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VOL. I.--NO. 15.

Poetry.

UNION OF THE DWELLERS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY CHARLES GARBACK.

In breathless silence now we gaze a-d stare on yonder sky
Where spirit friends like angels pure in Godlike splendor
fly.
Descend now from thy starry height, move gently from
above,
Oh comfort and in-piren—now ye messengers of love—
There are no ties to keep ye from uniting here below.
Alas our day yet keeps us bound from moving to a d-d
dark, hark I hear their breathing now they are coming
nigh,
They've left their gorgeous mansions, they're moving from
on high,
Converse now dear departed, let's hear thy heavenly
words;
Unite our minds, unite our hearts with spirit's silvery
cords!
Be silent brothers, sisters, for our loved Father's nigh;
I've touched his golden garment while passing slowly by.
Behold, there too is mother, pressing his spirit hand;
She also is a member of that bright angel band.
What joy pervades my bosom when silently I see
A group of angels meeting with joyful dust like me.
Commune now, dearest mother, I see bright smiles on
thine,
And looks of seraph's beauty of heavenly degree.
Thou knowest it's but a few months that bitterly I wept,
When death in his pale luster within our dwelling crept.
How apt in lonely moments, I've watched the purple sky,
Desiring to be roaming with thee and Father high.
Come father, press my hand once more, how oft on yon-
der height
I've gazed when heart was vacant, eyes beaming with de-
light;
For soon I learned thou'rt happy, far more so than with
me;
The bright and purest angels are hovering there with thee.

ANGEL'S REPLY.

My children, I thy father am ever at thy side;
I guard and shall protect thee—I am thy angel guide.
Dear children hear thy mother—she's speaking to thee
now,
And with her mother's love shall chase clouds from thy
brow.

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

I've had the heart ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name
I've never woven in my rhyme,
Though from it inspiration came.
It is in truth a holy thing,
Life cherished from the world apart—
A dove that never tries its wing,
But broods and nestles in the heart.
That name of melody recalls
Her gentle looks and winning ways
Whose portrait hangs on memory's walls,
In the fond light of other days.
In the dream land of Poetry,
Reclining in its leafy bowers,
Her bright eyes in the stars I see,
And her sweet smile in the flowers.

Her artless dalliance and grace—
The joy that lighted up her brow—
The sweet expression of her face—
Her form—it stands before me now!
And I can fancy that I hear
The woodland song she used to sing,
Which stole to my attending ear,
Like the first harbingers of spring.

The beauty of the earth was hers,
And hers the purity of heaven;
Alone, of all her worshippers,
To me her maiden vows were given.
They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires;
Once kindled, it will never depart,
But burn through life with all its fires.

We parted—doomed no more to meet—
The blow fell with a stunning power—
Aill yet my pulse will strangely beat
At the remembrance of that hour!
But time and change their healing brought,
And years have passed in seeming glee,
But still alone of her I've thought
Who's now a memory to me.

There may be many who will deem
This strain a wayward, youthful folly,
To be derided as a dream
Born of the poet's melancholy.
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
With all that follows in its train,
I would with gratitude resign,
To dream that dream of love again.

THE TEMPEST.

BY R. HOLLIS ROCKBRIDGE.

Upon a mountain rough and high,
Whose craggy peak reached to the sky,
Stood castle strong; its turrets proud,
Pierced through the light and fleecy cloud.
The tempest flapped the wicket gate,
Near which the gray, old Warder sat—
The owl's hoot loud, the ravens' croak,
As o'er their heads the tempest broke.

The castle shook with fearful sound,
And quaked with fear the beagle hound,
The ivy tower rocked to and fro,
As round it bore the whirlwinds blow,
And never before was tempest known
To shake the deep foundation-stone—
To rend the elm and sturdy oak,
As through their limbs it wildly broke.

The beagle hound of foot-step fleet,
Crouched close beside his master's feet,
He loudly howled, in fright and fear,
As vivid flashed the lightning near.
The Warder sat and groaned aloud—
Upon his breast his head was bowed,
But not a word the old man spoke,
As o'er his head the tempest broke.

Fall fast, as though the floods of heaven,
By demon grim were savage driven,
In torrents dense down poured the rain,
And made the wicket flap again.
The fox and wolf in bog and glen,
In terror sought their mountain den,
The heron wild, in fear awoke,
As o'er his head the tempest broke.

The Warder sat with dismal look,
His form like forest aspen shook,
As howling fierce the blast went by,
And thunder harshly rent the sky.
The drawbridge cracked with spectral sound—
The castle-wall fell to the ground—
The grinding stones caused fire and smoke,
As round them wild the tempest broke.

Next fell the castle to the ground,
And killed the Warder and his hound,
And crashing down the mountain side,
Rolled stones and torrents foaming wide.
The tempest o'er the mountain swept—
The Warder and his hound both slept—
They sudden died, by grim death's stroke,
As o'er their heads the tempest broke.

CALUMNY.

BY NAOMI GRAY.

Once beside a fountain gleaming,
Stood a maiden blithe and fair;
Laughter in her eye was beaming,
And adown her brow was streaming,
Wealth of shining auburn hair.

Joyously she gathered flowers,
While she gaily dallied there;—
Sweetly passed the summer hours,
Mid those fragrant breezy bowers,
And she smiled at pain and care.

Once again when day was dying,
And the autumn sun was low;
Came I; but the breeze was sighing,
And the flowers all dead were lying;—
Silent was the fountain's flow.

There the maid sat sadly weeping—
From her cheek the bloom had fled;
While the chill bleak winds were sweeping,
She her fearful watch was keeping,
O'er the grave where Joy lay dead.

