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THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM.

For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do.—*Phil.* II. 13.

It may be, as indeed many suppose to be the case, that this text should be restricted in its application, to those who are sanctified by truth; to those who thus naturally will and do, only as God wills to have them. But whether the writer would apply this language only to a particular class of men, or to all men, is a matter of indifference to our present purpose. It will be seen at least, that the idea of authority, of control on the part of God, over the volitions and actions of those to whom the text was intended to apply;—it will be seen, I say, that this idea seemed uppermost in the Apostle's mind.

But notwithstanding God is here said to work in them, both to will and to do, apparently thus to control their volitions and actions, is it to be supposed that this control on God's part was at all inconsistent with the real and substantial freedom of those of whom the text is predicated? Does the fact that God worketh in them both to will and to do, the fact that he thus influences and controls them, serve to render them the less free as human, as moral beings? Undoubtedly not. If any man is free, it is the fully unfolded Christian. Those whose will and desires, whose entire moral natures have become subordinate to the Divine will, on whom and in whom God exercises His supreme, almost absolute authority, we are wont to esteem, and the Scriptures constantly concur in representing as the freest of the free. Christ says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The Apostle exhorts to "stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." These are those, of whom it is said, God worketh in them, both to will and to do.

Would it not, seem from these circumstances, that there is somehow possibly an entire reconciliation between what we term authority and freedom? Is it not possible, that the Divine Sovereignty may be found to be, after all, perfectly consistent with man's conscious freedom? I confess that such appears to me plainly, and frequently implied in the Scriptures. Indeed, I conceive it the aim of Christianity, in its high development of man, to place him in that condition, when, at the same time he bows to the absolute will of Jehovah, feels God is all in all, he still possesses the entire consciousness that he is free; that he enjoys the most perfect and blissful freedom.

I desire to offer a few suggestions, at this time, upon the subject of *Authority and Freedom;* and this more especially, with a view to indicate their possible entire reconciliation with each other.—Your attention is invited then,

1. *To the Nature of Authority.*

Perhaps there never was an age, when men usually seemed so exceedingly jealous of every species of Authority, as now in this present age. They seem to associate with this idea, only that of despotic control. Authority is almost universally conceived, as only the most opposite thing in the world to freedom, and hence utterly irreconcilable with freedom. Freedom is generally defined to be the absence of control. Thus, where there is control, where authority is exercised, in just so far the individual is not free.

Conceiving these two subjects in this light, we may account for that endless discussion, to no definite result, respecting the doctrine of necessity and that of the freedom of the human will. Men have said, now if God controls man's volitions, then man is not free. If Divine Sovereignty is a true hypothesis, then freedom is a delusion. Man is a mere machine. But does not man feel that he is free? Yes. Then the idea of Divine Sovereignty is a delusion. Thus these two doctrines are arrayed, one against the other; the possibility of their perfect harmony with each other, never being for once conceived.

Now we shall take the ground, in this discourse, that authority and freedom are not only consistent with each other, but that in fact they depend one upon the other; insomuch that absolute authority is the very basis, the only possible condition of absolute freedom. I think the Scriptures already alluded to, fully embody this idea. But let us examine a little into the nature of authority; into the nature of absolute authority.

Suppose a person is forced to perform a certain act, by mere brute power. Here is one species of authority. It is naked, sheer compulsion. The individual did not desire to act in this way, but on the contrary, preferred not to do it. He felt a deep, utter repulsion toward performing the act. Still, he was made to do it, by the application of external brute force.

Now, evidently, in this case, the person was not free, and sorely felt that he was not. Here we see despotic control. Here is an instance of slavery, so to speak. Any such authority is certainly not consistent with freedom. If God's Sovereignty over man was to be maintained only in this way, by external brute force, then would it indeed convert him into a mere machine. It is well understood, however, that God never seeks to control man in this way. If he controls man at all, it is by a far more ethereal and consistent force.

Then again, this is not absolute control. For the person's feelings, wishes, entire mind and heart, were in constant rebellion to that mechanical power, by which simply the outward act was forced upon him. His entire being was not controlled, but the body simply. Certainly this does not amount to absolute authority. But here is another way to control human action. You do not apply brute force, but simply fear, for instance; the fear of punishment; you threaten the person with punishment; you present some evil or misery, to which he will be subjected if he does not perform the act you command him. The person thus controlled, is a slave in the ordinary and proper sense of the term. The slave in constant fear and dread of the lash, performs his task, not because he wishes to, or is willing to do so. He hates that task. But he rather do it, than suffer the punishment that awaits him if he refuses. Ordinarily political despotism is of this nature. Brute force is not employed, but fear of punishment. The subject submits to be scourged by his tyrant rather than suffer the rack, transportation, or any other cruelty, which the despot may fancy to inflict.

What we call moral bondage is of the same species. The individual does not love God, does not desire to obey him. But awed by the threatenings, dreading the punishment of guilt, he consents to yield an external obedience, while his heart is in utter rebellion to that control. This was more especially the character of the Jewish Church. The Jews are said to have been in bondage under the law. God said to them, observe my statutes, or I will send the famine, the sweeping pestilence, the scourge of war, the ruin of your hopes and prospects. They obeyed, if at all, out of fear and dread of these evils. They did not wish to obey, but preferred doing so, to the suffering those severe punishments. The professed Christian, who seeks religion, attempts to live a pious life, not for the love of God, not for the love of moral excellence, but because he wishes to escape hell, is in a like state of moral bondage.

Now here is a species of authority, which is not consistent with what we call freedom. It engenders a feeling of restraint; of bondage. We see here what is the very essence of slavery. It is being compelled by means of these external appeals, to do that which we desire not to do. This is the very essence of slavery.

Nor is this authority, on the other hand, what may be called strictly absolute authority. It is very far from it. While fear, dread, compels the individual to act in a certain manner, his wishes, his aspiration, all the rest of his being, is rebellious toward that control. The heart is not wielded here. That only is absolute, total control, which sways the entire man; works in him to will, wish, and perform. God only can exercise this complete, this entire control over man. He alone can energize our whole being; and only then, consciously at least, when our will bows in perfect subordination to his.

The great difficulty with all human authorities is, that they are not absolute, being human. They must be to some extent external. Often, they consist only in external control; in outward restraint, while the heart, the desires, perhaps the holiest aspirations of the individual, are in constant rebellion to this external control. By this outward restraint, thus imposed upon them by various means, men are compelled to do what they desire not to do;—are not permitted to do what they most wish and desire. The heart is not reconciled with the control; is not in unison with it. The authority is thus irksome, and we feel it to be despotic. We feel ourselves slaves, in just so far as we are compelled to act, contrary to our internal wishes and desires. Here is the very essence of slavery;—not in the authority, as we shall be able to show by and by, but in being coerced into obedience to an authority, where we would do otherwise.

It is obvious that any such authority as that at which we have glanced is not consistent with freedom. Take an institution, either of the Church or State, which rules only in this arbitrary, external manner, and that institution will be felt and realized as utterly despotic. As a general thing, all human institutions partake more or less of this character. Men obey, become subservient and passive to them, not from any deep ground of sympathy and love, but they are awed into a superficial conformity, by an appeal to the lower animal instincts

But the authority, which we have just described, is not that which is described in the text—That is not external merely, but internal also. In fact, it is external, *because it is internal* God worketh in you both to will and to do Controlling the volition even, He of course controls the action. This is absolute authority. It takes hold of the heart, the will, the desire, the aspiration, yea, and rules the entire realm of being. There is no opposing will, wish or thought. God is all in all.—This is absolute authority. Anything short of this is not absolute, and should not be falsely termed and esteemed such. This absolute authority is the basis of absolute freedom. And why? Because we then act, with no wish to act otherwise. Not even wishing to act otherwise, we feel perfectly free in that which we do. Here is the essence of liberty. Not, *in doing just as we please*, but in *pleasing to do just as we do*; in not possessing a wish to do otherwise. An authority which takes this hold upon every affection, every desire and thought, is thus the basis of freedom.

2. *To the subject of freedom.*

Let us go into a more minute investigation, as to the nature and essence of what we term freedom. The more general impression, with regard to the nature of freedom is, that it consists in the absence of authority or control. Nothing is more incorrect, in my estimation, than this idea. Men talk of the freedom of the human will. Their conception of it is, that God has left man to do as he pleases, not seeking to control his thoughts, willing and action, but leaving him to think, will and act, as seemeth to himself good. This is the more usual idea of freedom. And it is owing to this mistaken conception, as to the very essence of liberty, that men find it impossible to reconcile Divine Authority with it. It is owing to this, also, that the world has ever been rent with fruitless discussions upon the subject of free-will on one hand, and Divine Sovereignty on the other. One says, does not experience demonstrate that man is controlled by circumstances? Does not the idea of cause conduct us from the great First Cause, down to all effects and events, which happen in the world? This cannot be disputed. It never has, and it never could be successfully controverted. But then, another says, if such be the case, man is a mere machine. You thus annihilate freedom. So there is no reconciliation between authority and freedom. The question remains unsettled. Men either abide by Divine Sovereignty, and reject the idea that man is free, or they assume man to be free at any rate, and hence reject the Doctrine of Divine Sovereignty. The truth of the matter is, both these ideas are immutable facts. The error is in the conception as to what constitutes the essence of liberty; in defining it to be the absence of authority. It has happened with this question, as it has happened with many others, which have created so much controversy in the world. Both parties are correct; the difference being in the fact, that each party views only the opposite side of the same truth. Or rather, perhaps, that each party considers his fact perfectly irreconcilable with his opponent's idea, and hence maintains his own, to the entire exclusion of the other. I repeat, however, that it is not the case, as has been so generally conceived, one or the other of these ideas must be esteemed false, in order to make room for the truth of the opposite one. They are in harmony. They are both true. Man is essentially, substantially free, and yet, God worketh in him, both to will and to do. But let us proceed to illustrate the nature and essence of liberty.

To illustrate, we will suppose a case, in which I induce an individual to serve me in a certain respect, by an appeal to his interest and affection. I actually make it for his interest to serve me in this particular, and make him feel and realize it is for his interest to do so. Not only this, but I secure his love, affection, his aspiration, in favor of doing it. I make it a matter of inclination to serve me in this particular, and he performs the service. Now, we will suppose a different case. I compel a person to do this same service, by external means. I compel him to do it, contrary to his interest, contrary to his wishes, desires and entire feeling, in the matter. He, too, performs the service. These two instances will suffice for our present purpose. In the case of the first individual, you say he acted freely. In the other case, by compulsion. The first individual was exercising the entire prerogative of a free man. The other was made a slave. Now let me ask, if there was any less authority in the first instance, than in the second? The authority was of a different nature, it is true. But did I not as much control the individual in one case as in the other? Evidently I did; and yet, you say that one acted freely, while the other obeyed as a slave. Authority was despotic here, while there it was not. We may go still farther. In the instance in which, as you say, the man acted freely, my authority, my control was *more* absolute, than in the case of the individual, who acted, as you say, from compulsion. It was more complete, more absolute, because I not only controlled his action, as in the other case, but even the willing, the affection, the entire heart. Do you not perceive, then, that authority is not incompatible with freedom? Do you not perceive, even, that the more absolute the authority, the more perfect the freedom?—even that which you say is freedom. What then, does it appear is the essence of liberty? It is not in doing as you please, but in pleasing to do as you do. It does not consist in the absence of authority and control, but in the absence of all feeling or wish to do otherwise than as we are controlled to do. Now this idea of freedom answers to your daily, practical conception of it. The cases which I have supposed are practical cases. In one, you say the man is a free man, and in the other a slave. And yet, this free man is controlled by a more absolute authority than the other. I not merely controlled his action, but his will and affection. His entire heart was in unison with my control; and this was the reason why the control was not esteemed despotic—why he was esteemed to act freely. Let us now go back to the sentiment expressed in the text.

"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do." If God so controlled man as to compel him to act contrary to his inclination, his affection and desire, then man would not feel himself free as he now does. But as God controls both his willing and action, he feels free in whatsoever he does. This absolute authority is the very reason why he feels free. If God's authority over us was not absolute, no man would ever mistrust that he was a free agent. The authority is the basis of the freedom. Absolute authority is the only ground for absolute freedom. Hence the philosophy, the reason of the command, to love God with all the heart, might, mind and strength. In this case, the whole realm of thought, desire and affection, is in unison with the Divine Sovereignty; and hence the individual is one of the freest of the free. If the whole heart was not thus in unison with the Divine control, if there was any internal feeling of rebellion, the individual in so far would feel himself a slave.

I will notice one prominent objection to these views, and then close my remarks. If God controls our willing and action, it may be asked, then, what is the propriety of all those invitations on His part, which the Scriptures extend to us, to come to Christ and receive salvation? Why say come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved? Why not make them come? Why say, as in the very verse preceding our text, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling? If God controls our volition and action, why not save us himself? Why tell us to work out our own salvation? I am aware that here is a grave objection to the views we have presented. And yet, the matter is explained in one sentence. These invitations to come, these commands to do, these threatenings and punishments if we do not, are only another means of controlling us. God appeals to us by invitations to come to Christ. They influence us, and we come. Thus the invitations are one of the very means of control. In fact, the very nature of absolute authority, renders it necessary to appeal to man in this way. If God exercised only external control, He could force us to comply. Yet we should feel ourselves slaves in being thus controled. But as God must wield the affection, the will, the desire, in order to render his authority complete and absolute over man, He must needs appeal to the affection, will and desire. Hence He invites, entreats, persuades, commands, promises rewards, threatens punishments, and employs a thousand means of a like character, all of which, and which alone, are calculated to control and influence our inner being. These invitations and promises and commands, therefore, even go to show that God's authority is absolute; and not that men act in the absence of authority. But I will close by saying, in relation to what has been suggested—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

THE JAMAICAN LEGISLATURE.—But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." "A nice house of Assembly, isn't it?" "Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes of which I had read in another country; and thinking also, I must confess, that an absolute scrimmage on the floor of the House might be worth seeing. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time the House was in committee. The louder portion of the noise, I say, for two other honorable members were speaking, and the rest were discussing the matter in small parties. "Shameful, abominable, scandalous!" shouted the angry gentleman over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll notsit in such a house. I'll resign as soon as I see the Speaker in that chair.—Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water." In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a legislator, and drank the rum and water.—[The West Indians and the Spanish Main, By Anthony Trollope.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead o weighing it every time he leaves port.

The oldest known painting in the world is a Madonna and child, in 886. The oldest in England are said to be the portraits of Chaucer, painted in panel, 1300, and that of Henry IV, done in the beginning of the 15th century.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

DHOULA BEL;

—OR THE—

MAGIC GLOBE.

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BOOK FIRST.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

"'Powers, Rulers, and Energies of the Shadow! The hour for action draws nigh. A mortal hath by the immutable decree of One, before whom even I must bend the knee, been permitted to approach these mystic regions—a pilot, destined to lead the human race into hitherto unknown—unimagined labyrinths of mystery. She shall bear a son—a Neutral man—type of millions yet to be, millions so formed as to dwell at once on both sides of Time's deep river—and therefore destined to become acquainted with the two great Powers, the Shadow and the Light. These neutrals will become the oracles of the earth, and hence followed by countless throngs of other men. It is our interest to secure them; our foes have entered the field of active warfare against us once more. We accept the battle, for the stake is indeed immense. Alcyone hath lately been the scene of a council of the Light, and it was there determined to enact a drama on the earth, in which man shall be the puppet—(yet be free) to be moved by aerial beings, alike of the Shadow and the Light. This woman is one of the performers, her son shall be another; on them are we and our foes of the Light alike to work, in order to solve for man the so-called problem of Good and Evil, and of Free Agency.—We must secure the first men whom the unfolding age shall free from the trammels that hitherto have bound men, and kept the race within the narrow limits of superstitious creeds. The Powers of the Light have full permission to struggle with us for the supremacy, and secure the Coming Monad Man. *We* must secure him even at the price of *Sialam Booghi*—or that we place him on the throne of our Power.—Say, Powers, shall we not meet the foe in this proffered battle—and subdue him, too? Shall we not triumph, and lead the human race whither ye know, in spite of that other power which vaunts its own superiority? Is there one among you who will not cheerfully volunteer to lead our armies on to sudden glory, and most speedy victory?'

"Ten thousand voices answered, 'No, not one.' The imperial speaker went on, saying:

"'It is amusing to see and hear our natural enemies pretend to the degree of excellence they do. One would think that they were never strangers to what they call Truth, by their own story; and yet, had I a subject in all my dominions so far forgetful of his dignity as to condescend to invent such silly tales to be told to mankind, as *they* certainly do, I would dismiss him from the realms of Shadow, and permit him to dwell forever in the midst of the vaunted beauties of perpetual Light. Our foes, somewhat sore, and hence cautious since their last contest, have concocted a subtile plan, by which to defeat us, and add human power to their own puissance. Among men there is a very trite old adage, 'Give the devil his due,' by which I suppose they refer to us. But these worthies of the Light are not so generous; for while they array themselves in brightness, they fail not to paint us in the midnight hues of blackness; whether we are or not, the mortal present can give testimony when she returns to fulfill her mission on the earth. Indeed they have even gone so far as to desecrate our royal figure with hoofs, horns, and a very formidable dragonal caudal appendage; besides confidently assuring mankind that we have a peculiar penchant for burning sulphur, and a digestive apparatus which performs its functions upon molten iron, and liquid sulphur, by way of nectar.'

"At this sally there was a general laugh. He proceeded:

"'Now our *dear friends*, finding themselves unequal, force to force, with us in open warfare, have, while pretending to all conceivable and exclusive goodness—as they call it—stooped to the employment of falsehood. We are not so black as we are painted. They have created an order among men called Pereists, whose business it is to laud our foes, and tell all manner of lies concerning us. Merely for amusement's sake I caused differences to arise between these Pereists, on what they call 'Points of Doctrine,' and it is really laughable to hear them quarrel and hate and abuse each other. Their counsels being divided, discord reigns; the consequence of which is that they do us far more benefit than harm. A house divided against itself must fall eventually, and acting on this maxim, Chaosrael, our trusty messenger, managed to infuse a spirit of rebellious opposition to the accepted dogmas into the bosoms of several leading Pereists, amongst whom was one Martinus Lutheranus—albeit we deny that he ever threw an inkstand at our Imperial head. (The story was suggested to the aforesaid Martinus by a certain personage whose exploits almost rival our own. Of course I refer to our most noble prime minister, Ambitius.)—Mankind, I find generally speak ill of us *outwardly*, but in secret they rather admire us; the proof of which is that they serve what they think is our common cause.—Their instincts teach them much that we know, and they must be made to learn right soon, that we alone are their true friends and well-wishers, and our foes their most relentless enemies. Now we speak nothing but the truth, notwithstanding we are called 'the Father of Lies,' which by the way is very amusing, seeing that in the same breath they declare that the great Supreme created all things, and of course 'lies' amongst the rest. But their logic hath ever been very imperfect, and it is very difficult to find where lies could have originated if not with him they imagine made all things whatsoever. Well. Having instituted the orders of Pereists, they thought to beat us; but were mistaken in their reckoning, for we created dissensions among them, and the work still goes bravely on. The great order of Israel or Jewry we divided into seventy-two parties, mutually antagonistic, one to the other, which greatly chagrined our enemies. The second Coi-Urch they founded was led by one Mo-hum-med. We very soon won the greater number of its members to our *service* if not to our *standard*, and they yet do us great benefit. They next founded another order of Perestins, which bade fair to become truly formidable; but after immense exertions, Ambitius succeeded in introducing Chaosrael in disguise to their counsels, and he sowed broad-cast those seeds, which taking root will at length bear rich fruits for us and man. Thus from the three original units, Judea, Islam, and Christus, have sprung by our labors, of the first, seventy-two, of the second, one hundred and five, and of the third, one thousand and ninety-eight distinct minor orders, subdivided again, so that the aggregate sectaries of these three orders alone, to say nothing of Brahma and Booth, amount to three thousand eight hundred and eleven, every one of which is sustained at great cost to their originators, and do us far more good than harm. This state of things is the main cause of the council in Alcyone.* War has been declared against us, and the principal object on both sides will be to secure the last Neutral man, who is to be born of the mortal woman now present. Already are our foes marshalling their forces, preparatory to—*certain defeat*, as I trust, hope and expect.

"'During the present century two neutral men are, by a power beyond us, destined to meet, or to sleep the sleep of Sialam Booghi.

"'These Neutral men are important to us. If they meet and blend, they should do so under *our* auspices, for thereby we shall gain an additional power. If one or both shall love and be loved, *you know the part you are by me expected to perform.*—If either shall elect to sleep the Sialam, we must also be ready to do what shall serve our purposes. He or they must be ours.

"'This woman here is to be the mother of the Western man; and another like her shall bring forth his counterpart in the East. Her presence here is for a purpose which ye may all comprehend without any further explanation.'

"He ceased for a moment to speak, but in that moment every head in that vast assembly was bowed, and every knee bent, not to the monarch, but to *me!* I knew not what to think or say. I was thunderstruck with surprise; and in the perturbation and excitement of the moment stretched forth my hands involuntarily.—The gesture was observed by the entire host. Its effect was electric. It had universally been interpreted favorably to themselves, and on the instant a music sweeter than any I had yet heard burst upon the ear, and filled with melody divine the pellucid atmosphere, while a million voices chanted the following pean, whose echoing cadence filled the vault with a harmony perfectly indescribable, and my soul was rapt with emotions intense, vivid and sublime:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Child of Fate we greet thee!
Hail! hail! hail!
Mortal here we meet thee.
Hail! hail! hail!
Worlds and systems bow before thee,
Myriad potencies adore thee,
Thou shalt lead the way to glory,
The Universe repeat thy story,
Hail! hail! hail!"

"It ceased, and I would have given worlds for a reply to the question which involuntarily I asked myself, namely: What does all this mean? what does it portend? As they rose to their feet the whole host bowed, first to *me* and *afterwards* to their king, who also made a slight genuflexion toward my position, after which he resumed his speech, saying:

"'What the part is which you have to perform in the approaching drama, will appear when you understand all the minor issues at stake. Take notice, all of ye, that once engaged there must be no rest until victory, who already flaps her wings over our standard, shall take her resting place within its folds. First let me inform you of the state of things at present upon earth. In the first place, then, mankind are very ignorant in regard to several things upon which the whole race deems itself very wise. We must teach them.—Men are by no means yet certain that good and evil really exist, or that such beings as we are exist at all, although a few individuals are so, and a few more suspect the truth. They dream of, but know us not. They have been taught that a power exists absolutely Evil, and which exerts its influence malignant and atrocious, to lead them on to ruin and destruction. This doctrine they believe partially, and partially only, because experience has taught many differently. We are held up as the evil incarnate, which is another great mistake, there being no such things or qualities as Good or Evil existent, they being transitory changes, developments and conditions of being. Man has yet to learn that the effect of any given principle in its action upon the individual according to its coincidence with his ideal, or departure therefrom, constitutes the sum total of Good or Evil. If the preponderance is one way, pleasure—joy—good, is the result. If the scale turn adversely, pain—sorrow—evil, ensues. He has yet to understand that it is only the concordance or discordance between the individual supposed and his surroundings which constitutes good or evil. Man has yet to learn that if a human being exists under conditions wherein the action of all to which he is related is in conformity with, and correspondential to the demands of his entire organization, inward and exterior, *then* he is happy because the environment to *him* is good; but the same identical play of forces upon another man of a *diverse* constitution would be productive of the most unmitigated *evil*, consequent upon that diversity only. Therefore good and evil exist, but simply in *relation*, and therefore are not real things in themselves. We are called the *Shadow* to distinguish us from our opponents, not because we dwell in perpetual shade, or they in eternal sunshine; for there is no such thing as darkness absolute, either physical, moral, spiritual, mental or psychical; everything is relative to something superior or subservient to itself. Hence there is no such thing as real sin or guiltiness in existence; for that would imply in the subject a spontaneity of volition, and consequently independence of the universe or its forces, than which nothing can be more absurd. This fact man begins, ignorant as he is, to perceive. He begins to see that his *absolute* constantly resolves itself into a simple *relative*, and that the latter must ever constitute his true standard of judgment. The absolute fades away, but the relative is ever permanent, because it is an inseparable condition of things, which exist by contrast alone, and by it only can be measured. This is one thing we must force upon human attention; for by means of it we can more easily achieve a triumph. We are called evil by our foes, because we happen to differ in our natures and powers from themselves, for which reason they stigmatize us by every opprobrious epithet they can invent, which, coming from lips professedly holy and pure, sounds *rather* strange. Our foes preach to man that except on certain hard conditions, he cannot escape eternal death; that all reasoning men, who laugh at such foolish doctrines are denounced as heretical blasphemers, just as if the *created could* by any possibility *blaspheme* the *creator*—it is emptier than a vacuum—idler than a moon-struck maiden's summer dream. The consequence of such teaching is that Fear, fear of the wrathful vengeance of a God, *all Love—all Mercy* has taken hold of a moiety of mankind, nor can he give free scope to his innate powers, until we, who proclaim to man, 'Thou shalt not surely die'—remove it totally, at once and forever. We say to him, 'Eat thou of every tree;' our foes say, 'except the fruit of the tree of knowledge'—the only really nourishing thing in the whole garden, and the juiciest and most delicious, strengthening, luscious, fattening fruit that ever grew. Thus a *casus belli* exists between us; the gage was long since mutually accepted, and we have already proved our truth, for man 'still lives,' still eats the forbidden fruit, grows stronger in knowledge, and throws our enemies in horrible confusion. They become exceedingly irate at being convicted of a *falsity*, and in the unseemly haste to rectify one mistake, commit a thousand more extravagant blunders. 'Sin is a departure from holy simplicity,' say our foes—'and from ignorant folly and absurd superstition,' add we. 'Innocence is your only safeguard,' they chant. 'Knowledge is Power,' we echo back. Innocence and ignorance are convertible terms, neither of which imply guiltiness or sin, but a state far worse; for knowledge lets man into a temple whose walls are so splendidly decorated that ages of valuable hours may be safely spent in their study and contemplation. Our enemies, claiming all excellence for themselves, represent us as the weakest possible wretches, dependent upon their sufferance for existence, while the truth is that we Caputii,* are much stronger in fact, numbers being equal, than the much boasted Cœcurarii.† The facts are proved easily by human practice. We seek to spread knowledge: trusting that intellect shall rule; our foes strive to contract its sphere, and say that the feelings ought to reign. 'Eat not of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, else ye shall become as Gods, knowing Good from Evil,' say they; to which *we* rejoin, 'Pluck, eat, grow wise and strong, be powerful and live *forever*;' and man begins to heed our advice, and follow it.—We must enforce our teaching, and, while I myself superintend the affair respecting the neutrals that are to be ushured into being, in the Occident and the Orient, ye must carry on the war upon the earth generally, and do your utmost to elevate the human race, and thus defeat our foes.

"'Lately I have learned the great intention to remove, partially, the veil which hides man's spiritual from his earthly self and kindred. If so, be ye ready to take advantage of the lifting of the curtain and pour in a stream of our own fountains, and let the music of our realm be heard by man at the same moment that his astonished ear catches the distant melody of the spheres surrounding earth. Wherever one of *their* messengers goes, let *two* of ye be like his shadow. If they complain, tell them that I have given you orders. One behind and one before wherever you go, whatever you may do, and so we shall beat them, strive as they will or may. Moreover when the Neutral men are born, not for a single moment must they go unattended by our trusty guides; for it is positively certain that they will be constantly surrounded by the myrmidons of the Light, and we must be there to check them, else a moment lost our plans may be forever ruined.

"'Go, then, ye Powers of the Shadow, prepare for war, stern, sleepless, revengeful war with our implacable enemies. Rest not, tire not, leave no means untried to gain the victory. But if defeated in all things else, fight singly ere ye give up the contest for our kingly supremacy. Let nothing stop you from achieving the conquest of the Coming Man; bring all your powers and subtle forces into play; raise him if need be, to the highest throne on earth, or reduce him to despairing penury and want. Inflict the most grievous pains, or impart the serenest pleasures and most soul-entrancing joys. Let him be loved and hated by turns, of woman. Make him the idol of men, and the object of their envy, hate and detestation. Waft him over strange seas, and lead him through foreign lands. Wreck his body on earth's rocky shores, and his hopes and aspirations in life's treacherous sands. Do this, and success is ours.'

"The kingly form retired. A myriad of voices joined in one long and loud triumphant shout, and then deep silence reigned in Avernus. At the end of a minute I heard a noise like unto the rushing of a mighty whirlwind, and on raising my eyes to the firmament, beheld, approaching, a being brighter than the starbeam, radiant as immortal glory. He came on fleecy pinions, bearing in one hand a book, and with the other encircling and sustaining a female form, of such celestial mien and loveliness that my soul marvelled greatly. These two beings alighted on the roof of the throne facing the multitude. All that mighty host, even the king thereof, did homage, and bent the knee.—This over, the being with the book, opened it and read therefrom as follows:

"'It is written that none of God's creatures shall be tempted beyond the limits of resistance. But all shall be, even unto its utmost limits.' He then closed the book, and the seraph by his side, in a voice which sounded like the Harp of Life, said. 'O! king and powers of the Shadow! We come to tell thee, thou hast done thy Master's Will, in that thou hast brought yonder mortal to thy council, and warned her of the fate that hangs over the head of him she is to bear. A Power above thee, and Alcyone, also, hath ordained that thou, and Powers of the Light shall engage in strife, for thus shall the might of the *Great Beneficent* be manifested. Thou art permitted to tempt the woman and her son; to raise thy standard and marshal thy forces against the Light. But when thou and they are charged to speak the truth when any mortal shall demand it of thee in the name of the greater Power whom I serve. Away! Disperse! Break up thy conference! Mortal, return to thy native earth!'

* * * * "He ceased to speak. A misty film gathered over my eye; a sensation resembling that which I felt in the old mill came over me, and gradually I fell upon the seat of my car in a death-like trance or sleep. When I woke again, I found myself upon the couch in my chamber. Anxious faces surrounded me, and tearful eyes beamed upon me, and as I regained my senses, a dear one said to me, 'Poor child, how did it happen?' and another said, 'Flora, do tell us what has been the matter with you?' I answered not, but turning my face fell asleep.

*Vide chapter I.

*The Head. †The Heart.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE OLD STONE MILL.

THE FIRST TWO HOURS THEREAT.

The night subsequent to that in which the extraordinary events, related in the last chapter, took place, Flora found herself at the rendezvous agreed upon. It seemed that nothing could frighten her, and that she rather liked than otherwise, the idea of running, in the person of her son, the gauntlet between two such terrific lines of power as those described as the Shadow and the Light. She fully remembered the whole circumstances of the preceding night, the words of the female, and the extract from the book which had the effect of causing her to overrate her own moral strength.—She thought it would be easy to choose between either destiny, and that she might reject both at will. Poor girl! she forgot she was mortal! Some things may appear strange in her conduct, yet there was a good reason that it should be so. Reminding the reader that not one of the weird characters in this history or drama, be they Light or Shadow, had the power of equivocating, when the truth was demanded of them, he will understand why the old man tells so many wholesome truths. "You are," said he to Flora, alluding to the old stone mill, "the descendant of the builder of this temple, for such indeed it hath been in the days of yore; the portion remaining being less than a hundredth part of the complete structure. It is of far more ancient date than is generally supposed. It is older than Baalbec or Karnak, and, although not so ancient as some edifices on this continent, far surpasses the pyramids and sphinx, which have triumphantly braved the storms of forty-seven centuries. Circumstances have been such as to preserve these ruins as you see them, notwithstanding their slenderness seems to invalidate my assertions: yet remember one thing: These ruins have, like many men, reached a ripe old age, because they have not been subjected to the severe disintegraling influences that many others, far more imposing, have been. This old remnant of by-gone days has, by many persons been referred to the early Scandinavians, who unquestionably roamed this Island, hundreds of years before the intrepid Genoese thought of sailing over the Western main; others imagine that the Indians erected the structure.—Both opinions are false! The building was the work of a people,—a race of unknown mortals, who passed away long before either of the others were called into existence; and of all who once lived and flourished here, you are the last descendant. They were swept away, all but one couple, who being discovered by those who came after them were regarded as priests; and from them you have come. Marks and mementoes of the wondrous skill of this dead nation are constantly being exhumed from their silent graves, where for ages they have lain buried, by the race who now hold the reins of the world, and who fail not to keep that world to the very top of its speed." [The edifice to which he alluded is a hollow raised circle, resting upon pillared arches. It is twenty feet high and fifteen in diameter, or thereabouts; it resembles part of a tower; its top is roofless, the upper portions having crumbled away long since, by the wear and tear of time and curiosity-hunters.] "It marks the resting-place of your ancestor the priest, and his spouse the priestess, the last of a race, who having committed the unpardonable sin which the nations many of them are still committing, were speedily swept from off the earth."

"But" said I to the old man, "you have already stated, and I have but recently heard it repeated, that there is no such thing as sin at all, much less an unpardonable one!" 'True! you have heard,' he answered, 'but have not, it seems, fully comprehended. Sin absolute hath no existence—but sin conditional and relative most assuredly has. There is no evil in the fire, in itself considered; or in water; or in the luscious peach or melon: nor is there any in a group of poor innocent children playing on the green sward. Yet one of them may eat peaches till illness ensues, and death closes the scene:—or the chemist may extract the deadly poisonous prussic acid, from

the kernels of the fruit, which may cause frightful crimes to startle the world when used by men for the basest of purposes.—Another child eats melon till cholic-pangs torture it nearly to the last gasp. The third may be drowned in the brook, and the fourth be burnt by the fire. The evil is but the abnormal condition, or relations with one. But the case is somewhat altered as it respects grown people, communities, and the nation of which I have spoken, for when such go astray with their eyes wide open, and in spite of precedent and warning, then the sin is against themselves; dissolution begins, and therefore the unpardonable sin is committed. Thy ancestors strayed, and were punished. But see! the night approaches: I have much to show and tell thee; for thou art a favored one, and feelest a thirst for thou art a favored one, and feelest a thirst for super-human knowledge, and a desire that I, who are learned in all the mysteries of the Kabbali: who readest the signs of the times in the shaking leaf; and the history of the world in a pebble;—who count time by events instead of years; and am intimate with Nature's deepest secrets, shall impart it unto you. Say, Daughter! is it not so?'

"As he spake these words, my mind instantly recurred to the terrific scenes I had witnessed the night previous, and bending my eyes full upon him, I demanded to know whether it had been a real occurrence or a vision, for I still had some doubts about it, and tried to believe that I had left the house while asleep; and that I had experienced a sort of vision. 'If it is real,' said I, 'pray explain it: if a vision, tell its import, and why you left me to descend the dreadful pi alone, if it was a real reality.' 'Are you certain,' he asked, 'that you saw me beneath the arch of this old stone mill?' 'I am,' I replied, 'and also have a distinct recollection of all that took place after I awoke from the strange lethargy which came over me as I stood gazing at you, when I could no longer speak!' 'You *may* be mistaken,' he answered, 'and perhaps had an unusually vivid dream; and our conversation yesterday, my appearance and expression, may have impressed you so strongly, that they were, by your plastic fancy, moulded into new shapes and placed in new and novel relations to yourself and each-other. Dreams are strange things, and are always, in some sense real. How, is very easy to be explained. I have already told you that the people called philosophers invariably take the longest way around for the shortest route home. They always delight in untenable hypotheses, far-fetched theories, and the densest of obscurities, and accordingly have ransacked heaven and earth for an answer to the question 'what is a dream?' When, as usual the true answer was to be found without stirring a step out of the common track. Remember, my child, that whatever *is* is. "Nothing, is a word without a meaning: all things whatever, even dreams, are real things, and their solution is exceedingly simple. They are of two kinds: first; those which relate to and concern the dreamer; and second; those which do not. Mind is unitary; mind is one entire indivisible thing; not a diversity of organs, or faculties, the aggregate of which constitutes it; but it is a perfect oneness, having limbs or organs of its own, and the functions of those organs is faculty.—All mind is homogeneous, consequently, all mankind are connected by the universal outflow or sphere of mind with all other minds, whether in or out of the body; whether spiritualized or not, whether denizens of the earth or social particles of the divine city of spirits. All minds are connected by means of this spiritual outflow or Psychical Effluvium. A man sees a barbarous act committed by another; he is convulsed with horror; rushes from the scene of outrage;—recounts the bloody tale to others;—an eager crowd drink it in,—a sympathetic emotion spreads from man to man;—society vibrates with the same sentiment that convulsed the first recounter. The first feeling is horror of the deed; followed by pity for the victims, and the third stage is that of execration of the doer; speedily followed by the cry of vengeance or justice—for these are both one at bottom—as times go—on the miscreant. Another case: let us suppose the culprit was a government official, and the deed done in defence of his trust. Well, as soon as these facts are known, the indignation is transferred from the doer to his employers. Old grievances revive to swell the tide, until it bursts like a pent up lake suddenly let free, into the full stream of revolution.

"'Take another instance: A beggar sits upon the public walk soliciting alms. Tens of thousands pass him by unheeded. Why is this? It is owing to the want of a better conducting link—a sympathetic bridge from him to the hearts of those who in the hurry of the hour do not give time for those which are present to act in their full force. But lo! Here comes a beautiful young damsel; just the thing required.—Her heart is tender; her eye keen to detect suffering. She is the right chain to lead from the beggar to—whom? Watch her! She draws near the mendicant; questions him his story; he tells it; she finds it full of hardships—illness; stern weather and sterner landlord,—sick wife and famishing children. She is melted; the sympathetic tear trickles down her cheek! She hands him all the money she has—a few pence—and sighs as she wishes it was more! A crowd in the mean time attracted by *her tears*, has gathered round them With faltering tongue she wishes she had gold and power; the crowd catch the contagion of pity *from her*. Her example operates upon it like magic; it is touched *at last*; a hundred hands dive into as many pockets, while each one vies with his neighbor in generosity to the beggar; who goes homeward with a lightsome heart that day.

"'Amongst the crowd there gathered, was the editor of an influential journal, and he too, was touched, by the spectacle of the mob's generosity, as it had been by the maiden's tears. Next day an article appears in the paper, written by that editor while his soul was at high tide! The old beggar touched the girl, she moved a hundred hearts; but the editor has caused ten thousand pairs of eyes to drop twenty thousand tears of pity, and as many more hearts to throb with sympathy, ah! sympathy! Every hand deals out its donation. Next week that old man moves to the country; and just ten years afterwards a sturdy, sun-browned, healthy farmer-lad is seen in the streets of that city, staggering under the weight of two large baskets of the choicest fruit; one he delivers at the door of a fine mansion, the mistress of which smiles as he says to her, "grandfather sends this ere basket of peaches, as his yearly offering to his saviour; and he wants to know when you'll have him send the vegetables for winter, an he tole me to say 'God bless you," and to take no pay 'ceptin yer picter!"

"'The other basket he bears to the office of the "*Daily Trumpet*." "Ah! my fine lad, come again for the ninth time have you? Pray how are all the folks up at the deep soil farm?" says the jolly grey-haired, good-humored editor, as he falls to upon one of the great big, dead-ripe peaches.—"Yes sir, grandmother sends this ere fruit as the interest of that ere article, as you put in the '*Trumpet*' ten years ago!"—"Here lads," cries the editor, to the employees of the establishment as he bites into an over-grown Bartlett pear, "take this basket of fruit and devour it—the—fruit—not the basket, ha! ha! I declare they are prime!" * * * More than one heart beat happily that day! Thus sympathy begets itself. The girl felt for the man, the mob felt with the girl; the editor felt with the mob, and the community felt—in its pockets; the family felt the effects; the soil of a farm felt grateful for its tillage. and the result was, a family grew up and were happy, in the possession of *hearts where they ought to be!* I think you now understand somewhat of sympathy, which, by the way, is as often wrong as right. If you do, then you will comprehend the true philosophy of dreaming.

"'When a man sleeps sometimes the soul pernoctates likewise; in which case there is no dream at all. When it does not, the mind itself, freed for a time from its usual necessity of acting on the outer world through imperfect organs, or with blunted instruments, quits its tenement for a while, and revels amidst other and widely different scenes. Sometimes it is a mere passive, uninterested spectator of scenes actually occurring at the time in distant places and localities, both on and off the earth. Occasionally it beholds them as they really are; but far more frequently views them, as it were, through a medium with more or less distorting properties. For it may mingle the memory of its own experience with what it beholds, thus making a melange of fact and fancy. A dream may be made up of fact alone, or its opposite, fancy; the latter frequently being a foresight of real events yet to take place; thought not yet having a real existence, I call it fancy.—Sometimes the man dreams that he is falling from a house-top:—that he is a monarch seated on his throne:—a general leading a victorious army;—a lover on the eve of marriage:—a maniac chained to the wall, or a culprit on his way to execution. How, and why is all this? I reply sympathy explains it perfectly. The dream is a real thing, but the subjects of it are different.—The events are actually true of *some one*, with whom, for the *time being*, the dreamer is in so intimate rapport as to fully merge identities. When he wakes again he cannot but conclude that himself was the hero or the sufferer as the case might have been. This accounts for some dreams; another kind are to be referred to a somewhat diffent origin. Occasionally the dreamer comes into intimate rapport with another mind, which at the time happens to be actively engaged. The one which dreams, sees the thoughts of the other as actual things, events and persons. Last night it *may be* that you dreamed, and that your dream was a compound one, made up of several of the elements of which I have spoken, whence its vividness.'

"He ceased to speak; and I was troubled to decide whether he was in earnest, or laughing at, and playing upon me. I said nothing however; for as the night was closing in apace, I was anxious to see what he would do, now that the stars began to twinkle in the mighty vault of heaven.—My reverie was soon broken by my companion, who laid his hand gently upon my shoulder and said, 'Think of all this another time my child; and now answer me one thing, and that is, whether you have the requisite courage to witness a display of the wonderful powers which I told you I had learned in distant lands.' As he said this I thought a slight but keen mockery was discernible in his tone of voice;—as if he desired to cast a half doubt, as to whether I really had the proper amount of fearlessness or not. Instantly that this notion seized me, I determined to convince him that though but little more than a child, I had as much courage as he was capable of calling into play or testing short of actual physical violence, which in his case I did not by any means dread,—because my confidence in his grey-hairs and venerable aspect was too profoundly great; and so I answered, 'Doubt not, sir, that I will be firm and fearless, happen what may in this dreary old stone mill!'

"As I spake these words my soul inwardly laguhed at the bare idea of danger, which, if it came, I felt fully prepared to meet, because aside from any natural absence of fear I had taken the precaution to arm myself with an old but trusty Toledo dagger,—an heir-loom in my family, and which had done good service when in the hands of my ancestor the Cid. Beside this I carried in my bosom a far more trusty talisman and protector; namely, a crucifix, without which no good Catholic as I was, would dare to venture abroad after dark. We went into the mill, and the old man began to untie a bundle which he had brought there, and from which he took a roll of very thin but close woven black serge or cloth, I knew not which. This he proceeded to attach to nails previously driven in the walls, and when he had finished, I found we were completely curtained from the world without, so far as the sides were concerned. Over the top by means of a pole he stretched a roof of cloth, which most effectually excluded every ray of starlight.

"I looked on these proceedings with a curious, if not suspicious eye. I say looked, because after the side curtain had been fixed, he struck a light, and by the aid of the lantern, I could easily watch his every movement. I was particularly struck by the appearance of the cloth roof, which I found most strangely ornamented with arabesques in gold lace, embracing figures of dragons, serpents and toads, stars, suns, and silver crescents. I made no comments on what I saw, but in a somewhat merry mood, calmly waited for the conclusion of the very interesting adventure. I had not long to wait, nor did my merriment protract itself, for the old man, having completed his preliminary arrangements proceeded to suspend a sort of thick gauze veil eight feet wide, entirely across the edifice, thus dividing it in two halves, he then placed his lamp in the western corner, and spread a small carpet upon the ground. On this carpet he placed two small, but richly ornamented cushions; when seating himself upon one, he bade me follow his example on the other, after which he extinguished the lamp by means of the pole. For a minute all was silent, but at the end of that time he began to chant in a low, and not unmusical voice, a strain, the words of which were in a language I did not understand, nor had ever heard before. As soon as he ceased and while I was in a fever of expectation for the result, I felt a warm breathing upon the cheek opposite to that next my companion. This I thought exceedingly strange, yet was totally terrorless, although very interested. Three times within a minute I felt the same sensation upon my face and forehead, and the last time it was repeated I distinctly heard the same mysterious voice I had twice listened to before. Its intonations, and emphasis this time were too distinct and clear for me to be mistaken. I wandered greatly whether my companion heard it, but if he did so, he took not the least notice, but remained motionless and silent as before. The words which I heard were rhythmical, and they were whispered in a tone so full of earnest solicitude that I can never forget them. It said:

'Thou'rt sowing trouble, planting care,
'Resist and fly,—a dreadful snare
Environs thee around
Beware!

Thou stand'st upon a fearful brink!
Retreat; or thou wilt surely sink!
Dreadful terrors hover round,
Beware!'

"Before I had time to well consider, and properly weigh the import of these warning words, the old man touched me on the shoulder, tenderly and softly, and said, as he did so 'Look, daughter, look! the spell is working; Look, but fear not!'

