interrupt Byron's deep meditations on the ever-varying beauties which met his eye. At last a line of very beautiful hills came in view, when she said to him, "How pretty them hills is, aint they?" "Driver!" exclaimed Byron, putting his head out at the window, "stop and let me get out; I'll walk," unable longer to endure it! A New York dandy once visited Niagara Falls. On reaching there he took out his eye-glass and after surveying it a moment said, "An exceedingly fine display; but, Fwd," turning to his companion, "come away, it makes such a disagreeable roar." These, said the speaker, are the only emotions produced in the breasts of some by such scenes.

But to him who comes with his perceptions quickened by an intercourse with Nature, each rose and violet is the symbol of something higher and better, and did we know how to question it, it would teach us some of the deepest lessons of life. The tree, to the chemist, is composed of so many chemicals of different kinds; to the anatomist it is the teacher of anatomy; the traveler who reposes beneath its boughs, is reminded of a canopy formed by guardians for his case, as he refreshes his weary body beneath its shade and listens to the carols of the birds in its boughs; the philosopher had from time immemorial referred to "the brave old oak," and taught many lessons therefrom; but to the thinking Spiritualist it suggested deeper and holier lessons still.

The earth is two hundred and fifty thousand miles in circumference, yet how few have bestowed much thought upon it. How much yet unexplored land near where Franklin recently perished; how much in Patagonia! The ocean between the American coast and Asia is constantly traversed now, yet how few had meditated upon the vast expanse of water there.

Mr. D. thought the surface of the earth had formerly been rough, mountainous rocks, traversed by strong, impetuous currents of water, which in washing the stones back and forth, had caused a continual rubbing of them together, and the effects of this was the first land. He does not sympathize with the idea that God made in six days, in its present complete manner, "the earth and all that therein is," but believes that Nature by her own operations produced a greater portion of her present population of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. For instance, if a man does not disturb a tract of primeval forest after its being burned over, it will produce the first year fire-weed; cut it down, and the next year it will produce smart-weed; cut it again, and the next year it will produce a very long, coarse grass, such as no cattle will eat; the next year it will produce Timothy grass; the fifth year it will produce a wild oat, and so on, producing every year something more valuable. So with trees. The meanest kind of land produces pines; the next, chestnut, and so on, up to the more valuable sorts, arriving in other climates to delicious fruits. This was caused by the natural properties of the vegetation imparted to the earth each by their decomposition.

He passed lightly over the contemplation of the million and a half species of the animal world, to the most grand, most sublime of all things,—nine hundred millions of men and women who at this time inhabit the earth. The speaker was not of the opinion that the body was created and then the spirit fashioned to suit that vessel and its different organs, as is taught by the popular theology. He said that his first experience as a clairvoyant was as if the soul left the body and visited different places. He labored under this mistake some four years before he discovered to the contrary. The mind of each man daguerreotypes itself upon the atmosphere, and a person in the clairvoyant state reads, not the mind, but the daguerreotype of the mind. While in that state, the clairvoyant saw an entirely different representation over the cities of New York, Boston, London, Paris, Vienna, etc., according to the character and intelligence of the inhabitants.

And now the time has arrived when the world of men is brought into nearer communion with the spirit-world than ever before, and their influences are being exercised upon it. It is so in literature, politics, war. The spirits of departed Russian soldiers had informed him that many in their ranks longed to leave and fight for the Turks, but dared not. He read an exordium given through him by a member of the Spiritual Congress before the war commenced, which asserted that Russia would not be successful; her generals would lose their cunning. This was being fulfilled. A great lesson of the war in

the east is, that man is beginning to look more at justice, and less at dogmas and creeds; for Christian nations were now allying themselves with Pagan, to fight against Christians, for justice.

Thus, said Mr. Davis, he had endeavored to give some idea of Nature, but how slight were his remarks compared with the subject. He had not entered upon the threshold. How grand the theme! Let us strive to become more capable of studying, comprehending and enjoying her.

We have notes of the Sunday lectures which we have not room to insert in this paper. Both efforts were listened to by large and intelligent audiences. Mr. D. aimed to exhibit the true nature and tendencies of the Spiritual movement, and his remarks were characterized by a geniality and vigorous good sense which commended him and his subject to the better feelings of his auditors.