Rudely had the spell been broken—
Crushed the heart once free from care;
Calumny her name had spoken,
And had left her poisonous token,
Impressed in its blackness there.

A curious epitaph on a tombstone in South Carolina reads as follows:

Sacred to the memory of Mary Charlotte Alsobrook, daughter of L. H. and C. M. Alsobrook, who was born at Chesterfield Court House, S. C., 24th March, 1848, at about 7 o'clock A. M., and departed this life at Salem, Forsyth county, N. C., (where she was a pupil in the Salem Female Academy College,) in Adam Buttner's house, (Salem Hotel,) in room No. 1, down stairs, in new part of building, on Thursday, the 4th day of June, 1857, at about 20 minutes past 4 o'clock A. M., aged 14 years, 2 months, and 10 days, 21 hours and 20 minutes, and was brought home and buried here in the Mount Moriah Baptist Church burying ground, Union county, N. C., on the 7th of June, after her death, in the afternoon of the day, it being the Sabbath day.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:—The views which will be presented in this and in succeeding papers, if they will be allowed a place in your columns, are proposed in response to the general consciousness of all parties, more especially Spiritualists, in reference to the necessity of practical social reform; meaning of course, those who are conscious of such a necessity in these disordered times. They will not, however, embrace a full discussion of those abstract principles which constitute the basis of the general question, for they will suppose a very general recognition and understanding of these notions of right and justice by those who have considered the subject of reform at any length, and which form its fundamental ideas, but will aim rather to set forth a few practical suggestions as to what can be undertaken at the present time by those who are earnest in their desire to do something in its behalf.

There can be no mistaking the tone of the popular thought particularly among Spiritualists, in reference to this question. In the light which within a few years has shone upon it, they have discovered a wide extent of the field which constitutes its domain and which claims attention both in respect to the present deplorable condition of things in our social institutions, and the demand for the services of earnest and strong workers to improve it. The state of Society as viewed by the advocate of Humanity is infinitely short of that standard which one might have supposed the teachings of Christianity for eighteen hundred years would have enabled it to reach, and though it has unquestionably advanced in certain necessary directions, as in the development of learning, science, discoveries and the various productive arts, and thus more perfectly establishing its material basis, this advance has been made less through the motives which that religion inculcates, than that selfishness which it condemns and which seeks individual gain as the reward of all exertion.

The activity of Society even after so much preaching and teaching, gathering of congregations and building of churches, is impelled by no motives arising from what has been asserted as man's highest conceptions, viz: the religious element within him—it is, even now, influenced and directed almost solely by considerations which begin and end in individual profit—by desires, hopes and fears which exclude all sympathy or connection with the neighbor's good, and center in the self alone, thus creating in all communities as many distinct and opposing forces as there are individuals forming them, and thus necessarily leading to the discord, confusion and antagonism every where witnessed. In all ages of human history this condition has obtained among all peoples not favored with spontaneous and abundant supplies, and who have been called upon to exercise their faculties in the development of their social state, and although it may at times have excited the wonder of christian philosophers that should so far have overlapped the advent and promulgation of the opposite teachings of Jesus Christ, it evidently indicates that

these doctrines of his have not even yet seized the minds of his professing advocates with the force of that perception which is necessary for a practical application of their truths. In our so called "Christian" communities of to-day, there is perhaps as unmitigated a greed for the things which insure to the gratification of mere self, as ever characterized those to which this epithet has been denied—indeed, it would be easy to show in a comparison of professions, practice and results that in many instances the difference would be in favor of the latter. The practical light which now lighteth every man that cometh into the world is supplied from the overpowering porch of selfishness, the glimmerings of a better light being but occasionally presented to him, perhaps once a week or so, and almost from the cradle he is taught that he is to take good care of "number one," and that the opportunities and powers of life and existence are to be seized for the acquisition of the things of earth for his sole gratification—that his energies and industry are to be devoted for the accumulation of its riches, not merely as objects of necessary and healthful use, but as agents of power and aggrandizement and a most praiseworthy reward for his exertions.—Hence the general scramble in all classes of men, and monopoly of any and every means for the desired end, with its jostlings, its competitions, trickery, fraud and corruption, its rascality and grinding the faces of the poor, its oppressions, wars and fightings, forbidding the fact-observing eye from wandering even in the realms of imagination for a more hideous Pandemonium and torture house than our poor veritable earth contains among her *Christian* children, and caused by their blind and corrupted selfishness.

Further analysis or exhibition of these most obvious features of our present social state is not required here; the experience of every observing and reflecting mind produces a painful consciousness of the unhappy results which everywhere flow from it. The recognized channels for human powers and activity are believed to lie through conditions of falsehood and injustice, recognizing no claims of humanity or brotherhood, as if the providences of creation consisted solely in mere material possessions, and these too were limited in supply for the well being of a select few of the strongest or the most cunning. This seems to be the common sentiment of the community, and it of course outworks itself in the general conviction that the highest relation between man and man arises from the interest which pertains to these material things, or in other words bargain and sale. Thus is founded our actual practical religion with Mammon for supreme Deity, a most partial god, one would suppose, judging by the few worshippers whom he saves. Thomas Carlyle, in his strong and true sketch of what he calls "Gospel of Mammon" says, "True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totalist separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under

due laws-of-war, named 'fair competition,' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility.' We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings; we think, nothing doubting, that it absolves and liquidates all engagements of man."

It is not intended in these papers to speak particularly of other disorders than those that pertain directly and indirectly to the general producing or industrial interests of society: other relations and institutions growing out of the family and other instincts will form only incidental references perhaps, in the present discussion, depending upon their connection with the end here in view.