"I turned my head and from behind the gauze curtain I have already described as dividing the interior of the mill into two compartments, saw a dull pale-blueish light irradiate and which cast a sort of deathful hue upon all objects on which it fell.

"I said the touch of the old man was gentle, and so it was, but the sound of his voice, and the expression of his face made me tremble; for the former had changed to a deep bass utterance, like that assumed by the stern Judge in the play, when sentencing some poor wretch to death, for crimes committed as the individual but unwilling proxy of society. His eyes had lost their kindly expression and now resembled coals of living fire. I was somewhat terrified by his aspect, yet new not what to do. Instinctively I felt in my bosom, the dagger was there *but the crucifix was gone*. Alarmed more by this, than all the rest, I sprang to my feet desperately intent upon escape, but ere I had time to take a single step toward the side of the old mill, a hand like cold iron, grasped me by the arm, and despite all my efforts to free myself from its gripe, forced me back upon the cushion; I did not then, nor do I now believe that hand belonged to the old man, or to a thing of this earth. As I fell upon my seat the magician said, 'sit still foolish girl! do not fear; no harm will befall you if I am obeyed, otherwise it may; so sit still, and be quiet in your mind!'

"Finding I could not escape, there was nothing left but to submit, and I did so.

"All this while the light from the curtain had gradually subsided, and I suddenly heard a sound very much like that which I heard to night just before my senses left me, when the pictures on the walls of this room were torn to pieces.* I raised my eyes, and the flitting of the fireflies assured me that the cloth roof had disappeared. I heard the sound again, and looking toward the walls of the mill, lo! the side curtain had also gone.

*The reader must not lose sight of the fact that Flora is recounting her story to the red stranger with the globe in her apartment in Canal st., New York.—Ed.

Correspondence.

STRATFORD, Ct., Jan. 3d, 1860.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—It is not with any desire to multiply words needlessly—but rather from the deep interest I take in the subject before us, that I again address you. Surely, if there is any class of persons who, more than another, are directly interested in the solution of the problem of "good and evil," it must be that class who are acknowledged to possess mediumistic powers. When every thought, every idea which is put forth leaves its moulding impress on the spirit, is it not well for us to question the deep voices of Nature within and without, that the record of their teachings be not lost? Is it not well to weigh the different expressions of mind, analyze their force and bearing, measure their height and breadth and depth, and decide upon their merits accordingly? And how *can* one decide except from his or her *own* standpoint of observation and judgment?

When we talk of "*apparent* and *real* evils," will not the line of distinction be drawn for every individual from his own stand-point—and according to the tangibility of this of line distinction, will not the antagonism of good and evil appear? Does not this line in some minds fade, become dim, yea, lost to sight, in contemplation of the mighty plan of spirit unfoldment? If I understand Brother Newton aright, every indulgence of the lower nature, causing pain and suffering, is a *positive evil* or a *real* evil. But is *any* evil *really positive* in its *true* character? Is not all evil transient, and eventually made subservient to the general good? Who gave to man the dark passions of his lower nature? Did he voluntarily take them upon himself? Again, does any individual soul *ever* act "counter to *its own highest sense of right and duty*"—yielding to temptation "*despite its interior conviction of wrong and of power to resist*?" If we were to look at the mainsprings of action, should we not find that this *conviction* was not *prior*, but *subsequent* to the act? And did not the commission of the act conduce to the unfoldment and maturing of the conviction? And if knowledge is not gained thus, in all cases, by *individual experience*, is it not gained by *observation* of the *experience* of *others*?

There always *has been*, and always *must be* individual suffering—there never has been an age in which the spirit of martyrdom has not lived—and it has chosen from the human race its victims by scores and thousands, as instruments whereby to test the strength of divinity in man. It presided at the altars of Pagan worship, and hovered o'er the offerings of Hebrew sacrifice—it walked by the side of the humble Jesus through all his earth life, and left him at the cross, only to become the companion of his followers down to the present time. It is true, the bloody robe, the titled badge is laid aside, but the sword of the spirit is the weapon it hath girt on, and firmly it walks this day as of old, through the length and breadth of the land, casting out devils and healing the sick. Many cry "it is through Beelzebub that he casteth out devils," but the reply is, "through whom do your children cast them out?"

The agitation of this subject is one of the great events of the age. The traditions of heathen Mythology will no longer satisfy the inquiries of mind in this age—nor will the teachings of popular Orthodoxy put to silence the multitude of questions which roll out from the mental world. The spiritual forces in the great world of being are alive and at work.—They course along the electric lines of thought, and with a power peculiar to themselves, search out causes and expose effects, directing mind in its progress to the recognition of those eternal principles, which have their corresponding laws and modes of manifestation in the metaphysical, as well as in the material world.

When man becomes acquainted with this divine philosophy, he will, with increased knowledge, be enabled to grasp the laws thereof, and thus become more true to himself in the several departments of his nature. An increasing acquaintance and familiarity with the mental physiology of the man, discloses the fact that the germ-seed of *every* passion *is sown in the organization of the man*—else it had not had existence—and having no existence, could have no expression. Now when man directs the noble energies of his nature to the eradication of "evil" in himself, he will do a mighty work for his race—but this cannot be done suddenly—the effete matter which has pervaded the system, must take time to work off—it may be offensive to the eye—unpleasant to the senses—but the true physician hails this as a sure indication of returning health. And so man, being gradually lifted from the lower conditions to the higher, will eventually recognize *every* condition he has passed, as productive of *good*—as a *divine* means of education—as a stepping-stone from the arch-way of darkness to the realms of light—as messengers who came to him in the night-time of his sorrow, when he refused to be comforted, and unbarred for him the heavy doors of his prison-house. O'er the wreck of buried hopes he will find the seeds of a truer life uprising and bearing fruit to God, and mirrored in the crystal depths of every tear, worlds of untold beauty.

If this doctrine begets free-love, it is that pure, unadulterated love which draws all humanity heavenward, by the bonds of true, Christian sympathy. It turns not upon any spirit, either embodied or disembodied, the language of condemnation; but making its highest ideal, its living reality in heart and life, it strews the flowers of purity upon the grave of past errors and mingles its song with the glad strains of beatified souls, as they bend to the ear of the mourner, and touch the well-springs of being with the burden thereof "*Thy* will be done."

M. J. W.

THE JAMAICAN LEGISLATURE.—But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." "A nice house of Assembly, isn't it?" "Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes of which I had read in another country; and thinking also, I must confess, that an absolute scrimmage on the floor of the House might be worth seeing. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time the House was in committee. The louder portion of the noise, I say, for two other honorable members were speaking, and the rest were discussing the matter in small parties. "Shameful, abominable, scandalous!" shouted the angry gentleman over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll notsit in such a house. I'll resign as soon as I see the Speaker in that chair.—Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water." In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a legislator, and drank the rum and water.—[The West Indians and the Spanish Main, By Anthony Trollope.

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. If there was anything in the keg, Prentice thinks the men rallied at the tap.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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SATURDAY JAN. 21, 1860.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of W. H. Chaney & Co, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All business connected with said firm will be settled at this office by A D Brock.

W. H. CHANEY.
A. D. BROCK,
F. G. BARKER,

Boston, Jan. 16, 1860.

ARE ALL SPIRITS WISE AND GOOD.

In response to a call from our colaborers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, we gave last week our idea of what constitutes *a spirit*, as this term is commonly used—which was, in brief, that every human being enters the spirit-life clothed in a spirit-body, formed of the imponderable elements which previously existed in and were the life of the earthy body. Consequently he carries with him the *individual character* formed in the earth-life—its loves and hates, its virtues and vices, its aspirations and imperfections—for he carries with him that in which all these qualities reside.

If this be so, it follows that the mere putting off of the visible earth-body does not, as our cotemporary supposes, extinguish the love of earthly and sensual things. On the contrary, they who have not, in obedience to the monitions of the inmost spirit, overcome and died to the disorderly loves of the flesh, before leaving the earth-body (as is possible) must find the same loves still clinging to them, holding them down to earth, and bringing them into sympathy with all other beings who delight in similar things.

There is then a wide difference between what is commonly termed *spirit-life* (that is, mere existence in the spirit-world) and spirit-*ual* life in its highest sense—(that is, life according to the dictates of the inmost spirit)—a mighty difference between death of the ponderable *earth-body* and death of the *earthly affections*. This distinction is often overlooked, by spiritualists as well as others; but, if well-founded, it is of the utmost importance. To quote the language of a spirit-communication made to us recently, (before this discussion commenced:)—

"The birth into earthly life, the physical death, land the spirit-life which succeeds, are but the *shadow* or *analogue* of the birth into *spiritual* ife, death to the earthly affections, and the higher life which is consequent thereon. All the latter may take place while in the earthly body."

"Whatever tendency is established by a habit of resistance to the sensual and the selfish in the earth life, is so much impetus gained for a rapid progress in the spiritual."

Such are the ideas we at present entertain; and they not only seem to be the plainest conclusions of enlightened reason, but accord with the testimony, so far as we recollect, of all beings in the spirit-world with whom we have ever conversed on the subject; also with the testimony of Swedenborg and other illuminated seers; and with the teachings of Paul and Jesus, if we understand them—not to mention the voices of such minds as Plato and Socrates, and in fact the almost universal intuitions of mankind. This theory harmonizes with that fact of general consciousness, stated by Paul, that as we become spiritually awakened, we find "a law in our members warring against the law of our minds." It also gives us a rational philosophy for the existence of "demons" and "evil spirits"—a belief in which is and has been almost co-extensive with the race. They are but human spirits, still exhibiting, in more or less intensified forms, the lower and selfish passions of human nature, which have not been left behind in passing the portal of the grave.

Now as to *facts*. The "assumption" on which the *Telegraph* proposes to join issue with us, (see its "Reply," in last number) we did not make. A misprint occurred in our article copied into its columns which obscured the sense; besides which the *Telegraph* overlooked a part of the sentence essential to its meaning. What we wrote was this: "So far as we are acquainted, Spiritualists in general are convinced . . . . that the *facts* of spirit-manifestation, through almost every medium, *prove* the existence of untruthful spirits, as clearly as that of truthful ones." We presume the *Telegraph* will not dispute that such is the conviction of Spiritualists in general—its conductors being excepted.

As to the general question, we presume only to make this affirmation—that the facts of spirit-manifestation, *as we have observed them*, have proved *to us* the existence of untruthful, ignorant, immoral, selfish, impure, and *un*-spiritual spirits, as clearly as that of spirits pure, wise and good. We have investigated for ourselves, and have drawn our own conclusions. We will not undertake to make confident assertions about the experiences of others, nor to draw conclusions for them. But in so far as others report experiences and conclusions similar to ours, we naturally consider our own corroborated thereby.

The facts coming under our personal inspection, indicative of falsehood, malice, and the grosser forms of depravity on the part of spirits, have been fewer and less striking than those reported by many others. Yet they have seemed sufficient to settle with us the general question that there are spirits actuated by similarly evil, mischievous and selfish propensities as we see exhibited in persons in this life. We will mention but one, as illustrative of a class: A spirit-being once manifested himself through the mediumship of a member of our own family, when no other visible person save ourself was present,—giving the clearest evidence of the presence and action of a mind distinct from either of us. He first declared himself divinely commissioned to announce to us a series of fearful disasters or judgments which were imminently impending upon the inhabitants of earth, delivering himself something after the manner of the ancient Jewish prophets, partly in scripture language, but quoted in such a manner as showed an illiterate mind, and a want of perception of real meaning. We ventured to inquire the name of this prophet of evil, when he promptly gave us the name of an acquaintance residing at a distance, and claimed that he had recently passed to the spirit-world. (This was not true of the friend whose name was used, as afterwards entertained.) We asked other questions, the answers to which, though promptly given would not fit at all the case of the person indicated, and showed a pretense to knowledge not possessed. Evidently perceiving that his claims were not accepted, though nothing was said by us to indicate this, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, I see you are too sharp for me!" and departed. Had credence been given to these apocryphal revelations, and had they been proclaimed to the world as a disclosure from "spirits of the seventh sphere," or the forty-ninth circle," (the like of which has been done in we know not how many instances)—the chuckling over our open mouthed credulity that would have ensued may be appreciated by all lovers of hoaxes and practical jokes.

But it seems needless to recapitulate facts of this character. (See *Telegraph* of Dec. 31, for a striking testimony of the same effect.) Those of a similar significance have occurred, we have reason to believe, to almost every investigator who has had much experience—though doubtless mistakes have often been made, and evil or mischievous designs hastily imputed where none were intended.

There is another class of spirit-manifestations, more common than any palpable demonstrations of mischief or malice, which yet afford equally conclusive proof that all spirits are not wise, pure and holy beings. We refer to the deluge of wild vagaries, subtle sophistries and un-spiritual doctrines—tending to foster self-conceit, intellectual pride, irreverence, uncharitableness, sensuality, and various other "works of the flesh"—which has been showered upon this mundane sphere through mediums of various classes, and which show their authors to have arrived at no very exalted plane of spirituality. A large proportion of what is known as "Spiritualistic literature," including trance-discourses and spirit-communications, betrays an utter blindness as to the profounder truths of man's interior nature, often accompanied with boastful pretensions of superior wisdom. By no means would we deny the right of any spirit, embodied or disembodied, to give utterance to such ideas as it has; but we cannot help knowing them by their fruits. Such crude and bitter products cannot have grown in *celestial* spheres.

It will be easy, of course, for those who have adopted the arbitrary rule laid down by the *Telegraph*, to deny that any such manifestations come from the spirit-world at all—to claim that sophistry, error, pretense, falsehood, deception, or any other immorality, *of itself*, disproves a spirit-origin—hence, that all facts of both these classes *must be* referred to "mundane, mesmeric, or clairvoyant influences." And it would be equally easy, in our view, to take the ultra-materialistic ground, and refer *all* the manifestations to the same sources. For the evidence of the action of disembodied minds in the cases alluded to, has been to us quite as clear—sometimes much clearer—than in cases where truth, purity and goodness were the manifest results. We must claim to judge for ourselves whether any particular manifestation that we witness proceeds from a mind out of the physical body or in it; and that not by any arbitrary *moral* standard, but by the proofs afforded of the agency of a distinct invisible personal intelligence.

Besides a reference to "mesmeric and clairvoyant influences" does not take us out of the realm of spirit-agents. What *are* these "influences?" We think no one can fully answer this question without recognizing the agency of spirits, both good and bad.

Most heartily do we endorse the sentiment, "If truth destroys spiritualism, we had better let it be destroyed." We have no fears for it, on the rational basis we have endeavored to maintain; but very much doubt if it could sustain the burden of so improbable a hypothesis as our friends of the *Telegraph* would fasten upon it.

This response has required many more words than we intended; but if the discussion shall result in giving prevalence to a more clearly-defined and correct pneumatology among spiritualists, and in enforcing the momentous practical importance of subordinating the sensual and the selfish in the earth life, these words will not have been wasted.

A. E. N.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Much has been, and is to be said, upon this necessary human relation. We see no reason why we should not "put in *our* oar," and help along the discussion. We might as well say, in advance, that we have little *feeling* about, or *personal* interest in this question. We know very well that mankind, in their mundane state of being at least, will continue to marry and be given in marriage, and it only remains for us to consider how this business can be got over to the very best advantage of those who feel impelled to enter upon it. We are not, ladies, going to treat this question in a romantic manner, but in as plain and common sense a way as we are capable of doing it. So, if you don't like to have marriage matters "done up" in this homely style, you may skip this article.

We will premise, then, that matrimonial candidates, of either sex, are never perfect. It must be presumed that they have innate faults that either are, or are likely to be, troublesome to themselves and others. So, therefore, perfect bliss, in the marriage state, is not to be expected, even when the parties are *ever so well* matched. Those who embark in the matrimonial ship must "look out for breakers," for they are pretty sure to be encountered in one form or other.

One thing, however, should be, so far as it is possible, attended to in the outset of the marital career: and that is, the parties should be well *mated*. This is a very essential condition in *all* cases,—in and out of matrimony,—where two or more persons are to join fortunes. They should possess a natural *fitness* for one another. They should be so constituted, with reference to one another, as to work *harmoniously* together. They should be articulated together with as nice a natural adjustation as that which joins the vertebral column of our physical structure. In this matter we are not, you will please bear in mind, contending for perfection of general character in the parties to be maritally joined in order that the true ends of the relation shall be realized, but we *are* demanding, fundamentally, that they shall be *naturally adapted to each other*—truly married—that each party shall supply to the other just what he and she need, and what he and she have not in their separate personalities. With good old philosophic and Christian St. PAUL, we would not have matrimonial parties "unequally yoked!" GOD never joins two persons together without they have an especial mutual fitness. No man *can* put asunder husband and wife who naturally belong together. All merely arbitrary and unnatural relations, on the contrary, are very likely to be disturbed and broken by accidents similar to those which produce them. All true and sacred relations have an integral strength that cannot be successfully assailed. So we need not trouble ourselves about the breaking up of such marriages as are genuine. They are entirely competent to take care of themselves.

To be properly married, then, is to be rightly *mated*. The deep conjugal instinct demands this. The soul cries out, in its profound longings, for its other half—not for some other soul's half, but for *its own*. Happy, indeed, is that soul, "groping in this twilight world," that finds it! When it does, however, sweet content, so far as its marriage relation is concerned, forever ensues. No more hunting, in strange, sinful ways, after "affinities." The one deep affinity is ever present, to the conjugally peaceful soul.

Two persons badly joined together in marital bonds, are necessarily miserable.—Two persons joined together even in *outward business transactions* who have no moral fitness for the relation, cannot work happily together! Nay, two *oxen* who are not well mated will not work well together, as every teamster knows. They will "crowd," and "haul off," and "cork" each-other with their iron shoes. So is it with horses, also. If they do not keep step with the music of the union—or rather if there *is* no music in it, the mis-mating is papable and unprofitable.

We must conclude that the true significance and benefits of marriage lie in the parties rightly mating themselves. We do not say that two badly matched persons may not *tolerate* one another, and get along without actual rupture, but they will not—cannot—love each other! Their souls cannot experience the peculiar, "secret," sacred bliss which can only have birth in such as are truly conjugally related.

The "sacredness" of marriage, of which we hear so much, consists altogether in its *genuineness*. We have already stated what its genuineness consists of:—*the natural fitness of married parties* FOR *one another*. This important and deep human relation was never left to be amended by conventional and arbitrary tinkering, but must be regulated by the eternal law that inheres in itself. Two persons totally unfit for each other can never be truly married. They may join outward fortunes, and abide by the regulations of the statute book, have offspring even, but married they are not. This truth has been often illustrated in both real life, and in forms of literature wherein "man and his relations" have been profoundly discussed. Let us cite a few instances from literature which will stand as fair representatives of similar instances occurring daily in real life. These "specimens" gleaned from ideal, though true representations of life, will give us the whole philosophy of marital failure. We wish to have it, as we have before said, understood that, in "coming to a knowledge of the truth" in reference to the marriage question, we are not to consider the moral or spiritual *status* of marriageable parties; for conjugality is not made to depend upon that. Saints and sinners are alike fated to enter the marriage state. The whole question hinges on the peculiar, natural fitness, of the parties to be joined together, for each other. We would not have them "unequally yoked." The main difficulty accruing to the relation, has its origin in *mismatching*. It will not do to put ice and fire together—it does not do to join elevated natural character with that which belongs to a lower scale, in marital bonds. In all the relations of human nature,

"Spirits
Are not finely touched but to fine issues."

The gross cannot long contentedly assimilate with the refined. "The good by affinity seek the good," and the gross by affinity seek the gross. This law governs in matrimony as in other things.

But there are, we confess, many things which prevent the good from finding the good for marriage purposes, at least.—There are so many "side issues" to all fundamental questions, that we are apt to be deterred from coming directly to the main points. The good don't always, at once, know the good—nor the elevated find their true "affinities." The good and the bad have so many things in common about them, that they are prone to be betrayed into temporary conjunction, by these their few and, perhaps, lower points of sympathy.—It requires time, in many cases, for two people to mutually learn their leading traits of character. Then, again, many persons, of both sexes, are so entirely good, loving, and elevated, that they invest the beloved object, or objects, with their own excellence.

"Nature is fine in love; and, when 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

In this way, many a man and woman gets egregiously "taken in," matrimonially.

But now for our ideal instances of mismatched couples. We don't believe Helen of Greece would have eloped from Menelaus her husband, and run away with that unconscionable scamp, Paris of Troy, had she been properly matched in the first place. The two were unsuited to each other.

Hamlet's mother married above herself when she espoused Hamlet's father, and very likely was not suited. She undoubtedly took upon her "impossible vows" in that instance. This is evident from what the Ghost says to Hamlet, when he is trying to incite him to avenge his cause. He says, with reference to his wanton queen, who had so soon married his infamous brother and murderer:

"O, Hamlet, what a falling of was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!"

No "falling off" at all, o'd "True penny;" you mistook her true character altogether—you was above her vastly, and 'twas your own elevated but mistaken love that lifted her to a (to you,) seeming spiritual level with yourself. She found her true "affinity,"—more's the pity, perhaps,—in the fratricidal usurper. Had Hamlet understood the philosophy of mis-matching in marriage, he would have saved his mother the dreadfully scourging speech he addressed to her, or, at least, he might as well have done so, for all the good it would naturally do. He might, and did, make her sorry, but he could not, by inducing all the repentence she was capable of, make her *feel* the vast moral and mental difference there was between the two brothers, she had alternately married.

A similar misalliance and its consequences, is poetically historified by Tennyson in his "Idyls of the King." We do not say that the conduct of queen GUINEVERE, and her intrigues with Launcelot, are morally excusable because she was misallied with King Arthur, but her crime surprises us far less than it would have done, had she been

satisfied with him as her natural mate.—He is far above her, and she seems to know it right well, for she says to Launcelot, her paramour, respecting him :—

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all,
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color: I am yours,
Not Arthur's as you know, save the bond."

To be sure, GUINEVERE is brought to a sort of semi-repentance at last, which seems to lift her up somewhat in the moral scale, —for she says of Arthur, who at a final interview had forgiven her the wrong she done him—

"And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy Knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half despised the height
To which I would not *or could not* climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color which I found
In Launcelot!"

We cannot, dear madam, doubt that you speak truly, and you should have married Launcelot in the first place. You would then have mated with your peer, and have proved a good and respectable woman.—But you, from vanity, or ambition, married a noble man whose high quality you could neither understand nor respect, until it was too late; and you grievously fell, involving in your fall a melancholy ruin to many others. *

MISS HARDINGE ON DRESS.

When we ventured a suggestion on the subject of Dress Reform, some weeks since, we were quite aware that we were trenching on delicate ground. Perhaps, in presuming to hint, never so tenderly, that "woman's sphere" *could be* too much *extended*, we were out of *our own* sphere entirely. At any rate, we will endeavor to bear with Christian resignation any punishment for our "actual transgressions" which our lady readers may see fit to inflict upon us, by tongue or pen—especially when administered with the grace and eloquence which characterize the protest of Miss HARDINGE, in a late number of the AGE. Verily, it is such a luxury to receive a good hearty *dressing down* (or "up," if she prefers) from so genuine and valued a friend, that we feel almost tempted to repeat the offence (or rather to commit a *real* one,) for the sake of a repetition of the chastisement!

But our sense of justice was never quite reconciled to the doctrine of fictitiously "imputed sin;" and hence it will not allow of our willingly suffering for *offences not committed*, however pleasant or profitable the correction may be. We feel obliged, therefore, even at this late stage in the proceedings, to enter a plea of *not guilty* to nearly every count in the indictment recorded against us.

Miss Hardinge, as well as some other readers, has quite misapprehended the meaning and scope of the article to which she takes exceptions. It was doubtless mainly our own fault that we were not better understood—though it is difficult in a short newspaper article, on any topic of importance, to so guard oneself as not to be misapprehended by somebody. There is, in fact, very little difference between us and our esteemed co-laborer, on any point which he has so skillfully argued.

A careful perusal of the offensive article will show—much as it may surprise Miss H.,—that it does *not* advise the discarding of silks as an article of female dress—nor the wearing of calico instead—nor a puritanic abjuration of the beautiful and the tasteful. Take away these items of supposed grievance, and the relevancy and pungency of her criticisms is gone.

True, we mentioned prefatorily the fact that a movement was said to be on foot in England to induce "ladies of quality" to dress in calico, at church; but we did not intend to be understood as recommending precisely the same thing here. On the contrary, we purposely refrained from suggesting any particular fabric—deeming this quite out of our province, and not supposing that uniformity was either practicable or desirable. This matter, as well as the question of style, etc., was expressly left to the "good sense" of "sensible women" such as dare to act out their own views of propriety. Instead of presuming to *pre*scribe or *pro*scribe any specific article or mode, our recommendation was in these general terms:—"Let all rich and gaudy apparel, *worn merely for the purpose of looking as well as our neighbors, or of outshining them*, be banished from the meetings of Spiritualists."

We submit that Miss Hardinge, in so far as she (to use her own forcible language) "resolutely anathematized *extravagance* or *excess* in fine dress," and refuses to be "a mere slave of fashion, without any other guide than the contemptible phantom light of popular opinion," fully endorses the *spirit*, if not the letter, of our suggestion.

Of the influences exercised by different colors and different fabrics on sensitive persons, we had been long aware—as also of the fact that persons have constitutional likes and dislikes in respect to colors, which ought never to be outraged. We were familiar, too, with the insulating properties of silk, and have been long acquainted with persons who cannot enter a public assembly, even as hearers, without suffering severely from the mixed magnetism of the audience, unless protected by garments of this fabric. We expected all these things would be taken into consideration by the "sensible women" to whose judgment the whole matter was left. We are glad that Miss Hardinge has called special attention to them, and thus supplied our omission. But, surely, there is ample room for a recognition of all constitutional needs, as well as for the exercise of refined tastes, inside of that fluctuating display and subserviency to fashion which we desire to see abandoned.

The "hoop question" we were disposed to meddle with as delicately as possible; but since it has been *roundly* put forward by our fair respondent, we will blushingly submit our private "confession of faith" on that topic. It is, in brief, that hoops are, to womankind, one of the greatest blessings of modern invention—while their extravagant expansion is the most *enormous* folly of modern costumery.

A large space is occupied by our eloquent friend in defence of *flowers*—those "voiceless tongues" which are "everywhere proclaiming that God is tender and loving, as well as just and strong." The occasion on our part for this defence, we could not divine, until, on carefully re-reading the article which called forth her letter, we discovered that some careless printer's imp had substituted "flowers" where we wrote "*flounces*!" We shall hope to be freely forgiven this part of the offence, since Miss H. has herself evidently suffered still more severely at the hands of the typos. But we could never *forgive ourself*, had we let slip one word in disparagement of those silent ministers of grace, truth and love, whose presence we always court—the sweet-breathed flowers.

The only point on which we discover even a seeming difference between our gifted fellow-laborer and ourself, is in respect to the *peculiar* appropriateness of a simple style of dress to meetings for spiritual instruction and worship, and *in*-appropriateness of the gaudy style to the same occasions. Yet notwithstanding her confounding this with a pharisaical distinction between "holy" and "unholy" times, "sanctified" and "unsanctified" dresses, etc.,—and in spite of her earnest endeavors "to be as good as she can be at all times,"—we are sure Miss Hardinge does practically recognize the principle of the adaptation of costume to times and employments.

If she ever has occasion to perform service in the kitchen or at the wash-tub, does she not choose a different garb from that in which she appears on the lecture-rostrum?—though the one employment is, in one sense, quite as "religious" as the other. According to her own showing, she varies her apparel with circumstances and conditions, and she avoids "extravagance and excess" at all times. We recommend nothing more than is implied in this. When free from the trammels of fashion, the spirit spontaneously seeks to have its garments correspond with and symbolize its internal states. We respectfully submit that there is a state of mind appropriate to the assembly of earnest and reverential truth-seekers (to say nothing now of "public worship," after the ordinary forms of Christendom)—a state of receptivity, deference, and forgetfulness of externals—which is different from the states equally appropriate to the work-shop, the parlor, the saloon, or the festive occasion;—a state which cultivated susceptibilities feel to be specially incongruous with personal displays and factitious distinctions of any kind. True, such displays will be avoided at *all* times by persons of *real* refinement; yet others may be expected to dispense with them *first* where they are most obviously out of place.

With these explanations, we leave our case, and the proposed "Dress Reform," to the judgments of the candid and the wise;—only adding that the frank and fearless effort of our noble sister to combat our supposed errors, commands our admiration not less than if we had really deserved her criticisms.

A. E. N.

BREVITIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—It is of the first importance that we base our actions upon the *principles* of things. Our legitimate successes do, and will depend upon such procedure. If we wisely fall into the great currents of eternal truth, life's ways will hardly seem adverse to our true interests, neither shall we see reason to ever utter the voice of complaint. It were wiser for us to earnestly study the indications of the eternal Providence, than to take counsel of our own blind desires, which, in that case, come at last to usurp the entire government of our being. We are but a section of a grand system of things, and to act well our part in this vast process of life, and to thus insure to ourselves its permanent benefits, we must study to learn and obey the laws that govern it. We cannot hinder the onward flow of fated events. These predetermined affairs govern *us*, and not we them, as we are sometimes vain enough to suppose. We are truly blessed only when God is permitted to "work within us to will and do His own good pleasure." *

SPIRIT-MACHINERY,—or as some would prefer to call it, Ghost-Machinery,—has become a powerful element in the literature of the day. Recently the literary community has been set all agog by the publication of a book called "SIR ROHAN'S GHOST." The author is said to be Miss. Presscott, a young lady of Newburyport. How far, and in what sense, this work has been the result of Spiritualism, we have no means of showing. Nor are we acquainted with its character, any further than to know that it is a Ghost-Story. Whether Miss. Prescott is a *real* spirituulist, or merely a *simulated* one, is also beyond our knowledge. At any rate, she has used our spiritualistic "thunder," with which to compass the purpose of her book, and whether she came by it mediumistically, or "stole it," is again more than we can determine. Perhaps the lady is one of those who sneer at "other-worldliness" as a matter of *fact*, while at the same time, she is fain to use it as a mere matter of fancy and imagination. *

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!"
Tennyson.

HARMONY and PEACE are the rule of the universe. The Circumstantial and the Incidental, which make such a disturbing pother about us, are the exceptions. Those who do not comprehend the fixedness and soverign integrity of the universal Whole, are subject to preposterous and hurtful fears that the vast frame of things is often about to tumble about their devoted ears! When shall we learn that it is mainly *our* business, through the mediums of our moral will—by our capacity for virtue, to join ourselves to the Central Peace? *

ELOQUENT REMARKS.—An Alabama Senator, in a recent debate on a bill to prevent the adulteration of liquors, said: Mr. President, this is the most important measure that has been before this body at this session. Spiritous liquors, sir, is a beverage in which we all indulge, more or less. It is well known, sir, that there are persons so lost to every sense of humanity, as to put strychnine and other poisonous substances in this popular beverage. Sir, in my opinion, the villian who perpetrates so great an outrage ought to suffer death.

☞ Isn't it quite singular that they should be trying so hard to get a "Speaker" in the House of Representatives when they have already so many? One would think that they had enough "speakers" there unless they were better. *

ADIN BALDOU of the *Practical Christian*, recently gave Bro. Garrison of the *Liberater*, a very pungent, down right lecturing for his recreancy to his long-professed non-resistent doctrines, manifested in a speech in a late John Brown sympathizing meeting. This very able and unanswerable rebuke we hope will be well received by Bro. G., and cause him to repent and humbly turn back to his first love. He has got to such a pass in his "*resistence* to tyrants," that he hardly knows what manner of spirit he is of. But Mr. Ballou has so faithfully "held the mirror up" to him that he cannot fail to see his own distorted features in such a light as will lead him to redeem himself from his temporary bondage to the old fighting satan. *

"Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk,
He makes no friend who never made a foe";
Tennyson.

How a lady betrayed herself to the one she loved.

"————" his large black eyes,
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face."

"It was a saying of Charles II., in reference to the opposition which the Doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy that 'he was a bear, against whom the Church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.'" *

MYSTICS.

WHY some writers are called mystics is because they have gone into deeper soundings of consciousness—penetrated farther into the realms of spiritual truth, than those who thus designate them. Others are truly mystical because their thoughts are ill-defined, vague, pointless, without central germ of order or organic tendency. They float about in idle brains, as do the fragmentary, fleecy clouds in the heavens, containing neither wind nor rain, —though perhaps a trifle of surface beauty.— *

Br. Osgood informs us that his remark in reference to liberalizing tendency of Spiritualism, was intended to refer to the community in which he lives. Of course he is competent to speak of its influence there. Our note referred to the sphere of our own observation. —[Gospel Banner.

We hardly think that it was necessary for Bro. Osgood to qualify his assertion to the editor of the Banner "in relation to the liberalizing tendency of spiritualism." We can have little doubt that people *in all places* are just as susceptible of being liberalized by this more liberal form of religion as they are in the vicinity of Foxcroft, Me., As for the Banner man doubtless his sphere of spiritual observation is quite limited, as there are none so blind as those who *will not* see. *

The *Spiritual Guardian* has been enlarged, and otherwise greatly improved. It is a very zealous and determined sheet. We heartily wish it all the success it deserves. *

WE have but little doubt that the human spirit is a microcosm, or little world, and that in it are fac similes, or transcripts, of the landscapes of the Spirit-world, which, in favorable states of the brain, are revealed to consciousness. We therefore need not go out of ourselves to get glimpses of the transcendant glories of the immortal world. In sleep, oftimes, and in entranced moments, the thin veil is withdrawn, and the realms of light "and joy unspeakable," rise upon our enraptured view. Not only the "geometry of the city of God," but its beatitudes and ineffably resplendent garniture, are contained within the ever-present spirit of man. *

SOME men with apparently large spiritual gifts and promise, make a very hopeful beginning in spiritual life. They do well so long as they remain teachable and humble. At last, in an evil hour, ambition, not only "that last," but *worst* "infirmity of noble minds," puts it into their heads that they may some way distinguish themselves and become as gods.—They cast about them, and finally go to work and erect some factitious theological fabric in which they become self-imprisoned, and, which they arbitrarily demand the adhesion of others. Henceforth they grow narrow, despotic, bigoted, and lose all the growing grace that characterizes those who joyfully give themselves up to the advancing and constantly unfolding influences of infinite truth! *

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. It there was anything in the keg, Prentice thinks the men rallied at the tap.

A NEW LECTURER.—Charles A. Hayden, a lad of 18 years, addressed audiences in Spiritual Age Hall, on the last two Sabbaths, to great acceptance, being under Spirit control. He is an eloquent and effective Speaker, and must soon take rank as such among our lecturers. We commend him to our friends who need a good Speaker.

☞ Our readers should not fail to give the Sermon on our first page, entitled "Authority and Freedom," a careful reading. We think it completely settles this long mooted theological and philosophical question.

Correspondence.

THE HARMONIAL BROTHERHOOD.

Having written several short communications on the formation of our *Christian Harmonial Brotherhood*, and given our views in relation to what might be done to forward this noble enterprise, by the organizing of industry on a better and truer basis than has ever yet been done; I trust I have given some hints in relation to the establishing a social, and divine order on the earth. In all ages—through the past—there have lived Seers and prophets, who have foretold a brighter, and better day, for the inhabitants of the earth.

Poets have tuned their lyres again and again and have sung the harmonious strains of "liberty and equality to an ignorant and misdirected race."

Every *great* and good *man philosopher* or *saint*—in the Church—and out of it—have been looking forward to the time when swords shall be turned into *ploughshares*—and spears, into *pruning-hooks*, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation—neither shall they learn war any more.

In our last article we showed the great contrast between Christianity established by Jesus and his Apostles, more than eighteen centuries ago, and what is called Christianity now, and we think we showed it as clear as the noonday sun, the doctrines of the *great seer* as He gave it to the world. Shortly after He commenced, His mission on the earth, He began to speak as one having authority—and He told to His disciples to tarry at whatever honse they were stopping until they were endowed with power from on high. His religion was a practical one, and well calculated to call out all the noble feelings of the race. Having given my opinion in relation to what true Christianity is; I wish to show in this communication that it is my firm belief that the time has fully come to start this Christian Brotherhood, and to practically carry it out in all the relations of life practical righteousness.

It seems to me that there can be no true Church founded on the earth until man can have a full guaranteed right and title to the soil on which he lives; but says the inquirer, how can we obtain the soil? I answer by saying we must purchase the lands, of individuals and government, as cheap as we can, and let all the members of the Brotherhood have their land at cost; or if the free homestead is granted to all pioneers of 160 acres each, from our government, then we can colonize these lands without money and without price, and become actual settlers.

Our *ground plan*, is a complete *town* of itself containing sixteen thousand deeds, divided and sub-divided into village lots, and farms varying from two acres up to 160 acres giving to every member of our Brotherhood as much land as his avocation requires.

Each and every member can have his homestead by choice provided he bids for that choice, as may be seen by a perusal of our constitutional compact, and all money raised from the choice of bids, will be appropriated for the benefit of the whole town.

It has been understood by some who are not well acquainted with our movement, that it will have a tendency to draw together many who will wish to do away with the family ties of husband and wife.

I wish here to be distinctly understood that I am opposed to all schemes and organizations that tend in any way, or manner to destroy the individual family of man; and the aims of the harmonial colony movement, have been in all its bearings to fully establish the family circle complete; even more perfectly than it has ever been done before in the civilized world.

Our brotherhood is organized for the purpose of practically carrying out by agreement, one towards another all the practical problems of life.

Namely, when our organization goes forth to meet and bless the world, it means a social

[Continued on 8th page.]

Interesting Miscellany.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

VISIT TO GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

ATHLONE, IRELAND, Sept. 22d., 1859.

I left your readers, at the close of my last letter, standing at the door of the ruined parsonage which Rev. Charles Goldsmith occupied, and in which the childhood of the poet was passed. Close by this, stands the village school or what was the village school, and in the low cabin, which the man who owns the potato patch in Goldsmith's parlor, now calls home, once walked and taught that most distinguished of school masters, of whom the climax is reached in the lines,

> And still they talked and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Not many years ago it was an uncovered mass of walls, but latterly it has been thatched, and makes a classical, if not a comfortable house.

As the pretty little pond of water in the meadow meets the eye, the thought is, the mill. Yes, where is the busy mill—where the never-failing brook? A little further along, and we shall see it. The carman who took me over has been persuading the few travellers who run eight miles from a railway to see the Deserted Village, that the base of one of those mysterious Round Towers found all over Ireland, was Goldsmith's mill. There is, indeed, a winnowing mill in the bottom of that, but it is, I think, a modern appliance: and I was at first and continued to be, incredulous, about the "busy Mill" being a winnowing mill in the base of a Round Tower away from any running stream. I prevailed on him at length to join me in an exploring expedition, for I believed that the brook and the mill would be found to be united in *fact*, as they are in the *poem*. A tall tower, square, not round, invited investigation, but proved to be the last relic of a small castle of the feudal times. Close under the castle was a hut, and there we went with the twofold purpose of getting water and information. But father and mother were both gone, and nobody was at home but a little slatternly, dirty girl. She might give us the water, but she could tell us nothing of the mill.

While she was running for the dipper and rinsing it, I was taking an inventory of the contents of the hovel which had but one room and a large cupboard or whatever you like to call it, but wholly empty. And this is what the room contained. A large fire-place with a few glowing turfs on the hearth; a tub; a huge wooden box, which had no draws and whose function was not obvious; two chunks of wood, log-shaped, for chairs; an earth floor, very rough; an iron pot in the door-way; half a dozen shelves; two tin teapots; five plates and a bowl or two; a ladder leading to an open place over the closet mentioned above, where I suppose lay a pallet of straw. All the house contained would hardly bring five shillings at a public sale. The girl came running up as soon as I had finished taking account of stock, bringing a tin dipper, which, although she had rinsed it two or three times, still had a rim of buttermilk running round it. But the water was good and sweet.

At the door of the next cabin, was an old woman aged about one hundred and sixty, judging by her countenance, to whom, my companion, the car driver, shouted, asking if she knew where the old mill is. "I'll show the gintleman," answered she, and tottled out before us leading the way down a little hill, where, in a minute a very small raceway was in view. It was the smallest kind of mill, the flume was not four feet across, and the never-failing brook was now dry. An overshot wheel was at the end of the building, but the whole affair was a mill in miniature, and must have affected the poet's mind, as running water always affects the minds of boys. I remember the brooks where I used to play better than any other scenes of my childhood.

The door of the mill was open and I went in, and with the sanction of my guide broke off a piece of the hopper large enough to make a wooden box to keep my copy of the complete works of Oliver Goldsmith in. The mill is now out of repair, and has been for two years. It is of no use except to show to visitors, and there is hardly one a week who goes out of the way to see it. There is so much that lies on railways now-a-days that tourists seldom leave the iron track. Still the old woman has shown the mill enough to learn to like the feeling of the money which visitors drop into her palm. As I came out of it she called, in her shrill witch-like voice:—

"I hope you'll give the ould woman something."

I had in my heart purposed to make her glad with a liberal donation—say six pence a great sum to a really poor person in Ireland—but the *tone* in which she asked, and the *fact* that she did ask, chilled the ardor of my benevolence, and I concluded to bestow upon her the same sum which the lord of a certain vineyard bestowed upon a man who came in at the eleventh hour, namely, a penny, reserving the right to make future provision for her in my will.

Accordingly I gave her, with all due formality, two half-pence. In view of my distinguished appearance, brownish cap, seed-bare coat, patched boots, and the other appurtenances of a gentleman of the quill, she had set her heart upon a shilling, and was bent on returning the penny in disgust. The active benevolence of my heart was moved in benalf of so interesting a female, and I refused to receive it, and left her to "pocket the insult," which I have no doubt she very contentedly did, after I was gone, and I have just as little doubt that she has worked many a long day and been thankful if she has earned a penny worth of potatoes. But seriously, my dilemma arose from the fact, that, exploring the recesses of my capacious pockets, I had discovered, after I had set my heart upon the sixpence bequest, that the sixpence was in a state designated by the lawyers as "non est;" and as gentlemen whose stock in trade is what brains they chance to have, with pen, ink and paper to match, do not usually have shillings to give to old women who walk those roads before them and do them little good after all, I, as fall into this category, having no silver nor gold to give away, had to give what I had, namely, the two half pence.

Leaving the mill and the dried-up brook, we rode leisurely along to the church on the hill, about a mile and a half away. As we neared it, we could see what a ruin it now is, there being nothing left of it but the tower. It must have been a fine large church in its day. I took a rough sketch for future reference and thought of the quaint good men who used to preach in it and of the little homely boy who got his first impressions of religious things within its walls.

A little way from it stands the new church, a pretty edifice indeed, and which Goldsmith would now characterize by a still stronger word than "decent," were he to write the Deserted Village over again. Still further along on the road is the house of Rev. Charles Goldsmith's successor, in the curacy. His house is a neat stone cottage, but as I peeped in through the open door, there were unmistakable signs of squalor and poverty. A woman was washing near the door, but that was not against her; but it was against her that she was a very dirty woman, and had a number of dirty children around her. I involuntarily thought of the chances of there being a second Goldsmith among them, but concluded that I would not give much for the probabilities of the thing.

A few miles brought us back to the excellent hotel of Mr. Haire, where dinner was soon served and as heartily relished as though I had been fox hunting instead of treading for a few hours in the childhood's footsteps of my favorite poet.

I could not learn that more than two or three Americans had preceded me in this interesting ramble; but it will not be long, now that Ireland is attracting tourists in such numbers from England, before the American admirers' of poor Noll on our side of the Atlantic will pluck a bit of mortar from his father's house, a bit of furze from the roadside where in his childhood he played. If any do, let me tell them that Athlone is the place to stop on the railway from Dublin to Galway, and that mine host at the Royal Hotel will do them good service in providing them with the creature comforts and forwarding to

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.'

GUZMAN.

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

"Sick—sick again!" said the heedless wife, with petulance. "I'm so tired of seeing a pale face from morning till night, of hearing groans, and of mixing doses. It seems to me there is little need of this constant giving up. Why don't I give up?"

"Mary—Mary," cried a quivering voice.

"Coming, coming," replied the woman. "Oh, dear! how I have to run. He's so impatient, and I must always be there.—Men never ought to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was but little tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mrs. Nash was not a hard-hearted or an unfeeling woman. Her character leaned somewhat to the side of selfishness, and being in robust health, she had no knowledge of the heart-wearing that continued pull-backs cause to men of the strongest wills.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the man, half childish, "it seems as if my head never did ache as it does now."

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said Mrs. Nash, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it is worse. If you will only pull the curtain down—the least light strikes through my eyes, even when they are shut."

"Up again," thought the wife, rising somewhat impatiently, scattering her work with some noise as she did so; and, heedless of the groan that followed, she let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his wife's brow.

"Oh, no!"—her face cleared up—"you are notional, of course—all men are. Men don't know what sickness is, and they're so frightened at the least pain."

"But this is terrible!" cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids together.

Oh! how he longed to have some soothing hand upon his temples; but he would not ask his wife, because he saw that she had snatched up her sewing, and was again absorbed in its completion.

Hours passed, and the pulse leaped madly, the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins, the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh, and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mrs. Nash had been down stairs preparing the supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbor's question concerning her husband:

"Oh, going to die, as you men all are, if you happen to cut your finger."