Communications.

Letter from Warren Chase.

The following is the remainder of the communication from which we gave the first paragraph last week.

BRO. HEWITT:—I send this short, "picked-up" letter more to inform my friends of my whereabouts, my latitude and longitude, than to instruct or advise; but I must drop in here a specimen of religious fanaticism which I found in my travels, but which the press which circulates so much gossip about Spiritualists, has failed to promulgate. A young man in a small village in Indiana, (Knights town) not long ago became religious and fanatical to that degree that he declared both his hands had offended, and according to Scripture he must cut them off; but as he could not cut both of himself he would burn them off. For that purpose he thrust them into a hot fire, and before he could be drawn away, actually burned them so as to result in his death soon after. Would not this horrible fact (for it is a fact, as any one can ascertain by inquiry in that town) be of use to our friends of the *Oliver Branch*, and post them up in the character and effect of delusions? Would they not have found out and used this act, if it could have been traced to Spiritualism as its source? The Bible literally followed, leads to some terrible results to fanatics, of which there are thousands of instances, both recorded and unrecorded. In fact, I believe I have heard of a preacher of sectarian religion who left his wife and ran away, or tried to, with a woman some other man legally owned. Wonder if the *Oliver Branch* would find a fact of this character; and if so, if it would do as it does by Spiritualism with such facts?

Now, Bro. Snow, or any others, I am sorry I have hurt your feelings by the severity of my review of Bro. Ballou's article. I cannot, however, for my life, discover where in I have done injustice to truth or to Spiritualism. I was not mistaken in my belief when I read that article, that it would afford more material for our opponents upon which to slander and abuse us, than any article of its length ever published by friend or foe. It has done so; and hence, as I supposed, it was (however honestly designed) the most deadly stab we have ever had. But it is not fatal; for the healing power is yet sufficient. My brother thinks I have some idolatry remaining. I have ever been termed infidel, and was not aware of ever having or worshipping any idol. If I do, and my brother will name the object of idolatry, I will hand it over to him, and worship outside.

I have recently met Mrs. Thomas, and find her an excellent medium, but teaching in my presence no such fears or allusions to "free-loveism" as Brother Ballou referred to; but both herself and the spirits through her, in my presence, teach and believe on this subject as I and Spiritualists generally do. But I did not intend ever to refer to this letter discussion again, and I do it now merely to say I have nothing to take back. Yet I deny all hard feelings, all envy or hatred; for I felt nothing but kindness and pity, however severe my expressions might have appeared to some religiously sensitive friends. They often give me hard pills to swallow when they drag into Spiritualism modern or ancient idolatry, as superior to the unfolding of the human intellect in the Rationalism or Spiritualism of our age. But I endeavor to excuse it, and make the proper allowances for education and condition, and never feel offended, nor withdraw my efforts or support from the cause or the papers on that account. I should be sorry to see our sensitive brethren show less charity for one who has ever been skeptical till facts and philosophy had reached and converted him, than such an infidel shows and feels for them.

One more item, and I have done. The letter of Brother Sunderland to me, in the last Era, needs no reply from me. I am glad, and so will many others be, to see Bro. S. winding, (to use a sea-phrase,) and I hope hereafter he will sail with us and with God in Nature, not discredited from Nature. Those who have read his letters and my comments will be able to judge of our positions and do justice to us both. If I did misunderstand my brother, I am glad, for he has thus been led to set others right, who also misunderstood him as I did. I meant all I said in my letter to Bro. S. of my experience; but as I find and recognize no evil, or in an absolute sense, no high or low, (only relative) and positively no good or bad, and progression only as change, of course I could have no evil communications, but only harmony and inharmony; expressed in extremes by love and hate, which are never evidences of positive good or positive evil. He that dwells in and feels in love and harmony is happy, and the opposite unhappy. Their conditions are named in extremes sometimes Heaven and Hell. Still I suppose "all partial evil is universal good." Now let me pass, brethren, as

WARREN CHASE.
AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 6th, 1854.