In the consideration of this subject it must be owned that it is far easier to perceive the necessity of reform than to decide upon the means and method for undertaking and promoting it. Surrounded as we are with the environment of the evils which we see, involved in them, too, and controlled more or less by the circumstances of our respective positions, and influenced as we are by the general contagion, we find it hard to attain such a footing outside and independent of it, as will enable us individually to apply the proper remedial levers for its overthrow even if they were discovered. The utterance and dissemination of ideas thereby enlightening the popular mind, seems to be all that can be attempted. There have not been wanting large-hearted and able-minded men to see with wide-reaching sight the primary phase of the question, and they have endeavored by laborious and earnest study to comprehend its solution. St. Simon, Owen, Fourier and others have been conspicuous in their efforts in this direction, and have found a few true practical sympathizers to test, with what success the world already knows, the feasibility of the plans suggested by them. That these plans have had a fair trial under the necessary conditions essential to their complete solution as applicable to their designs, this writer does not believe; but it is certainly demonstrable that the time has not yet arrived for their commanding such a confidence in their utility as will put them in operation. Individuals, too, feel that it is a great risk to engage or to assume any responsibility in any movement of reform which of course calls for a change of custom and habit; it is easier to move along with the general current as already established, than to deviate from and oppose it; hence the better informed, who generally are the more comfortable as well as influential classes, notwithstanding their convictions of abstract right and what is just in the case, prefer to keep aloof or else to exercise in opposition to the demands of the question that conservation which is the most fatal barrier to all progress, if allowed to prevail. It has ever been considered a dangerous business to undertake experiments; faith in old times and our fathers' ways, is stronger than faith in principles however well demonstrated—a sign that true intellectuality, and may we not say spirituality? is yet to be developed. The dim intuition of all men of the need of social reform, has always

(Continued on 8th Page.)

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MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE MES-
MERS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART II.

Then her tears flowed in grief, yet she wept not as those who mourn without hope.

Having paid this tribute to the memory of one of the best of mothers, she said to me in the same confiding way as of old,

"I am very glad you have come, Charles, for the cottage has been so lonely of late."

"But your uncle—the kind old doctor"—I hesitated, fearful to ask, lest he too had been called hence.

"He still lives here," she replied, "but he is very feeble for one no older than he is, and I fear his earthly pilgrimage is nearly completed."

After a brief pause, she enquired if I had received her letter.

"I did," I replied, "or I should not have been here."

I watched her narrowly, hoping to see a flush mantling her cheeks; but alas for my hopes, there was no sign that a tender emotion than friendship existed in her heart. The reflection vexed me, and from being moody, I became silent. She seemed to read my thoughts in a moment, and then the rich blood mounted to her temples, suffusing her angelic face with something of earthly beauty.

We sat in silence for several minutes, communing with our own and each other's thoughts. O, those silent communings, when spirit mingles with spirit! There is no deception then—no hypocritical words to conceal the truth. During the time we sat thus, I reviewed the past two years of my life, and was astonished at the contrast it offered to what I had been previously. I compared my present state of mind with what it was the morning I so abruptly left the cottage, and although not before aware of any change, I could now discover that I was a very different sort of person.

My absence had been a school of discipline. Probably my passionate nature still existed, but a great mastery had been acquired over it. In a word—I had learned to suffer and grow strong.

I loved Minnie just as devotedly as ever, but my love was holier and more elevated—purified as it had been by mental suffering. I felt that my love for her now partook somewhat of the nature of her own angelic affection. I thought of the vexation which I had experienced a few moments before, in discovering how calm and self-possessed she appeared, when I was hoping to see her embarrassed, and I was ashamed of myself. I now knew that she loved me—loved me better than any earthly being, but not as mortals often love.

Seating myself beside her, with no more of passion in my heart than if she had been my sister, my arm encircled her waist, and her head rested upon my bosom. She did not repulse me, but calmly reposed there with all the innocence of a weary dove, who has long sought for a resting place. Neither did she blush and tremble, as might have been expected from one of her modest nature.

Thus we sat in silence for a long time. No thrill, like the gentle shock from a galvanic battery, agitated us; no passion of earth stirred our blood; but in the holy quiet of a warm, spiritual love, our souls seemed blending into that heavenly union, that free and perfect love, which can alone constitute a paradise on earth. So much above mortal existence did our communings seem, that it was a long—long time before I felt an inclination to break the silence.—"This I at length did by saying to her,

"Minnie, do you love me?"

"You know I do, Charles, but if it will make you happier to hear me say so, I will repeat that I do love you. I always loved you, even before you came to the cottage; I loved you for your nobleness of soul, afterwards, and for your deep penitence. I know, too, that you loved me; but there

was not an affinity between us then. Your wild passions were not subdued—they were only reposing after the fearful shock you experienced when Conrad passed on. This repose you mistook for a revolution, and in your then state of mind you fancied that the attraction between us was perfect. Deeply impressed that my stay in the form would be brief, I feared that I might pass away before your self-discipline should place you in the same sphere with myself. Therefore I gave you no encouragement—would not even bid you hope, for I was fully determined never to wed—except with one whose thoughts and desires were duplicates of my own. I was deeply pained when you left me so abruptly, but your angel mother came and comforted me, and from her I learned to believe it would all be well. She told me of your trials, your disappointments and your sufferings, as time progressed. Then when you became so desponding, and resolved upon going to America—and when it became so necessary that you should return to Germany, she told me to delay writing to you no longer. You have arrived just as I was expecting you, and notwithstanding the momentary pain you occasioned me, when your looks seemed to ask if I had not written you to return only that I might be benefitted thereby, yet I feel assured that the thought was only transitory on your part."