Little she thought how true was the prophecy she so unthinkingly uttered! In another moment her eldest son came into the room.

"Isn't it funny?" he cried, "pa don't know me. He called me Mr. Morris, and asked me if I had that will all made out."

"What do you mean, child?" His mother paused in the midst of her work.

"He don't know me, because I kept calling pa, and he would look at me so strangely, and keep asking me if I had that will all made out."

Her cheek paling a little, Mrs. Nash hurried up to the chamber. Her husband was talking wildly to himself, and his appearance had changed frightfully. Now seriously alarmed, she sent for the physician, who was all wonder that he had been called at so late an hour.

"The man must have shown symptoms of more than ordinary distress this morning," he said; "did he make complaints of nothing but an ordinary headache?"

The wife was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to these attacks that she didn't think much of it. Her heart, however condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her sick husband had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself, as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness.

Tears, and wild prayers to Heaven, sweet and fervent words of love availed nothing The death hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:

"Dearest, you have been a good wife to me."

The meek face looked calm amidst the casements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over! Oh! what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her own ears at every step. This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled, as hert rembling steps led her to his open grave—as she looked her last upon the dear, manly face that had ever had a smile for her!

"If I had been tender to him that day," she often sobbed out, as she accused herself, "I would give worlds!" But the sorrow, dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence. Now the widowed woman is the welcome visitor by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother—her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet—her very sympathy the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face! that but for her neglect, might be smiling on her now—and with the rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

DEATH AND DEATH-SCENES.

The following passages exhibiting the views of a candid and thoughtful clergyman, who is probably more familiar with death bed scenes than any other in America, are taken from the Autobiography of Rev. Theodore Clapp. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Clapp commenced his ministerial labors as a strict Calvinist, but was led gradually to embrace a more cheering and hopeful faith, and is now a prominent and zealous minister of the Universalist denomination:

"In all my experiences, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread, or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful visitation of unknown, inconceivable agony, over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are dreadfully aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by furies into the presence of an avenging Judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last, than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the unacclimated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of the Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. Death is called a sleep in the Scripture "Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the toilsome day of life is over." Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they become cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, their "ruling passion." A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of the yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans.—Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend whom he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book, and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, "I am blind; I cannot see; I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?" His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possessed at the moment of death.

It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thought, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf.

In all my experiences in New Orleans, I have met with no dying persons who were terrified, except church members who had been brought up in the Trinitarian faith. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that these persons were not good Christians. They were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity was the cause of their fear and apprehensions. One, to whom I allude, embraced the Calvinistic doctrine of election. He was a just, conscientious, most excellent man. I knew him perfectly. His last words were, "I have no hope; all is dark. There is a bare possibility that I may be saved." This was the language of honesty. For he held that salvation would be conferred upon only a part of mankind, elected to this destiny by a decree of God—eternal, immutable, and altogether irrespective of character and works, and all the remainder would be doomed to eternal woe, without any regard to their merit or demerit. No honest man, with such a creed, could die without the greatest dread and anxiety. For if God has inflexibly determined to destroy a portion of his children, however pure and good they may be, no one can know absolutely, from his character, that he is among the saved; no one can feel certain of enjoying that final everlasting happiness.

When I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter insufficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour. Paul says, the revelation of Jesus was given, "to deliver those, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Ancient pagan literature invariably represents death as the greatest calamity of human existence; it was denominated the stern, terrible, insatiate, cold, bitter, merciless "foe." It was the avenue to eternal night; where the fair, the venerated and the loved would be lost beyond recovery. If all this were true, we might justly say, "Speak not to us of consolation; there *is* no consolation; there is no support for such a lot as ours; nothing but dullness can bear it; nothing but stupidity can tolerate it; and nothing but idiocy could be indifferent to it." Jesus came into the world to announce the sublime doctrine that no one ever was, or ever will be, injured by death; that death is not so much as the interruption of existence; that death indeed, is only death in appearance, while in reality the spirit's life is progressive, ever continued and immortal.

Whoever, then, advocates those views of death, the belief of which tends to make its recipients afraid to die ignores the messages of the gospel on this momentous theme. The great prominent truth of the Bible is, that, in every instance, "the day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." All these efforts to make death a scarecrow, to frighten men into the church, are as low and debasing as they are irrational and anti-Christian. Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man.

Not the blue sky, not the richest landscape, not the flowers of spring, not all the charms of music, poetry, eloquence, art, or literature, present to our contemplation anything so lovely and magnificent as death and its consequences, viewed through the telescope of the New Testament. Yet almost all the clergy, for fifteen hundred years, have employed their utmost genius, learning and oratory, to portray, in colors so appalling, that nobody who believes them can think upon the grave but with the deepest dread, dejection and horror It would be quite as wise to bring up our children atheists, as to corrupt their minds with apprehension that the dissolution of the body may conduct them to everlasting evil. It would be better, safer every way, for our children to believe in annihilation than in endless misery.

SPIRIT VISION AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

When I took his hand in mine, he said, "The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears and misgivings. What will become of me?" I replied, "What, sir, is your strongest wish?" He answered, "That it may please God to forgive and save me, for Christ's sake." I added, "If this is the real wish of your heart, it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?" I inquired. He said, "No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf his surviving children."—"Suppose," I continued, "you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace forever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father? He answered in the affirmative. I said, "Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as he does himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than he could destroy himself?"

"I see I am in the error," he exclaimed. "O, God, help me and strengthen me!" I then made a short prayer.

* * * * * * *

Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, "It is finished;" then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, "God be praised, I see my father."—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, "What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?" He answered, "My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is, (pointing upwards,) smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone." On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good looking corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his

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> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Not many years ago it was an uncovered mass of walls, but latterly it has been thatched, and makes a classical, if not a comfortable house.

As the pretty little pond of water in the meadow meets the eye, the thought is, the mill. Yes, where is the busy mill—where the never-failing brook? A little further along, and we shall see it. The carman who took me over has been persuading the few travellers who run eight miles from a railway to see the Deserted Village, that the base of one of those mysterious Round Towers found all over Ireland, was Goldsmith's mill. There is, indeed, a winnowing mill in the bottom of that, but it is, I think, a modern appliance: and I was at first and continued to be, incredulous, about the "busy Mill" being a winnowing mill in the base of a Round Tower away from any running stream. I prevailed on him at length to join me in an exploring expedition, for I believed that the brook and the mill would be found to be united in *fact*, as they are in the *poem*. A tall tower, square, not round, invited investigation, but proved to be the last relic of a small castle of the feudal times. Close under the castle was a hut, and there we went with the twofold purpose of getting water and information. But father and mother were both gone, and nobody was at home but a little slatternly, dirty girl. She might give us the water, but she could tell us nothing of the mill.

While she was running for the dipper and rinsing it, I was taking an inventory of the contents of the hovel which had but one room and a large cupboard or whatever you like to call it, but wholly empty. And this is what the room contained. A large fire-place with a few glowing turfs on the hearth; a tub; a huge wooden box, which had no draws and whose function was not obvious; two chunks of wood, log-shaped, for chairs; an earth floor, very rough; an iron pot in the door-way; half a dozen shelves; two tin teapots; five plates and a bowl or two; a ladder leading to an open place over the closet mentioned above, where I suppose lay a pallet of straw. All the house contained would hardly bring five shillings at a public sale. The girl came running up as soon as I had finished taking account of stock, bringing a tin dipper, which, although she had rinsed it two or three times, still had a rim of buttermilk running round it. But the water was good and sweet.

At the door of the next cabin, was an old woman aged about one hundred and sixty, judging by her countenance, to whom, my companion, the car driver, shouted, asking if she knew where the old mill is. "I'll show the gintleman," answered she, and tottled out before us leading the way down a little hill, where, in a minute a very small raceway was in view. It was the smallest kind of mill, the flume was not four feet across, and the never-failing brook was now dry. An overshot wheel was at the end of the building, but the whole affair was a mill in miniature, and must have affected the poet's mind, as running water always affects the minds of boys. I remember the brooks where I used to play better than any other scenes of my childhood.

The door of the mill was open and I went in, and with the sanction of my guide broke off a piece of the hopper large enough to make a wooden box to keep my copy of the complete works of Oliver Goldsmith in. The mill is now out of repair, and has been for two years. It is of no use except to show to visitors, and there is hardly one a week who goes out of the way to see it. There is so much that lies on railways now-a-days that tourists seldom leave the iron track. Still the old woman has shown the mill enough to learn to like the feeling of the money which visitors drop into her palm. As I came out of it she called, in her shrill witch-like voice:—

"I hope you'll give the ould woman something."

I had in my heart purposed to make her glad with a liberal donation—say six pence a great sum to a really poor person in Ireland—but the *tone* in which she asked, and the *fact* that she did ask, chilled the ardor of my benevolence, and I concluded to bestow upon her the same sum which the lord of a certain vineyard bestowed upon a man who came in at the eleventh hour, namely, a penny, reserving the right to make future provision for her in my will.

Accordingly I gave her, with all due formality, two half-pence. In view of my distinguished appearance, brownish cap, seed-bare coat, patched boots, and the other appurtenances of a gentleman of the quill, she had set her heart upon a shilling, and was bent on returning the penny in disgust. The active benevolence of my heart was moved in benalf of so interesting a female, and I refused to receive it, and left her to "pocket the insult," which I have no doubt she very contentedly did, after I was gone, and I have just as little doubt that she has worked many a long day and been thankful if she has earned a penny worth of potatoes. But seriously, my dilemma arose from the fact, that, exploring the recesses of my capacious pockets, I had discovered, after I had set my heart upon the sixpence bequest, that the sixpence was in a state designated by the lawyers as "non est;" and as gentlemen whose stock in trade is what brains they chance to have, with pen, ink and paper to match, do not usually have shillings to give to old women who walk those roads before them and do them little good after all, I, as fall into this category, having no silver nor gold to give away, had to give what I had, namely, the two half pence.

Leaving the mill and the dried-up brook, we rode leisurely along to the church on the hill, about a mile and a half away. As we neared it, we could see what a ruin it now is, there being nothing left of it but the tower. It must have been a fine large church in its day. I took a rough sketch for future reference and thought of the quaint good men who used to preach in it and of the little homely boy who got his first impressions of religious things within its walls.

A little way from it stands the new church, a pretty edifice indeed, and which Goldsmith would now characterize by a still stronger word than "decent," were he to write the Deserted Village over again. Still further along on the road is the house of Rev. Charles Goldsmith's successor, in the curacy. His house is a neat stone cottage, but as I peeped in through the open door, there were unmistakable signs of squalor and poverty. A woman was washing near the door, but that was not against her; but it was against her that she was a very dirty woman, and had a number of dirty children around her. I involuntarily thought of the chances of there being a second Goldsmith among them, but concluded that I would not give much for the probabilities of the thing.

A few miles brought us back to the excellent hotel of Mr. Haire, where dinner was soon served and as heartily relished as though I had been fox hunting instead of treading for a few hours in the childhood's footsteps of my favorite poet.

I could not learn that more than two or three Americans had preceded me in this interesting ramble; but it will not be long, now that Ireland is attracting tourists in such numbers from England, before the American admirers' of poor Noll on our side of the Atlantic will pluck a bit of mortar from his father's house, a bit of furze from the roadside where in his childhood he played. If any do, let me tell them that Athlone is the place to stop on the railway from Dublin to Galway, and that mine host at the Royal Hotel will do them good service in providing them with the creature comforts and forwarding to

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.'

GUZMAN.

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

"Sick—sick again!" said the heedless wife, with petulance. "I'm so tired of seeing a pale face from morning till night, of hearing groans, and of mixing doses. It seems to me there is little need of this constant giving up. Why don't I give up?"

"Mary—Mary," cried a quivering voice.

"Coming, coming," replied the woman. "Oh, dear! how I have to run. He's so impatient, and I must always be there.—Men never ought to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was but little tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mrs. Nash was not a hard-hearted or an unfeeling woman. Her character leaned somewhat to the side of selfishness, and being in robust health, she had no knowledge of the heart-wearing that continued pull-backs cause to men of the strongest wills.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the man, half childish, "it seems as if my head never did ache as it does now."

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said Mrs. Nash, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it is worse. If you will only pull the curtain down—the least light strikes through my eyes, even when they are shut."

"Up again," thought the wife, rising somewhat impatiently, scattering her work with some noise as she did so; and, heedless of the groan that followed, she let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his wife's brow.

"Oh, no!"—her face cleared up—"you are notional, of course—all men are. Men don't know what sickness is, and they're so frightened at the least pain."

"But this is terrible!" cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids together.

Oh! how he longed to have some soothing hand upon his temples; but he would not ask his wife, because he saw that she had snatched up her sewing, and was again absorbed in its completion.

Hours passed, and the pulse leaped madly, the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins, the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh, and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mrs. Nash had been down stairs preparing the supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbor's question concerning her husband:

"Oh, going to die, as you men all are, if you happen to cut your finger."

Little she thought how true was the prophecy she so unthinkingly uttered! In another moment her eldest son came into the room.

"Isn't it funny?" he cried, "pa don't know me. He called me Mr. Morris, and asked me if I had that will all made out."

"What do you mean, child?" His mother paused in the midst of her work.

"He don't know me, because I kept calling pa, and he would look at me so strangely, and keep asking me if I had that will all made out."

Her cheek paling a little, Mrs. Nash hurried up to the chamber. Her husband was talking wildly to himself, and his appearance had changed frightfully. Now seriously alarmed, she sent for the physician, who was all wonder that he had been called at so late an hour.

"The man must have shown symptoms of more than ordinary distress this morning," he said; "did he make complaints of nothing but an ordinary headache?"

The wife was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to these attacks that she didn't think much of it. Her heart, however condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her sick husband had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness.

Tears, and wild prayers to Heaven, sweet and fervent words of love availed nothing The death hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:

"Dearest, you have been a good wife to me."

The meek face looked calm amidst the casements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over! Oh! what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her own ears at every step. This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled, as hert rembling steps led her to his open grave—as she looked her last upon the dear, manly face that had ever had a smile for her!

"If I had been tender to him that day," she often sobbed out, as she accused herself, "I would give worlds!" But the sorrow, dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence. Now the widowed woman is the welcome visitor by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother—her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet—her very sympathy the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face! that but for her neglect, might be smiling on her now—and with the rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

DEATH AND DEATH-SCENES.

The following passages exhibiting the views of a candid and thoughtful clergyman, who is probably more familiar with death bed scenes than any other in America, are taken from the Autobiography of Rev. Theodore Clapp. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Clapp commenced his ministerial labors as a strict Calvinist, but was led gradually to embrace a more cheering and hopeful faith, and is now a prominent and zealous minister of the Universalist denomination:

"In all my experiences, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread, or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful visitation of unknown, inconceivable agony, over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are dreadfully aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by furies into the presence of an avenging Judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last, than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the unacclimated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of the Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. Death is called a sleep in the Scripture "Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the toilsome day of life is over." Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they become cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, their "ruling passion." A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of the yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans.—Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend whom he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book, and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, "I am blind; I cannot see; I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?" His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possessed at the moment of death.

It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thought, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf.

In all my experiences in New Orleans, I have met with no dying persons who were terrified, except church members who had been brought up in the Trinitarian faith. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that these persons were not good Christians. They were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity was the cause of their fear and apprehensions. One, to whom I allude, embraced the Calvinistic doctrine of election. He was a just, conscientious, most excellent man. I knew him perfectly. His last words were, "I have no hope; all is dark. There is a bare possibility that I may be saved." This was the language of honesty. For he held that salvation would be conferred upon only a part of mankind, elected to this destiny by a decree of God—eternal, immutable, and altogether irrespective of character and works, and all the remainder would be doomed to eternal woe, without any regard to their merit or demerit. No honest man, with such a creed, could die without the greatest dread and anxiety. For if God has inflexibly determined to destroy a portion of his children, however pure and good they may be, no one can know absolutely, from his character, that he is among the saved; no one can feel certain of enjoying that final everlasting happiness.

When I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter insufficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour. Paul says, the revelation of Jesus was given, "to deliver those, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Ancient pagan literature invariably represents death as the greatest calamity of human existence; it was denominated the stern, terrible, insatiate, cold, bitter, merciless "foe." It was the avenue to eternal night; where the fair, the venerated and the loved would be lost beyond recovery. If all this were true, we might justly say, "Speak not to us of consolation; there *is* no consolation; there is no support for such a lot as ours; nothing but dullness can bear it; nothing but stupidity can tolerate it; and nothing but idiocy could be indifferent to it." Jesus came into the world to announce the sublime doctrine that no one ever was, or ever will be, injured by death; that death is not so much as the interruption of existence; that death indeed, is only death in appearance, while in reality the spirit's life is progressive, ever continued and immortal.

Whoever, then, advocates those views of death, the belief of which tends to make its recipients afraid to die ignores the messages of the gospel on this momentous theme. The great prominent truth of the Bible is, that, in every instance, "the day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." All these efforts to make death a scarecrow, to frighten men into the church, are as low and debasing as they are irrational and anti-Christian. Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man.

Not the blue sky, not the richest landscape, not the flowers of spring, not all the charms of music, poetry, eloquence, art, or literature, present to our contemplation anything so lovely and magnificent as death and its consequences, viewed through the telescope of the New Testament. Yet almost all the clergy, for fifteen hundred years, have employed their utmost genius, learning and oratory, to portray, in colors so appalling, that nobody who believes them can think upon the grave but with the deepest dread, dejection and horror It would be quite as wise to bring up our children atheists, as to corrupt their minds with apprehension that the dissolution of the body may conduct them to everlasting evil. It would be better, safer every way, for our children to believe in annihilation than in endless misery.

SPIRIT VISION AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

When I took his hand in mine, he said, "The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears and misgivings. What will become of me?" I replied, "What, sir, is your strongest wish?" He answered, "That it may please God to forgive and save me, for Christ's sake." I added, "If this is the real wish of your heart, it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?" I inquired. He said, "No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf his surviving children."—"Suppose," I continued, "you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace forever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father? He answered in the affirmative. I said, "Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as he does himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than he could destroy himself?"

"I see I am in the error," he exclaimed. "O, God, help me and strengthen me!" I then made a short prayer.

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Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, "It is finished;" then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, "God be praised, I see my father."—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, "What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?" He answered, "My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is, (pointing upwards,) smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone." On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good looking corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his

whole appearance that of statue-like repose—There he lay before me, as beautiful as life itself. His countenance wore such a smile of ecstacy, I could hardly realize that his immortal spirit had fled. I laid my hand on his heart. It moved not.

This incident made a lasting impression on my mind. It deepened, it strengthened, immeasurably my belief that the soul survives the body.—"Who knows," said I to myself, "but every one of these hundreds that are dying around me, when they draw their last breath, are greeted by the disembodied spirits of those whom they loved on earth, and have come to convoy them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?"

Shortly after this, I was standing beside the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother, saying, 'Do you not see my sister (who died of yellow fever a few weeks before) *there?*" pointing upwards. "There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven." Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us as guardian angels, to breathe in our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions.

THE REASONS FOR IRVING'S CELIBACY.—Instead of being a "defect," the celibacy of Irving was his crown of glory. Those who have studied his writings must have been struck with the remarkable transition from humor to pathos, from the broadest fun to the most meditative sentiment which occurs between the facetious History of New York and the Sketch-Book. Many, perhaps, imagine that this is accounted for by his loss of fortune. But the feeling is too soulful for such an interpretation. It had its origin in one of those disappointments of the heart which color all the subsequent life of a true man. We trust that now there is no want of delicacy in alluding to the fact that the early object of Irving's love died during their betrothal. We have heard the last interview described by a member of her family; and to the sacred sorrow thus engendered is to be ascribed much that is touching and true in the sentiment of Irving's writings; to his fealty to this affection, in no small degree, is owing the continued sensibility which kept his heart fresh to the last; and, above all, that respect for and sympathy with the innate and holy sentiments of humanity, which he so uniformly manifested in letters and in life. Nor is this all. Time may have healed the wound and reconciled the bereft to another relation; but there intervened a period of disaster which drove his eldest brother to bankruptcy; for his sake and that of his family of daughters, Washington Irving continued single, took them all home, and became a father to the children. Beautiful was their mutual devotion; happy their congenial household; and Sunnyside is now bequeathed to them. No one familiar with Mr. Irving, associated the idea of celibacy with him; he was always in a domestic atmosphere; his neices were like daughters; his fair neighbors his favorite companions, children the delight of his heart. With such free and fond affections he could, under no circumstances, lead the life of a single man, as the phrase is usually understood. He was domesticated in families abroad; he was the endeared center of one at home; and one of the most beautiful aspects of his life, as well as one of the most honorable, is that selected as exceptional, after the flippant habit of those who ignorantly condemn what they have neither the justice to examine, nor the refinement of soul to conjecture *may be* an evidence of the highest love and the most heroic self-denial.—[Boston Transcript.

INSTINCT OF APPETITE.

We constantly notice, at our own table, that a child will be ravenously fond of a particular dish, and after a while turn from it. The reason is, that there was a constituent in the much loved food which the system required, and which it drank up greedily until it was fully supplied, and then instinct would receive no more. A thirsty man, like the arid soil, drinks the water until the one is full and the other is saturated, and then the water is refused or rejected. The soil will not receive it, and it flows off; and when a man has enough, he becomes nauseated if he tries to drink more. To most persons, water has a very disagreeable taste, if it is attempted to be forced.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from these facts is simply this: Do not force your child or yourselves to take one single mouthful of any food or drink which they do not like. In sickness or health consult the instincts of the appetite, and yield to them implicit and instant obedience. There is sometimes a morbid appetite, and if indulged in freely, injurious, if not fatal, effects may follow; but in the most of these cases, even, we prefer to believe that it is the quantity which does the harm, and not the quality; so that we are in the habit of saying to some dyspeptics, "Eat what you most crave: but if you find that it is uniformly followed by some disagreeable feeling, instead of discarding the article of food, take half as much next time, and continue to diminish the quantity until it is found how much of its favorite dish Nature can take with perfect impunity. If a spoonful only can be taken with perfect impunity, give Nature that spoonful as long as she craves it."

Most of us can call to mind cases where a craved dish or drink was imperatively forbidden, under fear of death, if indulged in; and yet the patient, in desperation, has gotten up in the night, satisfied the appetite, and recovered from that hour. We advise the safer plan; take a little at a time of what is so earnestly craved, and gradually feel the way along to an amount which Nature will bear. Physicians may rest assured that if the instincts of the invalid and the convalescent were more closely observed and studied, they would be more successful with less medicine.

ORGANIZATION AGAIN.

I never liked the word, as representing what I mean by *Order*. I used it in hopes to make myself understood, by those who chose it. I care not for a word. Mr. Newton thinks *he* differs little if any from me. I am not sure that he quite understands me, or I him. We shall yet understand each the other and be understood by the readers. I think Spiritualists have had Order—have had Organization—are in Order, are in Organization, as far as these are in them. If they grow in these, they will live out more. If they grow, I believe their Organization—Order—will *change* its form, its mode of action, of manifestation. It has been in continued change in the past, and been generally spontaneous. Here, I will drop the subject, unless called out, till our friends who write for and urge *more* Organization, introduce something more definite to show us *what* they think should be done, and what further they think *can* be done without bondage or encroachment upon our spontaneity—and the ever changing action of that spontaneity. Then we shall know their meaning. We are willing and hope to progress in all truly good things.

What I have always understood the friends of Organization to mean has necessarily been a sort of fixedness—of sameness, which was absolutely impossible with a true individual freedom. Many have sought to avoid this, but have always failed. They still hope for success, and will try again and again, doubtless. I believe the two are positively incompatible. But I go with friend Newton in his "fraternal co-operation" in every useful object now, and am willing to trust mind in freedom to grow into and work out Nature in its *more perfect forms of Divine Order* or *Organization*.

AUSTIN KENT.

MARRIAGE AND SUCCESS IN ART.—Ann Denham was the name of Flaxman's wife, and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was.—He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intenser spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "so Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist."—Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I'm ruined for an artist." "How so, John?—How has it happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well-known and had often been expressed, that if students would excel they must bring their whole powers of mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman drawing up his little figure to its full height, "*I* would be a great artist." "And you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Flaxman. "Work and economise," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair, that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me." He kept his word.—["Self-help," by J. Smiles.

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The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentlemen who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by

B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

[Continued from 5th page.]

and divine order on earth. It must go forth armed with no carnal weapon to destroy God's earth born children; it must not go forth in an organized army and navy, to deluge the earth in human gore, and kill God's earth-born children. No, no! its missions must be to seek and to save the lost.

When it goes forth into all the world it must not become a political power or have any alliance with the unfruithful works of darkness, but be as a light set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Our brotherhood must be a moral power in the earth, and it guardian angel, must be the *prince* of *peace*; it must provide for all its members physically, intellectually, and spiritually; it must feed, clothe, and protect all who are living in its communion, and say to all the inhabitants of the earth, neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more; it will have no fellowship as a brotherhood with any organization, political or religious, that upholds war, slavery, poligamy or intemperance; but will treat all such as brothers of one common parent, and give them the hand of fellowship, as soon as they come to a knowledge of the truth, and agree to do right, and act right one towards another. Our brotherhood must be christian in spirit, and all its members must be baptized with the holy spirit of the living inspiration of God; and when such an organization has been fully developed on the earth, every member will be baptized with the spirit of the living father; and all its members will have the gift of the spirit, but diversities of gifts according to their unfoldings; each one will have the self-same spirit because each one has drank from the great fountain of eternal life and wisdom.

Having written and ascertained what we ought to be the true followers of the great mediums of Nazareth, I make the inquirry how many of us are ready at the present time to help start such an organization.

Nearly all are agreed that there needs to be a great change in society before true spiritualism and practical christianity can cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and how must this change be brought about? Can it be brought about without a continual struggle for the faith once delivered to the saints? Can we stand on the platform of practical christianity unless we do the things that we say? Why stand ye idle all the day long, oh ye reformer; hath not the great Jehovah sent you out to work in his vineyard? Are not the fields already white for the harvest? and are not the laborers few who are filled with that wisdom that cometh down from Heaven, that giveth eternal life to a world, travailing in selfishness, and worshipping the god of mammon. Oh tell us ye angels of God that dwell in the golden circles of harmony, is there no better, is there no truer, and is there no more practical christianity to be given to the inhabitants of earth than the present? Was there no more meaning than this when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Yes I hear them responding, glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace and good will to men. There is a brighter and better day coming, already has the dawn began. The angels of God have come down to the earth, clothed with majesty and power; saying to the inhabitants of the earth, fear not! Behold we bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all the people. Let us take courage then, Br. Reformer, and look to the great Fountain of Love and Wisdom, for our instructions; and remember the words of Jesus, "my father is greater than I." And would it not be well for us all to remember this, and let the Holy Spirit come and dwell in our hearts, giving us the true gifts of the spirit.

There will of course be diversity of gifts, but the same spirit; and now comes home the question, How are we to become one in spirit, and one in harmony? I trust I shall be able to make this point plain, so that no one can misunderstand my meaning. I wish to give my own impressions and my own feelings in relation to this great and important subject, and clear the skirts of my garments from all participation in the follies of an unreliable spiritualism.

Then first, let it be understood that I am firmly in the belief that the pure in heart shall see God; and the impure, the disobedient, the selfish shall be like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt; and if we wish to come into harmony with Christ's Kingdom, we must live up to the laws of our being; deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. We must unfold our spiritual beings, by worshipping one living, that God; and not worship at the shrine of the god of gold, and of silver. As long as the human family worship at this altar, they cannot come into harmony with the gospel of the peace. Slavery, war, intemperance and poligamy, all bow in reverence to the selfish god, of gold and silver.

It is no wonder to me that so many of God's earth-born children are groaning in darkness and spiritual death. They will not come to the light least their deeds shall be reproved. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Come up higher on the plain of practical chiristianity where slavery cannot come war, intemperance, lust, cannot enter in for when a brother or sister joins the brotherhood of harmony they must become coworkers with the prince of peace.

Having showed as we think the great need of such a brotherhood, the question comes home to every honest reformer, in thundering tones, Why can we not establish a social and divine order on the earth? Answer this question ye teachers of practical righteousness and tell me why it cannot be done, and come forth for action, or cease to preach a doctrine that can never be carried out into practical life.

The time has come, in my opinion, for action, there are thousands of good and honest brothers and sisters in our land, who, like the great teacher of Nazareth have not where to their heads.

But the first question in order is what contribution are you prepared to subscribe for the acquisition of a suitable domain in a healthy locality, the smallest subscription from $10, upwards will be received and your contribution will be repaid to you in land at cost. Perhaps you are not prepared to emigrate; what matters it, let us secure our domain, and then each of us can emigrate when circumstances will allow.

A tract of land in Virginia is offered us at $2, per acre, and one of the directory having been on or near these lands, thinks it would make us a suitable domain. Lands in other places are also offered us at very low rates. So soon as sufficient contributions are subscribed for the acqusition of a suitable domain, the directory will examine these lands and report to you; and they are men of talent and experience, and some of them are familiar with pioneer work in a new country. We mention these facts to satisfy those who would aid the work pecuniarily, that the affairs will be managed with such prudence and economy that they can run no risk of loss.

The Directory of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood, have made the owners of tnese Virginia lands an offer provided they suit them after they shall make a thorough and careful examination of these lands. Namely: if they suit us we have offered to take 16000 acres, and have five years to settle and pay for said lands.

If a company belonging to our brotherhood goes out this spring as pioneer, they are to have a deed of their lands as soon as it is paid for at $2 per acre, and all other companies emigrating at different periods of time have their lands at cost, and have five years to settle the whole colony in; thus you see we shall not be obliged to get a full company at first but can emigrate as fast as we get ready, and have five years to complete our noble enterprise.

I have received a letter from the owners of these lands informing me they see no reason why they cannot furnish us these lands according to our proposals. They inform me that they would give us more information concerning these lands at a very early date, and will send us maps showing us the exact locality. Letters are coming from various parts of the country, and many have already joined our movement.

Friends of similar movements let us co-operate together. Our ground plan is large enough for all classes of reformers in the church, and out of it, who are desirous of saving the Kingdom of Heaven, established on the earth. Let the firm and the resolved be with us.

Application for documents, information, membership, &c., with remittances to pay the expenses of correspondence, may be made to the undersigned, or any other member of the directory. Yours for the redemption of the races. D. C. GATES.

WORCESTER, Jan. 9th., 1860.

A WITTY CLERGYMAN.—Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of wit and humor. On one occasion he entreated an officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the halberts. The officer offered to grant his request if he would, in return grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer demanded that a ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The gentleman agreed to it, and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in the baptism of children, and said: "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremony of that Church." "Certainly," said the major, "I expect all the ceremony." "Well, then, major, I begin with the usual question—Do you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away.

Poetry.

[From the Massachusetts Spy]

DOWN THE RIVER.

Down the River, Life's deep river,
'Neath a calm, unclouded sky,
We are floating, fondly floating
Each on each—my bride and I.
Frail our bark is, and its sails
Would be rent by adverse gales,
And we know not of the lore
Which guardeth bark from shore to shore,
Yet we know (I know not why)
Naught of Fear, my bride and I.

Down the River, deep'ning river,
As the tide of Time runs on,
We are sailing, ne'er bewailing
That our bark is not more strong,
Joy-bells ringing! gaily singing
Pœans to young life's beginning!
As we swiftly pass its shore,
Loving daily more and more;
Little heed we that the sky
Is distant, low'ring, bride and I.

Down the River! widening river,
As it neareth to the sea—
To the boundless, trackless ocean
Of God's own Eternity!
Each caressing, either blessing,
And a purer joy confessing
In the wedded days we've known
As the happy days have flown,
And we talk of "by and by,
Like young lovers! bride and I.

Down the River! flitting river,
Time is flitting with its shores,
As swift we ride upon its tide,
Which ever outward, seaward pours.
And we know that on the deep
'Neath which countless wrecked ones sleep,
Our frail bark is launched forever!
But we dream not *we* may sever,
And, as the angry gust sends by,
No danger heed, my bride and I.

Sudden comes a rushing blast,
As the lightning, fierce and fast,
Drowning seas our bark o'erwhelm;
Death has seized our shivering helm!
Thickest darkness comes, and fear
Drives the hot blood from my heart,
As the wailing cry I hear,
Of "My beloved, we must part!"
And nevermore shall cloudless sky
Smile on wedded wife and I.

Nevermore! adown the river,
Love's freighted shallop shall I guide;
Death has drawn from out his quiver,
His sharpest arrow, for my bride.
Helmless o'er life's heavy sea,
Weary, drifting, floats my bark,
Onward! to Eternity!
Its only beacon through the dark,
The heavenly promise from on high,
We "meet again!" my bride and I.

Down the River! across the sea!
Trusting patient, let me wait,
Until the haven promised me
Is reached, at Heaven's golden gate.
And the gentle soul which shared,
And sharing, lightened this life's burden,
Again shall greet my own, prepared
To share with her its promised guerdon,
In realms where is no death to die,
Forever blessed, my bride and I.

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Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, with Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress and American Minister to Naples. An exceedingly interesting Book of 528 pages 12mo. Price $1.25—postage 20 cents Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. n 21, tf.

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Those who believer in cure by the laying on of hands, we will add that many of our most important cures have been effected in part by such means.

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Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the AGE.]

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

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

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

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

Miss EMMA HARDINGE speaks in New Orleans in December; all applications for Southern cities to be addressed care of N. C. Folgar, Esq, New Orleans. In Jan. and Feb. 1860, in Memphis and Cincinnati; in March, April, &c., in Philadelphia, Providence and the East.

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

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Miss ROSA T. AMEDEY will leeture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st, prior to Dec. 28th and during the month of January, in care of L. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 5w

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

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

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

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

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

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Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be attended to. She will visit Memphis, Tenn., in Feb. and St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at her Box, 422, Bridgeport, Conn

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QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1860. VOL I.---NO. 21.

AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM.

For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do.—*Phil.* II. 13.

It may be, as indeed many suppose to be the case, that this text should be restricted in its application, to those who are sanctified by truth; to those who thus naturally will and do, only as God wills to have them. But whether the writer would apply this language only to a particular class of men, or to all men, is a matter of indifference to our present purpose. It will be seen at least, that the idea of authority, of control on the part of God, over the volitions and actions of those to whom the text was intended to apply;—it will be seen, I say, that this idea seemed uppermost in the Apostle's mind.

But notwithstanding God is here said to work in them, both to will and to do, apparently thus to control their volitions and actions, is it to be supposed that this control on God's part was at all inconsistent with the real and substantial freedom of those of whom the text is predicated? Does the fact that God worketh in them both to will and to do, the fact that he thus influences and controls them, serve to render them the less free as human, as moral beings? Undoubtedly not. If any man is free, it is the fully unfolded Christian. Those whose will and desires, whose entire moral natures have become subordinate to the Divine will, on whom and in whom God exercises His supreme, almost absolute authority, we are wont to esteem, and the Scriptures constantly concur in representing as the freest of the free. Christ says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The Apostle exhorts to "stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." These are those, of whom it is said, God worketh in them, both to will and to do.

Would it not, seem from these circumstances, that there is somehow possibly an entire reconciliation between what we term authority and freedom? Is it not possible, that the Divine Sovereignty may be found to be, after all, perfectly consistent with man's conscious freedom? I confess that such appears to me plainly, and frequently implied in the Scriptures. Indeed, I conceive it the aim of Christianity, in its high development of man, to place him in that condition, when, at the same time he bows to the absolute will of Jehovah, feels God is all in all, he still possesses the entire consciousness that he is free; that he enjoys the most perfect and blissful freedom.

I desire to offer a few suggestions, at this time, upon the subject of *Authority and Freedom;* and this more especially, with a view to indicate their possible entire reconciliation with each other.—Your attention is invited then,

1. *To the Nature of Authority.*

Perhaps there never was an age, when men usually seemed so exceedingly jealous of every species of Authority, as now in this present age. They seem to associate with this idea, only that of despotic control. Authority is almost universally conceived, as only the most opposite thing in the world to freedom, and hence utterly irreconcilable with freedom. Freedom is generally defined to be the absence of control. Thus, where there is control, where authority is exercised, in just so far the individual is not free.

Conceiving these two subjects in this light, we may account for that endless discussion, to no definite result, respecting the doctrine of necessity and that of the freedom of the human will. Men have said, now if God controls man's volitions, then man is not free. If Divine Sovereignty is a true hypothesis, then freedom is a delusion. Man is a mere machine. But does not man feel that he is free? Yes. Then the idea of Divine Sovereignty is a delusion. Thus these two doctrines are arrayed, one against the other; the possibility of their perfect harmony with each other, never being for once conceived.

Now we shall take the ground, in this discourse, that authority and freedom are not only consistent with each other, but that in fact they depend one upon the other; insomuch that absolute authority is the very basis, the only possible condition of absolute freedom. I think the Scriptures already alluded to, fully embody this idea. But let us examine a little into the nature of authority; into the nature of absolute authority.

Suppose a person is forced to perform a certain act, by mere brute power. Here is one species of authority. It is naked, sheer compulsion. The individual did not desire to act in this way, but on the contrary, preferred not to do it. He felt a deep, utter repulsion toward performing the act. Still, he was made to do it, by the application of external brute force.

Now, evidently, in this case, the person was not free, and sorely felt that he was not. Here we see despotic control. Here is an instance of slavery, so to speak. Any such authority is certainly not consistent with freedom. If God's Sovereignty over man was to be maintained only in this way, by external brute force, then would it indeed convert him into a mere machine. It is well understood, however, that God never seeks to control man in this way. If he controls man at all, it is by a far more ethereal and consistent force.

Then again, this is not absolute control. For the person's feelings, wishes, entire mind and heart, were in constant rebellion to that mechanical power, by which simply the outward act was forced upon him. His entire being was not controlled, but the body simply. Certainly this does not amount to absolute authority. But here is another way to control human action. You do not apply brute force, but simply fear, for instance; the fear of punishment; you threaten the person with punishment; you present some evil or misery, to which he will be subjected if he does not perform the act you command him. The person thus controlled, is a slave in the ordinary and proper sense of the term. The slave in constant fear and dread of the lash, performs his task, not because he wishes to, or is willing to do so. He hates that task. But he rather do it, than suffer the punishment that awaits him if he refuses. Ordinarily political despotism is of this nature. Brute force is not employed, but fear of punishment. The subject submits to be scourged by his tyrant rather than suffer the rack, transportation, or any other cruelty, which the despot may fancy to inflict.

What we call moral bondage is of the same species. The individual does not love God, does not desire to obey him. But awed by the threatenings, dreading the punishment of guilt, he consents to yield an external obedience, while his heart is in utter rebellion to that control. This was more especially the character of the Jewish Church. The Jews are said to have been in bondage under the law. God said to them, observe my statutes, or I will send the famine, the sweeping pestilence, the scourge of war, the ruin of your hopes and prospects. They obeyed, if at all, out of fear and dread of these evils. They did not wish to obey, but preferred doing so, to the suffering those severe punishments. The professed Christian, who seeks religion, attempts to live a pious life, not for the love of God, not for the love of moral excellence, but because he wishes to escape hell, is in a like state of moral bondage.

Now here is a species of authority, which is not consistent with what we call freedom. It engenders a feeling of restraint; of bondage. We see here what is the very essence of slavery. It is being compelled by means of these external appeals, to do that which we desire not to do. This is the very essence of slavery.

Nor is this authority, on the other hand, what may be called strictly absolute authority. It is very far from it. While fear, dread, compels the individual to act in a certain manner, his wishes, his aspiration, all the rest of his being, is rebellious toward that control. The heart is not wielded here. That only is absolute, total control, which sways the entire man; works in him to will, wish, and perform. God only can exercise this complete, this entire control over man. He alone can energize our whole being; and only then, consciously at least, when our will bows in perfect subordination to his.

The great difficulty with all human authorities is, that they are not absolute, being human. They must be to some extent external. Often, they consist only in external control; in outward restraint, while the heart, the desires, perhaps the holiest aspirations of the individual, are in constant rebellion to this external control. By this outward restraint, thus imposed upon them by various means, men are compelled to do what they desire not to do;—are not permitted to do what they most wish and desire. The heart is not reconciled with the control; is not in unison with it. The authority is thus irksome, and we feel it to be despotic. We feel ourselves slaves, in just so far as we are compelled to act, contrary to our internal wishes and desires. Here is the very essence of slavery;—not in the authority, as we shall be able to show by and by, but in being coerced into obedience to an authority, where we would do otherwise.

It is obvious that any such authority as that at which we have glanced is not consistent with freedom. Take an institution, either of the Church or State, which rules only in this arbitrary, external manner, and that institution will be felt and realized as utterly despotic. As a general thing, all human institutions partake more or less of this character. Men obey, become subservient and passive to them, not from any deep ground of sympathy and love, but they are awed into a superficial conformity, by an appeal to the lower animal instincts

But the authority, which we have just described, is not that which is described in the text—That is not external merely, but internal also. In fact, it is external, *because it is internal* God worketh in you both to will and to do Controlling the volition even, He of course controls the action. This is absolute authority. It takes hold of the heart, the will, the desire, the aspiration, yea, and rules the entire realm of being. There is no opposing will, wish or thought. God is all in all.—This is absolute authority. Anything short of this is not absolute, and should not be falsely termed and esteemed such. This absolute authority is the basis of absolute freedom. And why? Because we then act, with no wish to act otherwise. Not even wishing to act otherwise, we feel perfectly free in that which we do. Here is the essence of liberty. Not, *in doing just as we please*, but in *pleasing to do just as we do*; in not possessing a wish to do otherwise. An authority which takes this hold upon every affection, every desire and thought, is thus the basis of freedom.

2. *To the subject of freedom.*

Let us go into a more minute investigation, as to the nature and essence of what we term freedom. The more general impression, with regard to the nature of freedom is, that it consists in the absence of authority or control. Nothing is more incorrect, in my estimation, than this idea. Men talk of the freedom of the human will. Their conception of it is, that God has left man to do as he pleases, not seeking to control his thoughts, willing and action, but leaving him to think, will and act, as seemeth to himself good. This is the more usual idea of freedom. And it is owing to this mistaken conception, as to the very essence of liberty, that men find it impossible to reconcile Divine Authority with it. It is owing to this, also, that the world has ever been rent with fruitless discussions upon the subject of free-will on one hand, and Divine Sovereignty on the other. One says, does not experience demonstrate that man is controlled by circumstances? Does not the idea of cause conduct us from the great First Cause, down to all effects and events, which happen in the world? This cannot be disputed. It never has, and it never could be successfully controverted. But then, another says, if such be the case, man is a mere machine. You thus annihilate freedom. So there is no reconciliation between authority and freedom. The question remains unsettled. Men either abide by Divine Sovereignty, and reject the idea that man is free, or they assume man to be free at any rate, and hence reject the Doctrine of Divine Sovereignty. The truth of the matter is, both these ideas are immutable facts. The error is in the conception as to what constitutes the essence of liberty; in defining it to be the absence of authority. It has happened with this question, as it has happened with many others, which have created so much controversy in the world. Both parties are correct; the difference being in the fact, that each party views only the opposite side of the same truth. Or rather, perhaps, that each party considers his fact perfectly irreconcilable with his opponent's idea, and hence maintains his own, to the entire exclusion of the other. I repeat, however, that it is not the case, as has been so generally conceived, one or the other of these ideas must be esteemed false, in order to make room for the truth of the opposite one. They are in harmony. They are both true. Man is essentially, substantially free, and yet, God worketh in him, both to will and to do. But let us proceed to illustrate the nature and essence of liberty.

To illustrate, we will suppose a case, in which I induce an individual to serve me in a certain respect, by an appeal to his interest and affection. I actually make it for his interest to serve me in this particular, and make him feel and realize it is for his interest to do so. Not only this, but I secure his love, affection, his aspiration, in favor of doing it. I make it a matter of inclination to serve me in this particular, and he performs the service. Now, we will suppose a different case. I compel a person to do this same service, by external means. I compel him to do it, contrary to his interest, contrary to his wishes, desires and entire feeling, in the matter. He, too, performs the service. These two instances will suffice for our present purpose. In the case of the first individual, you say he acted freely. In the other case, by compulsion. The first individual was exercising the entire prerogative of a free man. The other was made a slave. Now let me ask, if there was any less authority in the first instance, than in the second? The authority was of a different nature, it is true. But did I not as much control the individual in one case as in the other? Evidently I did; and yet, you say that one acted freely, while the other obeyed as a slave. Authority was despotic here, while there it was not. We may go still farther. In the instance in which, as you say, the man acted freely, my authority, my control was *more* absolute, than in the case of the individual, who acted, as you say, from compulsion. It was more complete, more absolute, because I not only controlled his action, as in the other case, but even the willing, the affection, the entire heart. Do you not perceive, then, that authority is not incompatible with freedom? Do you not perceive, even, that the more absolute the authority, the more perfect the freedom?—even that which you say is freedom. What then, does it appear is the essence of liberty? It is not in doing as you please, but in pleasing to do as you do. It does not consist in the absence of authority and control, but in the absence of all feeling or wish to do otherwise than as we are controlled to do. Now this idea of freedom answers to your daily, practical conception of it. The cases which I have supposed are practical cases. In one, you say the man is a free man, and in the other a slave. And yet, this free man is controlled by a more absolute authority than the other. I not merely controlled his action, but his will and affection. His entire heart was in unison with my control; and this was the reason why the control was not esteemed despotic—why he was esteemed to act freely. Let us now go back to the sentiment expressed in the text.