"And now you can say, without reservation, that you love me?"

"I can, and do say so, Charles."

"And you will marry me?"

"Yes, if you should still desire me to, after hearing of the reproaches which have been heaped upon my good name since you have been away."

"Reproaches, Minnie? Who has dared to say an unkind word against you?"

"The college Professors," she replied, "in the abundance of their thirst for knowledge, having heard that the cottage was haunted, and also learned that Mesmer imputed it all to a sort of witchery which you exercised over me, desired the privilege of investigating the facts in person. I was very greatly opposed to it, having suffered much in my mind from the criticisms of Baader and Mesmer, but at the earnest solicitations of my uncle, and against the wishes of my mother, I finally consented. They accordingly came for three successive evenings; but they were so critical, so scientific, imposing so many conditions of their own, in order to guard against imposition, that no satisfactory manifestations were obtained. In the mean time, some very absurd scandals, in reference to you and myself, had been put in circulation by the students. Your sudden flight, accompanied with the fact of the conveyance of all your property to my mother, gave these scandals the coloring of truth. Whether from this, or actuated by a desire to serve what they considered the cause of truth, these college savans reported and caused to be published in the *Munich Courier*, a statement that the whole affair was an imposture, cunningly devised by a man—meaning yourself—whose character for truth and integrity had been impaired, and by a young girl, who concealed the loss of her virtue beneath a most hypocritical garb of modesty—and that it had been practised in order to withdraw public attention from the peculiar manner in which they lived together."

I could hear no more—the old spirit of revenge was upon me, and springing up, I hastily rang the bell for my servant. It was my purpose to hurry back to the University, and shoot, like so many dogs, every person who had in any way assisted in giving publicity to so base a slander. But Minnie divined my feelings in a moment, and as the big tears started to her soft spiritual eyes, she clung around my neck, and said beseechingly,

"No, Charles, no! It is not the good spirit which moves you now—it is a bad spirit, and you must resist the influence.—Come, sit down again and be calm."

Yielding like a child, I suffered her to lead me back to the sofa. When my servant entered, I informed him that I had changed my mind, and that he might withdraw.

"This is not all, Charles," she resumed, "nor even the worst. But you must keep your stormy passions in better subjection, if you wish me to proceed. Remember that these gentlemen have committed a blunder, rather than suppose they have been actuated by an unworthy or malicious motive. But admitting they sought to injure us through malice, the blessed truths taught by Jesus of Nazareth—charity, forbearance and forgiveness—which you profess to believe as standing highest among moral precepts, forbid that you should treat any one with violence. So try and calm this excitement and I will tell you everything."

Never in my life have I felt so utterly my own unworthiness, as I did at Minnie's gentle reproof. Promising her that I would put a double guard over my passions hereafter, she proceeded.

"These scandalous reports crushed the already broken heart of my poor mother.—She had borne up against everything but the disgrace of such a kind as this, and now she bowed her head in utter despair."

"O, it was hard—very hard, dear Charles, to watch that sweet mother, as day by day her step grew more languid,—her form more bowed beneath her weight of suffering. But she never complained—never spoke of dying, until one morning when I awoke and spoke to her, she told me that my father and Conrad had been with her all night, and that she would soon join them. But I will not dwell upon the particulars of that sad bereavement now."

"She continued failing until sunset, and then her pure spirit passed on as quietly as an infant to its slumber. We buried her beside Conrad and came home to weep in solitude. My uncle, whom you might have expected to support me through this trying hour, was as helpless as a child. Something like remorse seemed to mingle with his grief at the recollection of having persuaded us to have the Professors invited here, which was the origin of all our troubles. In vain have I endeavored to drive this impression from his mind—it still preys upon him, and he is fast sinking into his earthly grave."

"My mother had not been buried a month, before another disgraceful slander was put in circulation, being nothing less than insinuations that it was improper for him to live here alone with me. He was dismissed from the University upon some frivolous pretext, but really on this account. Yet fortunately he did not hear this ridiculous slander until quite recently, and now he is sinking rapidly. He would have at once avowed his name and relationship, to me, but this would have made matters worse, for he would have been thrown into prison, and then, with my reputation sullied, I should have been without a single earthly protector."

"I should have written to you long ago, but I feared your impetuous nature. The demon of revenge would have controlled you, and you would not have listened to me then as you did just now."

"But there is another affair I may as well tell you, and then you will know all."

"Soon after your departure from Germany, your uncle Ferdinand instituted a suit in Chancery to recover possession of your title and estate, under a plea that your parents were never married. No evidence could be produced to the contrary, and in the end the Court decreed in his favor. He now assumes the title of Baron, and resides at the old mansion. I have now told you everything of importance—and except my uncle, there is probably no person in this vicinity, who has ever heard of me, who does not think I am the poor creature which I could not be, and maintain my moral existence for an hour.—Knowing how my name has thus become a bye-word for all that is most vile in my sex, can you still ask me to become your wife?"

"Yes—a thousand times, yes," I replied, folding her to my heart, as I would a poor dove whom the hawks had worn down with pursuit. Kindly, lovingly, she nestled there, giving me that perfect confidence which no true woman can bestow, save upon him whom she prizes above all others.

Approaching darkness interrupted our

hallowed communings, and after lights had been brought in, I recollected that I had not yet enquired for the doctor. Minnie informed me that he had ridden out to see a patient—having resumed his practice since his dismissal from the college—and was not expected until late in the evening.

Tea was soon after announced, and as we sat there—no one but Minnie and I, she doing the honors of the table—I experienced such a degree of happiness, as to feel the utmost indifference for the opinions of the world, its wealth and honors. Minnie was my world, and for her I should have felt a pleasure in sacrificing everything else.

It was late bed-time before the doctor returned. Although prepared to find him changed, yet I did not expect to see him looking so old and feeble!

He greeted me kindly—expressed great pleasure in seeing me again, but was evidently so much fatigued that it wearied him to talk. After some preliminary explanations, I informed the doctor of the compact between Minnie and myself, and that I desired a speedy consummation of our union.

"It is well," he replied, "and since you are both agreed, there had better be no delay."

Some arrangements were talked over, but it was thought best to have our marriage celebrated on the following day, with as little display as possible. Having come to this understanding, we separated for the night.

The next morning the doctor was more feeble than usual. He excused it by saying that the fatigue of the previous night was evidently the cause, and that the consequent debility would soon pass off.

In the afternoon, the doctor, Minnie and myself, rode over to the bishop's, where, in the presence of his family, after due ceremony he pronounced that Minnie and I were husband and wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

In works of fiction, it is customary to conclude with the marriage of the heroine. But as this work partakes of a sort of triplet character, being historical, philosophical and ethical, I am led to believe something more will be expected.

The good old doctor survived but a few weeks after our marriage. We buried him beside Conrad, and subsequently I succeeded in obtaining the remains of Baron von Wieser, which were placed beside those of his faithful, loving wife.

I immediately instituted proceedings against my uncle Ferdinand to recover back my estate, not so much for the sake of the property itself, (although there was a prospect of our soon being reduced to the necessity of doing something to secure a competency,) as to establish my own, and the honor of my parents. In the prosecution of this suit I was governed entirely by spirit direction.

My mother informed me through Minnie, that her marriage certificate was at an old castle in Wiemar, in a secret drawer, describing exactly the place where her uncle, the poet Wieland, formerly resided, when the friend of Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. She said it was lost there accidentally, while she was on a visit to her relatives, and having been thrust into this drawer for safety, had been forgotten and there remained for more than a score of years.

She also informed me that there were other evidences of her marriage which my uncle Ferdinand had obtained, and that they were in the drawer in his library, whither I had accompanied her in my first vision, but that they had since been removed to our old manison, in the old-fashioned secretary. These evidences would have been sufficient to defeat the conspiracy at that time, but now it became necessary to produce the marriage certificate, the loss of which she had forgotten, but had recently discovered after a long search.

Taking Minnie with me, I visited Wiemar, and there found the certificate, just as it had been described. On our return, I went directly to my uncle Ferdinand, and without hinting at the baseness of his conduct, quietly informed him that he had been laboring under a great mistake in reference to my parents—that they had been legally married—and that I not only had the marriage certificate, but that one of the witnesses thereto was living and could be produced.

Upon being convinced that I spoke the truth, he proposed to compromise, by his paying me a certain sum of money and retaining the es-

tate and title. To this I assented, only stipulating that the suit should proceed far enough to establish the marriage of my parents, which should become a matter of Court record; to which, finding he had no escape, he finally agreed.

I now pass over my ten years of wedded life, in which I lived with Minnie as happily as it is possible for mortals to be, at this era of progression. The time may come when men and women will live in closer observance of the laws which governs their being, when a higher state of happiness may be attained.

For many years the spirit of Minnie continued to tarry in its tenement of clay, bound there by the strong cords of affection which cannot subside even with subsiding nature. Then it was released so gently—and still hovered so near to me, that but for the cold, inanimate form which I saw deposited, beside her father, I could not have realized the change through which she had passed. I mourned, for a time, the loss of her beautiful earth-form, but her loving spirit was always so near me, soothing, comforting and encouraging me to persevere in the right, that I soon became reconciled to my lot.

Our secluded life at the cottage; surrounded by bright spirits, with whom we held daily and hourly intercourse—shunning and shunned by society—the continued subjects of cowardly sneers and insinuations, had so weaned me from all things earthly, that soon after my beautiful Minnie had been born into spirit life, in order to satisfy my desire for still greater seclusion, I retired to the cave formerly occupied by the good old doctor.

There I remained for twenty-five years, leading the life of a hermit—seldom meeting any earthly mortal, but in the constant enjoyment of the company of my spirit friends.

One day a gentleman called to see me, and upon wondering why I was not lonesome, I frankly told him of the presence of my, to him unseen, visitors, and the pleasure which I derived from their society. He appeared somewhat astonished at this announcement, but finally informed me that recent news from America, contained the intelligence that in all parts of the United States, there were people called "mediums," who pretended that they saw and conversed with the spirits of the departed.

When he was gone, I enquired of my spirit friends in reference to how much truth was contained in this information, when they assured me that in substance it was all true—that a new dispensation had been commenced, which, in the course of a few generations was destined to revolutionize and elevate to their proper standard, all the nations and families of the earth.

"But at present," continued the spirit of my quondam friend, Mesmer, "there is but little that is reliable. The scientific world scouts at the whole affair, and folding their garments of educated ignorance closely about their mathematical shoulders, declare that it is either the devil, fraud and collusion, imposture, or mesmerism."

"It is almost laughable," he continued, "to observe how easily and rapidly men are becoming converts to my theory of mind influencing mind, and then explaining away spirit communication upon that theory—men who have steadily denounced me as a quack and impostor, until the phenomena arose, and which they could discover no means of refuting, save by admitting the truth of mine."