"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do." If God so controlled man as to compel him to act contrary to his inclination, his affection and desire, then man would not feel himself free as he now does. But as God controls both his willing and action, he feels free in whatsoever he does. This absolute authority is the very reason why he feels free. If God's authority over us was not absolute, no man would ever mistrust that he was a free agent. The authority is the basis of the freedom. Absolute authority is the only ground for absolute freedom. Hence the philosophy, the reason of the command, to love God with all the heart, might, mind and strength. In this case, the whole realm of thought, desire and affection, is in unison with the Divine Sovereignty; and hence the individual is one of the freest of the free. If the whole heart was not thus in unison with the Divine control, if there was any internal feeling of rebellion, the individual in so far would feel himself a slave.

I will notice one prominent objection to these views, and then close my remarks. If God controls our willing and action, it may be asked, then, what is the propriety of all those invitations on His part, which the Scriptures extend to us, to come to Christ and receive salvation? Why say come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved? Why not make them come? Why say, as in the very verse preceding our text, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling? If God controls our volition and action, why not save us himself? Why tell us to work out our own salvation? I am aware that here is a grave objection to the views we have presented. And yet, the matter is explained in one sentence. These invitations to come, these commands to do, these threatenings and punishments if we do not, are only another means of controlling us. God appeals to us by invitations to come to Christ. They influence us, and we come. Thus the invitations are one of the very means of control. In fact, the very nature of absolute authority, renders it necessary to appeal to man in this way. If God exercised only external control, He could force us to comply. Yet we should feel ourselves slaves in being thus controled. But as God must wield the affection, the will, the desire, in order to render his authority complete and absolute over man, He must needs appeal to the affection, will and desire. Hence He invites, entreats, persuades, commands, promises rewards, threatens punishments, and employs a thousand means of a like character, all of which, and which alone, are calculated to control and influence our inner being. These invitations and promises and commands, therefore, even go to show that God's authority is absolute; and not that men act in the absence of authority. But I will close by saying, in relation to what has been suggested—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

THE JAMAICAN LEGISLATURE.—But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." "A nice house of Assembly, isn't it?" "Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes of which I had read in another country; and thinking also, I must confess, that an absolute scrimmage on the floor of the House might be worth seeing. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time the House was in committee. The louder portion of the noise, I say, for two other honorable members were speaking, and the rest were discussing the matter in small parties. "Shameful, abominable, scandalous!" shouted the angry gentleman over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll notsit in such a house. I'll resign as soon as I see the Speaker in that chair.—Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water." In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a legislator, and drank the rum and water.—[The West Indians and the Spanish Main, By Anthony Trollope.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead o weighing it every time he leaves port.

The oldest known painting in the world is a Madonna and child, in 886. The oldest in England are said to be the portraits of Chaucer, painted in panel, 1300, and that of Henry IV, done in the beginning of the 15th century.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

DHOULA BEL;

—OR THE—

MAGIC GLOBE.

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BOOK FIRST.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

"'Powers, Rulers, and Energies of the Shadow! The hour for action draws nigh. A mortal hath by the immutable decree of One, before whom even I must bend the knee, been permitted to approach these mystic regions—a pilot, destined to lead the human race into hitherto unknown—unimagined labyrinths of mystery. She shall bear a son—a Neutral man—type of millions yet to be, millions so formed as to dwell at once on both sides of Time's deep river—and therefore destined to become acquainted with the two great Powers, the Shadow and the Light. These neutrals will become the oracles of the earth, and hence followed by countless throngs of other men. It is our interest to secure them; our foes have entered the field of active warfare against us once more. We accept the battle, for the stake is indeed immense. Alcyone hath lately been the scene of a council of the Light, and it was there determined to enact a drama on the earth, in which man shall be the puppet—(yet be free) to be moved by aerial beings, alike of the Shadow and the Light. This woman is one of the performers, her son shall be another; on them are we and our foes of the Light alike to work, in order to solve for man the so-called problem of Good and Evil, and of Free Agency.—We must secure the first men whom the unfolding age shall free from the trammels that hitherto have bound men, and kept the race within the narrow limits of superstitious creeds. The Powers of the Light have full permission to struggle with us for the supremacy, and secure the Coming Monad Man. *We* must secure him even at the price of *Sialam Booghi*—or that we place him on the throne of our Power.—Say, Powers, shall we not meet the foe in this proffered battle—and subdue him, too? Shall we not triumph, and lead the human race whither ye know, in spite of that other power which vaunts its own superiority? Is there one among you who will not cheerfully volunteer to lead our armies on to sudden glory, and most speedy victory?'

"Ten thousand voices answered, 'No, not one.' The imperial speaker went on, saying:

"'It is amusing to see and hear our natural enemies pretend to the degree of excellence they do. One would think that they were never strangers to what they call Truth, by their own story; and yet, had I a subject in all my dominions so far forgetful of his dignity as to condescend to invent such silly tales to be told to mankind, as *they* certainly do, I would dismiss him from the realms of Shadow, and permit him to dwell forever in the midst of the vaunted beauties of perpetual Light. Our foes, somewhat sore, and hence cautious since their last contest, have concocted a subtile plan, by which to defeat us, and add human power to their own puissance. Among men there is a very trite old adage, 'Give the devil his due,' by which I suppose they refer to us. But these worthies of the Light are not so generous; for while they array themselves in brightness, they fail not to paint us in the midnight hues of blackness; whether we are or not, the mortal present can give testimony when she returns to fulfill her mission on the earth. Indeed they have even gone so far as to desecrate our royal figure with hoofs, horns, and a very formidable dragonal caudal appendage; besides confidently assuring mankind that we have a peculiar penchant for burning sulphur, and a digestive apparatus which performs its functions upon molten iron, and liquid sulphur, by way of nectar.'

"At this sally there was a general laugh. He proceeded:

"'Now our *dear friends*, finding themselves unequal, force to force, with us in open warfare, have, while pretending to all conceivable and exclusive goodness—as they call it—stooped to the employment of falsehood. We are not so black as we are painted. They have created an order among men called Pereists, whose business it is to laud our foes, and tell all manner of lies concerning us. Merely for amusement's sake I caused differences to arise between these Pereists, on what they call 'Points of Doctrine,' and it is really laughable to hear them quarrel and hate and abuse each other. Their counsels being divided, discord reigns; the consequence of which is that they do us far more benefit than harm. A house divided against itself must fall eventually, and acting on this maxim, Chaosrael, our trusty messenger, managed to infuse a spirit of rebellious opposition to the accepted dogmas into the bosoms of several leading Pereists, amongst whom was one Martinus Lutheranus—albeit we deny that he ever threw an inkstand at our Imperial head. (The story was suggested to the aforesaid Martinus by a certain personage whose exploits almost rival our own. Of course I refer to our most noble prime minister, Ambitius.)—Mankind, I find generally speak ill of us *outwardly*, but in secret they rather admire us; the proof of which is that they serve what they think is our common cause.—Their instincts teach them much that we know, and they must be made to learn right soon, that we alone are their true friends and well-wishers, and our foes their most relentless enemies. Now we speak nothing but the truth, notwithstanding we are called 'the Father of Lies,' which by the way is very amusing, seeing that in the same breath they declare that the great Supreme created all things, and of course 'lies' amongst the rest. But their logic hath ever been very imperfect, and it is very difficult to find where lies could have originated if not with him they imagine made all things whatsoever. Well. Having instituted the orders of Pereists, they thought to beat us; but were mistaken in their reckoning, for we created dissensions among them, and the work still goes bravely on. The great order of Israel or Jewry we divided into seventy-two parties, mutually antagonistic, one to the other, which greatly chagrined our enemies. The second Coi-Urch they founded was led by one Mo-hum-med. We very soon won the greater number of its members to our *service* if not to our *standard*, and they yet do us great benefit. They next founded another order of Perestins, which bade fair to become truly formidable; but after immense exertions, Ambitius succeeded in introducing Chaosrael in disguise to their counsels, and he sowed broad-cast those seeds, which taking root will at length bear rich fruits for us and man. Thus from the three original units, Judea, Islam, and Christus, have sprung by our labors, of the first, seventy-two, of the second, one hundred and five, and of the third, one thousand and ninety-eight distinct minor orders, subdivided again, so that the aggregate sectaries of these three orders alone, to say nothing of Brahma and Booth, amount to three thousand eight hundred and eleven, every one of which is sustained at great cost to their originators, and do us far more good than harm. This state of things is the main cause of the council in Alcyone.* War has been declared against us, and the principal object on both sides will be to secure the last Neutral man, who is to be born of the mortal woman now present. Already are our foes marshalling their forces, preparatory to—*certain defeat*, as I trust, hope and expect.

"'During the present century two neutral men are, by a power beyond us, destined to meet, or to sleep the sleep of Sialam Booghi.

"'These Neutral men are important to us. If they meet and blend, they should do so under *our* auspices, for thereby we shall gain an additional power. If one or both shall love and be loved, *you know the part you are by me expected to perform.*—If either shall elect to sleep the Sialam, we must also be ready to do what shall serve our purposes. He or they must be ours.

"'This woman here is to be the mother of the Western man; and another like her shall bring forth his counterpart in the East. Her presence here is for a purpose which ye may all comprehend without any further explanation.'

"He ceased for a moment to speak, but in that moment every head in that vast assembly was bowed, and every knee bent, not to the monarch, but to *me!* I knew not what to think or say. I was thunderstruck with surprise; and in the perturbation and excitement of the moment stretched forth my hands involuntarily.—The gesture was observed by the entire host. Its effect was electric. It had universally been interpreted favorably to themselves, and on the instant a music sweeter than any I had yet heard burst upon the ear, and filled with melody divine the pellucid atmosphere, while a million voices chanted the following pean, whose echoing cadence filled the vault with a harmony perfectly indescribable, and my soul was rapt with emotions intense, vivid and sublime:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Child of Fate we greet thee!
Hail! hail! hail!
Mortal here we meet thee.
Hail! hail! hail!
Worlds and systems bow before thee,
Myriad potencies adore thee,
Thou shalt lead the way to glory,
The Universe repeat thy story,
Hail! hail! hail!"

"It ceased, and I would have given worlds for a reply to the question which involuntarily I asked myself, namely: What does all this mean? what does it portend? As they rose to their feet the whole host bowed, first to *me* and *afterwards* to their king, who also made a slight genuflexion toward my position, after which he resumed his speech, saying:

"'What the part is which you have to perform in the approaching drama, will appear when you understand all the minor issues at stake. Take notice, all of ye, that once engaged there must be no rest until victory, who already flaps her wings over our standard, shall take her resting place within its folds. First let me inform you of the state of things at present upon earth. In the first place, then, mankind are very ignorant in regard to several things upon which the whole race deems itself very wise. We must teach them.—Men are by no means yet certain that good and evil really exist, or that such beings as we are exist at all, although a few individuals are so, and a few more suspect the truth. They dream of, but know us not. They have been taught that a power exists absolutely Evil, and which exerts its influence malignant and atrocious, to lead them on to ruin and destruction. This doctrine they believe partially, and partially only, because experience has taught many differently. We are held up as the evil incarnate, which is another great mistake, there being no such things or qualities as Good or Evil existent, they being transitory changes, developments and conditions of being. Man has yet to learn that the effect of any given principle in its action upon the individual according to its coincidence with his ideal, or departure therefrom, constitutes the sum total of Good or Evil. If the preponderance is one way, pleasure—joy—good, is the result. If the scale turn adversely, pain—sorrow—evil, ensues. He has yet to understand that it is only the concordance or discordance between the individual supposed and his surroundings which constitutes good or evil. Man has yet to learn that if a human being exists under conditions wherein the action of all to which he is related is in conformity with, and correspondential to the demands of his entire organization, inward and exterior, *then* he is happy because the environment to *him* is good; but the same identical play of forces upon another man of a *diverse* constitution would be productive of the most unmitigated *evil*, consequent upon that diversity only. Therefore good and evil exist, but simply in *relation*, and therefore are not real things in themselves. We are called the *Shadow* to distinguish us from our opponents, not because we dwell in perpetual shade, or they in eternal sunshine; for there is no such thing as darkness absolute, either physical, moral, spiritual, mental or psychical; everything is relative to something superior or subservient to itself. Hence there is no such thing as real sin or guiltiness in existence; for that would imply in the subject a spontaneity of volition, and consequently independence of the universe or its forces, than which nothing can be more absurd. This fact man begins, ignorant as he is, to perceive. He begins to see that his *absolute* constantly resolves itself into a simple *relative*, and that the latter must ever constitute his true standard of judgment. The absolute fades away, but the relative is ever permanent, because it is an inseparable condition of things, which exist by contrast alone, and by it only can be measured. This is one thing we must force upon human attention; for by means of it we can more easily achieve a triumph. We are called evil by our foes, because we happen to differ in our natures and powers from themselves, for which reason they stigmatize us by every opprobrious epithet they can invent, which, coming from lips professedly holy and pure, sounds *rather* strange. Our foes preach to man that except on certain hard conditions, he cannot escape eternal death; that all reasoning men, who laugh at such foolish doctrines are denounced as heretical blasphemers, just as if the *created could* by any possibility *blaspheme* the *creator*—it is emptier than a vacuum—idler than a moon-struck maiden's summer dream. The consequence of such teaching is that Fear, fear of the wrathful vengeance of a God, *all Love—all Mercy* has taken hold of a moiety of mankind, nor can he give free scope to his innate powers, until we, who proclaim to man, 'Thou shalt not surely die'—remove it totally, at once and forever. We say to him, 'Eat thou of every tree;' our foes say, 'except the fruit of the tree of knowledge'—the only really nourishing thing in the whole garden, and the juiciest and most delicious, strengthening, luscious, fattening fruit that ever grew. Thus a *casus belli* exists between us; the gage was long since mutually accepted, and we have already proved our truth, for man 'still lives,' still eats the forbidden fruit, grows stronger in knowledge, and throws our enemies in horrible confusion. They become exceedingly irate at being convicted of a *falsity*, and in the unseemly haste to rectify one mistake, commit a thousand more extravagant blunders. 'Sin is a departure from holy simplicity,' say our foes—'and from ignorant folly and absurd superstition,' add we. 'Innocence is your only safeguard,' they chant. 'Knowledge is Power,' we echo back. Innocence and ignorance are convertible terms, neither of which imply guiltiness or sin, but a state far worse; for knowledge lets man into a temple whose walls are so splendidly decorated that ages of valuable hours may be safely spent in their study and contemplation. Our enemies, claiming all excellence for themselves, represent us as the weakest possible wretches, dependent upon their sufferance for existence, while the truth is that we Caputii,* are much stronger in fact, numbers being equal, than the much boasted Cœcurarii.† The facts are proved easily by human practice. We seek to spread knowledge: trusting that intellect shall rule; our foes strive to contract its sphere, and say that the feelings ought to reign. 'Eat not of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, else ye shall become as Gods, knowing Good from Evil,' say they; to which *we* rejoin, 'Pluck, eat, grow wise and strong, be powerful and live *forever*;' and man begins to heed our advice, and follow it.—We must enforce our teaching, and, while I myself superintend the affair respecting the neutrals that are to be ushured into being, in the Occident and the Orient, ye must carry on the war upon the earth generally, and do your utmost to elevate the human race, and thus defeat our foes.

"'Lately I have learned the great intention to remove, partially, the veil which hides man's spiritual from his earthly self and kindred. If so, be ye ready to take advantage of the lifting of the curtain and pour in a stream of our own fountains, and let the music of our realm be heard by man at the same moment that his astonished ear catches the distant melody of the spheres surrounding earth. Wherever one of *their* messengers goes, let *two* of ye be like his shadow. If they complain, tell them that I have given you orders. One behind and one before wherever you go, whatever you may do, and so we shall beat them, strive as they will or may. Moreover when the Neutral men are born, not for a single moment must they go unattended by our trusty guides; for it is positively certain that they will be constantly surrounded by the myrmidons of the Light, and we must be there to check them, else a moment lost our plans may be forever ruined.

"'Go, then, ye Powers of the Shadow, prepare for war, stern, sleepless, revengeful war with our implacable enemies. Rest not, tire not, leave no means untried to gain the victory. But if defeated in all things else, fight singly ere ye give up the contest for our kingly supremacy. Let nothing stop you from achieving the conquest of the Coming Man; bring all your powers and subtle forces into play; raise him if need be, to the highest throne on earth, or reduce him to despairing penury and want. Inflict the most grievous pains, or impart the serenest pleasures and most soul-entrancing joys. Let him be loved and hated by turns, of woman. Make him the idol of men, and the object of their envy, hate and detestation. Waft him over strange seas, and lead him through foreign lands. Wreck his body on earth's rocky shores, and his hopes and aspirations in life's treacherous sands. Do this, and success is ours.'

"The kingly form retired. A myriad of voices joined in one long and loud triumphant shout, and then deep silence reigned in Avernus. At the end of a minute I heard a noise like unto the rushing of a mighty whirlwind, and on raising my eyes to the firmament, beheld, approaching, a being brighter than the starbeam, radiant as immortal glory. He came on fleecy pinions, bearing in one hand a book, and with the other encircling and sustaining a female form, of such celestial mien and loveliness that my soul marvelled greatly. These two beings alighted on the roof of the throne facing the multitude. All that mighty host, even the king thereof, did homage, and bent the knee.—This over, the being with the book, opened it and read therefrom as follows:

"'It is written that none of God's creatures shall be tempted beyond the limits of resistance. But all shall be, even unto its utmost limits.' He then closed the book, and the seraph by his side, in a voice which sounded like the Harp of Life, said. 'O! king and powers of the Shadow! We come to tell thee, thou hast done thy Master's Will, in that thou hast brought yonder mortal to thy council, and warned her of the fate that hangs over the head of him she is to bear. A Power above thee, and Alcyone, also, hath ordained that thou, and Powers of the Light shall engage in strife, for thus shall the might of the *Great Beneficent* be manifested. Thou art permitted to tempt the woman and her son; to raise thy standard and marshal thy forces against the Light. But when thou and they are charged to speak the truth when any mortal shall demand it of thee in the name of the greater Power whom I serve. Away! Disperse! Break up thy conference! Mortal, return to thy native earth!'

* * * * "He ceased to speak. A misty film gathered over my eye; a sensation resembling that which I felt in the old mill came over me, and gradually I fell upon the seat of my car in a death-like trance or sleep. When I woke again, I found myself upon the couch in my chamber. Anxious faces surrounded me, and tearful eyes beamed upon me, and as I regained my senses, a dear one said to me, 'Poor child, how did it happen?' and another said, 'Flora, do tell us what has been the matter with you?' I answered not, but turning my face fell asleep.

*Vide chapter I.

*The Head. †The Heart.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE OLD STONE MILL.

THE FIRST TWO HOURS THEREAT.

The night subsequent to that in which the extraordinary events, related in the last chapter, took place, Flora found herself at the rendezvous agreed upon. It seemed that nothing could frighten her, and that she rather liked than otherwise, the idea of running, in the person of her son, the gauntlet between two such terrific lines of power as those described as the Shadow and the Light. She fully remembered the whole circumstances of the preceding night, the words of the female, and the extract from the book which had the effect of causing her to overrate her own moral strength.—She thought it would be easy to choose between either destiny, and that she might reject both at will. Poor girl! she forgot she was mortal! Some things may appear strange in her conduct, yet there was a good reason that it should be so. Reminding the reader that not one of the weird characters in this history or drama, be they Light or Shadow, had the power of equivocating, when the truth was demanded of them, he will understand why the old man tells so many wholesome truths. "You are," said he to Flora, alluding to the old stone mill, "the descendant of the builder of this temple, for such indeed it hath been in the days of yore; the portion remaining being less than a hundredth part of the complete structure. It is of far more ancient date than is generally supposed. It is older than Baalbec or Karnak, and, although not so ancient as some edifices on this continent, far surpasses the pyramids and sphinx, which have triumphantly braved the storms of forty-seven centuries. Circumstances have been such as to preserve these ruins as you see them, notwithstanding their slenderness seems to invalidate my assertions: yet remember one thing: These ruins have, like many men, reached a ripe old age, because they have not been subjected to the severe disintegraling influences that many others, far more imposing, have been. This old remnant of by-gone days has, by many persons been referred to the early Scandinavians, who unquestionably roamed this Island, hundreds of years before the intrepid Genoese thought of sailing over the Western main; others imagine that the Indians erected the structure.—Both opinions are false! The building was the work of a people,—a race of unknown mortals, who passed away long before either of the others were called into existence; and of all who once lived and flourished here, you are the last descendant. They were swept away, all but one couple, who being discovered by those who came after them were regarded as priests; and from them you have come. Marks and mementoes of the wondrous skill of this dead nation are constantly being exhumed from their silent graves, where for ages they have lain buried, by the race who now hold the reins of the world, and who fail not to keep that world to the very top of its speed." [The edifice to which he alluded is a hollow raised circle, resting upon pillared arches. It is twenty feet high and fifteen in diameter, or thereabouts; it resembles part of a tower; its top is roofless, the upper portions having crumbled away long since, by the wear and tear of time and curiosity-hunters.] "It marks the resting-place of your ancestor the priest, and his spouse the priestess, the last of a race, who having committed the unpardonable sin which the nations many of them are still committing, were speedily swept from off the earth."

"But" said I to the old man, "you have already stated, and I have but recently heard it repeated, that there is no such thing as sin at all, much less an unpardonable one!" 'True! you have heard,' he answered, 'but have not, it seems, fully comprehended. Sin absolute hath no existence—but sin conditional and relative most assuredly has. There is no evil in the fire, in itself considered; or in water; or in the luscious peach or melon: nor is there any in a group of poor innocent children playing on the green sward. Yet one of them may eat peaches till illness ensues, and death closes the scene:—or the chemist may extract the deadly poisonous prussic acid, from

the kernels of the fruit, which may cause frightful crimes to startle the world when used by men for the basest of purposes.—Another child eats melon till cholic-pangs torture it nearly to the last gasp. The third may be drowned in the brook, and the fourth be burnt by the fire. The evil is but the abnormal condition, or relations with one. But the case is somewhat altered as it respects grown people, communities, and the nation of which I have spoken, for when such go astray with their eyes wide open, and in spite of precedent and warning, then the sin is against themselves; dissolution begins, and therefore the unpardonable sin is committed. Thy ancestors strayed, and were punished. But see! the night approaches: I have much to show and tell thee; for thou art a favored one, and feelest a thirst for super-human knowledge, and a desire that I, who are learned in all the mysteries of the Kabbali: who readest the signs of the times in the shaking leaf; and the history of the world in a pebble;—who count time by events instead of years; and am intimate with Nature's deepest secrets, shall impart it unto you. Say, Daughter! is it not so?'

"As he spake these words, my mind instantly recurred to the terrific scenes I had witnessed the night previous, and bending my eyes full upon him, I demanded to know whether it had been a real occurrence or a vision, for I still had some doubts about it, and tried to believe that I had left the house while asleep; and that I had experienced a sort of vision. 'If it is real,' said I, 'pray explain it: if a vision, tell its import, and why you left me to descend the dreadful pi alone, if it was a real reality.' 'Are you certain,' he asked, 'that you saw me beneath the arch of this old stone mill?' 'I am,' I replied, 'and also have a distinct recollection of all that took place after I awoke from the strange lethargy which came over me as I stood gazing at you, when I could no longer speak!' 'You *may* be mistaken,' he answered, 'and perhaps had an unusually vivid dream; and our conversation yesterday, my appearance and expression, may have impressed you so strongly, that they were, by your plastic fancy, moulded into new shapes and placed in new and novel relations to yourself and each-other. Dreams are strange things, and are always, in some sense real. How, is very easy to be explained. I have already told you that the people called philosophers invariably take the longest way around for the shortest route home. They always delight in untenable hypotheses, far-fetched theories, and the densest of obscurities, and accordingly have ransacked heaven and earth for an answer to the question 'what is a dream?' When, as usual the true answer was to be found without stirring a step out of the common track. Remember, my child, that whatever *is* is. "Nothing, is a word without a meaning: all things whatever, even dreams, are real things, and their solution is exceedingly simple. They are of two kinds: first; those which relate to and concern the dreamer; and second; those which do not. Mind is unitary; mind is one entire indivisible thing; not a diversity of organs, or faculties, the aggregate of which constitutes it; but it is a perfect oneness, having limbs or organs of its own, and the functions of those organs is faculty.—All mind is homogeneous, consequently, all mankind are connected by the universal outflow or sphere of mind with all other minds, whether in or out of the body; whether spiritualized or not, whether denizens of the earth or social particles of the divine city of spirits. All minds are connected by means of this spiritual outflow or Psychical Effluvium. A man sees a barbarous act committed by another; he is convulsed with horror; rushes from the scene of outrage;—recounts the bloody tale to others;—an eager crowd drink it in,—a sympathetic emotion spreads from man to man;—society vibrates with the same sentiment that convulsed the first recounter. The first feeling is horror of the deed; followed by pity for the victims, and the third stage is that of execration of the doer; speedily followed by the cry of vengeance or justice—for these are both one at bottom—as times go—on the miscreant. Another case: let us suppose the culprit was a government official, and the deed done in defence of his trust. Well, as soon as these facts are known, the indignation is transferred from the doer to his employers. Old grievances revive to swell the tide, until it bursts like a pent up lake suddenly let free, into the full stream of revolution.

"'Take another instance: A beggar sits upon the public walk soliciting alms. Tens of thousands pass him by unheeded. Why is this? It is owing to the want of a better conducting link—a sympathetic bridge from him to the hearts of those who in the hurry of the hour do not give time for those which are present to act in their full force. But lo! Here comes a beautiful young damsel; just the thing required.—Her heart is tender; her eye keen to detect suffering. She is the right chain to lead from the beggar to—whom? Watch her! She draws near the mendicant; questions him his story; he tells it; she finds it full of hardships—illness; stern weather and sterner landlord,—sick wife and famishing children. She is melted; the sympathetic tear trickles down her cheek! She hands him all the money she has—a few pence—and sighs as she wishes it was more! A crowd in the mean time attracted by *her tears*, has gathered round them With faltering tongue she wishes she had gold and power; the crowd catch the contagion of pity *from her*. Her example operates upon it like magic; it is touched *at last*; a hundred hands dive into as many pockets, while each one vies with his neighbor in generosity to the beggar; who goes homeward with a lightsome heart that day.

"'Amongst the crowd there gathered, was the editor of an influential journal, and he too, was touched, by the spectacle of the mob's generosity, as it had been by the maiden's tears. Next day an article appears in the paper, written by that editor while his soul was at high tide! The old beggar touched the girl, she moved a hundred hearts; but the editor has caused ten thousand pairs of eyes to drop twenty thousand tears of pity, and as many more hearts to throb with sympathy, ah! sympathy! Every hand deals out its donation. Next week that old man moves to the country; and just ten years afterwards a sturdy, sun-browned, healthy farmer-lad is seen in the streets of that city, staggering under the weight of two large baskets of the choicest fruit; one he delivers at the door of a fine mansion, the mistress of which smiles as he says to her, "grandfather sends this ere basket of peaches, as his yearly offering to his saviour; and he wants to know when you'll have him send the vegetables for winter, an he tole me to say 'God bless you," and to take no pay 'ceptin yer picter!"

"'The other basket he bears to the office of the "*Daily Trumpet*." "Ah! my fine lad, come again for the ninth time have you? Pray how are all the folks up at the deep soil farm?" says the jolly grey-haired, good-humored editor, as he falls to upon one of the great big, dead-ripe peaches.—"Yes sir, grandmother sends this ere fruit as the interest of that ere article, as you put in the '*Trumpet*' ten years ago!"—"Here lads," cries the editor, to the employees of the establishment as he bites into an over-grown Bartlett pear, "take this basket of fruit and devour it—the—fruit—not the basket, ha! ha! I declare they are prime!" * * * More than one heart beat happily that day! Thus sympathy begets itself. The girl felt for the man, the mob felt with the girl; the editor felt with the mob, and the community felt—in its pockets; the family felt the effects; the soil of a farm felt grateful for its tillage, and the result was, a family grew up and were happy, in the possession of *hearts where they ought to be!* I think you now understand somewhat of sympathy, which, by the way, is as often wrong as right. If you do, then you will comprehend the true philosophy of dreaming.

"'When a man sleeps sometimes the soul pernoctates likewise; in which case there is no dream at all. When it does not, the mind itself, freed for a time from its usual necessity of acting on the outer world through imperfect organs, or with blunted instruments, quits its tenement for a while, and revels amidst other and widely different scenes. Sometimes it is a mere passive, uninterested spectator of scenes actually occurring at the time in distant places and localities, both on and off the earth. Occasionally it beholds them as they really are; but far more frequently views them, as it were, through a medium with more or less distorting properties. For it may mingle the memory of its own experience with what it beholds, thus making a melange of fact and fancy. A dream may be made up of fact alone, or its opposite, fancy; the latter frequently being a foresight of real events yet to take place; thought not yet having a real existence, I call it fancy.—Sometimes the man dreams that he is falling from a house-top:—that he is a monarch seated on his throne:—a general leading a victorious army;—a lover on the eve of marriage:—a maniac chained to the wall, or a culprit on his way to execution. How, and why is all this? I reply sympathy explains it perfectly. The dream is a real thing, but the subjects of it are different.—The events are actually true of *some one*, with whom, for the *time being*, the dreamer is in so intimate rapport as to fully merge identities. When he wakes again he cannot but conclude that himself was the hero or the sufferer as the case might have been. This accounts for some dreams; another kind are to be referred to a somewhat diffent origin. Occasionally the dreamer comes into intimate rapport with another mind, which at the time happens to be actively engaged. The one which dreams, sees the thoughts of the other as actual things, events and persons. Last night it *may be* that you dreamed, and that your dream was a compound one, made up of several of the elements of which I have spoken, whence its vividness.'

"He ceased to speak; and I was troubled to decide whether he was in earnest, or laughing at, and playing upon me. I said nothing however; for as the night was closing in apace, I was anxious to see what he would do, now that the stars began to twinkle in the mighty vault of heaven.—My reverie was soon broken by my companion, who laid his hand gently upon my shoulder and said, 'Think of all this another time my child; and now answer me one thing, and that is, whether you have the requisite courage to witness a display of the wonderful powers which I told you I had learned in distant lands.' As he said this I thought a slight but keen mockery was discernible in his tone of voice;—as if he desired to cast a half doubt, as to whether I really had the proper amount of fearlessness or not. Instantly that this notion seized me, I determined to convince him that though but little more than a child, I had as much courage as he was capable of calling into play or testing short of actual physical violence, which in his case I did not by any means dread,—because my confidence in his grey-hairs and venerable aspect was too profoundly great; and so I answered, 'Doubt not, sir, that I will be firm and fearless, happen what may in this dreary old stone mill!'

"As I spake these words my soul inwardly laguhed at the bare idea of danger, which, if it came, I felt fully prepared to meet, because aside from any natural absence of fear I had taken the precaution to arm myself with an old but trusty Toledo dagger,—an heir-loom in my family, and which had done good service when in the hands of my ancestor the Cid. Beside this I carried in my bosom a far more trusty talisman and protector; namely, a crucifix, without which no good Catholic as I was, would dare to venture abroad after dark. We went into the mill, and the old man began to untie a bundle which he had brought there, and from which he took a roll of very thin but close woven black serge or cloth, I knew not which. This he proceeded to attach to nails previously driven in the walls, and when he had finished, I found we were completely curtained from the world without, so far as the sides were concerned. Over the top by means of a pole he stretched a roof of cloth, which most effectually excluded every ray of starlight.

"I looked on these proceedings with a curious, if not suspicious eye. I say looked, because after the side curtain had been fixed, he struck a light, and by the aid of the lantern, I could easily watch his every movement. I was particularly struck by the appearance of the cloth roof, which I found most strangely ornamented with arabesques in gold lace, embracing figures of dragons, serpents and toads, stars, suns, and silver crescents. I made no comments on what I saw, but in a somewhat merry mood, calmly waited for the conclusion of the very interesting adventure. I had not long to wait, nor did my merriment protract itself, for the old man, having completed his preliminary arrangements proceeded to suspend a sort of thick gauze veil eight feet wide, entirely across the edifice, thus dividing it in two halves, he then placed his lamp in the western corner, and spread a small carpet upon the ground. On this carpet he placed two small, but richly ornamented cushions; when seating himself upon one, he bade me follow his example on the other, after which he extinguished the lamp by means of the pole. For a minute all was silent, but at the end of that time he began to chant in a low, and not unmusical voice, a strain, the words of which were in a language I did not understand, nor had ever heard before. As soon as he ceased and while I was in a fever of expectation for the result, I felt a warm breathing upon the cheek opposite to that next my companion. This I thought exceedingly strange, yet was totally terrorless, although very interested. Three times within a minute I felt the same sensation upon my face and forehead, and the last time it was repeated I distinctly heard the same mysterious voice I had twice listened to before. Its intonations, and emphasis this time were too distinct and clear for me to be mistaken. I wandered greatly whether my companion heard it, but if he did so, he took not the least notice, but remained motionless and silent as before. The words which I heard were rhythmical, and they were whispered in a tone so full of earnest solicitude that I can never forget them. It said:

'Thou'rt sowing trouble, planting care,
'Resist and fly,—a dreadful snare
Environs thee around
Beware!

Thou stand'st upon a fearful brink!
Retreat; or thou wilt surely sink!
Dreadful terrors hover round,
Beware!'

"Before I had time to well consider, and properly weigh the import of these warning words, the old man touched me on the shoulder, tenderly and softly, and said, as he did so 'Look, daughter, look! the spell is working; Look, but fear not!'

"I turned my head and from behind the gauze curtain I have already described as dividing the interior of the mill into two compartments, saw a dull pale-blueish light irradiate and which cast a sort of deathful hue upon all objects on which it fell.

"I said the touch of the old man was gentle, and so it was, but the sound of his voice, and the expression of his face made me tremble; for the former had changed to a deep bass utterance, like that assumed by the stern Judge in the play, when sentencing some poor wretch to death, for crimes committed as the individual but unwilling proxy of society. His eyes had lost their kindly expression and now resembled coals of living fire. I was somewhat terrified by his aspect, yet new not what to do. Instinctively I felt in my bosom, the dagger was there *but the crucifix was gone*. Alarmed more by this, than all the rest, I sprang to my feet desperately intent upon escape, but ere I had time to take a single step toward the side of the old mill, a hand like cold iron, grasped me by the arm, and despite all my efforts to free myself from its gripe, forced me back upon the cushion; I did not then, nor do I now believe that hand belonged to the old man, or to a thing of this earth. As I fell upon my seat the magician said, 'sit still foolish girl! do not fear; no harm will befall you if I am obeyed, otherwise it may; so sit still, and be quiet in your mind!'

"Finding I could not escape, there was nothing left but to submit, and I did so.

"All this while the light from the curtain had gradually subsided, and I suddenly heard a sound very much like that which I heard to night just before my senses left me, when the pictures on the walls of this room were torn to pieces.* I raised my eyes, and the flitting of the fireflies assured me that the cloth roof had disappeared. I heard the sound again, and looking toward the walls of the mill, lo! the side curtain had also gone.

*The reader must not lose sight of the fact that Flora is recounting her story to the red stranger with the globe in her apartment in Canal st., New York.—Ed.

Correspondence.

STRATFORD, Ct., Jan. 3d, 1860.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—It is not with any desire to multiply words needlessly—but rather from the deep interest I take in the subject before us, that I again address you. Surely, if there is any class of persons who, more than another, are directly interested in the solution of the problem of "good and evil," it must be that class who are acknowledged to possess mediumistic powers. When every thought, every idea which is put forth leaves its moulding impress on the spirit, is it not well for us to question the deep voices of Nature within and without, that the record of their teachings be not lost? Is it not well to weigh the different expressions of mind, analyze their force and bearing, measure their height and breadth and depth, and decide upon their merits accordingly? And how *can* one decide except from his or her *own* standpoint of observation and judgment?

When we talk of "*apparent* and *real* evils," will not the line of distinction be drawn for every individual from his own stand-point—and according to the tangibility of this of line distinction, will not the antagonism of good and evil appear? Does not this line in some minds fade, become dim, yea, lost to sight, in contemplation of the mighty plan of spirit unfoldment? If I understand Brother Newton aright, every indulgence of the lower nature, causing pain and suffering, is a *positive evil* or a *real* evil. But is *any* evil *really positive* in its *true* character? Is not all evil transient, and eventually made subservient to the general good? Who gave to man the dark passions of his lower nature? Did he voluntarily take them upon himself? Again, does any individual soul *ever* act "counter to *its own highest sense of right and duty*"—yielding to temptation "*despite its interior conviction of wrong and of power to resist*?" If we were to look at the mainsprings of action, should we not find that this *conviction* was not *prior*, but *subsequent* to the act? And did not the commission of the act conduce to the unfoldment and maturing of the conviction? And if knowledge is not gained thus, in all cases, by *individual experience*, is it not gained by *observation* of the *experience* of *others*?

There always *has been*, and always *must be* individual suffering—there never has been an age in which the spirit of martyrdom has not lived—and it has chosen from the human race its victims by scores and thousands, as instruments whereby to test the strength of divinity in man. It presided at the altars of Pagan worship, and hovered o'er the offerings of Hebrew sacrifice—it walked by the side of the humble Jesus through all his earth life, and left him at the cross, only to become the companion of his followers down to the present time. It is true, the bloody robe, the titled badge is laid aside, but the sword of the spirit is the weapon it hath girt on, and firmly it walks this day as of old, through the length and breadth of the land, casting out devils and healing the sick. Many cry "it is through Beelzebub that he casteth out devils," but the reply is, "through whom do your children cast them out?"

The agitation of this subject is one of the great events of the age. The traditions of heathen Mythology will no longer satisfy the inquiries of mind in this age—nor will the teachings of popular Orthodoxy put to silence the multitude of questions which roll out from the mental world. The spiritual forces in the great world of being are alive and at work.—They course along the electric lines of thought, and with a power peculiar to themselves, search out causes and expose effects, directing mind in its progress to the recognition of those eternal principles, which have their corresponding laws and modes of manifestation in the metaphysical, as well as in the material world.

When man becomes acquainted with this divine philosophy, he will, with increased knowledge, be enabled to grasp the laws thereof, and thus become more true to himself in the several departments of his nature. An increasing acquaintance and familiarity with the mental physiology of the man, discloses the fact that the germ-seed of *every* passion *is sown in the organization of the man*—else it had not had existence—and having no existence, could have no expression. Now when man directs the noble energies of his nature to the eradication of "evil" in himself, he will do a mighty work for his race—but this cannot be done suddenly—the effete matter which has pervaded the system, must take time to work off—it may be offensive to the eye—unpleasant to the senses—but the true physician hails this as a sure indication of returning health. And so man, being gradually lifted from the lower conditions to the higher, will eventually recognize *every* condition he has passed, as productive of *good*—as a *divine* means of education—as a stepping-stone from the arch-way of darkness to the realms of light—as messengers who came to him in the night-time of his sorrow, when he refused to be comforted, and unbarred for him the heavy doors of his prison-house. O'er the wreck of buried hopes he will find the seeds of a truer life uprising and bearing fruit to God, and mirrored in the crystal depths of every tear, worlds of untold beauty.

If this doctrine begets free-love, it is that pure, unadulterated love which draws all humanity heavenward, by the bonds of true, Christian sympathy. It turns not upon any spirit, either embodied or disembodied, the language of condemnation; but making its highest ideal, its living reality in heart and life, it strews the flowers of purity upon the grave of past errors and mingles its song with the glad strains of beatified souls, as they bend to the ear of the mourner, and touch the well-springs of being with the burden thereof "*Thy* will be done."

M. J. W.

THE JAMAICAN LEGISLATURE.—But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." "A nice house of Assembly, isn't it?" "Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes of which I had read in another country; and thinking also, I must confess, that an absolute scrimmage on the floor of the House might be worth seeing. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time the House was in committee. The louder portion of the noise, I say, for two other honorable members were speaking, and the rest were discussing the matter in small parties. "Shameful, abominable, scandalous!" shouted the angry gentleman over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll notsit in such a house. I'll resign as soon as I see the Speaker in that chair.—Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water." In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a legislator, and drank the rum and water.—[The West Indians and the Spanish Main, By Anthony Trollope.

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. If there was anything in the keg, Prentice thinks the men rallied at the tap.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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SATURDAY JAN. 21, 1860.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of W. H. Chaney & Co, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All business connected with said firm will be settled at this office by A D Brock.

W. H. CHANEY.
A. D. BROCK,
F. G. BARKER,

Boston, Jan. 16, 1860.

ARE ALL SPIRITS WISE AND GOOD.

In response to a call from our colaborers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, we gave last week our idea of what constitutes *a spirit*, as this term is commonly used—which was, in brief, that every human being enters the spirit-life clothed in a spirit-body, formed of the imponderable elements which previously existed in and were the life of the earthy body. Consequently he carries with him the *individual character* formed in the earth-life—its loves and hates, its virtues and vices, its aspirations and imperfections—for he carries with him that in which all these qualities reside.

If this be so, it follows that the mere putting off of the visible earth-body does not, as our cotemporary supposes, extinguish the love of earthly and sensual things. On the contrary, they who have not, in obedience to the monitions of the inmost spirit, overcome and died to the disorderly loves of the flesh, before leaving the earth-body (as is possible) must find the same loves still clinging to them, holding them down to earth, and bringing them into sympathy with all other beings who delight in similar things.

There is then a wide difference between what is commonly termed *spirit-life* (that is, mere existence in the spirit-world) and spirit-*ual* life in its highest sense—(that is, life according to the dictates of the inmost spirit)—a mighty difference between death of the ponderable *earth-body* and death of the *earthly affections*. This distinction is often overlooked, by spiritualists as well as others; but, if well-founded, it is of the utmost importance. To quote the language of a spirit-communication made to us recently, (before this discussion commenced:)—

"The birth into earthly life, the physical death, land the spirit-life which succeeds, are but the *shadow* or *analogue* of the birth into *spiritual* ife, death to the earthly affections, and the higher life which is consequent thereon. All the latter may take place while in the earthly body."

"Whatever tendency is established by a habit of resistance to the sensual and the selfish in the earth life, is so much impetus gained for a rapid progress in the spiritual."

Such are the ideas we at present entertain; and they not only seem to be the plainest conclusions of enlightened reason, but accord with the testimony, so far as we recollect, of all beings in the spirit-world with whom we have ever conversed on the subject; also with the testimony of Swedenborg and other illuminated seers; and with the teachings of Paul and Jesus, if we understand them—not to mention the voices of such minds as Plato and Socrates, and in fact the almost universal intuitions of mankind. This theory harmonizes with that fact of general consciousness, stated by Paul, that as we become spiritually awakened, we find "a law in our members warring against the law of our minds." It also gives us a rational philosophy for the existence of "demons" and "evil spirits"—a belief in which is and has been almost co-extensive with the race. They are but human spirits, still exhibiting, in more or less intensified forms, the lower and selfish passions of human nature, which have not been left behind in passing the portal of the grave.

Now as to *facts*. The "assumption" on which the *Telegraph* proposes to join issue with us, (see its "Reply," in last number) we did not make. A misprint occurred in our article copied into its columns which obscured the sense; besides which the *Telegraph* overlooked a part of the sentence essential to its meaning. What we wrote was this: "So far as we are acquainted, Spiritualists in general are convinced . . . . that the *facts* of spirit-manifestation, through almost every medium, *prove* the existence of untruthful spirits, as clearly as that of truthful ones." We presume the *Telegraph* will not dispute that such is the conviction of Spiritualists in general—its conductors being excepted.

As to the general question, we presume only to make this affirmation—that the facts of spirit-manifestation, *as we have observed them*, have proved *to us* the existence of untruthful, ignorant, immoral, selfish, impure, and *un*-spiritual spirits, as clearly as that of spirits pure, wise and good. We have investigated for ourselves, and have drawn our own conclusions. We will not undertake to make confident assertions about the experiences of others, nor to draw conclusions for them. But in so far as others report experiences and conclusions similar to ours, we naturally consider our own corroborated thereby.

The facts coming under our personal inspection, indicative of falsehood, malice, and the grosser forms of depravity on the part of spirits, have been fewer and less striking than those reported by many others. Yet they have seemed sufficient to settle with us the general question that there are spirits actuated by similarly evil, mischievous and selfish propensities as we see exhibited in persons in this life. We will mention but one, as illustrative of a class: A spirit-being once manifested himself through the mediumship of a member of our own family, when no other visible person save ourself was present,—giving the clearest evidence of the presence and action of a mind distinct from either of us. He first declared himself divinely commissioned to announce to us a series of fearful disasters or judgments which were imminently impending upon the inhabitants of earth, delivering himself something after the manner of the ancient Jewish prophets, partly in scripture language, but quoted in such a manner as showed an illiterate mind, and a want of perception of real meaning. We ventured to inquire the name of this prophet of evil, when he promptly gave us the name of an acquaintance residing at a distance, and claimed that he had recently passed to the spirit-world. (This was not true of the friend whose name was used, as afterwards entertained.) We asked other questions, the answers to which, though promptly given would not fit at all the case of the person indicated, and showed a pretense to knowledge not possessed. Evidently perceiving that his claims were not accepted, though nothing was said by us to indicate this, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, I see you are too sharp for me!" and departed. Had credence been given to these apocryphal revelations, and had they been proclaimed to the world as a disclosure from "spirits of the seventh sphere," or the forty-ninth circle," (the like of which has been done in we know not how many instances)—the chuckling over our open mouthed credulity that would have ensued may be appreciated by all lovers of hoaxes and practical jokes.