"I was right in my theory, while in the earthly form, as far as I went, but I paused midway, declaring I had reached the end. The whole secret of witchcraft, apparitions, strange noises, and in fact everything which has ever been considered as belonging to the supernatural, may be summed up in the brief sentence, 'spirit influences spirit, whether in the body or out of the body.'"

I may as well state here, that Mesmer became a convert to spirit communications, just before his death, which took place a few months after his visit at the cottage, and that he wrote a letter to the doctor, admitting that such was the case, and that it was also true that while young, he was secretly married to a lady whom he intended to publicly acknowledge as his wife, but was prevented by her sudden and untimely death, which induced him to remain silent in reference thereto, ever afterwards. The doctor also became a believer, for which he was constantly reviled and sneered at by his professional brethren and the savans of the University. But to conclude my history.

At the expiration of a quarter of a century, I emerged from my hermit cell, and speedily making what arrangements were necessary, I sailed for the United States. My first stopping place was in Boston, where, in the character of an investigator, I visited every public medium of any note. Some I found to be imposters—others the mediums through which none but unprogressed spirits ever communicated—many who were but partially developed, and but very few whom I could consider reliable.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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THE TRUE "WORD OF GOD."

In a preceding article, it was shown that the common Protestant theory of the "Word of God is without support either from reason or fact."

The theory of the Roman Catholic Church is a little more expansive and less objectionable. That Church, instead of accepting a specific number of ancient writings, as constituting the whole of God's revelations of truth to man, claims to have the right of determining, through her constitutional authorities, upon the truth or error of more modern productions. She canonizes the works of many of the Fathers and Saints, and from time to time adopts as binding new dogmas which before were unknown or unsettled. Witness the late promulgation of the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," never before settled in the Church, but which is now a part of her "Word of God."

This practice virtually admits that Deity is continually revealing Himself in and through His Church; and is thus some improvement upon the Protestant assumption that the gates of Inspiration were forever shut down when the Apocalypse was finished. But the despotism of the Roman Church, in allowing no room for the action of individual judgment, and consigning to the dungeon or the rack here, and to eternal perdition hereafter (so far as she is able to do it,) those who accept as God's truth either more or less than she endorses, is a most flagrant assumption.

Another theory is that of Swedenborgians and some Spiritualists,—that the writings of the Bible have an inner or spiritual sense, distinct from the natural or literal meaning, in which are set forth, to those who can understand it, vast treasures of truth not at all perceived by the external reader. Some affirm also (as T. L. Harris) a third or celestial sense, in which are hidden, beneath the crude symbols of ordinary language, arcana of the most comprehensive, profound and exhaustless description. These "inner" and "inmost" senses, it is claimed, may be perceived and understood, by those whose spiritual and celestial perceptions are properly opened, with as much definiteness and certainty as the natural or historical sense may be understood by the natural understanding. According to this theory, the external or literal sense of the Bible is of comparatively little consequence; it may have verbal and historical errors, and portions of it (the first eleven chapters of Genesis, for example) are not historically but only symbolically true. Its truth is to be found in its inner and, to most eyes, hidden meanings. And, when fully understood, the Bible will be found to be a complete whole, an epitome of all truth, and is thus, in an exclusive and comprehensive sense "The Divine Word."

The writer is not disposed to deny the existence of inner and inmost senses to the Bible writings. He is too familiar with symbolism, in both ancient and modern literature, to dispute its existence in these scriptures, even to the extent claimed. He has learned to regard every object of the natural world; even,—every rock and plant and animal—as having an inner sense and an inmost essence. The fact of a complete correspondence, or universal analogy, between the natural and the spiritual worlds, so that whatever is true in one is correspondentially true in the other, seems to be one of the "fixed facts" of a spiritual phil-

osophy—self-evident to every mind whose spiritual perceptions are at all clear. Hence he cannot say but that, when the spiritual and celestial planes of his own mind are sufficiently opened, he will be able to discover, beneath the external and humanly-wrought letter of "the Word," all those recondite and wonderful arcana that Swedenborg and Harris have portrayed. If such a revelation ever comes to him, its disclosures will be reverently and thankfully accepted.

For the present, however, his perceptions are, like those of most readers, mainly on the natural—historical plane. And while he finds in the Bible a most useful record of the religious history, experience, instructions and inspirations of a most remarkable portion of the race, he does not see that it embraces by any means the whole of the natural truth,—much less that it exhausts the domain of Universal Wisdom.—Natural truths, in fact, have but just begun to be revealed to the world, through the slow processes of scientific research. All true sciences are revelations of God; and natural sciences form the bases of corresponding spiritual and celestial truths.

Deity speaks to us in all the phenomena of nature, as well as in the experiences and intuitions of the inner world. Suns are His thoughts, systems are His sentences; and their motions and laws declare His will as truly as do the loftiest inspirations of prophet or apostle.

The truly Catholic definition of the "Word of God," then, is ALL TRUTH, whether yet revealed, or to be revealed—all that expresses or sets forth in any degree the attributes, character, purposes or methods of the Invisible and Universal Cause.

Moreover, there can be no revelation to the individual mind, except as its capacities are opened and its perceptions qualified to perceive and apprehend truth. What is a revelation of the Divine to one, therefore, is not to another. The Bible is no revelation when read in a foreign language, or to one who does not comprehend its meaning. It reveals the Divine only when the interiors are opened to perceive and accept as Divine and saving truth the affirmations it records. Hence the effort to enforce the acceptance of the Bible, or any other writing, as a Divine revelation, or authority, or by any form of outward comparison, is worse than useless—an outrage on the soul.

A. E. N.

"No creed is a finality . . . Truths descend from God through minds according to their state. There's no finality in highest heaven. More truth, more light, more life, more blessedness grows, multiplies, unfolds or is revealed with every change of state, with every new consecration of accordant minds. Or spirit-union of love-blended hearts.

Angels know more of God from Day to Day. More perfect revelations are made known according as the human mind is made Their fitting medium, or the human heart Asks wisdom from the Father, who is Love."

LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

"MUNDANE SPIRITUALISM" (?)

Our philosophic cotemporary, the *Spiritual Telegraph*, has the following:

"Many good friends of truth and progress have been sorely tried with what they supposed were the inconsistencies, immoralities, contradictions, falsehoods, and vulgarities, in what they at the time thought were communications from Spirits. These things are spoken generally through persons supposed to be entranced by Spirits. The more rational Spiritualists, however, have always insisted that these communications do not come from Spirits, but are utterances of the prevailing states and thoughts of the circles, or of the public generally. An illustration of this latter theory has recently occurred, relative to the loss of the steamer *North Star*."

The *Telegraph* goes on to say that it was recently stated, as from Spirits, through a medium in N. Y., that the *North Star* had been lost, with various particulars, all of which subsequently proved untrue. It adds:

"Now, was this communication from a Spirit, or was it the utterance of the prevailing excited feeling in this mundane sphere? All rational, discriminating Spiritualists say the latter, and all mere word-authoritarian Spiritualists say it was the former, and a lying Spirit. We will not now discuss the question, but leave it to the private reflection of all persons concerned, and will only add that this is just the point of difference between modern Spiritualists, and just the point of

difference between the self-styled evangelical and the humanitarian common-sense Christians.

"We hope, and confidently trust, that the thorough examination of modern Spiritualism will ere long settle this whole question to the credit of humanity, to the honor of God, and to the absolute of all beings in the Spirit-world from the suspicion of cherishing malice against mortals."

It seems to us that our cotemporary is a little hasty in affirming that "all rational, discriminating Spiritualists" adopt its peculiar theory on this subject. For, so far as we are acquainted, Spiritualists in general are convinced that no essential, instantaneous change of character takes place in mankind as they pass to the spirit-world, but that individuals continue to manifest the same moral as well as mental characteristics (for a time, at least) there as here; and that the fact of spirit-manifestation, through almost every medium, prove the existence of untruthful spirits, as clearly as that of truthful ones. The contrary idea we had supposed to be confined almost exclusively to a very limited coterie of super-eminent philosophers who are wont to deliver their oracles through the columns of the *Telegraph*. Possibly this little junto does embrace "all" the "rational and discriminating" class; but others may not be quite ready to concede it.

At any rate, it seems rational to common minds that such moral differences as we see in this life should extend into the other; and it looks very much like authoritarianism or dogmatism to lay down the arbitrary rule that all "inconsistencies, immoralities, contradiction, falsehood," etc., occurring in spirit intercourse, must have their source on the mundane side, whatever the evidence of a spirit-origin. We venture to say that the majority of investigators, if compelled to adopt this rule, would find no ground left on which to base a belief in the supermundane source of any manifestations; while to many, the very occurrence of falsehoods, vulgarities, etc., have afforded the most conclusive proofs, of extra-mundane agency—as when such have been given through persons who of themselves would not for the world have been guilty of anything of the kind.

Moreover, we opine, it lies beyond the "rational, discriminating" powers of most minds to see how it can be any more "to the credit of humanity," or "to the honor of God," to absolve disembodied spirits from the suspicion of untruthfulness, malice, etc., than those in the body. This world is just as much God's world as is the next; and men are just as truly spirits here as they will be there. Now, if spirits in the body, in certain grades of development, will deceive, pretend to be what they are not, to teach when they are ignorant, practice vices and crimes,—and if God allows them to do it,—why should we not expect disembodied spirits of the same grades to do the same things?

A. E. N.

LITERATURE SHOULD BE WIDENED AND SPIRITUALIZED.

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

"National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of the *World's* literature is at hand, and each man must strive to hasten its approach."

GOETHE.

There seems, on comparing notes, to be a common presentiment among the more earnest spirits of the present time that some comparatively sudden change is to be soon wrought in the institutions of the world. The shadow of the "coming events" is resting, prophetically, on many minds, which irresistibly induces them to utter their "word of prophecy." We have no reason to believe that there is any collusion in this matter—that one prophet merely kindles the forecasting light of another, but that this general (among lofty and spiritualized minds) ominous feeling is independently coincident. Their hearts begin, in common, to feel the growing heat, and their mental eyes to see the rising light, which are inevitably resulting from a law of the universe. This need not surprise us; for is man not fated to grow?—can he long remain stationary?

The human race must ever be in a comparative childhood. It is true, we are ac-

customed, in our ignorance, to name the stages of our growth—infancy, childhood, youth, mature manhood, old age, etc.—a style of speech which we shall now have to modify. Pope uttered a deeper truth than he, perhaps, was aware of when he said that "men are but children of a larger growth." The human spirit does not grow old—its relation to time affects not its duration. Time is not its lease-giver, but only its primary school-master. Time is its birth-place and nursery. It is not the *spirit* of man, but its *integuments* that grow old. We repeat, the spirit of man must ever remain in comparative childhood—should always have the joyous faith—the ever-kindling hopes—the same intense relish of "the living present," that characterized the healthy and unhardened child. Grow large as it may, it has still other heights to attain—is still at an immeasurable distance from the goal. The human spirit has infinite possibilities—its prospect is interminable, not only to sight, but even to imaginative thought!—What hinders us, therefore, from having increasing height and breadth of view?—What apology have we for the littleness of our thoughts, and deeds? None! We must knock off our clogs, and quicken our pace toward the delectable mountains!