But it seems needless to recapitulate facts of this character. (See *Telegraph* of Dec. 31, for a striking testimony of the same effect.) Those of a similar significance have occurred, we have reason to believe, to almost every investigator who has had much experience—though doubtless mistakes have often been made, and evil or mischievous designs hastily imputed where none were intended.

There is another class of spirit-manifestations, more common than any palpable demonstrations of mischief or malice, which yet afford equally conclusive proof that all spirits are not wise, pure and holy beings. We refer to the deluge of wild vagaries, subtle sophistries and un-spiritual doctrines—tending to foster self-conceit, intellectual pride, irreverence, uncharitableness, sensuality, and various other "works of the flesh"—which has been showered upon this mundane sphere through mediums of various classes, and which show their authors to have arrived at no very exalted plane of spirituality. A large proportion of what is known as "Spiritualistic literature," including trance-discourses and spirit-communications, betrays an utter blindness as to the profounder truths of man's interior nature, often accompanied with boastful pretensions of superior wisdom. By no means would we deny the right of any spirit, embodied or disembodied, to give utterance to such ideas as it has; but we cannot help knowing them by their fruits. Such crude and bitter products cannot have grown in *celestial* spheres.

It will be easy, of course, for those who have adopted the arbitrary rule laid down by the *Telegraph*, to deny that any such manifestations come from the spirit-world at all—to claim that sophistry, error, pretense, falsehood, deception, or any other immorality, *of itself*, disproves a spirit-origin—hence, that all facts of both these classes *must be* referred to "mundane, mesmeric, or clairvoyant influences." And it would be equally easy, in our view, to take the ultra-materialistic ground, and refer *all* the manifestations to the same sources. For the evidence of the action of disembodied minds in the cases alluded to, has been to us quite as clear—sometimes much clearer—than in cases where truth, purity and goodness were the manifest results. We must claim to judge for ourselves whether any particular manifestation that we witness proceeds from a mind out of the physical body or in it; and that not by any arbitrary *moral* standard, but by the proofs afforded of the agency of a distinct invisible personal intelligence.

Besides a reference to "mesmeric and clairvoyant influences" does not take us out of the realm of spirit-agents. What *are* these "influences?" We think no one can fully answer this question without recognizing the agency of spirits, both good and bad.

Most heartily do we endorse the sentiment, "If truth destroys spiritualism, we had better let it be destroyed." We have no fears for it, on the rational basis we have endeavored to maintain; but very much doubt if it could sustain the burden of so improbable a hypothesis as our friends of the *Telegraph* would fasten upon it.

This response has required many more words than we intended; but if the discussion shall result in giving prevalence to a more clearly-defined and correct pneumatology among spiritualists, and in enforcing the momentous practical importance of subordinating the sensual and the selfish in the earth life, these words will not have been wasted.

A. E. N.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Much has been, and is to be said, upon this necessary human relation. We see no reason why we should not "put in *our* oar," and help along the discussion. We might as well say, in advance, that we have little *feeling* about, or *personal* interest in this question. We know very well that mankind, in their mundane state of being at least, will continue to marry and be given in marriage, and it only remains for us to consider how this business can be got over to the very best advantage of those who feel impelled to enter upon it. We are not, ladies, going to treat this question in a romantic manner, but in as plain and common sense a way as we are capable of doing it. So, if you don't like to have marriage matters "done up" in this homely style, you may skip this article.

We will premise, then, that matrimonial candidates, of either sex, are never perfect. It must be presumed that they have innate faults that either are, or are likely to be, troublesome to themselves and others. So, therefore, perfect bliss, in the marriage state, is not to be expected, even when the parties are *ever so well* matched. Those who embark in the matrimonial ship must "look out for breakers," for they are pretty sure to be encountered in one form or other.

One thing, however, should be, so far as it is possible, attended to in the outset of the marital career: and that is, the parties should be well *mated*. This is a very essential condition in *all* cases,—in and out of matrimony,—where two or more persons are to join fortunes. They should possess a natural *fitness* for one another. They should be so constituted, with reference to one another, as to work *harmoniously* together. They should be articulated together with as nice a natural adjustation as that which joins the vertebral column of our physical structure. In this matter we are not, you will please bear in mind, contending for perfection of general character in the parties to be maritally joined in order that the true ends of the relation shall be realized, but we *are* demanding, fundamentally, that they shall be *naturally adapted to each other*—truly married—that each party shall supply to the other just what he and she need, and what he and she have not in their separate personalities. With good old philosophic and Christian St. PAUL, we would not have matrimonial parties "unequally yoked!" GOD never joins two persons together without they have an especial mutual fitness. No man *can* put asunder husband and wife who naturally belong together. All merely arbitrary and unnatural relations, on the contrary, are very likely to be disturbed and broken by accidents similar to those which produce them. All true and sacred relations have an integral strength that cannot be successfully assailed. So we need not trouble ourselves about the breaking up of such marriages as are genuine. They are entirely competent to take care of themselves.

To be properly married, then, is to be rightly *mated*. The deep conjugal instinct demands this. The soul cries out, in its profound longings, for its other half—not for some other soul's half, but for *its own*. Happy, indeed, is that soul, "groping in this twilight world," that finds it! When it does, however, sweet content, so far as its marriage relation is concerned, forever ensues. No more hunting, in strange, sinful ways, after "affinities." The one deep affinity is ever present, to the conjugally peaceful soul.

Two persons badly joined together in marital bonds, are necessarily miserable.—Two persons joined together even in *outward business transactions* who have no moral fitness for the relation, cannot work happily together! Nay, two *oxen* who are not well mated will not work well together, as every teamster knows. They will "crowd," and "haul off," and "cork" each-other with their iron shoes. So is it with horses, also. If they do not keep step with the music of the union—or rather if there *is* no music in it, the mis-mating is papable and unprofitable.

We must conclude that the true significance and benefits of marriage lie in the parties rightly mating themselves. We do not say that two badly matched persons may not *tolerate* one another, and get along without actual rupture, but they will not—cannot—love each other! Their souls cannot experience the peculiar, "secret," sacred bliss which can only have birth in such as are truly conjugally related.

The "sacredness" of marriage, of which we hear so much, consists altogether in its *genuineness*. We have already stated what its genuineness consists of:—*the natural fitness of married parties* FOR *one another*. This important and deep human relation was never left to be amended by conventional and arbitrary tinkering, but must be regulated by the eternal law that inheres in itself. Two persons totally unfit for each other can never be truly married. They may join outward fortunes, and abide by the regulations of the statute book, have offspring even, but married they are not. This truth has been often illustrated in both real life, and in forms of literature wherein "man and his relations" have been profoundly discussed. Let us cite a few instances from literature which will stand as fair representatives of similar instances occurring daily in real life. These "specimens" gleaned from ideal, though true representations of life, will give us the whole philosophy of marital failure. We wish to have it, as we have before said, understood that, in "coming to a knowledge of the truth" in reference to the marriage question, we are not to consider the moral or spiritual *status* of marriageable parties; for conjugality is not made to depend upon that. Saints and sinners are alike fated to enter the marriage state. The whole question hinges on the peculiar, natural fitness, of the parties to be joined together, for each other. We would not have them "unequally yoked." The main difficulty accruing to the relation, has its origin in *mismatching*. It will not do to put ice and fire together—it does not do to join elevated natural character with that which belongs to a lower scale, in marital bonds. In all the relations of human nature,

"Spirits
Are not finely touched but to fine issues."

The gross cannot long contentedly assimilate with the refined. "The good by affinity seek the good," and the gross by affinity seek the gross. This law governs in matrimony as in other things.

But there are, we confess, many things which prevent the good from finding the good for marriage purposes, at least.—There are so many "side issues" to all fundamental questions, that we are apt to be deterred from coming directly to the main points. The good don't always, at once, know the good—nor the elevated find their true "affinities." The good and the bad have so many things in common about them, that they are prone to be betrayed into temporary conjunction, by these their few and, perhaps, lower points of sympathy.—It requires time, in many cases, for two people to mutually learn their leading traits of character. Then, again, many persons, of both sexes, are so entirely good, loving, and elevated, that they invest the beloved object, or objects, with their own excellence.

"Nature is fine in love; and, when 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

In this way, many a man and woman gets egregiously "taken in," matrimonially.

But now for our ideal instances of mismatched couples. We don't believe Helen of Greece would have eloped from Menelaus her husband, and run away with that unconscionable scamp, Paris of Troy, had she been properly matched in the first place. The two were unsuited to each other.

Hamlet's mother married above herself when she espoused Hamlet's father, and very likely was not suited. She undoubtedly took upon her "impossible vows" in that instance. This is evident from what the Ghost says to Hamlet, when he is trying to incite him to avenge his cause. He says, with reference to his wanton queen, who had so soon married his infamous brother and murderer:

"O, Hamlet, what a falling of was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!"

No "falling off" at all, o'd "True penny;" you mistook her true character altogether—you was above her vastly, and 'twas your own elevated but mistaken love that lifted her to a (to you,) seeming spiritual level with yourself. She found her true "affinity,"—more's the pity, perhaps,—in the fratricidal usurper. Had Hamlet understood the philosophy of mis-matching in marriage, he would have saved his mother the dreadfully scourging speech he addressed to her, or, at least, he might as well have done so, for all the good it would naturally do. He might, and did, make her sorry, but he could not, by inducing all the repentence she was capable of, make her *feel* the vast moral and mental difference there was between the two brothers, she had alternately married.

A similar misalliance and its consequences, is poetically historified by Tennyson in his "Idyls of the King." We do not say that the conduct of queen GUINEVERE, and her intrigues with Launcelot, are morally excusable because she was misallied with King Arthur, but her crime surprises us far less than it would have done, had she been

satisfied with him as her natural mate.—He is far above her, and she seems to know it right well, for she says to Launcelot, her paramour, respecting him :—

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all,
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color: I am yours,
Not Arthur's as you know, save the bond."

To be sure, GUINEVERE is brought to a sort of semi-repentance at last, which seems to lift her up somewhat in the moral scale, —for she says of Arthur, who at a final interview had forgiven her the wrong she done him—

"And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy Knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half despised the height
To which I would not *or could not* climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color which I found
In Launcelot!"

We cannot, dear madam, doubt that you speak truly, and you should have married Launcelot in the first place. You would then have mated with your peer, and have proved a good and respectable woman.—But you, from vanity, or ambition, married a noble man whose high quality you could neither understand nor respect, until it was too late; and you grievously fell, involving in your fall a melancholy ruin to many others. *

MISS HARDINGE ON DRESS.

When we ventured a suggestion on the subject of Dress Reform, some weeks since, we were quite aware that we were trenching on delicate ground. Perhaps, in presuming to hint, never so tenderly, that "woman's sphere" *could be* too much *extended*, we were out of *our own* sphere entirely. At any rate, we will endeavor to bear with Christian resignation any punishment for our "actual transgressions" which our lady readers may see fit to inflict upon us, by tongue or pen—especially when administered with the grace and eloquence which characterize the protest of Miss HARDINGE, in a late number of the AGE. Verily, it is such a luxury to receive a good hearty *dressing down* (or "up," if she prefers) from so genuine and valued a friend, that we feel almost tempted to repeat the offence (or rather to commit a *real* one,) for the sake of a repetition of the chastisement!

But our sense of justice was never quite reconciled to the doctrine of fictitiously "imputed sin;" and hence it will not allow of our willingly suffering for *offences not committed*, however pleasant or profitable the correction may be. We feel obliged, therefore, even at this late stage in the proceedings, to enter a plea of *not guilty* to nearly every count in the indictment recorded against us.

Miss Hardinge, as well as some other readers, has quite misapprehended the meaning and scope of the article to which she takes exceptions. It was doubtless mainly our own fault that we were not better understood—though it is difficult in a short newspaper article, on any topic of importance, to so guard oneself as not to be misapprehended by somebody. There is, in fact, very little difference between us and our esteemed co-laborer, on any point which he has so skillfully argued.

A careful perusal of the offensive article will show—much as it may surprise Miss H.,—that it does *not* advise the discarding of silks as an article of female dress—nor the wearing of calico instead—nor a puritanic abjuration of the beautiful and the tasteful. Take away these items of supposed grievance, and the relevancy and pungency of her criticisms is gone.

True, we mentioned prefatorily the fact that a movement was said to be on foot in England to induce "ladies of quality" to dress in calico, at church; but we did not intend to be understood as recommending precisely the same thing here. On the contrary, we purposely refrained from suggesting any particular fabric—deeming this quite out of our province, and not supposing that uniformity was either practicable or desirable. This matter, as well as the question of style, etc., was expressly left to the "good sense" of "sensible women" such as dare to act out their own views of propriety. Instead of presuming to *pre*scribe or *pro*scribe any specific article or mode, our recommendation was in these general terms:—"Let all rich and gaudy apparel, *worn merely for the purpose of looking as well as our neighbors, or of outshining them*, be banished from the meetings of Spiritualists."

We submit that Miss Hardinge, in so far as she (to use her own forcible language) "resolutely anathematized *extravagance* or *excess* in fine dress," and refuses to be "a mere slave of fashion, without any other guide than the contemptible phantom light of popular opinion," fully endorses the *spirit*, if not the letter, of our suggestion.

Of the influences exercised by different colors and different fabrics on sensitive persons, we had been long aware—as also of the fact that persons have constitutional likes and dislikes in respect to colors, which ought never to be outraged. We were familiar, too, with the insulating properties of silk, and have been long acquainted with persons who cannot enter a public assembly, even as hearers, without suffering severely from the mixed magnetism of the audience, unless protected by garments of this fabric. We expected all these things would be taken into consideration by the "sensible women" to whose judgment the whole matter was left. We are glad that Miss Hardinge has called special attention to them, and thus supplied our omission. But, surely, there is ample room for a recognition of all constitutional needs, as well as for the exercise of refined tastes, inside of that fluctuating display and subserviency to fashion which we desire to see abandoned.

The "hoop question" we were disposed to meddle with as delicately as possible; but since it has been *roundly* put forward by our fair respondent, we will blushingly submit our private "confession of faith" on that topic. It is, in brief, that hoops are, to womankind, one of the greatest blessings of modern invention—while their extravagant expansion is the most *enormous* folly of modern costumery.

A large space is occupied by our eloquent friend in defence of *flowers*—those "voiceless tongues" which are "everywhere proclaiming that God is tender and loving, as well as just and strong." The occasion on our part for this defence, we could not divine, until, on carefully re-reading the article which called forth her letter, we discovered that some careless printer's imp had substituted "flowers" where we wrote "*flounces*!" We shall hope to be freely forgiven this part of the offence, since Miss H. has herself evidently suffered still more severely at the hands of the typos. But we could never *forgive ourself*, had we let slip one word in disparagement of those silent ministers of grace, truth and love, whose presence we always court—the sweet-breathed flowers.

The only point on which we discover even a seeming difference between our gifted fellow-laborer and ourself, is in respect to the *peculiar* appropriateness of a simple style of dress to meetings for spiritual instruction and worship, and *in*-appropriateness of the gaudy style to the same occasions. Yet notwithstanding her confounding this with a pharisaical distinction between "holy" and "unholy" times, "sanctified" and "unsanctified" dresses, etc.,—and in spite of her earnest endeavors "to be as good as she can be at all times,"—we are sure Miss Hardinge does practically recognize the principle of the adaptation of costume to times and employments.

If she ever has occasion to perform service in the kitchen or at the wash-tub, does she not choose a different garb from that in which she appears on the lecture-rostrum?—though the one employment is, in one sense, quite as "religious" as the other. According to her own showing, she varies her apparel with circumstances and conditions, and she avoids "extravagance and excess" at all times. We recommend nothing more than is implied in this. When free from the trammels of fashion, the spirit spontaneously seeks to have its garments correspond with and symbolize its internal states. We respectfully submit that there is a state of mind appropriate to the assembly of earnest and reverential truth-seekers (to say nothing now of "public worship," after the ordinary forms of Christendom)—a state of receptivity, deference, and forgetfulness of externals—which is different from the states equally appropriate to the work-shop, the parlor, the saloon, or the festive occasion;—a state which cultivated susceptibilities feel to be specially incongruous with personal displays and factitious distinctions of any kind. True, such displays will be avoided at *all* times by persons of *real* refinement; yet others may be expected to dispense with them *first* where they are most obviously out of place.

With these explanations, we leave our case, and the proposed "Dress Reform," to the judgments of the candid and the wise;—only adding that the frank and fearless effort of our noble sister to combat our supposed errors, commands our admiration not less than if we had really deserved her criticisms.

A. E. N.

BREVITIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—It is of the first importance that we base our actions upon the *principles* of things. Our legitimate successes do, and will depend upon such procedure. If we wisely fall into the great currents of eternal truth, life's ways will hardly seem adverse to our true interests, neither shall we see reason to ever utter the voice of complaint. It were wiser for us to earnestly study the indications of the eternal Providence, than to take counsel of our own blind desires, which, in that case, come at last to usurp the entire government of our being. We are but a section of a grand system of things, and to act well our part in this vast process of life, and to thus insure to ourselves its permanent benefits, we must study to learn and obey the laws that govern it. We cannot hinder the onward flow of fated events. These predetermined affairs govern *us*, and not we them, as we are sometimes vain enough to suppose. We are truly blessed only when God is permitted to "work within us to will and do His own good pleasure." *

SPIRIT-MACHINERY,—or as some would prefer to call it, Ghost-Machinery,—has become a powerful element in the literature of the day. Recently the literary community has been set all agog by the publication of a book called "SIR ROHAN'S GHOST." The author is said to be Miss. Presscott, a young lady of Newburyport. How far, and in what sense, this work has been the result of Spiritualism, we have no means of showing. Nor are we acquainted with its character, any further than to know that it is a Ghost-Story. Whether Miss. Prescott is a *real* spirituulist, or merely a *simulated* one, is also beyond our knowledge. At any rate, she has used our spiritualistic "thunder," with which to compass the purpose of her book, and whether she came by it mediumistically, or "stole it," is again more than we can determine. Perhaps the lady is one of those who sneer at "other-worldliness" as a matter of *fact*, while at the same time, she is fain to use it as a mere matter of fancy and imagination. *

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!"
Tennyson.

HARMONY and PEACE are the rule of the universe. The Circumstantial and the Incidental, which make such a disturbing pother about us, are the exceptions. Those who do not comprehend the fixedness and soverign integrity of the universal Whole, are subject to preposterous and hurtful fears that the vast frame of things is often about to tumble about their devoted ears! When shall we learn that it is mainly *our* business, through the mediums of our moral will—by our capacity for virtue, to join ourselves to the Central Peace? *

ELOQUENT REMARKS.—An Alabama Senator, in a recent debate on a bill to prevent the adulteration of liquors, said: Mr. President, this is the most important measure that has been before this body at this session. Spiritous liquors, sir, is a beverage in which we all indulge, more or less. It is well known, sir, that there are persons so lost to every sense of humanity, as to put strychnine and other poisonous substances in this popular beverage. Sir, in my opinion, the villian who perpetrates so great an outrage ought to suffer death.

☞ Isn't it quite singular that they should be trying so hard to get a "Speaker" in the House of Representatives when they have already so many? One would think that they had enough "speakers" there unless they were better. *

ADIN BALDOU of the *Practical Christian*, recently gave Bro. Garrison of the *Liberater*, a very pungent, down right lecturing for his recreancy to his long-professed non-resistent doctrines, manifested in a speech in a late John Brown sympathizing meeting. This very able and unanswerable rebuke we hope will be well received by Bro. G., and cause him to repent and humbly turn back to his first love. He has got to such a pass in his "*resistence* to tyrants," that he hardly knows what manner of spirit he is of. But Mr. Ballou has so faithfully "held the mirror up" to him that he cannot fail to see his own distorted features in such a light as will lead him to redeem himself from his temporary bondage to the old fighting satan. *

"Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk,
He makes no friend who never made a foe";
Tennyson.

How a lady betrayed herself to the one she loved.

"————" his large black eyes,
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face."

"It was a saying of Charles II., in reference to the opposition which the Doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy that 'he was a bear, against whom the Church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.'" *

MYSTICS.

WHY some writers are called mystics is because they have gone into deeper soundings of consciousness—penetrated farther into the realms of spiritual truth, than those who thus designate them. Others are truly mystical because their thoughts are ill-defined, vague, pointless, without central germ of order or organic tendency. They float about in idle brains, as do the fragmentary, fleecy clouds in the heavens, containing neither wind nor rain, —though perhaps a trifle of surface beauty.— *

Br. Osgood informs us that his remark in reference to liberalizing tendency of Spiritualism, was intended to refer to the community in which he lives. Of course he is competent to speak of its influence there. Our note referred to the sphere of our own observation. —[Gospel Banner.

We hardly think that it was necessary for Bro. Osgood to qualify his assertion to the editor of the Banner "in relation to the liberalizing tendency of spiritualism." We can have little doubt that people *in all places* are just as susceptible of being liberalized by this more liberal form of religion as they are in the vicinity of Foxcroft, Me., As for the Banner man doubtless his sphere of spiritual observation is quite limited, as there are none so blind as those who *will not* see. *

The *Spiritual Guardian* has been enlarged, and otherwise greatly improved. It is a very zealous and determined sheet. We heartily wish it all the success it deserves. *

WE have but little doubt that the human spirit is a microcosm, or little world, and that in it are fac similes, or transcripts, of the landscapes of the Spirit-world, which, in favorable states of the brain, are revealed to consciousness. We therefore need not go out of ourselves to get glimpses of the transcendant glories of the immortal world. In sleep, oftimes, and in entranced moments, the thin veil is withdrawn, and the realms of light "and joy unspeakable," rise upon our enraptured view. Not only the "geometry of the city of God," but its beatitudes and ineffably resplendent garniture, are contained within the ever-present spirit of man. *

SOME men with apparently large spiritual gifts and promise, make a very hopeful beginning in spiritual life. They do well so long as they remain teachable and humble. At last, in an evil hour, ambition, not only "that last," but *worst* "infirmity of noble minds," puts it into their heads that they may some way distinguish themselves and become as gods.—They cast about them, and finally go to work and erect some factitious theological fabric in which they become self-imprisoned, and, which they arbitrarily demand the adhesion of others. Henceforth they grow narrow, despotic, bigoted, and lose all the growing grace that characterizes those who joyfully give themselves up to the advancing and constantly unfolding influences of infinite truth! *

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. It there was anything in the keg, Prentice thinks the men rallied at the tap.

A NEW LECTURER.—Charles A. Hayden, a lad of 18 years, addressed audiences in Spiritual Age Hall, on the last two Sabbaths, to great acceptance, being under Spirit control. He is an eloquent and effective Speaker, and must soon take rank as such among our lecturers. We commend him to our friends who need a good Speaker.

☞ Our readers should not fail to give the Sermon on our first page, entitled "Authority and Freedom," a careful reading. We think it completely settles this long mooted theological and philosophical question.

Correspondence.

THE HARMONIAL BROTHERHOOD.

Having written several short communications on the formation of our *Christian Harmonial Brotherhood*, and given our views in relation to what might be done to forward this noble enterprise, by the organizing of industry on a better and truer basis than has ever yet been done; I trust I have given some hints in relation to the establishing a social, and divine order on the earth. In all ages—through the past—there have lived Seers and prophets, who have foretold a brighter, and better day, for the inhabitants of the earth.

Poets have tuned their lyres again and again and have sung the harmonious strains of "liberty and equality to an ignorant and misdirected race."

Every *great* and good *man philosopher* or *saint*—in the Church—and out of it—have been looking forward to the time when swords shall be turned into *ploughshares*—and spears, into *pruning-hooks*, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation—neither shall they learn war any more.

In our last article we showed the great contrast between Christianity established by Jesus and his Apostles, more than eighteen centuries ago, and what is called Christianity now, and we think we showed it as clear as the noonday sun, the doctrines of the *great seer* as He gave it to the world. Shortly after He commenced, His mission on the earth, He began to speak as one having authority—and He told to His disciples to tarry at whatever honse they were stopping until they were endowed with power from on high. His religion was a practical one, and well calculated to call out all the noble feelings of the race. Having given my opinion in relation to what true Christianity is; I wish to show in this communication that it is my firm belief that the time has fully come to start this Christian Brotherhood, and to practically carry it out in all the relations of life practical righteousness.

It seems to me that there can be no true Church founded on the earth until man can have a full guaranteed right and title to the soil on which he lives; but says the inquirer, how can we obtain the soil? I answer by saying we must purchase the lands, of individuals and government, as cheap as we can, and let all the members of the Brotherhood have their land at cost; or if the free homestead is granted to all pioneers of 160 acres each, from our government, then we can colonize these lands without money and without price, and become actual settlers.

Our *ground plan*, is a complete *town* of itself containing sixteen thousand deeds, divided and sub-divided into village lots, and farms varying from two acres up to 160 acres giving to every member of our Brotherhood as much land as his avocation requires.

Each and every member can have his homestead by choice provided he bids for that choice, as may be seen by a perusal of our constitutional compact, and all money raised from the choice of bids, will be appropriated for the benefit of the whole town.

It has been understood by some who are not well acquainted with our movement, that it will have a tendency to draw together many who will wish to do away with the family ties of husband and wife.

I wish here to be distinctly understood that I am opposed to all schemes and organizations that tend in any way, or manner to destroy the individual family of man; and the aims of the harmonial colony movement, have been in all its bearings to fully establish the family circle complete; even more perfectly than it has ever been done before in the civilized world.

Our brotherhood is organized for the purpose of practically carrying out by agreement, one towards another all the practical problems of life.

Namely, when our organization goes forth to meet and bless the world, it means a social

[Continued on 8th page.]

Interesting Miscellany.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

VISIT TO GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

ATHLONE, IRELAND, Sept. 22d., 1859.

I left your readers, at the close of my last letter, standing at the door of the ruined parsonage which Rev. Charles Goldsmith occupied, and in which the childhood of the poet was passed. Close by this, stands the village school or what was the village school, and in the low cabin, which the man who owns the potato patch in Goldsmith's parlor, now calls home, once walked and taught that most distinguished of school masters, of whom the climax is reached in the lines,

> And still they talked and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Not many years ago it was an uncovered mass of walls, but latterly it has been thatched, and makes a classical, if not a comfortable house.

As the pretty little pond of water in the meadow meets the eye, the thought is, the mill. Yes, where is the busy mill—where the never-failing brook? A little further along, and we shall see it. The carman who took me over has been persuading the few travellers who run eight miles from a railway to see the Deserted Village, that the base of one of those mysterious Round Towers found all over Ireland, was Goldsmith's mill. There is, indeed, a winnowing mill in the bottom of that, but it is, I think, a modern appliance: and I was at first and continued to be, incredulous, about the "busy Mill" being a winnowing mill in the base of a Round Tower away from any running stream. I prevailed on him at length to join me in an exploring expedition, for I believed that the brook and the mill would be found to be united in *fact*, as they are in the *poem*. A tall tower, square, not round, invited investigation, but proved to be the last relic of a small castle of the feudal times. Close under the castle was a hut, and there we went with the twofold purpose of getting water and information. But father and mother were both gone, and nobody was at home but a little slatternly, dirty girl. She might give us the water, but she could tell us nothing of the mill.

While she was running for the dipper and rinsing it, I was taking an inventory of the contents of the hovel which had but one room and a large cupboard or whatever you like to call it, but wholly empty. And this is what the room contained. A large fire-place with a few glowing turfs on the hearth; a tub; a huge wooden box, which had no draws and whose function was not obvious; two chunks of wood, log-shaped, for chairs; an earth floor, very rough; an iron pot in the door-way; half a dozen shelves; two tin teapots; five plates and a bowl or two; a ladder leading to an open place over the closet mentioned above, where I suppose lay a pallet of straw. All the house contained would hardly bring five shillings at a public sale. The girl came running up as soon as I had finished taking account of stock, bringing a tin dipper, which, although she had rinsed it two or three times, still had a rim of buttermilk running round it. But the water was good and sweet.

At the door of the next cabin, was an old woman aged about one hundred and sixty, judging by her countenance, to whom, my companion, the car driver, shouted, asking if she knew where the old mill is. "I'll show the gintleman," answered she, and tottled out before us leading the way down a little hill, where, in a minute a very small raceway was in view. It was the smallest kind of mill, the flume was not four feet across, and the never-failing brook was now dry. An overshot wheel was at the end of the building, but the whole affair was a mill in miniature, and must have affected the poet's mind, as running water always affects the minds of boys. I remember the brooks where I used to play better than any other scenes of my childhood.

The door of the mill was open and I went in, and with the sanction of my guide broke off a piece of the hopper large enough to make a wooden box to keep my copy of the complete works of Oliver Goldsmith in. The mill is now out of repair, and has been for two years. It is of no use except to show to visitors, and there is hardly one a week who goes out of the way to see it. There is so much that lies on railways now-a-days that tourists seldom leave the iron track. Still the old woman has shown the mill enough to learn to like the feeling of the money which visitors drop into her palm. As I came out of it she called, in her shrill witch-like voice:—

"I hope you'll give the ould woman something."

I had in my heart purposed to make her glad with a liberal donation—say six pence a great sum to a really poor person in Ireland—but the *tone* in which she asked, and the *fact* that she did ask, chilled the ardor of my benevolence, and I concluded to bestow upon her the same sum which the lord of a certain vineyard bestowed upon a man who came in at the eleventh hour, namely, a penny, reserving the right to make future provision for her in my will.

Accordingly I gave her, with all due formality, two half-pence. In view of my distinguished appearance, brownish cap, seed-bare coat, patched boots, and the other appurtenances of a gentleman of the quill, she had set her heart upon a shilling, and was bent on returning the penny in disgust. The active benevolence of my heart was moved in benalf of so interesting a female, and I refused to receive it, and left her to "pocket the insult," which I have no doubt she very contentedly did, after I was gone, and I have just as little doubt that she has worked many a long day and been thankful if she has earned a penny worth of potatoes. But seriously, my dilemma arose from the fact, that, exploring the recesses of my capacious pockets, I had discovered, after I had set my heart upon the sixpence bequest, that the sixpence was in a state designated by the lawyers as "non est;" and as gentlemen whose stock in trade is what brains they chance to have, with pen, ink and paper to match, do not usually have shillings to give to old women who walk those roads before them and do them little good after all, I, as fall into this category, having no silver nor gold to give away, had to give what I had, namely, the two half pence.

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A few miles brought us back to the excellent hotel of Mr. Haire, where dinner was soon served and as heartily relished as though I had been fox hunting instead of treading for a few hours in the childhood's footsteps of my favorite poet.

I could not learn that more than two or three Americans had preceded me in this interesting ramble; but it will not be long, now that Ireland is attracting tourists in such numbers from England, before the American admirers' of poor Noll on our side of the Atlantic will pluck a bit of mortar from his father's house, a bit of furze from the roadside where in his childhood he played. If any do, let me tell them that Athlone is the place to stop on the railway from Dublin to Galway, and that mine host at the Royal Hotel will do them good service in providing them with the creature comforts and forwarding to

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A WIFE'S REMORSE.

"Sick—sick again!" said the heedless wife, with petulance. "I'm so tired of seeing a pale face from morning till night, of hearing groans, and of mixing doses. It seems to me there is little need of this constant giving up. Why don't I give up?"

"Mary—Mary," cried a quivering voice.

"Coming, coming," replied the woman. "Oh, dear! how I have to run. He's so impatient, and I must always be there.—Men never ought to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was but little tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mrs. Nash was not a hard-hearted or an unfeeling woman. Her character leaned somewhat to the side of selfishness, and being in robust health, she had no knowledge of the heart-wearing that continued pull-backs cause to men of the strongest wills.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the man, half childish, "it seems as if my head never did ache as it does now."

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said Mrs. Nash, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it is worse. If you will only pull the curtain down—the least light strikes through my eyes, even when they are shut."

"Up again," thought the wife, rising somewhat impatiently, scattering her work with some noise as she did so; and, heedless of the groan that followed, she let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his wife's brow.

"Oh, no!"—her face cleared up—"you are notional, of course—all men are. Men don't know what sickness is, and they're so frightened at the least pain."

"But this is terrible!" cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids together.

Oh! how he longed to have some soothing hand upon his temples; but he would not ask his wife, because he saw that she had snatched up her sewing, and was again absorbed in its completion.

Hours passed, and the pulse leaped madly, the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins, the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh, and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mrs. Nash had been down stairs preparing the supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbor's question concerning her husband:

"Oh, going to die, as you men all are, if you happen to cut your finger."

Little she thought how true was the prophecy she so unthinkingly uttered! In another moment her eldest son came into the room.

"Isn't it funny?" he cried, "pa don't know me. He called me Mr. Morris, and asked me if I had that will all made out."

"What do you mean, child?" His mother paused in the midst of her work.

"He don't know me, because I kept calling pa, and he would look at me so strangely, and keep asking me if I had that will all made out."

Her cheek paling a little, Mrs. Nash hurried up to the chamber. Her husband was talking wildly to himself, and his appearance had changed frightfully. Now seriously alarmed, she sent for the physician, who was all wonder that he had been called at so late an hour.

"The man must have shown symptoms of more than ordinary distress this morning," he said; "did he make complaints of nothing but an ordinary headache?"

The wife was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to these attacks that she didn't think much of it. Her heart, however condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her sick husband had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself, as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness.

Tears, and wild prayers to Heaven, sweet and fervent words of love availed nothing The death hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:

"Dearest, you have been a good wife to me."

The meek face looked calm amidst the casements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over! Oh! what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her own ears at every step. This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled, as hert rembling steps led her to his open grave—as she looked her last upon the dear, manly face that had ever had a smile for her!

"If I had been tender to him that day," she often sobbed out, as she accused herself, "I would give worlds!" But the sorrow, dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence. Now the widowed woman is the welcome visitor by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother—her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet—her very sympathy the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face! that but for her neglect, might be smiling on her now—and with the rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

DEATH AND DEATH-SCENES.

The following passages exhibiting the views of a candid and thoughtful clergyman, who is probably more familiar with death bed scenes than any other in America, are taken from the Autobiography of Rev. Theodore Clapp. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Clapp commenced his ministerial labors as a strict Calvinist, but was led gradually to embrace a more cheering and hopeful faith, and is now a prominent and zealous minister of the Universalist denomination:

"In all my experiences, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread, or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful visitation of unknown, inconceivable agony, over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are dreadfully aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by furies into the presence of an avenging Judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last, than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the unacclimated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of the Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. Death is called a sleep in the Scripture "Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the toilsome day of life is over." Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they become cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, their "ruling passion." A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of the yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans.—Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend whom he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book, and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, "I am blind; I cannot see; I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?" His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possessed at the moment of death.

It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thought, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf.

In all my experiences in New Orleans, I have met with no dying persons who were terrified, except church members who had been brought up in the Trinitarian faith. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that these persons were not good Christians. They were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity was the cause of their fear and apprehensions. One, to whom I allude, embraced the Calvinistic doctrine of election. He was a just, conscientious, most excellent man. I knew him perfectly. His last words were, "I have no hope; all is dark. There is a bare possibility that I may be saved." This was the language of honesty. For he held that salvation would be conferred upon only a part of mankind, elected to this destiny by a decree of God—eternal, immutable, and altogether irrespective of character and works, and all the remainder would be doomed to eternal woe, without any regard to their merit or demerit. No honest man, with such a creed, could die without the greatest dread and anxiety. For if God has inflexibly determined to destroy a portion of his children, however pure and good they may be, no one can know absolutely, from his character, that he is among the saved; no one can feel certain of enjoying that final everlasting happiness.

When I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter insufficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour. Paul says, the revelation of Jesus was given, "to deliver those, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Ancient pagan literature invariably represents death as the greatest calamity of human existence; it was denominated the stern, terrible, insatiate, cold, bitter, merciless "foe." It was the avenue to eternal night; where the fair, the venerated and the loved would be lost beyond recovery. If all this were true, we might justly say, "Speak not to us of consolation; there *is* no consolation; there is no support for such a lot as ours; nothing but dullness can bear it; nothing but stupidity can tolerate it; and nothing but idiocy could be indifferent to it." Jesus came into the world to announce the sublime doctrine that no one ever was, or ever will be, injured by death; that death is not so much as the interruption of existence; that death indeed, is only death in appearance, while in reality the spirit's life is progressive, ever continued and immortal.

Whoever, then, advocates those views of death, the belief of which tends to make its recipients afraid to die ignores the messages of the gospel on this momentous theme. The great prominent truth of the Bible is, that, in every instance, "the day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." All these efforts to make death a scarecrow, to frighten men into the church, are as low and debasing as they are irrational and anti-Christian. Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man.

Not the blue sky, not the richest landscape, not the flowers of spring, not all the charms of music, poetry, eloquence, art, or literature, present to our contemplation anything so lovely and magnificent as death and its consequences, viewed through the telescope of the New Testament. Yet almost all the clergy, for fifteen hundred years, have employed their utmost genius, learning and oratory, to portray, in colors so appalling, that nobody who believes them can think upon the grave but with the deepest dread, dejection and horror It would be quite as wise to bring up our children atheists, as to corrupt their minds with apprehension that the dissolution of the body may conduct them to everlasting evil. It would be better, safer every way, for our children to believe in annihilation than in endless misery.

SPIRIT VISION AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

When I took his hand in mine, he said, "The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears and misgivings. What will become of me?" I replied, "What, sir, is your strongest wish?" He answered, "That it may please God to forgive and save me, for Christ's sake." I added, "If this is the real wish of your heart, it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?" I inquired. He said, "No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf his surviving children."—"Suppose," I continued, "you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace forever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father? He answered in the affirmative. I said, "Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as he does himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than he could destroy himself?"

"I see I am in the error," he exclaimed. "O, God, help me and strengthen me!" I then made a short prayer.

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Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, "It is finished;" then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, "God be praised, I see my father."—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, "What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?" He answered, "My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is, (pointing upwards,) smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone." On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good looking corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his

Interesting Miscellany.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

VISIT TO GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

ATHLONE, IRELAND, Sept. 22d., 1859.

I left your readers, at the close of my last letter, standing at the door of the ruined parsonage which Rev. Charles Goldsmith occupied, and in which the childhood of the poet was passed. Close by this, stands the village school or what was the village school, and in the low cabin, which the man who owns the potato patch in Goldsmith's parlor, now calls home, once walked and taught that most distinguished of school masters, of whom the climax is reached in the lines,

> And still they talked and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Not many years ago it was an uncovered mass of walls, but latterly it has been thatched, and makes a classical, if not a comfortable house.

As the pretty little pond of water in the meadow meets the eye, the thought is, the mill. Yes, where is the busy mill—where the never-failing brook? A little further along, and we shall see it. The carman who took me over has been persuading the few travellers who run eight miles from a railway to see the Deserted Village, that the base of one of those mysterious Round Towers found all over Ireland, was Goldsmith's mill. There is, indeed, a winnowing mill in the bottom of that, but it is, I think, a modern appliance: and I was at first and continued to be, incredulous, about the "busy Mill" being a winnowing mill in the base of a Round Tower away from any running stream. I prevailed on him at length to join me in an exploring expedition, for I believed that the brook and the mill would be found to be united in *fact*, as they are in the *poem*. A tall tower, square, not round, invited investigation, but proved to be the last relic of a small castle of the feudal times. Close under the castle was a hut, and there we went with the twofold purpose of getting water and information. But father and mother were both gone, and nobody was at home but a little slatternly, dirty girl. She might give us the water, but she could tell us nothing of the mill.

While she was running for the dipper and rinsing it, I was taking an inventory of the contents of the hovel which had but one room and a large cupboard or whatever you like to call it, but wholly empty. And this is what the room contained. A large fire-place with a few glowing turfs on the hearth; a tub; a huge wooden box, which had no draws and whose function was not obvious; two chunks of wood, log-shaped, for chairs; an earth floor, very rough; an iron pot in the door-way; half a dozen shelves; two tin teapots; five plates and a bowl or two; a ladder leading to an open place over the closet mentioned above, where I suppose lay a pallet of straw. All the house contained would hardly bring five shillings at a public sale. The girl came running up as soon as I had finished taking account of stock, bringing a tin dipper, which, although she had rinsed it two or three times, still had a rim of buttermilk running round it. But the water was good and sweet.

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Tears, and wild prayers to Heaven, sweet and fervent words of love availed nothing The death hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:

"Dearest, you have been a good wife to me."

The meek face looked calm amidst the casements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over! Oh! what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her own ears at every step. This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled, as hert rembling steps led her to his open grave—as she looked her last upon the dear, manly face that had ever had a smile for her!

"If I had been tender to him that day," she often sobbed out, as she accused herself, "I would give worlds!" But the sorrow, dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence. Now the widowed woman is the welcome visitor by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother—her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet—her very sympathy the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face! that but for her neglect, might be smiling on her now—and with the rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

DEATH AND DEATH-SCENES.

The following passages exhibiting the views of a candid and thoughtful clergyman, who is probably more familiar with death bed scenes than any other in America, are taken from the Autobiography of Rev. Theodore Clapp. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Clapp commenced his ministerial labors as a strict Calvinist, but was led gradually to embrace a more cheering and hopeful faith, and is now a prominent and zealous minister of the Universalist denomination:

"In all my experiences, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread, or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful visitation of unknown, inconceivable agony, over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are dreadfully aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by furies into the presence of an avenging Judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last, than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the unacclimated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of the Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. Death is called a sleep in the Scripture "Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the toilsome day of life is over." Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they become cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, their "ruling passion." A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of the yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans.—Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend whom he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book, and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, "I am blind; I cannot see; I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?" His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possessed at the moment of death.

It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thought, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf.

In all my experiences in New Orleans, I have met with no dying persons who were terrified, except church members who had been brought up in the Trinitarian faith. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that these persons were not good Christians. They were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity was the cause of their fear and apprehensions. One, to whom I allude, embraced the Calvinistic doctrine of election. He was a just, conscientious, most excellent man. I knew him perfectly. His last words were, "I have no hope; all is dark. There is a bare possibility that I may be saved." This was the language of honesty. For he held that salvation would be conferred upon only a part of mankind, elected to this destiny by a decree of God—eternal, immutable, and altogether irrespective of character and works, and all the remainder would be doomed to eternal woe, without any regard to their merit or demerit. No honest man, with such a creed, could die without the greatest dread and anxiety. For if God has inflexibly determined to destroy a portion of his children, however pure and good they may be, no one can know absolutely, from his character, that he is among the saved; no one can feel certain of enjoying that final everlasting happiness.

When I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter insufficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour. Paul says, the revelation of Jesus was given, "to deliver those, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Ancient pagan literature invariably represents death as the greatest calamity of human existence; it was denominated the stern, terrible, insatiate, cold, bitter, merciless "foe." It was the avenue to eternal night; where the fair, the venerated and the loved would be lost beyond recovery. If all this were true, we might justly say, "Speak not to us of consolation; there *is* no consolation; there is no support for such a lot as ours; nothing but dullness can bear it; nothing but stupidity can tolerate it; and nothing but idiocy could be indifferent to it." Jesus came into the world to announce the sublime doctrine that no one ever was, or ever will be, injured by death; that death is not so much as the interruption of existence; that death indeed, is only death in appearance, while in reality the spirit's life is progressive, ever continued and immortal.

Whoever, then, advocates those views of death, the belief of which tends to make its recipients afraid to die ignores the messages of the gospel on this momentous theme. The great prominent truth of the Bible is, that, in every instance, "the day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." All these efforts to make death a scarecrow, to frighten men into the church, are as low and debasing as they are irrational and anti-Christian. Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man.

Not the blue sky, not the richest landscape, not the flowers of spring, not all the charms of music, poetry, eloquence, art, or literature, present to our contemplation anything so lovely and magnificent as death and its consequences, viewed through the telescope of the New Testament. Yet almost all the clergy, for fifteen hundred years, have employed their utmost genius, learning and oratory, to portray, in colors so appalling, that nobody who believes them can think upon the grave but with the deepest dread, dejection and horror It would be quite as wise to bring up our children atheists, as to corrupt their minds with apprehension that the dissolution of the body may conduct them to everlasting evil. It would be better, safer every way, for our children to believe in annihilation than in endless misery.

SPIRIT VISION AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

When I took his hand in mine, he said, "The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears and misgivings. What will become of me?" I replied, "What, sir, is your strongest wish?" He answered, "That it may please God to forgive and save me, for Christ's sake." I added, "If this is the real wish of your heart, it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?" I inquired. He said, "No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf his surviving children."—"Suppose," I continued, "you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace forever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father? He answered in the affirmative. I said, "Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as he does himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than he could destroy himself?"