That we are about to do so in some larger, even epochal way, is clearly indicated by the advanced instincts of the more spiritually-minded men of our own, and the immediately past generations. These greatly experienced men have grown tired of pacing backward and forward, within the narrow limits of the old landmarks; they must be removed, and the area of spiritual life be enlarged to correspond with its growing wants. It must have more spacious tabernacles to operate in. "The feeling infinite" stirs within us more and more, and we are becoming impatient of institutional bondage. We can no longer submit to have our limbs, which feel the impulse of growth, lashed to the unyielding iron bed of that old robber, Procrustes. We must be permitted to arise and bound freely and joyfully forward on our preappointed race.

This enfranchisement, we repeat, must be. It is a matter of fundamental, providential and eternal necessity. "The divinity that shapes our ends" has decreed this endless progress of man, and he has no choice but to go forward, willingly and joyfully if he will; but go he must! It will not avail him to perversely stop and skulk and hide in the dark nooks and corners that skirt the thoroughfares of time—a rising and all-searching destiny will at last drive him forth, and make him a willing partaker of the common good.

It would seem that the ways of Providence, and the steadily shining light of nature, should, ere this, have taught man this lesson of his own beneficent destiny. But his mind has, with limited exceptions, remained impervious to this great end. He is, however, yet to see it and rejoice exceedingly. We feel that the divine, full revelation, with respect to this destiny, is now at hand. The light is rising with increased momentum, and the great Divine Plan will be, at least, more generally discerned.

Literature, institutions, society and individual man, will derive a quickening influence from this nobler and larger theory of humanity and the universe, and grow in the direction of its fulfillment. Literature will then deepen and have more copious influxes of spirituality. It will utter a profounder harmony. It is now, it must be confessed, comparatively crude, "earthly, sensual and devilish." In the new transformation, it need not part with any of its smiting, rousing force, but only lay aside its "carnal weapons." It will have, under the new dispensation, a greater suffusion of pure, vital blood, and will reflect a truer and broader life, and present, prophetically, still more glorious ideals to be practically realized by individual man and society.

Consequent upon this better literature, society will clothe itself with institutions suitable to this freer and larger life. It will discard every institutional fetter, and "run and not be weary." Individual man,

too, will be accordantly better. Seeing that virtue and purity are his end, he will as involuntarily and naturally as he breathes, conform his life to the divine order. His morality, in the more advanced time now at hand, will not be a forced and arbitrary thing, induced by motives without itself and for ulterior rewards, but will be of free and spontaneous growth—the natural fruit of a well-regulated, interior life.

Man's great business is faith and adoration. The character of his *living* is regulated by the principle of his faith. He has but to recognize, have faith in, vindicate by his word and deed, the great ETERNAL PLAN OF GOD! He should feel that he can neither make nor mar this plan. Great as he may justly regard himself, he may not arrogate to himself sufficient power to thwart in the slightest degree, the infinite order. That is fixed, and on this may we base a sure sense of safety. The divine purpose, formed in infinite wisdom and love, is subject to no whims, no crochets, but advances with a steady, methodical process. To human eyes, blinded by limited notions, it may present, like revolving light-houses, alternately light and dark shades, but to the illuminated mind it has but one glorious, faith-confirming aspect.

From this large and unflinching faith in the sure, universal plan to be worked out by the very constitution of things, should our literature take its life and hue. Literature should be but the word of human faith—a gospel of sweet trust and joy!

Correspondence.

AUTHORITY—NO. 7.

But when man's spiritual power reigns supreme, with Conscience as his State's Attorney, and Veneration as his chief Courtier; while Marvelousness lays all the armor of heaven at the foot of his throne; then he demands the reason, and the intellectual powers to obey his behest, or he lays them prostrate at his feet. And then in turn he wakes up the fire of man's animal nature, which raves like the hidden flames of Tartarus, and lend their terrific energies to his unrelenting despotism. Self-Esteem directs the Car of State, Acquisitiveness becomes Prime Minister, and Destructiveness State's Executioner; Man's affectional nature which first paid a chaste homage to his moral power, is now raised upon a pedestal, robed in all the tinsel of an harlot; and all the other powers are led by her blandishments to fall down and worship before her lascivious altar.

And anon, she is hurled down to the companionship of dogs and swine, and her kindly yearnings are answered with a taunt and a frown, while she is banished to the shades of night in the regions of frost; and Love that has been her constant companion, and the life-inspiring force of the reigning powers, shrinks away into solitude, and pines away and dies! And now the grim monster, feeling his own chilling solitude, demands new victims, and retires to his dreary cave, and there issues forth his mandates to his servants, the intellectual powers, to find a reason for all his follies and cruelties; and each one that fails in this service is doomed to fall beneath the Executioner's axe. Thus intimidated they hide from observation and paralyze for want of exercise; or, amuse themselves on sophisms, and appease their tyrant by unraveling the mysticisms which his court has sent for them to reveal. But even this hopeless task calls up all their powers to renewed activity, under which they grow vigorous and strong. And by and bye as their strength increases they begin to demur at the dictum of a tyrant that compe's them to prove that fancies are facts, that myths and miracles are logical truths; that they must ignore the deductions of their own reason, the conclusions of their own investigations. These demurs are first heard in quiet whispers, next in low murmurs, then in the loud protest, and lastly in the fierce crash of mighty forces. Long and devastating are the conflicts between these two powers; the spiritual tyrant bringing forth tornadoes, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, while the intellectual powers build up moats, re-