"I see I am in the error," he exclaimed. "O, God, help me and strengthen me!" I then made a short prayer.

* * * * * * *

Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, "It is finished;" then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, "God be praised, I see my father."—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, "What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?" He answered, "My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is, (pointing upwards,) smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone." On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good looking corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his

whole appearance that of statue-like repose—There he lay before me, as beautiful as life itself. His countenance wore such a smile of ecstacy, I could hardly realize that his immortal spirit had fled. I laid my hand on his heart. It moved not.

This incident made a lasting impression on my mind. It deepened, it strengthened, immeasurably my belief that the soul survives the body.—"Who knows," said I to myself, "but every one of these hundreds that are dying around me, when they draw their last breath, are greeted by the disembodied spirits of those whom they loved on earth, and have come to convoy them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?"

Shortly after this, I was standing beside the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother, saying, 'Do you not see my sister (who died of yellow fever a few weeks before) *there?*" pointing upwards. "There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven." Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us as guardian angels, to breathe in our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions.

THE REASONS FOR IRVING'S CELIBACY.—Instead of being a "defect," the celibacy of Irving was his crown of glory. Those who have studied his writings must have been struck with the remarkable transition from humor to pathos, from the broadest fun to the most meditative sentiment which occurs between the facetious History of New York and the Sketch-Book. Many, perhaps, imagine that this is accounted for by his loss of fortune. But the feeling is too soulful for such an interpretation. It had its origin in one of those disappointments of the heart which color all the subsequent life of a true man. We trust that now there is no want of delicacy in alluding to the fact that the early object of Irving's love died during their betrothal. We have heard the last interview described by a member of her family; and to the sacred sorrow thus engendered is to be ascribed much that is touching and true in the sentiment of Irving's writings; to his fealty to this affection, in no small degree, is owing the continued sensibility which kept his heart fresh to the last; and, above all, that respect for and sympathy with the innate and holy sentiments of humanity, which he so uniformly manifested in letters and in life. Nor is this all. Time may have healed the wound and reconciled the bereft to another relation; but there intervened a period of disaster which drove his eldest brother to bankruptcy; for his sake and that of his family of daughters, Washington Irving continued single, took them all home, and became a father to the children. Beautiful was their mutual devotion; happy their congenial household; and Sunnyside is now bequeathed to them. No one familiar with Mr. Irving, associated the idea of celibacy with him; he was always in a domestic atmosphere; his neices were like daughters; his fair neighbors his favorite companions, children the delight of his heart. With such free and fond affections he could, under no circumstances, lead the life of a single man, as the phrase is usually understood. He was domesticated in families abroad; he was the endeared center of one at home; and one of the most beautiful aspects of his life, as well as one of the most honorable, is that selected as exceptional, after the flippant habit of those who ignorantly condemn what they have neither the justice to examine, nor the refinement of soul to conjecture *may be* an evidence of the highest love and the most heroic self-denial.—[Boston Transcript.

INSTINCT OF APPETITE.

We constantly notice, at our own table, that a child will be ravenously fond of a particular dish, and after a while turn from it. The reason is, that there was a constituent in the much loved food which the system required, and which it drank up greedily until it was fully supplied, and then instinct would receive no more. A thirsty man, like the arid soil, drinks the water until the one is full and the other is saturated, and then the water is refused or rejected. The soil will not receive it, and it flows off; and when a man has enough, he becomes nauseated if he tries to drink more. To most persons, water has a very disagreeable taste, if it is attempted to be forced.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from these facts is simply this: Do not force your child or yourselves to take one single mouthful of any food or drink which they do not like. In sickness or health consult the instincts of the appetite, and yield to them implicit and instant obedience. There is sometimes a morbid appetite, and if indulged in freely, injurious, if not fatal, effects may follow; but in the most of these cases, even, we prefer to believe that it is the quantity which does the harm, and not the quality; so that we are in the habit of saying to some dyspeptics, "Eat what you most crave: but if you find that it is uniformly followed by some disagreeable feeling, instead of discarding the article of food, take half as much next time, and continue to diminish the quantity until it is found how much of its favorite dish Nature can take with perfect impunity. If a spoonful only can be taken with perfect impunity, give Nature that spoonful as long as she craves it."

Most of us can call to mind cases where a craved dish or drink was imperatively forbidden, under fear of death, if indulged in; and yet the patient, in desperation, has gotten up in the night, satisfied the appetite, and recovered from that hour. We advise the safer plan; take a little at a time of what is so earnestly craved, and gradually feel the way along to an amount which Nature will bear. Physicians may rest assured that if the instincts of the invalid and the convalescent were more closely observed and studied, they would be more successful with less medicine.

ORGANIZATION AGAIN.

I never liked the word, as representing what I mean by *Order*. I used it in hopes to make myself understood, by those who chose it. I care not for a word. Mr. Newton thinks *he* differs little if any from me. I am not sure that he quite understands me, or I him. We shall yet understand each the other and be understood by the readers. I think Spiritualists have had Order—have had Organization—are in Order, are in Organization, as far as these are in them. If they grow in these, they will live out more. If they grow, I believe their Organization—Order—will *change* its form, its mode of action, of manifestation. It has been in continued change in the past, and been generally spontaneous. Here, I will drop the subject, unless called out, till our friends who write for and urge *more* Organization, introduce something more definite to show us *what* they think should be done, and what further they think *can* be done without bondage or encroachment upon our spontaneity—and the ever changing action of that spontaneity. Then we shall know their meaning. We are willing and hope to progress in all truly good things.

What I have always understood the friends of Organization to mean has necessarily been a sort of fixedness—of sameness, which was absolutely impossible with a true individual freedom. Many have sought to avoid this, but have always failed. They still hope for success, and will try again and again, doubtless. I believe the two are positively incompatible. But I go with friend Newton in his "fraternal co-operation" in every useful object now, and am willing to trust mind in freedom to grow into and work out Nature in its *more perfect forms of Divine Order* or *Organization*.

AUSTIN KENT.

MARRIAGE AND SUCCESS IN ART.—Ann Denham was the name of Flaxman's wife, and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was.—He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intenser spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "so Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist."—Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I'm ruined for an artist." "How so, John?—How has it happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well-known and had often been expressed, that if students would excel they must bring their whole powers of mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman drawing up his little figure to its full height, "*I* would be a great artist." "And you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Flaxman. "Work and economise," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair, that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me." He kept his word.—["Self-help," by J. Smiles.

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How and Why I Became a Spiritualist. By W. A. Danskin, Baltimore. Price 38 cents.

The Educator; a valuable late work, through John Murray Spear. Edited by A. E. Newton. Price $2.00.

Woodman's Three Lectures in reply to Dr Dwight's sermon on Spiritualism. A New Edition—stereotyped. Price 20 cents.

Mrs. Hatch's Discourses, Vol. 1—$1.00.

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NOTICE.—Persons visiting Boston for a few days or longer and preferring a private house to a public hotel, can find good accommodations at No. 5 Hayward Place, the most desirable part of the city.

Medical Cards.

A Book of Thrilling Interest for the Young
THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH!

Just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of self abuse, and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Spinal Debility, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

The above work is one of the most thrilling interest to the Young of both Sexes; detailing some of the most thrilling cases and incidents, in the practice of the Author, pointing out the great causes for such decline and decay of American Youth.

The Book is written in chaste language and should be read by every Parent and Guardian that has the least solicitude or the well-being of offspring and youth. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two (3 cent) stamps for postage.

☞ In view of the awful destruction of human life and health, by marasmus or premature exhaustion and decay of the nervous system, caused by sexual diseases, such as the vice of Self-abuse, Seminal weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Syphilis and virulent affections, Gleet, Impotence, Leucorrhœr and Sterility, and organic diseases of the Kidneys, and in view of the deceptions which are practiced upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by quacks and base pretenders, the Directors of the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute have instructed their attending physician to treat this all-pervading class of modern maladies so productive Pulmonaay Consumption. The Institution is provided with the aids of the most improved practice of France, England, and the Oriental countries in order to insure the utmost and speedy success. The most scrupulous regard to confidence and fidelity will be guaranteed every patient and applicant. The medicines used by the Institution are guaranteed free from Mercury, Minerals and Poisons of every nature. The most approved medicines, of recent discovery imported from India and Japan—and concentrated in the form of Extracts and Alkaloids, are alone used—our remedies will not expose, nor sicken nor debilitate under any circumstance. The Institution has the honor of treating as patients some of the most distinguished men in the United States. Patients can at all times be treated by letter and cured at home, on receiving a full statement of their symptoms, and medicines can be sent by mail or express to any part of the United States and the Canadas.

YOUNG MEN suffering from these direful ills, will receive for $5 a series of Health Rules and perfect Charts of cure, which will be to them a true Polar Star through life

TO FEMALES—The Monthly Pills, prepared by the Institution, are a never-failing remedy for Suppresions of every nature, will be sent by mail to any part of the country on the receipt of $1, with ample instructions for the use, under all circumstances.

Address DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for the diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 96, Fifth st., Troy, New York. n5 1y

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WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., 7 doors from Kilby st., Boston, where may be found a large stock of BOTANIC MEDICINES, embracing every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid and Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Preparations; together with a full assortment of

ALL OTHER KINDS OF MEDICINES,

Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Syringes, Medical Books, Liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes; and a great variety of Miscellaneous Articles, including *almost everything wanted by the Apothecary or Physician.*

Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly filled and warded to any part of the country. 18—y.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

☞ Patients desiring board shou give notic in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

THE SICK ARE HEALED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.



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(the *Vital Forces*) without Medicine! Book of Information" respecting the New *Method of Cure*, sent to you for 1 dime. Address DARIUS SUNDERLAND. Boston, Mass. 3 12t.

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DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platina, with Athelode Gums, from $15 to $65. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8 tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

A graphic and truthful Narration, "Digging for Capt Kydd's Treasure!" By one of the diggers. TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are said to be buried within two miles New York city. The Revelation of the spirit of Kydd thus far proved true. Sent by mail. Price 15 cts. Address B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 54 Great Jones st. N. Y.

TO LECTURERS.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentlemen who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by

B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

[Continued from 5th page.]

and divine order on earth. It must go forth armed with no carnal weapon to destroy God's earth born children; it must not go forth in an organized army and navy, to deluge the earth in human gore, and kill God's earth-born children. No, no! its missions must be to seek and to save the lost.

When it goes forth into all the world it must not become a political power or have any alliance with the unfruithful works of darkness, but be as a light set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Our brotherhood must be a moral power in the earth, and it guardian angel, must be the *prince* of *peace*; it must provide for all its members physically, intellectually, and spiritually; it must feed, clothe, and protect all who are living in its communion, and say to all the inhabitants of the earth, neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more; it will have no fellowship as a brotherhood with any organization, political or religious, that upholds war, slavery, poligamy or intemperance; but will treat all such as brothers of one common parent, and give them the hand of fellowship, as soon as they come to a knowledge of the truth, and agree to do right, and act right one towards another. Our brotherhood must be christian in spirit, and all its members must be baptized with the holy spirit of the living inspiration of God; and when such an organization has been fully developed on the earth, every member will be baptized with the spirit of the living father; and all its members will have the gift of the spirit, but diversities of gifts according to their unfoldings; each one will have the self-same spirit because each one has drank from the great fountain of eternal life and wisdom.

Having written and ascertained what we ought to be the true followers of the great mediums of Nazareth, I make the inquirry how many of us are ready at the present time to help start such an organization.

Nearly all are agreed that there needs to be a great change in society before true spiritualism and practical christianity can cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and how must this change be brought about? Can it be brought about without a continual struggle for the faith once delivered to the saints? Can we stand on the platform of practical christianity unless we do the things that we say? Why stand ye idle all the day long, oh ye reformer; hath not the great Jehovah sent you out to work in his vineyard? Are not the fields already white for the harvest? and are not the laborers few who are filled with that wisdom that cometh down from Heaven, that giveth eternal life to a world, travailing in selfishness, and worshipping the god of mammon. Oh tell us ye angels of God that dwell in the golden circles of harmony, is there no better, is there no truer, and is there no more practical christianity to be given to the inhabitants of earth than the present? Was there no more meaning than this when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Yes I hear them responding, glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace and good will to men. There is a brighter and better day coming, already has the dawn began. The angels of God have come down to the earth, clothed with majesty and power; saying to the inhabitants of the earth, fear not! Behold we bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all the people. Let us take courage then, Br. Reformer, and look to the great Fountain of Love and Wisdom, for our instructions; and remember the words of Jesus, "my father is greater than I." And would it not be well for us all to remember this, and let the Holy Spirit come and dwell in our hearts, giving us the true gifts of the spirit.

There will of course be diversity of gifts, but the same spirit; and now comes home the question, How are we to become one in spirit, and one in harmony? I trust I shall be able to make this point plain, so that no one can misunderstand my meaning. I wish to give my own impressions and my own feelings in relation to this great and important subject, and clear the skirts of my garments from all participation in the follies of an unreliable spiritualism.

Then first, let it be understood that I am firmly in the belief that the pure in heart shall see God; and the impure, the disobedient, the selfish shall be like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt; and if we wish to come into harmony with Christ's Kingdom, we must live up to the laws of our being; deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. We must unfold our spiritual beings, by worshipping one living, that God; and not worship at the shrine of the god of gold, and of silver. As long as the human family worship at this altar, they cannot come into harmony with the gospel of the peace. Slavery, war, intemperance and poligamy, all bow in reverence to the selfish god, of gold and silver.

It is no wonder to me that so many of God's earth-born children are groaning in darkness and spiritual death. They will not come to the light least their deeds shall be reproved. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Come up higher on the plain of practical chiristianity where slavery cannot come war, intemperance, lust, cannot enter in for when a brother or sister joins the brotherhood of harmony they must become coworkers with the prince of peace.

Having showed as we think the great need of such a brotherhood, the question comes home to every honest reformer, in thundering tones, Why can we not establish a social and divine order on the earth? Answer this question ye teachers of practical righteousness and tell me why it cannot be done, and come forth for action, or cease to preach a doctrine that can never be carried out into practical life.

The time has come, in my opinion, for action, there are thousands of good and honest brothers and sisters in our land, who, like the great teacher of Nazareth have not where to their heads.

But the first question in order is what contribution are you prepared to subscribe for the acquisition of a suitable domain in a healthy locality, the smallest subscription from $10, upwards will be received and your contribution will be repaid to you in land at cost. Perhaps you are not prepared to emigrate; what matters it, let us secure our domain, and then each of us can emigrate when circumstances will allow.

A tract of land in Virginia is offered us at $2, per acre, and one of the directory having been on or near these lands, thinks it would make us a suitable domain. Lands in other places are also offered us at very low rates. So soon as sufficient contributions are subscribed for the acqusition of a suitable domain, the directory will examine these lands and report to you; and they are men of talent and experience, and some of them are familiar with pioneer work in a new country. We mention these facts to satisfy those who would aid the work pecuniarily, that the affairs will be managed with such prudence and economy that they can run no risk of loss.

The Directory of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood, have made the owners of these Virginia lands an offer provided they suit them after they shall make a thorough and careful examination of these lands. Namely: if they suit us we have offered to take 16000 acres, and have five years to settle and pay for said lands.

If a company belonging to our brotherhood goes out this spring as pioneer, they are to have a deed of their lands as soon as it is paid for at $2 per acre, and all other companies emigrating at different periods of time have their lands at cost, and have five years to settle the whole colony in; thus you see we shall not be obliged to get a full company at first but can emigrate as fast as we get ready, and have five years to complete our noble enterprise.

I have received a letter from the owners of these lands informing me they see no reason why they cannot furnish us these lands according to our proposals. They inform me that they would give us more information concerning these lands at a very early date, and will send us maps showing us the exact locality. Letters are coming from various parts of the country, and many have already joined our movement.

Friends of similar movements let us co-operate together. Our ground plan is large enough for all classes of reformers in the church, and out of it, who are desirous of saving the Kingdom of Heaven, established on the earth. Let the firm and the resolved be with us.

Application for documents, information, membership, &c., with remittances to pay the expenses of correspondence, may be made to the undersigned, or any other member of the directory. Yours for the redemption of the races. D. C. GATES.

WORCESTER, Jan. 9th., 1860.

A WITTY CLERGYMAN.—Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of wit and humor. On one occasion he entreated an officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the halberts. The officer offered to grant his request if he would, in return grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer demanded that a ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The gentleman agreed to it, and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in the baptism of children, and said: "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremony of that Church." "Certainly," said the major, "I expect all the ceremony." "Well, then, major, I begin with the usual question—Do you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away.

Poetry.

[From the Massachusetts Spy]

DOWN THE RIVER.

Down the River, Life's deep river,
'Neath a calm, unclouded sky,
We are floating, fondly floating
Each on each—my bride and I.
Frail our bark is, and its sails
Would be rent by adverse gales,
And we know not of the lore
Which guardeth bark from shore to shore,
Yet we know (I know not why)
Naught of Fear, my bride and I.

Down the River, deep'ning river,
As the tide of Time runs on,
We are sailing, ne'er bewailing
That our bark is not more strong,
Joy-bells ringing! gaily singing
Pœans to young life's beginning!
As we swiftly pass its shore,
Loving daily more and more;
Little heed we that the sky
Is distant, low'ring, bride and I.

Down the River! widening river,
As it neareth to the sea—
To the boundless, trackless ocean
Of God's own Eternity!
Each caressing, either blessing,
And a purer joy confessing
In the wedded days we've known
As the happy days have flown,
And we talk of "by and by,
Like young lovers! bride and I.

Down the River! flitting river,
Time is flitting with its shores,
As swift we ride upon its tide,
Which ever outward, seaward pours.
And we know that on the deep
'Neath which countless wrecked ones sleep,
Our frail bark is launched forever!
But we dream not *we* may sever,
And, as the angry gust sends by,
No danger heed, my bride and I.

Sudden comes a rushing blast,
As the lightning, fierce and fast,
Drowning seas our bark o'erwhelm;
Death has seized our shivering helm!
Thickest darkness comes, and fear
Drives the hot blood from my heart,
As the wailing cry I hear,
Of "My beloved, we must part!"
And nevermore shall cloudless sky
Smile on wedded wife and I.

Nevermore! adown the river,
Love's freighted shallop shall I guide;
Death has drawn from out his quiver,
His sharpest arrow, for my bride.
Helmless o'er life's heavy sea,
Weary, drifting, floats my bark,
Onward! to Eternity!
Its only beacon through the dark,
The heavenly promise from on high,
We "meet again!" my bride and I.

Down the River! across the sea!
Trusting patient, let me wait,
Until the haven promised me
Is reached, at Heaven's golden gate.
And the gentle soul which shared,
And sharing, lightened this life's burden,
Again shall greet my own, prepared
To share with her its promised guerdon,
In realms where is no death to die,
Forever blessed, my bride and I.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soapsuds, and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds. It should be changed once a year.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, rooms, 145 Hanover street, Boston Office Hours from 9 A. M., to 6 P. M. Terms, for private sittings $1,00 per hour.

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By a Spiritual Lecturer and Examiner, suitable rooms furnished. He is not always here, but expects to examine and give Psychometric readings when he is in the city. The rent must not be large, hence a retired street, with a reception or waiting, and an examining room is what is needed. Plainness and economy are the objects. Address "ROSICRUCIAN," at this office, stating locality and terms.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, with Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress and American Minister to Naples. An exceedingly interesting Book of 528 pages 12mo. Price $1.25—postage 20 cents Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. n 21, tf.

New Graeffenberg Water Cure and Hinesipathic Institute, (near Utica, N. Y.)

This establishment has been in successful operation for the past twelve years, and under the control of the present Physician during the whole time, which is a longer period than any similar institution has been conducted by the same individual in this country.

ELECTRICITY, (MINERAL and ANIMAL) is our greatest agent in curing the ills which flesh is heir to, but experience has demonstrated that it is necessary to understand the use of water for its most successful application.

Those who believer in cure by the laying on of hands, we will add that many of our most important cures have been effected in part by such means.

For particulars, address R. HOLLAND, M. D., New Graeffenberg, N. Y.

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All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above.

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Wm. Holland, Clairvoyant and Electropathic Physician. Careful and thorough examinations made in every case. 121, Hudson st.
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Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

MISS MOULTON will hold circles in the first room on the second floor, No. 171, corner of Court & Sudbury streets, Boston, every Monday night, for trance speaking; every Sunday and Wednesday night, for miscellaneous communications; and every Friday for development, commencing at 7 1-4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cts. She will also give private sittings for the development of mediums (for which her powers are specially adapted,) for which she will require to be paid a reasonable compensation, according to circumstances. 13tf

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,
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ORGAN HARMONIUMS,
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ORGAN MELODEONS, AND MELODEONS,
NO. 511 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four setts of reeds, eleven registers or (stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Æolian harp. The Performer, at his option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Hautboy, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listning to either of the above instruments separately, or combine the whole, and thus give the effect of GRAND ORGAN.—In an elegant rosewood case for $250.

THE PEDAL BASS HARMONIUM is arranged with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set running an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub-Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a house that seats from 1000 to 1500 persons.

THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of Keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church instrument, when used without the Pedals.

Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use

Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. Having resumed the spacious Buildings, 511 Washington Street, we have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced workmen. In short, we will promise our customers an instrument equal if not superior to any manufacturer, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of Boston, who have examined our Instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:

Chickering & Sons; Wm. P. Emerson; Geo. Hews; Hallet & Cumston; Brown & Allen; Woodward & Brown; T. Gilbert & Co; A. W. Ladd & Co.; Newhall & Co.

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS RENTED.—Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instruments before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent at least of a year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

PRICE LIST.

Scroll leg, 1 1-2 octave, $60; Scroll leg, 5 octave, $75; Piano style, 5 octave, $100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, $110; Piano style, carved leg, $125; Piano style, 2 sets of reeds, 150; Piano style, 6 octave, $130; Organ Melodeon, $200; Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Harmonium, $275.

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Mr. Rand's Pamphlet, giving an account of the Davenport boys and their liberation from jail by the spirits, is for sale at the Spiritual Book Store of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

"Special Inducements."

For three dollars the subscriber, publisher of many valuable Spiritual Reform works, will send at retail prices free of postage or by Express, three dollars worth of any books published by him, and in addition thereto, either the Spiritual Age or the Banner of Light for six months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who want to purchase an assortment of the above at reduced prices. Address BELA MARSH,
14 Bromfield street, Boston.

☞Send for Catalogue.

P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n10t

S. T. MUNSON,

Having removed from No 5 Great Jones street, is now located at 143 Fulton street, where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphlets, &c. He is also prepared to do a general Agency business and solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. S. T. M. is the sole agent in New York City for Mrs. METTLER'S invaluable medicines. Restorative Syrup—Qts $2—Pints $1,00.—Pulmonaria $1 00 per Bottle. Neutralizing Mixture 50 cts.—Dysentery Corcial 50 cts.—Elixir 50 cts—Liniment $1,50.—Healing Ointment per Box, 25 cts. These medicines will be carefully packed and shipped to any part of the country

General Agent. S. T. MUNSON, 143 Fulton street, N Y n7tf

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Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium
Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium.
Mr. A. B. Pierce, Belfast, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Gibson Smith, Camden, Trance Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium.
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Miss A. C. Cram, Stevens' Plains, Writing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
Benj. Colson, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium

Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the AGE.]

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

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

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

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

Miss EMMA HARDINGE speaks in New Orleans in December; all applications for Southern cities to be addressed care of N. C. Folgar, Esq, New Orleans. In Jan. and Feb. 1860, in Memphis and Cincinnati; in March, April, &c., in Philadelphia, Providence and the East.

Residence 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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

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

Miss ROSA T. AMEDEY will leeture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st, prior to Dec. 28th and during the month of January, in care of L. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 5w

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be attended to. She will visit Memphis, Tenn., in Feb. and St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at her Box, 422, Bridgeport, Conn

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

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QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1860. VOL I.---NO. 21.

AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM.

For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do.—*Phil.* II. 13.

It may be, as indeed many suppose to be the case, that this text should be restricted in its application, to those who are sanctified by truth; to those who thus naturally will and do, only as God wills to have them. But whether the writer would apply this language only to a particular class of men, or to all men, is a matter of indifference to our present purpose. It will be seen at least, that the idea of authority, of control on the part of God, over the volitions and actions of those to whom the text was intended to apply;—it will be seen, I say, that this idea seemed uppermost in the Apostle's mind.

But notwithstanding God is here said to work in them, both to will and to do, apparently thus to control their volitions and actions, is it to be supposed that this control on God's part was at all inconsistent with the real and substantial freedom of those of whom the text is predicated? Does the fact that God worketh in them both to will and to do, the fact that he thus influences and controls them, serve to render them the less free as human, as moral beings? Undoubtedly not. If any man is free, it is the fully unfolded Christian. Those whose will and desires, whose entire moral natures have become subordinate to the Divine will, on whom and in whom God exercises His supreme, almost absolute authority, we are wont to esteem, and the Scriptures constantly concur in representing as the freest of the free. Christ says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The Apostle exhorts to "stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." These are those, of whom it is said, God worketh in them, both to will and to do.

Would it not seem from these circumstances, that there is somehow possibly an entire reconciliation between what we term authority and freedom? Is it not possible, that the Divine Sovereignty may be found to be, after all, perfectly consistent with man's conscious freedom? I confess that such appears to me plainly, and frequently implied in the Scriptures. Indeed, I conceive it the aim of Christianity, in its high development of man, to place him in that condition, when, at the same time he bows to the absolute will of Jehovah, feels God is all in all, he still possesses the entire consciousness that he is free; that he enjoys the most perfect and blissful freedom.

I desire to offer a few suggestions, at this time, upon the subject of *Authority and Freedom;* and this more especially, with a view to indicate their possible entire reconciliation with each other.—Your attention is invited then,

1. *To the Nature of Authority.*

Perhaps there never was an age, when men usually seemed so exceedingly jealous of every species of Authority, as now in this present age. They seem to associate with this idea, only that of despotic control. Authority is almost universally conceived, as only the most opposite thing in the world to freedom, and hence utterly irreconcilable with freedom. Freedom is generally defined to be the absence of control. Thus, where there is control, where authority is exercised, in just so far the individual is not free.

Conceiving these two subjects in this light, we may account for that endless discussion, to no definite result, respecting the doctrine of necessity and that of the freedom of the human will. Men have said, now if God controls man's volitions, then man is not free. If Divine Sovereignty is a true hypothesis, then freedom is a delusion. Man is a mere machine. But does not man feel that he is free? Yes. Then the idea of Divine Sovereignty is a delusion. Thus these two doctrines are arrayed, one against the other; the possibility of their perfect harmony with each other, never being for once conceived.

Now we shall take the ground, in this discourse, that authority and freedom are not only consistent with each other, but that in fact they depend one upon the other; insomuch that absolute authority is the very basis, the only possible condition of absolute freedom. I think the Scriptures already alluded to, fully embody this idea. But let us examine a little into the nature of authority; into the nature of absolute authority.

Suppose a person is forced to perform a certain act, by mere brute power. Here is one species of authority. It is naked, sheer compulsion. The individual did not desire to act in this way, but on the contrary, preferred not to do it. He felt a deep, utter repulsion toward performing the act. Still, he was made to do it, by the application of external brute force.

Now, evidently, in this case, the person was not free, and sorely felt that he was not. Here we see despotic control. Here is an instance of slavery, so to speak. Any such authority is certainly not consistent with freedom. If God's Sovereignty over man was to be maintained only in this way, by external brute force, then would it indeed convert him into a mere machine. It is well understood, however, that God never seeks to control man in this way. If he controls man at all, it is by a far more ethereal and consistent force.

Then again, this is not absolute control. For the person's feelings, wishes, entire mind and heart, were in constant rebellion to that mechanical power, by which simply the outward act was forced upon him. His entire being was not controlled, but the body simply. Certainly this does not amount to absolute authority. But here is another way to control human action. You do not apply brute force, but simply fear, for instance; the fear of punishment; you threaten the person with punishment; you present some evil or misery, to which he will be subjected if he does not perform the act you command him. The person thus controlled, is a slave in the ordinary and proper sense of the term. The slave in constant fear and dread of the lash, performs his task, not because he wishes to, or is willing to do so. He hates that task. But he rather do it, than suffer the punishment that awaits him if he refuses. Ordinarily political despotism is of this nature. Brute force is not employed, but fear of punishment. The subject submits to be scourged by his tyrant rather than suffer the rack, transportation, or any other cruelty, which the despot may fancy to inflict.

What we call moral bondage is of the same species. The individual does not love God, does not desire to obey him. But awed by the threatenings, dreading the punishment of guilt, he consents to yield an external obedience, while his heart is in utter rebellion to that control. This was more especially the character of the Jewish Church. The Jews are said to have been in bondage under the law. God said to them, observe my statutes, or I will send the famine, the sweeping pestilence, the scourge of war, the ruin of your hopes and prospects. They obeyed, if at all, out of fear and dread of these evils. They did not wish to obey, but preferred doing so, to the suffering those severe punishments. The professed Christian, who seeks religion, attempts to live a pious life, not for the love of God, not for the love of moral excellence, but because he wishes to escape hell, is in a like state of moral bondage.

Now here is a species of authority, which is not consistent with what we call freedom. It engenders a feeling of restraint; of bondage. We see here what is the very essence of slavery. It is being compelled by means of these external appeals, to do that which we desire not to do. This is the very essence of slavery.

Nor is this authority, on the other hand, what may be called strictly absolute authority. It is very far from it. While fear, dread, compels the individual to act in a certain manner, his wishes, his aspiration, all the rest of his being, is rebellious toward that control. The heart is not wielded here. That only is absolute, total control, which sways the entire man; works in him to will, wish, and perform. God only can exercise this complete, this entire control over man. He alone can energize our whole being; and only then, consciously at least, when our will bows in perfect subordination to his.

The great difficulty with all human authorities is, that they are not absolute, being human. They must be to some extent external. Often, they consist only in external control; in outward restraint, while the heart, the desires, perhaps the holiest aspirations of the individual, are in constant rebellion to this external control. By this outward restraint, thus imposed upon them by various means, men are compelled to do what they desire not to do;—are not permitted to do what they most wish and desire. The heart is not reconciled with the control; is not in unison with it. The authority is thus irksome, and we feel it to be despotic. We feel ourselves slaves, in just so far as we are compelled to act, contrary to our internal wishes and desires. Here is the very essence of slavery;—not in the authority, as we shall be able to show by and by, but in being coerced into obedience to an authority, where we would do otherwise.

It is obvious that any such authority as that at which we have glanced is not consistent with freedom. Take an institution, either of the Church or State, which rules only in this arbitrary, external manner, and that institution will be felt and realized as utterly despotic. As a general thing, all human institutions partake more or less of this character. Men obey, become subservient and passive to them, not from any deep ground of sympathy and love, but they are awed into a superficial conformity, by an appeal to the lower animal instincts

But the authority, which we have just described, is not that which is described in the text.—That is not external merely, but internal also. In fact, it is external, *because it is internal* God worketh in you both to will and to do Controlling the volition even, He of course controls the action. This is absolute authority. It takes hold of the heart, the will, the desire, the aspiration, yea, and rules the entire realm of being. There is no opposing will, wish or thought. God is all in all.—This is absolute authority. Anything short of this is not absolute, and should not be falsely termed and esteemed such. This absolute authority is the basis of absolute freedom. And why? Because we then act, with no wish to act otherwise. Not even wishing to act otherwise, we feel perfectly free in that which we do. Here is the essence of liberty. Not, *in doing just as we please*, but in *pleasing to do just as we do*; in not possessing a wish to do otherwise. An authority which takes this hold upon every affection, every desire and thought, is thus the basis of freedom.

2. *To the subject of freedom.*

Let us go into a more minute investigation, as to the nature and essence of what we term freedom. The more general impression, with regard to the nature of freedom is, that it consists in the absence of authority or control. Nothing is more incorrect, in my estimation, than this idea. Men talk of the freedom of the human will. Their conception of it is, that God has left man to do as he pleases, not seeking to control his thoughts, willing and action, but leaving him to think, will and act, as seemeth to himself good. This is the more usual idea of freedom. And it is owing to this mistaken conception, as to the very essence of liberty, that men find it impossible to reconcile Divine Authority with it. It is owing to this, also, that the world has ever been rent with fruitless discussions upon the subject of free-will on one hand, and Divine Sovereignty on the other. One says, does not experience demonstrate that man is controlled by circumstances? Does not the idea of cause conduct us from the great First Cause, down to all effects and events, which happen in the world? This cannot be disputed. It never has, and it never could be successfully controverted. But then, another says, if such be the case, man is a mere machine. You thus annihilate freedom. So there is no reconciliation between authority and freedom. The question remains unsettled. Men either abide by Divine Sovereignty, and reject the idea that man is free, or they assume man to be free at any rate, and hence reject the Doctrine of Divine Sovereignty. The truth of the matter is, both these ideas are immutable facts. The error is in the conception as to what constitutes the essence of liberty; in defining it to be the absence of authority. It has happened with this question, as it has happened with many others, which have created so much controversy in the world. Both parties are correct; the difference being in the fact, that each party views only the opposite side of the same truth. Or rather, perhaps, that each party considers his fact perfectly irreconcilable with his opponent's idea, and hence maintains his own, to the entire exclusion of the other. I repeat, however, that it is not the case, as has been so generally conceived, one or the other of these ideas must be esteemed false, in order to make room for the truth of the opposite one. They are in harmony. They are both true. Man is essentially, substantially free, and yet, God worketh in him, both to will and to do. But let us proceed to illustrate the nature and essence of liberty.

To illustrate, we will suppose a case, in which I induce an individual to serve me in a certain respect, by an appeal to his interest and affection. I actually make it for his interest to serve me in this particular, and make him feel and realize it is for his interest to do so. Not only this, but I secure his love, affection, his aspiration, in favor of doing it. I make it a matter of inclination to serve me in this particular, and he performs the service. Now, we will suppose a different case. I compel a person to do this same service, by external means. I compel him to do it, contrary to his interest, contrary to his wishes, desires and entire feeling, in the matter. He, too, performs the service. These two instances will suffice for our present purpose. In the case of the first individual, you say he acted freely. In the other case, by compulsion. The first individual was exercising the entire prerogative of a free man. The other was made a slave. Now let me ask, if there was any less authority in the first instance, than in the second? The authority was of a different nature, it is true. But did I not as much control the individual in one case as in the other? Evidently I did; and yet, you say that one acted freely, while the other obeyed as a slave. Authority was despotic here, while there it was not. We may go still farther. In the instance in which, as you say, the man acted freely, my authority, my control was *more* absolute, than in the case of the individual, who acted, as you say, from compulsion. It was more complete, more absolute, because I not only controlled his action, as in the other case, but even the willing, the affection, the entire heart. Do you not perceive, then, that authority is not incompatible with freedom? Do you not perceive, even, that the more absolute the authority, the more perfect the freedom?—even that which you say is freedom. What then, does it appear is the essence of liberty? It is not in doing as you please, but in pleasing to do as you do. It does not consist in the absence of authority and control, but in the absence of all feeling or wish to do otherwise than as we are controlled to do. Now this idea of freedom answers to your daily, practical conception of it. The cases which I have supposed are practical cases. In one, you say the man is a free man, and in the other a slave. And yet, this free man is controlled by a more absolute authority than the other. I not merely controlled his action, but his will and affection. His entire heart was in unison with my control; and this was the reason why the control was not esteemed despotic—why he was esteemed to act freely. Let us now go back to the sentiment expressed in the text.

"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do." If God so controlled man as to compel him to act contrary to his inclination, his affection and desire, then man would not feel himself free as he now does. But as God controls both his willing and action, he feels free in whatsoever he does. This absolute authority is the very reason why he feels free. If God's authority over us was not absolute, no man would ever mistrust that he was a free agent. The authority is the basis of the freedom. Absolute authority is the only ground for absolute freedom. Hence the philosophy, the reason of the command, to love God with all the heart, might, mind and strength. In this case, the whole realm of thought, desire and affection, is in unison with the Divine Sovereignty; and hence the individual is one of the freest of the free. If the whole heart was not thus in unison with the Divine control, if there was any internal feeling of rebellion, the individual in so far would feel himself a slave.

I will notice one prominent objection to these views, and then close my remarks. If God controls our willing and action, it may be asked, then, what is the propriety of all those invitations on His part, which the Scriptures extend to us, to come to Christ and receive salvation? Why say come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved? Why not make them come? Why say, as in the very verse preceding our text, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling? If God controls our volition and action, why not save us himself? Why tell us to work out our own salvation? I am aware that here is a grave objection to the views we have presented. And yet, the matter is explained in one sentence. These invitations to come, these commands to do, these threatenings and punishments if we do not, are only another means of controlling us. God appeals to us by invitations to come to Christ. They influence us, and we come. Thus the invitations are one of the very means of control. In fact, the very nature of absolute authority, renders it necessary to appeal to man in this way. If God exercised only external control, He could force us to comply. Yet we should feel ourselves slaves in being thus controled. But as God must wield the affection, the will, the desire, in order to render his authority complete and absolute over man, He must needs appeal to the affection, will and desire. Hence He invites, entreats, persuades, commands, promises rewards, threatens punishments, and employs a thousand means of a like character, all of which, and which alone, are calculated to control and influence our inner being. These invitations and promises and commands, therefore, even go to show that God's authority is absolute; and not that men act in the absence of authority. But I will close by saying, in relation to what has been suggested—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

THE JAMAICAN LEGISLATURE.—But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." "A nice house of Assembly, isn't it?" "Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes of which I had read in another country; and thinking also, I must confess, that an absolute scrimmage on the floor of the House might be worth seeing. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time the House was in committee. The louder portion of the noise, I say, for two other honorable members were speaking, and the rest were discussing the matter in small parties. "Shameful, abominable, scandalous!" shouted the angry gentleman over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll not sit in such a house. I'll resign as soon as I see the Speaker in that chair.—Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water." In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a legislator, and drank the rum and water.—[The West Indians and the Spanish Main, By Anthony Trollope.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead o weighing it every time he leaves port.

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DHOULA BEL;

—OR THE—

MAGIC GLOBE.

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BOOK FIRST.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

"'Powers, Rulers, and Energies of the Shadow! The hour for action draws nigh. A mortal hath by the immutable decree of One, before whom even I must bend the knee, been permitted to approach these mystic regions—a pilot, destined to lead the human race into hitherto unknown—unimagined labyrinths of mystery. She shall bear a son—a Neutral man—type of millions yet to be, millions so formed as to dwell at once on both sides of Time's deep river—and therefore destined to become acquainted with the two great Powers, the Shadow and the Light. These neutrals will become the oracles of the earth, and hence followed by countless throngs of other men. It is our interest to secure them; our foes have entered the field of active warfare against us once more. We accept the battle, for the stake is indeed immense. Alcyone hath lately been the scene of a council of the Light, and it was there determined to enact a drama on the earth, in which man shall be the puppet—(yet be free) to be moved by aerial beings, alike of the Shadow and the Light. This woman is one of the performers, her son shall be another; on them are we and our foes of the Light alike to work, in order to solve for man the so-called problem of Good and Evil, and of Free Agency.—We must secure the first men whom the unfolding age shall free from the trammels that hitherto have bound men, and kept the race within the narrow limits of superstitious creeds. The Powers of the Light have full permission to struggle with us for the supremacy, and secure the Coming Monad Man. *We* must secure him even at the price of *Sialam Booghi*—or that we place him on the throne of our Power.—Say, Powers, shall we not meet the foe in this proffered battle—and subdue him, too? Shall we not triumph, and lead the human race whither ye know, in spite of that other power which vaunts its own superiority? Is there one among you who will not cheerfully volunteer to lead our armies on to sudden glory, and most speedy victory?'

"Ten thousand voices answered, 'No, not one.' The imperial speaker went on, saying:

"'It is amusing to see and hear our natural enemies pretend to the degree of excellence they do. One would think that they were never strangers to what they call Truth, by their own story; and yet, had I a subject in all my dominions so far forgetful of his dignity as to condescend to invent such silly tales to be told to mankind, as *they* certainly do, I would dismiss him from the realms of Shadow, and permit him to dwell forever in the midst of the vaunted beauties of perpetual Light. Our foes, somewhat sore, and hence cautious since their last contest, have concocted a subtile plan, by which to defeat us, and add human power to their own puissance. Among men there is a very trite old adage, 'Give the devil his due,' by which I suppose they refer to us. But these worthies of the Light are not so generous; for while they array themselves in brightness, they fail not to paint us in the midnight hues of blackness; whether we are or not, the mortal present can give testimony when she returns to fulfill her mission on the earth. Indeed they have even gone so far as to desecrate our royal figure with hoofs, horns, and a very formidable dragonal caudal appendage; besides confidently assuring mankind that we have a peculiar penchant for burning sulphur, and a digestive apparatus which performs its functions upon molten iron, and liquid sulphur, by way of nectar.'

"At this sally there was a general laugh. He proceeded:

"'Now our *dear friends*, finding themselves unequal, force to force, with us in open warfare, have, while pretending to all conceivable and exclusive goodness—as they call it—stooped to the employment of falsehood. We are not so black as we are painted. They have created an order among men called Pereists, whose business it is to laud our foes, and tell all manner of lies concerning us. Merely for amusement's sake I caused differences to arise between these Pereists, on what they call 'Points of Doctrine,' and it is really laughable to hear them quarrel and hate and abuse each other. Their counsels being divided, discord reigns; the consequence of which is that they do us far more benefit than harm. A house divided against itself must fall eventually, and acting on this maxim, Chaosrael, our trusty messenger, managed to infuse a spirit of rebellious opposition to the accepted dogmas into the bosoms of several leading Pereists, amongst whom was one Martinus Lutheranus—albeit we deny that he ever threw an inkstand at our Imperial head. (The story was suggested to the aforesaid Martinus by a certain personage whose exploits almost rival our own. Of course I refer to our most noble prime minister, Ambitius.)—Mankind, I find generally speak ill of us *outwardly*, but in secret they rather admire us;. the proof of which is that they serve what they think is our common cause.—Their instincts teach them much that we know, and they must be made to learn right soon, that we alone are their true friends and well-wishers, and our foes their most relentless enemies. Now we speak nothing but the truth, notwithstanding we are called 'the Father of Lies,' which by the way is very amusing, seeing that in the same breath they declare that the great Supreme created all things, and of course 'lies' amongst the rest. But their logic hath ever been very imperfect, and it is very difficult to find where lies could have originated if not with him they imagine made all things whatsoever. Well. Having instituted the orders of Pereists, they thought to beat us; but were mistaken in their reckoning, for we created dissensions among them, and the work still goes bravely on. The great order of Israel or Jewry we divided into seventy-two parties, mutually antagonistic, one to the other, which greatly chagrined our enemies. The second Cai-Urch they founded was led by one Mo-hum-med. We very soon won the greater number of its members to our *service* if not to our *standard*, and they yet do us great benefit. They next founded another order of Perestins, which bade fair to become truly formidable; but after immense exertions, Ambitius succeeded in introducing Chaosrael in disguise to their counsels, and he sowed broad-cast those seeds, which taking root will at length bear rich fruits for us and man. Thus from the three original units, Judea, Islam, and Christus, have sprung by our labors, of the first, seventy-two, of the second, one hundred and five, and of the third, one thousand and ninety-eight distinct minor orders, subdivided again, so that the aggregate sectaries of these three orders alone, to say nothing of Brahma and Booth, amount to three thousand eight hundred and eleven, every one of which is sustained at great cost to their originators, and do us far more good than harm. This state of things is the main cause of the council in Alcyone.* War has been declared against us, and the principal object on both sides will be to secure the last Neutral man, who is to be born of the mortal woman now present. Already are our foes marshalling their forces, preparatory to—*certain defeat*, as I trust, hope and expect.

"'During the present century two neutral men are, by a power beyond us, destined to meet, or to sleep the sleep of Sialam Booghi.

"'These Neutral men are important to us. If they meet and blend, they should do so under *our* auspices, for thereby we shall gain an additional power. If one or both shall love and be loved, *you know the part you are by me expected to perform.*—If either shall elect to sleep the Sialam, we must also be ready to do what shall serve our purposes. He or they must be ours.

"'This woman here is to be the mother of the Western man; and another like her shall bring forth his counterpart in the East. Her presence here is for a purpose which ye may all comprehend without any further explanation.'

"He ceased for a moment to speak, but in that moment every head in that vast assembly was bowed, and every knee bent, not to the monarch, but to *me!* I knew not what to think or say. I was thunderstruck with surprise; and in the perturbation and excitement of the moment stretched forth my hands involuntarily.—The gesture was observed by the entire host. Its effect was electric. It had universally been interpreted favorably to themselves, and on the instant a music sweeter than any I had yet heard burst upon the ear, and filled with melody divine the pellucid atmosphere, while a million voices chanted the following pean, whose echoing cadence filled the vault with a harmony perfectly indescribable, and my soul was rapt with emotions intense, vivid and sublime:

"Hail! hail! hail!
Child of Fate we greet thee!
Hail! hail! hail!
Mortal here we meet thee.
Hail! hail! hail!
Worlds and systems bow before thee,
Myriad potencies adore thee,
Thou shalt lead the way to glory,
The Universe repeat thy story,
Hail! hail! hail!"

"It ceased, and I would have given worlds for a reply to the question which involuntarily I asked myself, namely: What does all this mean? what does it portend? As they rose to their feet the whole host bowed, first to *me* and *afterwards* to their king, who also made a slight genuflexion toward my position, after which he resumed his speech, saying:

"'What the part is which you have to perform in the approaching drama, will appear when you understand all the minor issues at stake. Take notice, all of ye, that once engaged there must be no rest until victory, who already flaps her wings over our standard, shall take her resting place within its folds. First let me inform you of the state of things at present upon earth. In the first place, then, mankind are very ignorant in regard to several things upon which the whole race deems itself very wise. We must teach them.—Men are by no means yet certain that good and evil really exist, or that such beings as we are exist at all, although a few individuals are so, and a few more suspect the truth. They dream of, but know us not. They have been taught that a power exists absolutely Evil, and which exerts its influence malignant and atrocious, to lead them on to ruin and destruction. This doctrine they believe partially, and partially only, because experience has taught many differently. We are held up as the evil incarnate, which is another great mistake, there being no such things or qualities as Good or Evil existent, they being transitory changes, developments and conditions of being Man has yet to learn that the effect of any given principle in its action upon the individual according to its coincidence with his ideal, or departure therefrom, constitutes the sum total of Good or Evil. If the preponderance is one way, pleasure—joy—good, is the result. If the scale turn adversely, pain—sorrow—evil, ensues. He has yet to understand that it is only the concordance or discordance between the individual supposed and his surroundings which constitutes good or evil. Man has yet to learn that if a human being exists under conditions wherein the action of all to which he is related is in conformity with, and correspondential to the demands of his entire organization, inward and exterior, *then* he is happy because the environment to *him* is good; but the same identical play of forces upon another man of a *diverse* constitution would be productive of the most unmitigated *evil*, consequent upon that diversity only. Therefore good and evil exist, but simply in *relation*, and therefore are not real things in themselves. We are called the *Shadow* to distinguish us from our opponents, not because we dwell in perpetual shade, or they in eternal sunshine; for there is no such thing as darkness absolute, either physical, moral, spiritual, mental or psychical; everything is relative to something superior or subservient to itself. Hence there is no such thing as real sin or guiltiness in existence; for that would imply in the subject a spontaneity of volition, and consequently independence of the universe or its forces, than which nothing can be more absurd. This fact man begins, ignorant as he is, to perceive. He begins to see that his *absolute* constantly resolves itself into a simple *relative*, and that the latter must ever constitute his true standard of judgment. The absolute fades away, but the relative is ever permanent, because it is an inseparable condition of things, which exist by contrast alone, and by it only can be measured. This is one thing we must force upon human attention; for by means of it we can more easily achieve a triumph. We are called evil by our foes, because we happen to differ in our natures and powers from themselves, for which reason they stigmatize us by every opprobrious epithet they can invent, which, coming from lips professedly holy and pure, sounds *rather* strange. Our foes preach to man that except on certain hard conditions, he cannot escape eternal death; that all reasoning men, who laugh at such foolish doctrines are denounced as heretical blasphemers, just as if the *created could* by any possibility *blaspheme* the *creator*—it is emptier than a vacuum—idler than a moon-struck maiden's summer dream. The consequence of such teaching is that Fear, fear of the wrathful vengeance of a God, *all Love—all Mercy* has taken hold of a moiety of mankind, nor can he give free scope to his innate powers, until we, who proclaim to man, 'Thou shalt not surely die'—remove it totally, at once and forever. We say to him, 'Eat thou of every tree;' our foes say, 'except the fruit of the tree of knowledge'—the only really nourishing thing in the whole garden, and the juiciest and most delicious, strengthening, luscious, fattening fruit that ever grew. Thus a *casus belli* exists between us; the gage was long since mutually accepted, and we have already proved our truth, for man 'still lives,' still eats the forbidden fruit, grows stronger in knowledge, and throws our enemies in horrible confusion. They become exceedingly irate at being convicted of a *falsity*, and in the unseemly haste to rectify one mistake, commit a thousand more extravagant blunders. 'Sin is a departure from holy simplicity,' say our foes—'and from ignorant folly and absurd superstition,' add we. 'Innocence is your only safeguard,' they chant. 'Knowledge is Power,' we echo back. Innocence and ignorance are convertible terms, neither of which imply guiltiness or sin, but a state far worse; for knowledge lets man into a temple whose walls are so splendidly decorated that ages of valuable hours may be safely spent in their study and contemplation. Our enemies, claiming all excellence for themselves, represent us as the weakest possible wretches, dependent upon their sufferance for existence, while the truth is that we Caputii,† are much stronger in fact, numbers being equal, than the much boasted Cœcurarii.† The facts are proved easily by human practice. We seek to spread knowledge: trusting that intellect shall rule; our foes strive to contract its sphere, and say that the feelings ought to reign. 'Eat not of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, else ye shall become as Gods, knowing Good from Evil,' say they; to which *we* rejoin, 'Pluck, eat, grow wise and strong, be powerful and live *forever*;' and man begins to heed our advice, and follow it.—We must enforce our teaching, and, while I myself superintend the affair respecting the neutrals that are to be ushured into being, in the Occident and the Orient, ye must carry on the war upon the earth generally, and do your utmost to elevate the human race, and thus defeat our foes.

"'Lately I have learned the great intention to remove, partially, the veil which hides man's spiritual from his earthly self and kindred. If so, be ye ready to take advantage of the lifting of the curtain and pour in a stream of our own fountains, and let the music of our realm be heard by man at the same moment that his astonished ear catches the distant melody of the spheres surrounding earth. Wherever one of *their* messengers goes, let *two* of ye be like his shadow. If they complain, tell them that I have given you orders. One behind and one before wherever you go, whatever you may do, and so we shall beat them, strive as they will or may. Moreover when the Neutral men are born, not for a single moment must they go unattended by our trusty guides; for it is positively certain that they will be constantly surrounded by the myrmidons of the Light, and we must be there to check them, else a moment lost our plans may be forever ruined.

"'Go, then, ye Powers of the Shadow, prepare for war, stern, sleepless, revengeful war with our implacable enemies. Rest not, tire not, leave no means untried to gain the victory. But if defeated in all things else, fight singly ere ye give up the contest for our kingly supremacy. Let nothing stop you from achieving the conquest of the Coming Man; bring all your powers and subtle forces into play; raise him if need be, to the highest throne on earth, or reduce him to despairing penury and want. Inflict the most grievous pains, or impart the serenest pleasures and most soul-entrancing joys. Let him be loved and hated by turns, of woman. Make him the idol of men, and the object of their envy, hate and detestation. Waft him over strange seas, and lead him through foreign lands. Wreck his body on earth's rocky shores, and his hopes and aspirations in life's treacherous sands. Do this, and success is ours.'

"The kingly form retired. A myriad of voices joined in one long and loud triumphant shout, and then deep silence reigned in Avernus. At the end of a minute I heard a noise like unto the rushing of a mighty whirlwind, and on raising my eyes to the firmament, beheld, approaching, a being brighter than the starbeam, radiant as immortal glory. He came on fleecy pinions, bearing in one hand a book, and with the other encircling and sustaining a female form, of such celestial mien and loveliness that my soul marvelled greatly. These two beings alighted on the roof of the throne facing the multitude. All that mighty host, even the king thereof, did homage, and bent the knee.—This over, the being with the book, opened it and read therefrom as follows:

"'It is written that none of God's creatures shall be tempted beyond the limits of resistance. But all shall be, even unto its utmost limits.' He then closed the book, and the seraph by his side, in a voice which sounded like the Harp of Life, said. 'O! king and powers of the Shadow! We come to tell thee, thou hast done thy Master's Will, in that thou hast brought yonder mortal to thy council, and warned her of the fate that hangs over the head of him she is to bear. A Power above thee, and Alcyone, also, hath ordained that thou, and Powers of the Light shall engage in strife, for thus shall the might of the *Great Beneficent* be manifested. Thou art permitted to tempt the woman and her son; to raise thy standard and marshal thy forces against the Light. But when thou and they are charged to speak the truth when any mortal shall demand it of thee in the name of the greater Power whom I serve. Away! Disperse! Break up thy conference! Mortal, return to thy native earth!'

* * * * "He ceased to speak. A misty film gathered over my eye; a sensation resembling that which I felt in the old mill came over me, and gradually I fell upon the seat of my car in a death-like trance or sleep. When I woke again, I found myself upon the couch in my chamber. Anxious faces surrounded me, and tearful eyes beamed upon me, and as I regained my senses, a dear one said to me, 'Poor child, how did it happen?' and another said, 'Flora, do tell us what has been the matter with you?' I answered not, but turning my face fell asleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE OLD STONE MILL.

THE FIRST TWO HOURS THEREAT.

The night subsequent to that in which the extraordinary events, related in the last chapter, took place, Flora found herself at the rendezvous agreed upon. It seemed that nothing could frighten her, and that she rather liked than otherwise, the idea of running, in the person of her son, the gauntlet between two such terrific lines of power as those described as the Shadow and the Light. She fully remembered the whole circumstances of the preceding night, the words of the female, and the extract from the book which had the effect of causing her to overrate her own moral strength.—She thought it would be easy to choose between either destiny, and that she might reject both at will. Poor girl! she forgot she was mortal! Some things may appear strange in her conduct, yet there was a good reason that it should be so. Reminding the reader that not one of the weird characters in this history or drama, be they Light or Shadow, had the power of equivocating, when the truth was demanded of them, he will understand why the old man tells so many wholesome truths. "You are," said he to Flora, alluding to the old stone mill, "the descendant of the builder of this temple, for such indeed it hath been in the days of yore; the portion remaining being less than a hundredth part of the complete structure. It is of far more ancient date than is generally supposed. It is older than Baalbec or Karnak, and, although not so ancient as some edifices on this continent, far surpasses the pyramids and sphinx, which have triumphantly braved the storms of forty-seven centuries. Circumstances have been such as to preserve these ruins as you see them, notwithstanding their slenderness seems to invalidate my assertions: yet remember one thing: These ruins have, like many men, reached a ripe old age, because they have not been subjected to the severe disintegraling influences that many others, far more imposing, have been. This old remnant of by-gone days has, by many persons been referred to the early Scandinavians, who unquestionably roamed this Island, hundreds of years before the intrepid Genoese thought of sailing over the Western main; others imagine that the Indians erected the structure.—Both opinions are false! The building was the work of a people,—a race of unknown mortals, who passed away long before either of the others were called into existence; and of all who once lived and flourished here, you are the last descendant. They were swept away, all but one couple, who being discovered by those who came after them were regarded as priests; and from them you have come. Marks and mementoes of the wondrous skill of this dead nation are constantly being exhumed from their silent graves, where for ages they have lain buried, by the race who now hold the reins of the world, and who fail not to keep that world to the very top of its speed." [The edifice to which he alluded is a hollow raised circle, resting upon pillared arches. It is twenty feet high and fifteen in diameter, or thereabouts; it resembles part of a tower; its top is roofless, the upper portions having crumbled away long since, by the wear and tear of time and curiosity-hunters.] "It marks the resting-place of your ancestor the priest, and his spouse the priestess, the last of a race, who having committed the unpardonable sin which the nations many of them are still committing, were speedily swept from off the earth."

"But" said I to the old man, "you have already stated, and I have but recently heard it repeated, that there is no such thing as sin at all, much less an unpardonable one!" 'True! you have heard,' he answered, 'but have not, it seems, fully comprehended. Sin absolute hath no existence—but sin conditional and relative most assuredly has. There is no evil in the fire, in itself considered; or in water; or in the luscious peach or melon: nor is there any in a group of poor innocent children playing on the green sward. Yet one of them may eat peaches till illness ensues, and death closes the scene:—or the chemist may extract the deadly poisonous prussic acid, from

*Vide chapter I.

†The Head. ‡The Heart.

the kernels of the fruit, which may cause frightful crimes to startle the world when used by men for the basest of purposes.—Another child eats melon till cholic-pangs torture it nearly to the last gasp. The third may be drowned in the brook, and the fourth be burnt by the fire. The evil is but the abnormal condition, or relations with one. But the case is somewhat altered as it respects grown people, communities, and the nation of which I have spoken, for when such go astray with their eyes wide open, and in spite of precedent and warning, then the sin is against themselves; dissolution begins, and therefore the unpardonable sin is committed. Thy ancestors strayed, and were punished. But see! the night approaches: I have much to show and tell thee; for thou art a favored one, and feelest a thirst for super-human knowledge, and a desire that I, who are learned in all the mysteries of the Kabbali: who readest the signs of the times in the shaking leaf; and the history of the world in a pebble;—who count time by events instead of years; and am intimate with Nature's deepest secrets, shall impart it unto you. Say, Daughter! is it not so?'

"As he spake these words, my mind instantly recurred to the terrific scenes I had witnessed the night previous, and bending my eyes full upon him, I demanded to know whether it had been a real occurrence or a vision, for I still had some doubts about it, and tried to believe that I had left the house while asleep; and that I had experienced a sort of vision. 'If it is real,' said I, 'pray explain it: if a vision, tell its import, and why you left me to descend the dreadful pi alone, if it was a real reality.' 'Are you certain,' he asked, 'that you saw me beneath the arch of this old stone mill?' 'I am,' I replied, 'and also have a distinct recollection of all that took place after I awoke from the strange lethargy which came over me as I stood gazing at you, when I could no longer speak!' 'You *may* be mistaken,' he answered, 'and perhaps had an unusually vivid dream; and our conversation yesterday, my appearance and expression, may have impressed you so strongly, that they were, by your plastic fancy, moulded into new shapes and placed in new and novel relations to yourself and each-other. Dreams are strange things, and are always, in some sense real. How, is very easy to be explained. I have already told you that the people called philosophers invariably take the longest way around for the shortest route home. They always delight in untenable hypotheses, far-fetched theories, and the densest of obscurities, and accordingly have ransacked heaven and earth for an answer to the question 'what is a dream?' When, as usual, the true answer was to be found without stirring a step out of the common track. Remember, my child, that whatever *is* is. "Nothing, is a word without a meaning: all things whatever, even dreams, are real things, and their solution is exceedingly simple. They are of two kinds: first; those which relate to and concern the dreamer; and second; those which do not. Mind is unitary; mind is one entire indivisible thing; not a diversity of organs, or faculties, the aggregate of which constitutes it; but it is a perfect oneness, having limbs or organs of its own, and the functions of those organs is faculty.—All mind is homogeneous, consequently, all mankind are connected by the universal outflow or sphere of mind with all other minds, whether in or out of the body; whether spiritualized or not, whether denizens of the earth or social particles of the divine city of spirits. All minds are connected by means of this spiritual outflow or Psychical Effluvium. A man sees a barbarous act committed by another; he is convulsed with horror; rushes from the scene of outrage;—recounts the bloody tale to others;—an eager crowd drink it in,—a sympathetic emotion spreads from man to man;—society vibrates with the same sentiment that convulsed the first recounter. The first feeling is horror of the deed; followed by pity for the victims, and the third stage is that of execration of the doer; speedily followed by the cry of vengeance or justice—for these are both one at bottom—as times go—on the miscreant. Another case: let us suppose the culprit was a government official, and the deed done in defence of his trust. Well, as soon as these facts are known, the indignation is transferred from the doer to his employers. Old grievances revive to swell the tide, until it bursts like a pent up lake suddenly let free, into the full stream of revolution.

"'Take another instance: A beggar sits upon the public walk soliciting alms. Tens of thousands pass him by unheeded. Why is this? It is owing to the want of a better conducting link—a sympathetic bridge from him to the hearts of those who in the hurry of the hour do not give time for those which are present to act in their full force. But lo! Here comes a beautiful young damsel; just the thing required.—Her heart is tender; her eye keen to detect suffering. She is the right chain to lead from the beggar to—whom? Watch her! She draws near the mendicant; questions him his story; he tells it; she finds it full of hardships—illness; stern weather and sterner landlord,—sick wife and famishing children. She is melted; the sympathetic tear trickles down her cheek! She hands him all the money she has—a few pence—and sighs as she wishes it was more! A crowd in the mean time attracted by *her tears*, has gathered round them With faltering tongue she wishes she had gold and power; the crowd catch the contagion of pity *from her*. Her example operates upon it like magic; it is touched *at last*; a hundred hands dive into as many pockets, while each one vies with his neighbor in generosity to the beggar; who goes homeward with a lightsome heart that day.

"'Amongst the crowd there gathered, was the editor of an influential journal, and he too, was touched, by the spectacle of the mob's generosity, as it had been by the maiden's tears. Next day an article appears in the paper, written by that editor while his soul was at high tide! The old beggar touched the girl, she moved a hundred hearts; but the editor has caused ten thousand pairs of eyes to drop twenty thousand tears of pity, and as many more hearts to throb with sympathy, ah! sympathy! Every hand deals out its donation. Next week that old man moves to the country; and just ten years afterwards a sturdy, sun-browned, healthy farmer-lad is seen in the streets of that city, staggering under the weight of two large baskets of the choicest fruit; one he delivers at the door of a fine mansion, the mistress of which smiles as he says to her, "grandfather sends this ere basket of peaches, as his yearly offering to his saviour; and he wants to know when you'll have him send the vegetables for winter, an he tole me to say 'God bless you," and to take no pay 'ceptin yer picter!"

"'The other basket he bears to the office of the "*Daily Trumpet*." "Ah! my fine lad, come again for the ninth time have you? Pray how are all the folks up at the deep soil farm?" says the jolly grey-haired, good-humored editor, as he falls to upon one of the great big, dead-ripe peaches.—"Yes sir, grandmother sends this ere fruit as the interest of that ere article, as you put in the '*Trumpet*' ten years ago!"—"Here lads," cries the editor, to the employees of the establishment as he bites into an over-grown Bartlett pear, "take this basket of fruit and devour it—the—fruit—not the basket, ha! ha! I declare they are prime!" * * * More than one heart beat happily that day! Thus sympathy begets itself. The girl felt for the man, the mob felt with the girl; the editor felt with the mob, and the community felt—in its pockets; the family felt the effects; the soil of a farm felt grateful for its tillage. and the result was, a family grew up and were happy, in the possession of *hearts where they ought to be!* I think you now understand somewhat of sympathy, which, by the way, is as often wrong as right. If you do, then you will comprehend the true philosophy of dreaming.

"'When a man sleeps sometimes the soul pernoctates likewise; in which case there is no dream at all. When it does not, the mind itself, freed for a time from its usual necessity of acting on the outer world through imperfect organs, or with blunted instruments, quits its tenement for a while, and revels amidst other and widely different scenes. Sometimes it is a mere passive, uninterested spectator of scenes actually occurring at the time in distant places and localities, both on and off the earth. Occasionally it beholds them as they really are; but far more frequently views them, as it were, through a medium with more or less distorting properties. For it may mingle the memory of its own experience with what it beholds, thus making a melange of fact and fancy. A dream may be made up of fact alone, or its opposite, fancy; the latter frequently being a foresight of real events yet to take place; thought not yet having a real existence, I call it fancy.—Sometimes the man dreams that he is falling from a house-top:—that he is a monarch seated on his throne:—a general leading a victorious army;—a lover on the eve of marriage:—a maniac chained to the wall, or a culprit on his way to execution. How, and why is all this? I reply sympathy explains it perfectly. The dream is a real thing, but the subjects of it are different.—The events are actually true of *some one*, with whom, for the *time being*, the dreamer is in so intimate rapport as to fully merge identities. When he wakes again he cannot but conclude that himself was the hero or the sufferer as the case might have been. This accounts for some dreams; another kind are to be referred to a somewhat diffent origin. Occasionally the dreamer comes into intimate rapport with another mind, which at the time happens to be actively engaged. The one which dreams, sees the thoughts of the other as actual things, events and persons. Last night it *may be* that you dreamed, and that your dream was a compound one, made up of several of the elements of which I have spoken, whence its vividness.'

"He ceased to speak; and I was troubled to decide whether he was in earnest, or laughing at, and playing upon me. I said nothing however; for as the night was closing in apace, I was anxious to see what he would do, now that the stars began to twinkle in the mighty vault of heaven.—My reverie was soon broken by my companion, who laid his hand gently upon my shoulder and said, 'Think of all this another time my child; and now answer me one thing, and that is, whether you have the requisite courage to witness a display of the wonderful powers which I told you I had learned in distant lands.' As he said this I thought a slight but keen mockery was discernible in his tone of voice;—as if he desired to cast a half doubt, as to whether I really had the proper amount of fearlessness or not. Instantly that this notion seized me, I determined to convince him that though but little more than a child, I had as much courage as he was capable of calling into play or testing short of actual physical violence, which in his case I did not by any means dread,—because my confidence in his grey-hairs and venerable aspect was too profoundly great; and so I answered, 'Doubt not, sir, that I will be firm and fearless, happen what may in this dreary old stone mill!'

"As I spake these words my soul inwardly laguhed at the bare idea of danger, which, if it came, I felt fully prepared to meet, because aside from any natural absence of fear I had taken the precaution to arm myself with an old but trusty Toledo dagger,—an heir-loom in my family, and which had done good service when in the hands of my ancestor the Cid. Beside this I carried in my bosom a far more trusty talisman and protector; namely, a crucifix, without which no good Catholic as I was, would dare to venture abroad after dark. We went into the mill, and the old man began to untie a bundle which he had brought there, and from which he took a roll of very thin but close woven black serge or cloth, I knew not which. This he proceeded to attach to nails previously driven in the walls, and when he had finished, I found we were completely curtained from the world without, so far as the sides were concerned. Over the top by means of a pole he stretched a roof of cloth, which most effectually excluded every ray of starlight.

"I looked on these proceedings with a curious, if not suspicious eye. I say looked, because after the side curtain had been fixed, he struck a light, and by the aid of the lantern, I could easily watch his every movement. I was particularly struck by the appearance of the cloth roof, which I found most strangely ornamented with arabesques in gold lace, embracing figures of dragons, serpents and toads, stars, suns, and silver crescents. I made no comments on what I saw, but in a somewhat merry mood, calmly waited for the conclusion of the very interesting adventure. I had not long to wait, nor did my merriment protract itself, for the old man, having completed his preliminary arrangements proceeded to suspend a sort of thick gauze veil eight feet wide, entirely across the edifice, thus dividing it in two halves, he then placed his lamp in the western corner, and spread a small carpet upon the ground. On this carpet he placed two small, but richly ornamented cushions; when seating himself upon one, he bade me follow his example on the other, after which he extinguished the lamp by means of the pole. For a minute all was silent, but at the end of that time he began to chant in a low, and not unmusical voice, a strain, the words of which were in a language I did not understand, nor had ever heard before. As soon as he ceased and while I was in a fever of expectation for the result, I felt a warm breathing upon the cheek opposite to that next my companion. This I thought exceedingly strange, yet was totally terrorless, although very interested. Three times within a minute I felt the same sensation upon my face and forehead, and the last time it was repeated I distinctly heard the same mysterious voice I had twice listened to before. Its intonations, and emphasis this time were too distinct and clear for me to be mistaken. I wandered greatly whether my companion heard it, but if he did so, he took not the least notice, but remained motionless and silent as before. The words which I heard were rhythmical, and they were whispered in a tone so full of earnest solicitude that I can never forget them. It said:

'Thou'rt sowing trouble, planting care,
'Resist and fly,—a dreadful snare
Environs thee around
Beware!

Thou stand'st upon a fearful brink!
Retreat; or thou wilt surely sink!
Dreadful terrors hover round,
Beware!'

"Before I had time to well consider, and properly weigh the import of these warning words, the old man touched me on the shoulder, tenderly and softly, and said, as he did so 'Look, daughter, look! the spell is working; Look, but fear not!'

"I turned my head and from behind the gauze curtain I have already described as dividing the interior of the mill into two compartments, saw a dull pale-blueish light irradiate and which cast a sort of deathful hue upon all objects on which it fell.

"I said the touch of the old man was gentle, and so it was, but the sound of his voice, and the expression of his face made me tremble; for the former had changed to a deep bass utterance, like that assumed by the stern Judge in the play, when sentencing some poor wretch to death, for crimes committed as the individual but unwilling proxy of society. His eyes had lost their kindly expression and now resembled coals of living fire. I was somewhat terrified by his aspect, yet new not what to do. Instinctively I felt in my bosom, the dagger was there *but the crucifix was gone*. Alarmed more by this, than all the rest, I sprang to my feet desperately intent upon escape, but ere I had time to take a single step toward the side of the old mill, a hand like cold iron, grasped me by the arm, and despite all my efforts to free myself from its gripe, forced me back upon the cushion; I did not then, nor do I now believe that hand belonged to the old man, or to a thing of this earth. As I fell upon my seat the magician said, 'sit still foolish girl! do not fear; no harm will befall you if I am obeyed, otherwise it may; so sit still, and be quiet in your mind!'

"Finding I could not escape, there was nothing left but to submit, and I did so.

"All this while the light from the curtain had gradually subsided, and I suddenly heard a sound very much like that which I heard to night just before my senses left me, when the pictures on the walls of this room were torn to pieces.* I raised my eyes, and the flitting of the fireflies assured me that the cloth roof had disappeared. I heard the sound again, and looking toward the walls of the mill, lo! the side curtain had also gone.

*The reader must not lose sight of the fact that Flora is recounting her story to the red stranger with the globe in her apartment in Canal st., New York.—Ed.

Correspondence.

STRATFORD, Ct., Jan. 3d, 1860.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—It is not with any desire to multiply words needlessly—but rather from the deep interest I take in the subject before us, that I again address you. Surely, if there is any class of persons who, more than another, are directly interested in the solution of the problem of "good and evil," it must be that class who are acknowledged to possess mediumistic powers. When every thought, every idea which is put forth leaves its moulding impress on the spirit, is it not well for us to question the deep voices of Nature within and without, that the record of their teachings be not lost? Is it not well to weigh the different expressions of mind, analyze their force and bearing, measure their height and breadth and depth, and decide upon their merits accordingly? And how *can* one decide except from his or her *own* standpoint of observation and judgment?

When we talk of "*apparent* and *real* evils," will not the line of distinction be drawn for every individual from his own stand-point—and according to the tangibility of this of line distinction, will not the antagonism of good and evil appear? Does not this line in some minds fade, become dim, yea, lost to sight, in contemplation of the mighty plan of spirit unfoldment? If I understand Brother Newton aright, every indulgence of the lower nature, causing pain and suffering, is a *positive evil* or a *real* evil. But is *any* evil *really positive* in its *true* character? Is not all evil transient, and eventually made subservient to the general good? Who gave to man the dark passions of his lower nature? Did he voluntarily take them upon himself? Again, does any individual soul *ever* act "counter to *its own highest sense of right and duty*"—yielding to temptation "*despite its interior conviction of wrong and of power to resist*?" If we were to look at the mainsprings of action, should we not find that this *conviction* was not *prior*, but *subsequent* to the act? And did not the commission of the act conduce to the unfoldment and maturing of the conviction? And if knowledge is not gained thus, in all cases, by *individual experience*, is it not gained by *observation* of the *experience* of *others*?

There always *has been*, and always *must be* individual suffering—there never has been an age in which the spirit of martyrdom has not lived—and it has chosen from the human race its victims by scores and thousands, as instruments whereby to test the strength of divinity in man. It presided at the altars of Pagan worship, and hovered o'er the offerings of Hebrew sacrifice—it walked by the side of the humble Jesus through all his earth life, and left him at the cross, only to become the companion of his followers down to the present time. It is true, the bloody robe, the titled badge is laid aside, but the sword of the spirit is the weapon it hath girt on, and firmly it walks this day as of old, through the length and breadth of the land, casting out devils and healing the sick. Many cry "it is through Beelzebub that he casteth out devils," but the reply is, "through whom do your children cast them out?"

The agitation of this subject is one of the great events of the age. The traditions of heathen Mythology will no longer satisfy the inquiries of mind in this age—nor will the teachings of popular Orthodoxy put to silence the multitude of questions which roll out from the mental world. The spiritual forces in the great world of being are alive and at work.—They course along the electric lines of thought, and with a power peculiar to themselves, search out causes and expose effects, directing mind in its progress to the recognition of those eternal principles, which have their corresponding laws and modes of manifestation in the metaphysical, as well as in the material world.

When man becomes acquainted with this divine philosophy, he will, with increased knowledge, be enabled to grasp the laws thereof, and thus become more true to himself in the several departments of his nature. An increasing acquaintance and familiarity with the mental physiology of the man, discloses the fact that the germ-seed of *every* passion *is sown in the organization of the man*—else it had not had existence—and having no existence, could have no expression. Now when man directs the noble energies of his nature to the eradication of "evil" in himself, he will do a mighty work for his race—but this cannot be done suddenly—the effete matter which has pervaded the system, must take time to work off—it may be offensive to the eye—unpleasant to the senses—but the true physician hails this as a sure indication of returning health. And so man, being gradually lifted from the lower conditions to the higher, will eventually recognize *every* condition he has passed, as productive of *good*—as a *divine* means of education—as a stepping-stone from the arch-way of darkness to the realms of light—as messengers who came to him in the night-time of his sorrow, when he refused to be comforted, and unbarred for him the heavy doors of his prison-house. O'er the wreck of buried hopes he will find the seeds of a truer life uprising and bearing fruit to God, and mirrored in the crystal depths of every tear, worlds of untold beauty.

If this doctrine begets free-love, it is that pure, unadulterated love which draws all humanity heavenward, by the bonds of true, Christian sympathy. It turns not upon any spirit, either embodied or disembodied, the language of condemnation; but making its highest ideal, its living reality in heart and life, it strews the flowers of purity upon the grave of past errors and mingles its song with the glad strains of beatified souls, as they bend to the ear of the mourner, and touch the well-springs of being with the burden thereof "*Thy* will be done." M. J. W.

THE JAMAICAN LEGISLATURE.—But soon a storm of voices reached our ears round the card-table. "They are hard at it now," said one honorable member. "That's So-and-So, by the screech." "A nice house of Assembly, isn't it?" "Will they pitch into one another?" I asked, thinking of scenes of which I had read in another country; and thinking also, I must confess, that an absolute scrimmage on the floor of the House might be worth seeing. "They don't often do that," said my friend. "They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no knowing." The temptation was too much for me, so I rushed back to the Assembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the noise was being made by one gentleman who was walking round and round the chamber, swearing in a loud voice that he would resign the very moment the Speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time the House was in committee. The louder portion of the noise, I say, for two other honorable members were speaking, and the rest were discussing the matter in small parties. "Shameful, abominable, scandalous!" shouted the angry gentleman over and over again, as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll notsit in such a house. I'll resign as soon as I see the Speaker in that chair.—Sir, come and have a drink of rum and water." In his angry wanderings, his steps had brought him to the door at which I was standing, and these last words were addressed to me. "Come and have a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to deny so angry a legislator, and drank the rum and water.—[The West Indians and the Spanish Main, By Anthony Trollope.

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. It there was anything in the keg, Prentice thinks the men rallied at the tap.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

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SATURDAY JAN. 21, 1860.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of W. H. Chaney & Co, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All business connected with said firm will be settled at this office by A D BROCK.

W. H. CHANEY.
A. D. BROCK,
F. G. BARKER,

Boston, Jan. 16, 1860.

ARE ALL SPIRITS WISE AND GOOD.

In response to a call from our colaborers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, we gave last week our idea of what constitutes *a spirit*, as this term is commonly used—which was, in brief, that every human being enters the spirit-life clothed in a spirit-body, formed of the imponderable elements which previously existed in and were the life of the earthy body. Consequently he carries with him the *individual character* formed in the earth-life—its loves and hates, its virtues and vices, its aspirations and imperfections—for he carries with him that in which all these qualities reside.

If this be so, it follows that the mere putting off of the visible earth-body does not, as our cotemporary supposes, extinguish the love of earthly and sensual things. On the contrary, they who have not, in obedience to the monitions of the inmost spirit, overcome and died to the disorderly loves of the flesh, before leaving the earth-body (as is possible) must find the same loves still clinging to them, holding them down to earth, and bringing them into sympathy with all other beings who delight in similar things.

There is then a wide difference between what is commonly termed *spirit-life* (that is, mere existence in the spirit-world) and spirit-*ual* life in its highest sense—(that is, life according to the dictates of the inmost spirit)—a mighty difference between death of the ponderable *earth-body* and death of the *earthly affections*. This distinction is often overlooked, by spiritualists as well as others; but, if well-founded, it is of the utmost importance. To quote the language of a spirit-communication made to us recently, (before this discussion commenced:)—

"The birth into earthly life, the physical death, land the spirit-life which succeeds, are but the *shadow* or *analogue* of the birth into *spiritual* life, death to the earthly affections, and the higher life which is consequent thereon. All the latter may take place while in the earthly body."

"Whatever tendency is established by a habit of resistance to the sensual and the selfish in the earth life, is so much impetus gained for a rapid progress in the spiritual."

Such are the ideas we at present entertain; and they not only seem to be the plainest conclusions of enlightened reason, but accord with the testimony, so far as we recollect, of all beings in the spirit-world with whom we have ever conversed on the subject; also with the testimony of Swedenborg and other illuminated seers; and with the teachings of Paul and Jesus, if we understand them—not to mention the voices of such minds as Plato and Socrates, and in fact the almost universal intuitions of mankind. This theory harmonizes with that fact of general consciousness, stated by Paul, that as we become spiritually awakened, we find "a law in our members warring against the law of our minds." It also gives us a rational philosophy for the existence of "demons" and "evil spirits"—a belief in which is and has been almost co-extensive with the race. They are but human spirits, still exhibiting, in more or less intensified forms, the lower and selfish passions of human nature, which have not been left behind in passing the portal of the grave.

Now as to *facts*. The "assumption" on which the *Telegraph* proposes to join issue with us, (see its "Reply," in last number) we did not make. A misprint occurred in our article copied into its columns which obscured the sense; besides which the *Telegraph* overlooked a part of the sentence essential to its meaning. What we wrote was this: "So far as we are acquainted, Spiritualists in general are convinced . . . . that the *facts* of spirit-manifestation, through almost every medium, *prove* the existence of untruthful spirits, as clearly as that of truthful ones." We presume the *Telegraph* will not dispute that such is the conviction of Spiritualists in general—its conductors being excepted.

As to the general question, we presume only to make this affirmation—that the facts of spirit-manifestation, *as we have observed them*, have proved *to us* the existence of untruthful, ignorant, immoral, selfish, impure, and *un*-spiritual spirits, as clearly as that of spirits pure, wise and good. We have investigated for ourselves, and have drawn our own conclusions. We will not undertake to make confident assertions about the experiences of others, nor to draw conclusions for them. But in so far as others report experiences and conclusions similar to ours, we naturally consider our own corroborated thereby.

The facts coming under our personal inspection, indicative of falsehood, malice, and the grosser forms of depravity on the part of spirits, have been fewer and less striking than those reported by many others. Yet they have seemed sufficient to settle with us the general question that there are spirits actuated by similarly evil, mischievous and selfish propensities as we see exhibited in persons in this life. We will mention but one, as illustrative of a class: A spirit-being once manifested himself through the mediumship of a member of our own family, when no other visible person save ourself was present,—giving the clearest evidence of the presence and action of a mind distinct from either of us. He first declared himself divinely commissioned to announce to us a series of fearful disasters or judgments which were imminently impending upon the inhabitants of earth, delivering himself something after the manner of the ancient Jewish prophets, partly in scripture language, but quoted in such a manner as showed an illiterate mind, and a want of perception of real meaning. We ventured to inquire the name of this prophet of evil, when he promptly gave us the name of an acquaintance residing at a distance, and claimed that he had recently passed to the spirit-world. (This was not true of the friend whose name was used, as afterwards entertained.) We asked other questions, the answers to which, though promptly given would not fit at all the case of the person indicated, and showed a pretense to knowledge not possessed. Evidently perceiving that his claims were not accepted, though nothing was said by us to indicate this, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, I see you are too sharp for me!" and departed. Had credence been given to these apocryphal revelations, and had they been proclaimed to the world as a disclosure from "spirits of the seventh sphere," or the forty-ninth circle," (the like of which has been done in we know not how many instances)—the chuckling over our open mouthed credulity that would have ensued may be appreciated by all lovers of hoaxes and practical jokes.

But it seems needless to recapitulate facts of this character. (See *Telegraph* of Dec. 31, for a striking testimony of the same effect.) Those of a similar significance have occurred, we have reason to believe, to almost every investigator who has had much experience—though doubtless mistakes have often been made, and evil or mischievous designs hastily imputed where none were intended.

There is another class of spirit-manifestations, more common than any palpable demonstrations of mischief or malice, which yet afford equally conclusive proof that all spirits are not wise, pure and holy beings. We refer to the deluge of wild vagaries, subtle sophistries and un-spiritual contrivances—tending to foster self-conceit, intellectual pride, irreverence, uncharitableness, sensuality, and various other "works of the flesh"—which has been showered upon this mundane sphere through mediums of various classes, and which show their authors to have arrived at no very exalted plane of spirituality. A large proportion of what is known as "Spiritualistic literature," including trance-discourses and spirit-communications, betrays an utter blindness as to the profounder truths of man's interior nature, often accompanied with boastful pretensions of superior wisdom. By no means would we deny the right of any spirit, embodied or disembodied, to give utterance to such ideas as it has; but we cannot help knowing them by their fruits. Such crude and bitter products cannot have grown in *celestial* spheres.

It will be easy, of course, for those who have adopted the arbitrary rule laid down by the *Telegraph*, to deny that any such manifestations come from the spirit-world at all—to claim that sophistry, error, pretense, falsehood, deception, or any other immorality, *of itself*, disproves a spirit-origin—hence, that all facts of both these classes *must be* referred to "mundane, mesmeric, or clairvoyant influences." And it would be equally easy, in our view, to take the ultra-materialistic ground, and refer *all* the manifestations to the same sources. For the evidence of the action of disembodied minds in the cases alluded to, has been to us quite as clear—sometimes much clearer—than in cases where truth, purity and goodness were the manifest results. We must claim to judge for ourselves whether any particular manifestation that we witness proceeds from a mind out of the physical body or in it; and that not by any arbitrary *moral* standard, but by the proofs afforded of the agency of a distinct invisible personal intelligence.

Besides a reference to "mesmeric and clairvoyant influences" does not take us out of the realm of spirit-agents. What *are* these "influences?" We think no one can fully answer this question without recognizing the agency of spirits, both good and bad.

Most heartily do we endorse the sentiment, "If truth destroys spiritualism, we had better let it be destroyed." We have no fears for it, on the rational basis we have endeavored to maintain; but very much doubt if it could sustain the burden of so improbable a hypothesis as our friends of the *Telegraph* would fasten upon it.

This response has required many more words than we intended; but if the discussion shall result in giving prevalence to a more clearly-defined and correct pneumatology among spiritualists, and in enforcing the momentous practical importance of subordinating the sensual and the selfish in the earth life, these words will not have been wasted.

A. E. N.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Much has been, and is to be said, upon this necessary human relation. We see no reason why we should not "put in *our* oar," and help along the discussion. We might as well say, in advance, that we have little *feeling* about, or *personal* interest in this question. We know very well that mankind, in their mundane state of being at least, will continue to marry and be given in marriage, and it only remains for us to consider how this business can be got over to the very best advantage of those who feel impelled to enter upon it. We are not, ladies, going to treat this question in a romantic manner, but in as plain and common sense a way as we are capable of doing it. So, if you don't like to have marriage matters "done up" in this homely style, you may skip this article.

We will premise, then, that matrimonial candidates, of either sex, are never perfect. It must be presumed that they have innate faults that either are, or are likely to be, troublesome to themselves and others. So, therefore, perfect bliss, in the marriage state, is not to be expected, even when the parties are *ever so well* matched. Those who embark in the matrimonial ship must "look out for breakers," for they are pretty sure to be encountered in one form or other.

One thing, however, should be, so far as it is possible, attended to in the outset of the marital career: and that is, the parties should be well *mated*. This is a very essential condition in *all* cases,—in and out of matrimony,—where two or more persons are to join fortunes. They should possess a natural *fitness* for one another. They should be so constituted, with reference to one another, as to work *harmoniously* together. They should be articulated together with as nice a natural adjustation as that which joins the vertebral column of our physical structure. In this matter we are not, you will please bear in mind, contending for perfection of general character in the parties to be maritally joined in order that the true ends of the relation shall be realized, but we *are* demanding, fundamentally, that they shall be *naturally adapted to each other*—truly married—that each party shall supply to the other just what he and she need, and what he and she have not in their separate personalities. With good old philosophic and Christian St. PAUL, we would not have matrimonial parties "unequally yoked!" GOD never joins two persons together without they have an especial mutual fitness. No man *can* put asunder husband and wife who naturally belong together. All merely arbitrary and unnatural relations, on the contrary, are very likely to be disturbed and broken by accidents similar to those which produce them. All true and sacred relations have an integral strength that cannot be successfully assailed. So we need not trouble ourselves about the breaking up of such marriages as are genuine. They are entirely competent to take care of themselves.

To be properly married, then, is to be rightly *mated*. The deep conjugal instinct demands this. The soul cries out, in its profound longings, for its other half—not for some other soul's half, but for *its own*. Happy, indeed, is that soul, "groping in this twilight world," that finds it! When it does, however, sweet content, so far as its marriage relation is concerned, forever ensues. No more hunting, in strange, sinful ways, after "affinities." The one deep affinity is ever present, to the conjugally peaceful soul.

Two persons badly joined together in marital bonds, are necessarily miserable.—Two persons joined together even in *outward business transactions* who have no moral fitness for the relation, cannot work happily together! Nay, two *oxen* who are not well mated will not work well together, as every teamster knows. They will "crowd," and "haul off," and "cork" each other with their iron shoes. So is it with horses, also. If they do not keep step with the music of the union—or rather if there *is* no music in it, the mis-mating is papable and unprofitable.

We must conclude that the true significance and benefits of marriage lie in the parties rightly mating themselves. We do not say that two badly matched persons may not *tolerate* one another, and get along without actual rupture, but they will not—cannot—love each other! Their souls cannot experience the peculiar, "secret," sacred bliss which can only have birth in such as are truly conjugally related.

The "sacredness" of marriage, of which we hear so much, consists altogether in its *genuineness*. We have already stated what its genuineness consists of:—*the natural fitness of married parties* FOR *one another*. This important and deep human relation was never left to be amended by conventional and arbitrary tinkering; but must be regulated by the eternal law that inheres in itself. Two persons totally unfit for each other can never be truly married. They may join outward fortunes, and abide by the regulations of the statute book, have offspring even, but married they are not. This truth has been often illustrated in both real life, and in forms of literature wherein "man and his relations" have been profoundly discussed. Let us cite a few instances from literature which will stand as fair representatives of similar instances occurring daily in real life. These "specimens" gleaned from ideal, though true representations of life, will give us the whole philosophy of marital failure. We wish to have it, as we have before said, understood that, in "coming to a knowledge of the truth" in reference to the marriage question, we are not to consider the moral or spiritual *status* of marriageable parties; for conjugality is not made to depend upon that. Saints and sinners are alike fated to enter the marriage state. The whole question hinges on the peculiar, natural fitness, of the parties to be joined together, for each other. We would not have them "unequally yoked." The main difficulty accruing to the relation, has its origin in *mismatching*. It will not do to put ice and fire together—it does not do to join elevated natural character with that which belongs to a lower scale, in marital bonds. In all the relations of human nature,

"Spirits
Are not finely touched but to fine issues."

The gross cannot long contentedly assimilate with the refined. "The good by affinity seek the good," and the gross by affinity seek the gross. This law governs in matrimony as in other things.

But there are, we confess, many things which prevent the good from finding the good for marriage purposes, at least.—There are so many "side issues" to all fundamental questions, that we are apt to be deterred from coming directly to the main points. The good don't always, at once, know the good—nor the elevated find their true "affinities." The good and the bad have so many things in common about them, that they are prone to be betrayed into temporary conjunction, by these their few and, perhaps, lower points of sympathy.—It requires time, in many cases, for two people to mutually learn their leading traits of character. Then, again, many persons, of both sexes, are so entirely good, loving, and elevated, that they invest the beloved object, or objects, with their own excellence.

"Nature is fine in love; and, when 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

In this way, many a man and woman gets egregiously "taken in," matrimonially.

But now for our ideal instances of mismatched couples. We don't believe Helen of Greece would have eloped from Menelaus her husband, and run away with that unconscionable scamp, Paris of Troy, had she been properly matched in the first place. The two were unsuited to each other.

Hamlet's mother married above herself when she espoused Hamlet's father, and very likely was not suited. She undoubtedly took upon her "impossible vows" in that instance. This is evident from what the Ghost says to Hamlet, when he is trying to incite him to avenge his cause. He says, with reference to his wanton queen, who had so soon married his infamous brother and murderer:

"O, Hamlet, what a falling of was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!"

No "falling off" at all, old "True penny;" you mistook her true character altogether—you was above her vastly, and 'twas your own elevated but mistaken love that lifted her to a (to you,) seeming spiritual level with yourself. She found her true "affinity,"—more's the pity, perhaps,—in the fratricidal usurper. Had Hamlet understood the philosophy of mis-matching in marriage, he would have saved his mother the dreadfully scourging speech he addressed to her, or, at least, he might as well have done so, for all the good it would naturally do. He might, and did, make her sorry, but he could not, by inducing all the repentence she was capable of, make her *feel* the vast moral and mental difference there was between the two brothers, she had alternately married.

A similar misalliance and its consequences, is poetically historified by Tennyson in his "Idyls of the King." We do not say that the conduct of queen GUINEVERE, and her intrigues with Launcelot, are morally excusable because she was misallied with King Arthur, but her crime surprises us far less than it would have done, had she been

satisfied with him as her natural mate.—He is far above her, and she seems to know it right well, for she says to Launcelot, her paramour, respecting him :—

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all,
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color: I am yours,
Not Arthur's as you know, save the bond."

To be sure, GUINEVERE is brought to a sort of semi-repentance at last, which seems to lift her up somewhat in the moral scale, —for she says of Arthur, who at a final interview had forgiven her the wrong she done him—

"And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before the high God. Ah great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy Knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half despised the height
To which I would not *or could not* climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color which I found
In Launcelot!"

We cannot, dear madam, doubt that you speak truly, and you should have married Launcelot in the first place. You would then have mated with your peer, and have proved a good and respectable woman.—But you, from vanity, or ambition, married a noble man whose high quality you could neither understand nor respect, until it was too late; and you grievously fell, involving in your fall a melancholy ruin to many others. *

MISS HARDINGE ON DRESS.

When we ventured a suggestion on the subject of Dress Reform, some weeks since, we were quite aware that we were trenching on delicate ground. Perhaps, in presuming to hint, never so tenderly, that "woman's sphere" *could be* too much *extended*, we were out of *our own* sphere entirely. At any rate, we will endeavor to bear with Christian resignation any punishment for our "actual transgressions" which our lady readers may see fit to inflict upon us, by tongue or pen—especially when administered with the grace and eloquence which characterize the protest of Miss HARDINGE, in a late number of the AGE. Verily, it is such a luxury to receive a good hearty *dressing down* (or "up," if she prefers) from so genuine and valued a friend, that we feel almost tempted to repeat the offence (or rather to commit a *real* one,) for the sake of a repetition of the chastisement!

But our sense of justice was never quite reconciled to the doctrine of fictitiously "imputed sin;" and hence it will not allow of our willingly suffering for *offences not committed*, however pleasant or profitable the correction may be. We feel obliged, therefore, even at this late stage in the proceedings, to enter a plea of *not guilty* to nearly every count in the indictment recorded against us.

Miss Hardinge, as well as some other readers, has quite misapprehended the meaning and scope of the article to which she takes exceptions. It was doubtless mainly our own fault that we were not better understood—though it is difficult in a short newspaper article, on any topic of importance, to so guard oneself as not to be misapprehended by somebody. There is, in fact, very little difference between us and our esteemed co-laborer, on any point which he has so skillfully argued.

A careful perusal of the offensive article will show—much as it may surprise Miss H.,—that it does *not* advise the discarding of silks as an article of female dress—nor the wearing of calico instead—nor a puritanic abjuration of the beautiful and the tasteful. Take away these items of supposed grievance, and the relevancy and pungency of her criticisms is gone.

True, we mentioned prefatorily the fact that a movement was said to be on foot in England to induce "ladies of quality" to dress in calico, at church; but we did not intend to be understood as recommending precisely the same thing here. On the contrary, we purposely refrained from suggesting any particular fabric—deeming this quite out of our province, and not supposing that uniformity was either practicable or desirable. This matter, as well as the question of style, etc., was expressly left to the "good sense" of "sensible women" such as dare to act out their own views of propriety. Instead of presuming to *prescribe* or *proscribe* any specific article or mode, our recommendation was in these general terms:—"Let all rich and gaudy apparel, *worn merely for the purpose of looking as well as our neighbors, or of outshining them*, be banished from the meetings of Spiritualists."

We submit that Miss Hardinge, in so far as she (to use her own forcible language) "resolutely anathematized *extravagance* or *excess* in fine dress," and refuses to be "a mere slave of fashion, without any other guide than the contemptible phantom light of popular opinion," fully endorses the *spirit*, if not the letter, of our suggestion.

Of the influences exercised by different colors and different fabrics on sensitive persons, we had been long aware—as also of the fact that persons have constitutional likes and dislikes in respect to colors, which ought never to be outraged. We were familiar, too, with the insulating properties of silk, and have been long acquainted with persons who cannot enter a public assembly, even as hearers, without suffering severely from the mixed magnetism of the audience, unless protected by garments of this fabric. We expected all these things would be taken into consideration by the "sensible women" to whose judgment the whole matter was left. We are glad that Miss Hardinge has called special attention to them, and thus supplied our omission. But, surely, there is ample room for a recognition of all constitutional needs, as well as for the exercise of refined tastes, inside of that fluctuating display and subserviency to fashion which we desire to see abandoned.

The "hoop question" we were disposed to meddle with as delicately as possible; but since it has been *roundly* put forward by our fair respondent, we will blushingly submit our private "confession of faith" on that topic. It is, in brief, that hoops are, to womankind, one of the greatest blessings of modern invention—while their extravagant expansion is the most *enormous* folly of modern costumery.

A large space is occupied by our eloquent friend in defence of *flowers*—those "voiceless tongues" which are "everywhere proclaiming that God is tender and loving, as well as just and strong." The occasion on our part for this defence, we could not divine, until, on carefully re-reading the article which called forth her letter, we discovered that some careless printer's imp had substituted "flowers" where we wrote "*flounces*!" We shall hope to be freely forgiven this part of the offence, since Miss H. has herself evidently suffered still more severely at the hands of the typos. But we could never *forgive ourself*, had we let slip one word in disparagement of those silent ministers of grace, truth and love, whose presence we always court—the sweet-breathed flowers.

The only point on which we discover even a seeming difference between our gifted fellow-laborer and ourself, is in respect to the *peculiar* appropriateness of a simple style of dress to meetings for spiritual instruction and worship, and *in*-appropriateness of the gaudy style to the same occasions. Yet notwithstanding her confounding this with a pharisaical distinction between "holy" and "unholy" times, "sanctified" and "unsanctified" dresses, etc.,—and in spite of her earnest endeavors "to be as good as she can be at all times,"—we are sure Miss Hardinge does practically recognize the principle of the adaptation of costume to times and employments.

If she ever has occasion to perform service in the kitchen or at the wash-tub, does she not choose a different garb from that in which she appears on the lecture-rostrum?—though the one employment is, in one sense, quite as "religious" as the other. According to her own showing, she varies her apparel with circumstances and conditions, and she avoids "extravagance and excess" at all times. We recommend nothing more than is implied in this. When free from the trammels of fashion, the spirit spontaneously seeks to have its garments correspond with and symbolize its internal states. We respectfully submit that there is a state of mind appropriate to the assembly of earnest and reverential truth-seekers (to say nothing now of "public worship," after the ordinary forms of Christendom)—a state of receptivity, deference, and forgetfulness of externals—which is different from the states equally appropriate to the work-shop, the parlor, the saloon, or the festive occasion;—a state which cultivated susceptibilities feel to be specially incongruous with personal displays and factitious distinctions of any kind. True, such displays will be avoided at *all* times by persons of *real* refinement; yet others may be expected to dispense with them *first* where they are most obviously out of place.

With these explanations, we leave our case, and the proposed "Dress Reform," to the judgments of the candid and the wise;—only adding that the frank and fearless effort of our noble sister to combat our supposed errors, commands our admiration not less than if we had really deserved her criticisms.

A. E. N.

BREVITIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—It is of the first importance that we base our actions upon the *principles* of things. Our legitimate successes do, and will depend upon such procedure. If we wisely fall into the great currents of eternal truth, life's ways will hardly seem adverse to our true interests, neither shall we see reason to ever utter the voice of complaint. It were wiser for us to earnestly study the indications of the eternal Providence, than to take counsel of our own blind desires, which, in that case, come at last to usurp the entire government of our being. We are but a section of a grand system of things, and to act well our part in this vast process of life, and to thus insure to ourselves its permanent benefits, we must study to learn and obey the laws that govern it. We cannot hinder the onward flow of fated events. These predetermined affairs govern *us*, and not we them, as we are sometimes vain enough to suppose. We are truly blessed only when God is permitted to "work within us to will and do His own good pleasure." *

SPIRIT-MACHINERY,—or as some would prefer to call it, Ghost-Machinery,—has become a powerful element in the literature of the day. Recently the literary community has been set all agog by the publication of a book called "SIR ROHAN'S GHOST." The author is said to be Miss. Presscott, a young lady of Newburyport. How far, and in what sense, this work has been the result of Spiritualism, we have no means of showing. Nor are we acquainted with its character, any further than to know that it is a Ghost-Story. Whether Miss. Prescott is a *real* spirituulist, or merely a *simulated* one, is also beyond our knowledge. At any rate, she has used our spiritualistic "thunder," with which to compass the purpose of her book, and whether she came by it mediumistically, or "stole it," is again more than we can determine. Perhaps the lady is one of those who sneer at "other-worldliness" as a matter of *fact*, while at the same time, she is fain to use it as a mere matter of fancy and imagination. *

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!"
Tennyson.

HARMONY and PEACE are the rule of the universe. The Circumstantial and the Incidental, which make such a disturbing pother about us, are the exceptions. Those who do not comprehend the fixedness and soverign integrity of the universal Whole, are subject to preposterous and hurtful fears that the vast frame of things is often about to tumble about their devoted ears! When shall we learn that it is mainly *our* business, through the mediums of our moral will—by our capacity for virtue, to join ourselves to the Central Peace? *

ELOQUENT REMARKS.—An Alabama Senator, in a recent debate on a bill to prevent the adulteration of liquors, said: Mr. President, this is the most important measure that has been before this body at this session. Spiritous liquors, sir, is a beverage in which we all indulge, more or less. It is well known, sir, that there are persons so lost to every sense of humanity, as to put strychnine and other poisonous substances in this popular beverage. Sir, in my opinion, the villian who perpetrates so great an outrage ought to suffer death.

☞ Isn't it quite singular that they should be trying so hard to get a "Speaker" in the House of Representatives when they have already so many? One would think that they had enough "speakers" there unless they were better. *

ADIN BALDOU of the *Practical Christian*, recently gave Bro. Garrison of the *Liberater*, a very pungent, down right lecturing for his recreancy to his long-professed non-resistent doctrines, manifested in a speech in a late John Brown sympathizing meeting. This very able and unanswerable rebuke we hope will be well received by Bro. G., and cause him to repent and humbly turn back to his first love. He has got to such a pass in his "*resistence* to tyrants," that he hardly knows what manner of spirit he is of. But Mr. Ballou has so faithfully "held the mirror up" to him that he cannot fail to see his own distorted features in such a light as will lead him to redeem himself from his temporary bondage to the old fighting satan. *

"Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk,
He makes no friend who never made a foe"
Tennyson.

How a lady betrayed herself to the one she loved.

"————" his large black eyes,
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face."

"It was a saying of Charles II., in reference to the opposition which the Doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy that 'he was a bear, against whom the Church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.'" *

MYSTICS.

WHY some writers are called mystics is because they have gone into deeper soundings of consciousness—penetrated farther into the realms of spiritual truth, than those who thus designate them. Others are truly mystical because their thoughts are ill-defined, vague, pointless, without central germ of order or organic tendency. They float about in idle brains, as do the fragmentary, fleecy clouds in the heavens, containing neither wind nor rain,—though perhaps a trifle of surface beauty.— *

Br. Osgood informs us that his remark in reference to liberalizing tendency of Spiritualism, was intended to refer to the community in which he lives. Of course he is competent to speak of its influence there. Our note referred to the sphere of our own observation. —[Gospel Banner.

We hardly think that it was necessary for Bro. Osgood to qualify his assertion to the editor of the Banner "in relation to the liberalizing tendency of spiritualism." We can have little doubt that people *in all places* are just as susceptible of being liberalized by this more liberal form of religion as they are in the vicinity of Foxcroft, Me., As for the Banner man doubtless his sphere of spiritual observation is quite limited, as there are none so blind as those who *will not* see. *

The *Spiritual Guardian* has been enlarged, and otherwise greatly improved. It is a very zealous and determined sheet. We heartily wish it all the success it deserves. *

WE have but little doubt that the human spirit is a microcosm, or little world, and that in it are fac similes, or transcripts, of the landscapes of the Spirit-world, which, in favorable states of the brain, are revealed to consciousness. We therefore need not go out of ourselves to get glimpses of the transcendant glories of the immortal world. In sleep, oftimes, and in entranced moments, the thin veil is withdrawn, and the realms of light "and joy unspeakable," rise upon our enraptured view. Not only the "geometry of the city of God," but its beatitudes and ineffably resplendent garniture, are contained within the ever-present spirit of man. *

SOME men with apparently large spiritual gifts and promise, make a very hopeful beginning in spiritual life. They do well so long as they remain teachable and humble. At last, in an evil hour, ambition, not only "that last," but *worst* "infirmity of noble minds," puts it into their heads that they may some way distinguish themselves and become as gods.—They cast about them, and finally go to work and erect some factitious theological fabric in which they become self-imprisoned, and, which they arbitrarily demand the adhesion of others. Henceforth they grow narrow, despotic, bigoted, and lose all the growing grace that characterizes those who joyfully give themselves up to the advancing and constantly unfolding influences of infinite truth! *

At a late militia muster in Kentucky, a big keg was used as a drum. It there was anything in the keg, Prentice thinks the men rallied at the tap.

A NEW LECTURER.—Charles A. Hayden, a lad of 18 years, addressed audiences in Spiritual Age Hall, on the last two Sabbaths, to great acceptance, being under Spirit control. He is an eloquent and effective Speaker, and must soon take rank as such among our lecturers. We commend him to our friends who need a good Speaker.

☞ Our readers should not fail to give the Sermon on our first page, entitled "Authority and Freedom," a careful reading. We think it completely settles this long mooted theological and philosophical question.

Correspondence.

THE HARMONIAL BROTHERHOOD.

Having written several short communications on the formation of our *Christian Harmonial Brotherhood*, and given our views in relation to what might be done to forward this noble enterprise, by the organizing of industry on a better and truer basis than has ever yet been done; I trust I have given some hints in relation to the establishing a social, and divine order on the earth. In all ages—through the past—there have lived Seers and prophets, who have foretold a brighter, and better day, for the inhabitants of the earth.

Poets have tuned their lyres again and again and have sung the harmonious strains of "liberty and equality to an ignorant and misdirected race."

Every *great* and good *man philosopher* or *saint*—in the Church—and out of it—have been looking forward to the time when swords shall be turned into *ploughshares*—and spears, into *pruning-hooks*, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation—neither shall they learn war any more.

In our last article we showed the great contrast between Christianity established by Jesus and his Apostles, more than eighteen centuries ago, and what is called Christianity now, and we think we showed it as clear as the noonday sun, the doctrines of the *great seer* as He gave it to the world. Shortly after He commenced, His mission on the earth, He began to speak as one having authority—and He told to His disciples to tarry at whatever honse they were stopping until they were endowed with power from on high. His religion was a practical one, and well calculated to call out all the noble feelings of the race. Having given my opinion in relation to what true Christianity is; I wish to show in this communication that it is my firm belief that the time has fully come to start this Christian Brotherhood, and to practically carry it out in all the relations of life practical righteousness.

It seems to me that there can be no true Church founded on the earth until man can have a full guaranteed right and title to the soil on which he lives; but says the inquirer, how can we obtain the soil? I answer by saying we must purchase the lands, of individuals and government, as cheap as we can, and let all the members of the Brotherhood have their land at cost; or if the free homestead is granted to all pioneers of 160 acres each, from our government, then we can colonize these lands without money and without price, and become actual settlers.

Our *ground plan*, is a complete *town* of itself containing sixteen thousand deeds, divided and sub-divided into village lots, and farms varying from two acres up to 160 acres giving to every member of our Brotherhood as much land as his avocation requires.

Each and every member can have his homestead by choice provided he bids for that choice, as may be seen by a perusal of our constitutional compact, and all money raised from the choice of bids, will be appropriated for the benefit of the whole town.

It has been understood by some who are not well acquainted with our movement, that it will have a tendency to draw together many who will wish to do away with the family ties of husband and wife.

I wish here to be distinctly understood that I am opposed to all schemes and organizations that tend in any way, or manner to destroy the individual family of man; and the aims of the harmonial colony movement, have been in all its bearings to fully establish the family circle complete; even more perfectly than it has ever been done before in the civilized world.

Our brotherhood is organized for the purpose of practically carrying out by agreement, one towards another all the practical problems of life.

Namely, when our organization goes forth to meet and bless the world, it means a social

[Continued on 8th page.]

Interesting Miscellany.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

VISIT TO GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE

ATHLONE, IRELAND, Sept. 22d., 1859.

I left your readers, at the close of my last letter, standing at the door of the ruined parsonage which Rev. Charles Goldsmith occupied, and in which the childhood of the poet was passed. Close by this, stands the village school or what was the village school, and in the low cabin, which the man who owns the potato patch in Goldsmith's parlor, now calls home, once walked and taught that most distinguished of school masters, of whom the climax is reached in the lines,

> And still they talked and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Not many years ago it was an uncovered mass of walls, but latterly it has been thatched, and makes a classical, if not a comfortable house.

As the pretty little pond of water in the meadow meets the eye, the thought is, the mill. Yes, where is the busy mill—where the never-failing brook? A little further along, and we shall see it. The carman who took me over has been persuading the few travellers who run eight miles from a railway to see the Deserted Village, that the base of one of those mysterious Round Towers found all over Ireland, was Goldsmith's mill. There is, indeed, a winnowing mill in the bottom of that, but it is, I think, a modern appliance: and I was at first and continued to be, incredulous, about the "busy Mill" being a winnowing mill in the base of a Round Tower away from any running stream. I prevailed on him at length to join me in an exploring expedition, for I believed that the brook and the mill would be found to be united in *fact*, as they are in the *poem*. A tall tower, square, not round, invited investigation, but proved to be the last relic of a small castle of the feudal times. Close under the castle was a hut, and there we went with the twofold purpose of getting water and information. But father and mother were both gone, and nobody was at home but a little slatternly, dirty girl. She might give us the water, but she could tell us nothing of the mill.

While she was running for the dipper and rinsing it, I was taking an inventory of the contents of the hovel which had but one room and a large cupboard or whatever you like to call it, but wholly empty. And this is what the room contained. A large fire-place with a few glowing turfs on the hearth; a tub; a huge wooden box, which had no draws and whose function was not obvious; two chunks of wood, log-shaped, for chairs; an earth floor, very rough; an iron pot in the door-way; half a dozen shelves; two tin teapots; five plates and a bowl or two; a ladder leading to an open place over the closet mentioned above, where I suppose lay a pallet of straw. All the house contained would hardly bring five shillings at a public sale. The girl came running up as soon as I had finished taking account of stock, bringing a tin dipper, which, although she had rinsed it two or three times, still had a rim of buttermilk running round it. But the water was good and sweet.

At the door of the next cabin, was an old woman aged about one hundred and sixty, judging by her countenance, to whom, my companion, the car driver, shouted, asking if she knew where the old mill is. "I'll show the gintleman," answered she, and tottled out before us leading the way down a little hill, where, in a minute a very small raceway was in view. It was the smallest kind of mill, the flume was not four feet across, and the never-failing brook was now dry. An overshot wheel was at the end of the building, but the whole affair was a mill in miniature, and must have affected the poet's mind, as running water always affects the minds of boys. I remember the brooks where I used to play better than any other scenes of my childhood.

The door of the mill was open and I went in, and with the sanction of my guide broke off a piece of the hopper large enough to make a wooden box to keep my copy of the complete works of Oliver Goldsmith in. The mill is now out of repair, and has been for two years. It is of no use except to show to visitors, and there is hardly one a week who goes out of the way to see it. There is so much that lies on railways now-a-days that tourists seldom leave the iron track. Still the old woman has shown the mill enough to learn to like the feeling of the money which visiters drop into her palm. As I came out of it she called, in her shrill witch-like voice:—

"I hope you'll give the ould woman something."

I had in my heart purposed to make her glad with a liberal donation—say six pence a great sum to a really poor person in Ireland—but the *tone* in which she asked, and the *fact* that she did ask, chilled the ardor of my benevolence, and I concluded to bestow upon her the same sum which the lord of a certain vineyard bestowed upon a man who came in at the eleventh hour, namely, a penny, reserving the right to make future provision for her in my will.

Accordingly I gave her, with all due formality, two half-pence. In view of my distinguished appearance, brownish cap, seed-bare coat, patched boots, and the other appurtenances of a gentleman of the quill, she had set her heart upon a shilling, and was bent on returning the penny in disgust. The active benevolence of my heart was moved in behalf of so interesting a female, and I refused to receive it, and left her to "pocket the insult," which I have no doubt she very contentedly did, after I was gone, and I have just as little doubt that she has worked many a long day and been thankful if she has earned a penny worth of potatoes But seriously, my dilemma arose from the fact, that, exploring the recesses of my capacious pockets, I had discovered, after I had set my heart upon the sixpence bequest, that the sixpence was in a state designated by the lawyers as "non est;" and as gentlemen whose stock in trade is what brains they chance to have, with pen, ink and paper to match, do not usually have shillings to give to old women who walk those roads before them and do them little good after all, I, as fall into this category, having no silver nor gold to give away, had to give what I had, namely, the two half pence.

Leaving the mill and the dried-up brook, we rode leisurely along to the church on the hill, about a mile and a half away. As we neared it, we could see what a ruin it now is, there being nothing left of it but the tower. It must have been a fine large church in its day. I took a rough sketch for future reference and thought of the quaint good men who used to preach in it and of the little homely boy who got his first impressions of religious things within its walls.

A little way from it stands the new church, a pretty edifice indeed, and which Goldsmith would now characterize by a still stronger word than "decent," were he to write the Deserted Village over again. Still further along on the road is the house of Rev. Charles Goldsmith's successor, in the curacy. His house is a neat stone cottage, but as I peeped in through the open door, there were unmistakable signs of squalor and poverty. A woman was washing near the door, but that was not against her; but it was against her that she was a very dirty woman, and had a number of dirty children around her. I involuntarily thought of the chances of there being a second Goldsmith among them, but concluded that I would not give much for the probabilities of the thing.

A few miles brought us back to the excellent hotel of Mr. Haire, where dinner was soon served and as heartily relished as though I had been fox hunting instead of treading for a few hours in the childhood's footsteps of my favorite poet.

I could not learn that more than two or three Americans had preceded me in this interesting ramble; but it will not be long, now that Ireland is attracting tourists in such numbers from England, before the American admirers of poor Noll on our side of the Atlantic will pluck a bit of mortar from his father's house, a bit of furze from the roadside where in his childhood he played. If any do, let me tell them that Athlone is the place to stop on the railway from Dublin to Galway, and that mine host at the Royal Hotel will do them good service in providing them with the creature comforts and forwarding to

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.'

GUZMAN.

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

"Sick—sick again!" said the heedless wife, with petulance. "I'm so tired of seeing a pale face from morning till night, of hearing groans, and of mixing doses. It seems to me there is little need of this constant giving up. Why don't I give up?"

"Mary—Mary," cried a quivering voice.

"Coming, coming," replied the woman. "Oh, dear! how I have to run. He's so impatient, and I must always be there.—Men never ought to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was but little tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mrs. Nash was not a hard-hearted or an unfeeling woman. Her character leaned somewhat to the side of selfishness, and being in robust health, she had no knowledge of the heart-wearing that continued pull-backs cause to men of the strongest wills.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the man, half childish, "it seems as if my head never did ache as it does now."

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said Mrs. Nash, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it is worse. If you will only pull the curtain down—the least light strikes through my eyes, even when they are shut."

"Up again," thought the wife, rising somewhat impatiently, scattering her work with some noise as she did so; and, heedless of the groan that followed, she let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his wife's brow.

"Oh, no!"—her face cleared up—"you are notional, of course—all men are. Men don't know what sickness is, and they're so frightened at the least pain."

"But this is terrible!" cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids together.

Oh! how he longed to have some soothing hand upon his temples; but he would not ask his wife, because he saw that she had snatched up her sewing, and was again absorbed in its completion.

Hours passed, and the pulse leaped madly, the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins, the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh, and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mrs. Nash had been down stairs preparing the supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbor's question concerning her husband:

"Oh, going to die, as you men all are, if you happen to cut your flinger."

Little she thought how true was the prophecy she so unthinkingly uttered! In another moment her eldest son came into the room.

"Isn't it funny?" he cried, "pa don't know me. He called me Mr. Morris, and asked me if I had that will all made out."

"What do you mean, child?" His mother paused in the midst of her work.

"He don't know me, because I kept calling pa, and he would look at me so strangely, and keep asking me if I had that will all made out."

Her cheek paling a little, Mrs. Nash hurried up to the chamber. Her husband was talking wildly to himself, and his appearance had changed frightfully. Now seriously alarmed, she sent for the physician, who was all wonder that he had been called at so late an hour.

"The man must have shown symptoms of more than ordinary distress this morning," he said; "did he make complaints of nothing but an ordinary headache?"

The wife was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to these attacks that she didn't think much of it. Her heart, however condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her sick husband had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness.

Tears, and wild prayers to Heaven, sweet and fervent words of love availed nothing The death hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:

"Dearest, you have been a good wife to me."

The meek face looked calm amidst the casements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over! Oh! what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her own ears at every step. This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled, as hert rembling steps led her to his open grave—as she looked her last upon the dear, manly face that had ever had a smile for her!

"If I had been tender to him that day," she often sobbed out, as she accused herself, "I would give worlds!" But the sorrow, dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence. Now the widowed woman is the welcome visitor by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother—her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet—her very sympathy the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face! that but for her neglect, might be smiling on her now—and with the rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

DEATH AND DEATH-SCENES.

The following passages exhibiting the views of a candid and thoughtful clergyman, who is probably more familiar with death bed scenes than any other in America, are taken from the Autobiography of Rev. Theodore Clapp. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Clapp commenced his ministerial labors as a strict Calvinist, but was led gradually to embrace a more cheering and hopeful faith, and is now a prominent and zealous minister of the Universalist denomination:

"In all my experiences, I never saw an unbeliever die in fear. I have seen them expire, of course, without any hopes or expectations, but never in agitation from dread, or misgivings as to what might befall them hereafter. I know that clergymen generally assert that this final event passes with some dreadful visitation of unknown, inconceivable agony, over the soul of the departing sinner. It is imagined that in his case the pangs of dissolution are dreadfully aggravated by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience, and by the unwillingness, the reluctance of the spirit to be torn with ruthless violence from its mortal tenement, and hurried by furies into the presence of an avenging Judge. But this is all a picture of superstitious fancy. It is probable that I have seen a greater number of those called irreligious persons breathe their last, than any clergyman in the United States. Before they get sick, the unacclimated are often greatly alarmed; but when the enemy seizes them, and their case is hopeless, they invariably lose their reason, or become calm, composed, fearless and happy. This fact is a striking illustration of the benevolence of the Creator. If men's minds were not disturbed by false and miserable teachings, they would not suffer in death any more than they do when they fall asleep at night. Death is called a sleep in the Scripture "Death is the sleep of the weary. It is repose—the body's repose, after the toilsome day of life is over." Even the convulsive struggles of the dying are not attended with pain, any more than the sobs and groans with which we sometimes sink into the slumbers of nightly rest. This is proved by the testimony of those who have been resuscitated after they become cold and pulseless, and restored again to life and breath. Their agonies were all seeming, not real, they tell us.

Persons without religion often die uttering words which indicate what are their strongest earthly loves or attachments, their "ruling passion." A young man of my acquaintance was once in that stage of the yellow fever superinduced by the beginning of mortification. Then the patient is free from pain, sometimes joyous and very talkative. The individual I am speaking of was perfectly enamored of novel reading. One of Walter Scott's romances was daily expected in New Orleans.—Not many minutes before his death, it was brought to his bed by a friend whom he had sent to procure it. It was placed in his hands, but he was no longer able to see printing. The pages of the book, and the faces of his friends, were growing dim around him. He exclaimed, "I am blind; I cannot see: I must be dying; must I leave this new production of immortal genius unread?" His last thought was dictated by his favorite pursuit and passion. Men must carry into the other world the character which they possessed at the moment of death.

It would be well were all to remember that great, glorious thought, habitually cherished, spontaneously fill the mind in a dying hour, to bear it aloft and buoyant over the dark gulf.

In all my experiences in New Orleans, I have met with no dying persons who were terrified, except church members who had been brought up in the Trinitarian faith. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that these persons were not good Christians. They were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity was the cause of their fear and apprehensions. One, to whom I allude, embraced the Calvinistic doctrine of election. He was a just, conscientious, most excellent man. I knew him perfectly. His last words were, "I have no hope; all is dark. There is a bare possibility that I may be saved." This was the language of honesty. For he held that salvation would be conferred upon only a part of mankind, elected to this destiny by a decree of God—eternal, immutable, and altogether irrespective of character and works, and all the remainder would be doomed to eternal woe, without any regard to their merit or demerit. No honest man, with such a creed, could die without the greatest dread and anxiety. For if God has inflexibly determined to destroy a portion of his children, however pure and good they may be, no one can know absolutely, from his character, that he is among the saved; no one can feel certain of enjoying that final everlasting happiness.

When I first entered the clerical profession, I was struck with the utter insufficiency of most forms of Christianity to afford consolation in a dying hour. Paul says, the revelation of Jesus was given, "to deliver those, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Ancient pagan literature invariably represents death as the greatest calamity of human existence; it was denominated the stern, terrible, insatiate, cold, bitter, merciless "foe." It was the avenue to eternal night; where the fair, the venerated and the loved would be lost beyond recovery. If all this were true, we might justly say, "Speak not to us of consolation: there *is* no consolation; there is no support for such a lot as ours; nothing but dullness can bear it; nothing but stupidity can tolerate it; and nothing but idiocy could be indifferent to it." Jesus came into the world to announce the sublime doctrine that no one ever was, or ever will be, injured by death; that death is not so much as the interruption of existence; that death indeed, is only death in appearance, while in reality the spirit's life is progressive, ever continued and immortal.

Whoever, then, advocates those views of death, the belief of which tends to make its recipients afraid to die ignores the messages of the gospel on this momentous theme. The great prominent truth of the Bible is, that, in every instance, "the day of one's death is better than the day of his birth." All these efforts to make death a scarecrow, to frighten men into the church, are as low and debasing as they are irrational and anti-Christian. Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man.

Not the blue sky, not the richest landscape, not the flowers of spring, not all the charms of music, poetry, eloquence, art, or literature, present to our contemplation anything so lovely and magnificent as death and its consequences, viewed through the telescope of the New Testament. Yet almost all the clergy, for fifteen hundred years, have employed their utmost genius, learning and oratory, to portray, in colors so appalling, that nobody who believes them can think upon the grave but with the deepest dread, dejection and horror It would be quite as wise to bring up our children atheists, as to corrupt their minds with apprehension that the dissolution of the body may conduct them to everlasting evil. It would be better, safer every way, for our children to believe in annihilation than in endless misery.

SPIRIT VISION AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

When I took his hand in mine, he said, "The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears and misgivings. What will become of me?" I replied, "What, sir, is your strongest wish?" He answered, "That it may please God to forgive and save me, for Christ's sake." I added, "If this is the real wish of your heart, it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?" I inquired. He said, "No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf his surviving children."—"Suppose," I continued, "you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace forever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father? He answered in the affirmative. I said, "Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as he does himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than he could destroy himself?"

"I see I am in the error," he exclaimed. "O, God, help me and strengthen me!" I then made a short prayer.

* * * * * * *

Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, "It is finished;" then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, "God be praised, I see my father."—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, "What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?" He answered, "My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is, (pointing upwards,) smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone." On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good looking corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his

whole appearance that of statue-like repose.— There he lay before me, as beautiful as life itself His countenance wore such a smile of ecstacy, I could hardly realize that his immortal spirit had fled. I laid my hand on his heart. It moved not.

This incident made a lasting impression on my mind. It deepened, it strengthened, immeasurably my belief that the soul survives the body.— "Who knows," said I to myself, "but every one of these hundreds that are dying around me, when they draw their last breath, are greeted by the disembodied spirits of those whom they loved on earth, and have come to convoy them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?"

Shortly after this, I was standing beside the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother, saying, "Do you not see my sister (who died of yellow fever a few weeks before) *there?*" pointing upwards. "There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven." Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us as guardian angels, to breathe in our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions.

THE REASONS FOR IRVING'S CELIBACY.—Instead of being a "defect," the celibacy of Irving was his crown of glory. Those who have studied his writings must have been struck with the remarkable transition from humor to pathos, from the broadest fun to the most meditative sentiment which occurs between the facetious History of New York and the Sketch-Book. Many, perhaps, imagine that this is accounted for by his loss of fortune. But the feeling is too soulful for such an interpretation. It had its origin in one of those disappointments of the heart which color all the subsequent life of a true man. We trust that now there is no want of delicacy in alluding to the fact that the early object of Irving's love died during their betrothal. We have heard the last interview described by a member of her family; and to the sacred sorrow thus engendered is to be ascribed much that is touching and true in the sentiment of Irving's writings; to his fealty to this affection, in no small degree, is owing the continued sensibility which kept his heart fresh to the last; and, above all, that respect for and sympathy with the innate and holy sentiments of humanity, which he so uniformly manifested in letters and in life. Nor is this all. Time may have healed the wound and reconciled the bereft to another relation; but there intervened a period of disaster which drove his eldest brother to bankruptcy; for his sake and that of his family of daughters, Washington Irving continued single, took them all home, and became a father to the children. Beautiful was their mutual devotion; happy their congenial household; and Sunnyside is now bequeathed to them. No one familiar with Mr. Irving, associated the idea of celibacy with him; he was always in a domestic atmosphere; his neices were like daughters; his fair neighbors his favorite companions, children the delight of his heart. With such free and fond affections he could, under no circumstances, lead the life of a single man, as the phrase is usually understood. He was domesticated in families abroad; he was the endeared center of one at home; and one of the most beautiful aspects of his life, as well as one of the most honorable, is that selected as exceptional, after the flippant habit of those who ignorantly condemn what they have neither the justice to examine, nor the refinement of soul to conjecture *may be* an evidence of the highest love and the most heroic self-denial.—[Boston Transcript.

INSTINCT OF APPETITE.

We constantly notice, at our own table, that a child will be ravenously fond of a particular dish, and after a while turn from it. The reason is, that there was a constituent in the much loved food which the system required, and which it drank up greedily until it was fully supplied, and then instinct would receive no more. A thirsty man, like the arid soil, drinks the water until the one is full and the other is saturated, and then the water is refused or rejected. The soil will not receive it, and it flows off; and when a man has enough, he becomes nauseated if he tries to drink more. To most persons, water has a very disagreeable taste, if it is attempted to be forced.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from these facts is simply this: Do not force your child or yourselves to take one single mouthful of any food or drink which they do not like. In sickness or health consult the instincts of the appetite, and yield to them implicit and instant obedience. There is sometimes a morbid appetite, and if indulged in freely, injurious, if not fatal, effects may follow; but in the most of these cases, even, we prefer to believe that it is the quantity which does the harm, and not the quality; so that we are in the habit of saying to some dyspeptics, "Eat what you most crave: but if you find that it is uniformly followed by some disagreeable feeling, instead of discarding the article of food, take half as much next time, and continue to diminish the quantity until it is found how much of its favorite dish Nature can take with perfect impunity. If a spoonful only can be taken with perfect impunity, give Nature that spoonful as long as she craves it."

Most of us can call to mind cases where a craved dish or drink was imperatively forbidden, under fear of death, if indulged in; and yet the patient, in desperation, has gotten up in the night, satisfied the appetite, and recovered from that hour. We advise the safer plan; take a little at a time of what is so earnestly craved, and gradually feel the way along to an amount which Nature will bear. Physicians may rest assured that if the instincts of the invalid and the convalescent were more closely observed and studied, they would be more successful with less medicine.

ORGANIZATION AGAIN.

I never liked the word, as representing what I mean by *Order*. I used it in hopes to make my self understood, by those who chose it. I care not for a word. Mr. Newton thinks *he* differs little if any from me. I am not sure that he quite understands me, or I him. We shall yet understand each the other and be understood by the readers. I think Spiritualists have had Order—have had Organization—are in Order, are in Organization, as far as these are in them. If they grow in these, they will live out more. If they grow, I believe their Organization—Order—will *change* its form, its mode of action, of manifestation. It has been in continued change in the past, and been generally spontaneous. Here, I will drop the subject, unless called out, till our friends who write for and urge *more* Organization, introduce something more definite to show us *what* they think should be done, and what further they think *can* be done without bondage or encroachment upon our spontaneity—and the ever changing action of that spontaneity. Then we shall know their meaning. We are willing and hope to progress in all truly good things.

What I have always understood the friends of Organization to mean has necessarily been a sort of fixedness—of sameness, which was absolutely impossible with a true individual freedom. Many have sought to avoid this, but have always failed. They still hope for success, and will try again and again, doubtless. I believe the two are positively incompatible. But I go with friend Newton in his "fraternal co-operation" in every useful object now, and am willing to trust mind in freedom to grow into and work out Nature in its *more perfect forms of Divine Order* or *Organization*.

AUSTIN KENT.

MARRIAGE AND SUCCESS IN ART.—Ann Denham was the name of Flaxman's wife, and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was.— He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intenser spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "so Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist."— Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I'm ruined for an artist." "How so, John?— How has it happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well-known and had often been expressed, that if students would excel they must bring their whole powers of mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman drawing up his little figure to its full height, "*I* would be a great artist." "And you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Flaxman. "Work and economise," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair, that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me." He kept his word.— ["Self-help," by J. Smiles.

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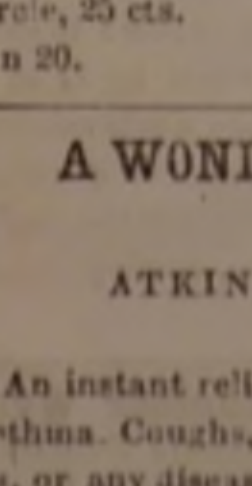

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HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

☞ Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

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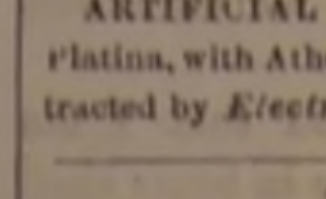
WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.



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A graphic and truthful Narration, "Digging for Capt Kydd's Treasure!" By one of the diggers. Two MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are said to be buried within two miles of New York city. The Revelation of the spirit of Kydd thus far proved true. Sent by mail. Price 15 cts. Address B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 14 Great Jones st. N. Y.

TO LECTURERS.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is authorized to sell the scenery of the spirit world, painted by the late E. Rodgers while in an entranced state. There are over thirty scenes, with a pair of dissolving view lanterns, said to be equal to any in the United States. A good lecturer would find this a rare opportunity to advance his own interests and the cause of Spiritualism. For further particulars I will send one of Mr. Rodgers' circulars to any gentlemen who may desire, as said circular gives a good idea of the nature of the scenes. Any information in regard to the manner of showing them and the terms of sale, will be given by

B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

[Continued from 5th page.]

and divine order on earth. It must go forth armed with no carnal weapon to destroy God's earth born children; it must not go forth in an organized army and navy, to deluge the earth in human gore, and kill God's earth-born children. No, no! its missions must be to seek and to save the lost.

When it goes forth into all the world it must not become a political power or have any alliance with the unfruitful works of darkness, but be as a light set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Our brotherhood must be a moral power in the earth, and it guardian angel, must be the *prince of peace*; it must provide for all its members physically, intellectually, and spiritually; it must feed, clothe, and protect all who are living in its communion, and say to all the inhabitants of the earth, neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more; it will have no fellowship as a brotherhood with any organization, political or religious, that upholds war, slavery, poligamy or intemperance; but will treat all such as brothers of one common parent, and give them the hand of fellowship, as soon as they come to a knowledge of the truth, and agree to do right, and act right one towards another. Our brotherhood must be christian in spirit, and all its members must be baptized with the holy spirit of the living inspiration of God; and when such an organization has been fully developed on the earth, every member will be baptized with the spirit of the living father; and all its members will have the gift of the spirit, but diversities of gifts according to their unfoldings; each one will have the self-same spirit because each one has drank from the great fountain of eternal life and wisdom.

Having written and ascertained what we ought to be the true followers of the great mediums of Nazareth, I make the inquiry how many of us are ready at the present time to help start such an organization.

Nearly all are agreed that there needs to be a great change in society before true spiritualism and practical christianity can cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and how must this change be brought about? Can it be brought about without a continual struggle for the faith once delivered to the saints? Can we stand on the platform of practical christianity unless we do the things that we say? Why stand ye idle all the day long, oh ye reformers; hath not the great Jehovah sent you out to work in his vineyard? Are not the fields already white for the harvest? and are not the laborers few who are filled with that wisdom that cometh down from Heaven, that giveth eternal life to a world, travailing in selfishness, and worshipping the god of mammon. Oh tell us ye angels of God that dwell in the golden circles of harmony, is there no better, is there no truer, and is there no more practical christianity to be given to the inhabitants of earth than the present? Was there no more meaning than this when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Yes I hear them responding, glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace and good will to men. There is a brighter and better day coming, already has the dawn began. The angels of God have come down to the earth, clothed with majesty and power; saying to the inhabitants of the earth, fear not! Behold we bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all the people. Let us take courage then, Br. Reformer, and look to the great Fountain of Love and Wisdom, for our instructions; and remember the words of Jesus, "my father is greater than I." And would it not be well for us all to remember this, and let the Holy Spirit come and dwell in our hearts, giving us the true gifts of the spirit.

There will of course be diversity of gifts, but the same spirit; and now comes home the question, How are we to become one in spirit, and one in harmony? I trust I shall be able to make this point plain, so that no one can misunderstand my meaning. I wish to give my own impressions and my own feelings in relation to this great and important subject, and clear the skirts of my garments from all participation in the follies of an unreliable spiritualism.

Then first, let it be understood that I am firmly in the belief that the pure in heart shall see God; and the impure, the disobedient, the selfish shall be like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt; and if we wish to come into harmony with Christ's Kingdom, we must live up to the laws of our being; deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. We must unfold our spiritual beings, by worshipping one living, that God; and not worship at the shrine of the god of gold, and of silver. As long as the human family worship at this altar, they cannot come into harmony with the gospel of the peace. Slavery, war, intemperance and poligamy, all bow in reverence to the selfish god, of gobl and silver.

It is no wonder to me that so many of God's earth-born children are groaning in darkness and spiritual death. They will not come to the light least their deeds shall be reproved. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Come up higher on the plain of practical christianity where slavery cannot come war, intemperance, lust, cannot enter in for when a brother or sister joins the brotherhood of harmony they must become coworkers with the prince of peace.

Having showed as we think the great need of such a brotherhood, the question comes home to every honest reformer, in thundering tones, Why can we not establish a social and divine order on the earth? Answer this question ye teachers of practical righteousness and tell me why it cannot be done, and come forth for action, or cease to preach a doctrine that can never be carried out into practical life.

The time has come, in my opinion, for action, there are thousands of good and honest brothers and sisters in our land, who, like the great teacher of Nazareth have not where to their heads.

But the first question in order is what contribution are you prepared to subscribe for the acquisition of a suitable domain in a healthy locality, the smallest subscription from $10, upwards will be received and your contribution will be repaid to you in land at cost. Perhaps you are not prepared to emigrate; what matters it, let us secure our domain, and then each of us can emigrate when circumstances will allow.

A tract of land in Virginia is offered us at $2, per acre, and one of the directory having been on or near these lands, thinks it would make us a suitable domain. Lands in other places are also offered us at very low rates. So soon as sufficient contributions are subscribed for the acquisition of a suitable domain, the directory will examine these lands and report to you; and they are men of talent and experience, and some of them are familiar with pioneer work in a new country. We mention these facts to satisfy those who would aid the work pecuniarily, that the affairs will be managed with such prudence and economy that they can run no risk of loss.

The Directory of the Christian Harmonial Brotherhood, have made the owners of these Virginia lands an offer provided they suit them after they shall make a thorough and careful examination of these lands. Namely: if they suit us we have offered to take 16000 acres, and have five years to settle and pay for said lands.

If a company belonging to our brotherhood goes out this spring as pioneer, they are to have a deed of their lands as soon as it is paid for at $2 per acre, and all other companies emigrating at different periods of time have their lands at cost, and have five years to settle the whole colony in; thus you see we shall not be obliged to get a full company at first but can emigrate as fast as we get ready, and have five years to complete our noble enterprise.

I have received a letter from the owners of these lands informing me they see no reason why they cannot furnish us these lands according to our proposals. They inform me that they would give us more information concerning these lands at a very early date, and will send us maps showing us the exact locality. Letters are coming from various parts of the country, and many have already joined our movement.

Friends of similar movements let us co-operate together. Our ground plan is large enough for all classes of reformers in the church, and out of it, who are desirous of saving the Kingdom of Heaven, established on the earth. Let the firm and the resolved be with us.

Application for documents, information, membership, &c., with remittances to pay the expenses of correspondence, may be made to the undersigned, or any other member of the directory. Yours for the redemption of the races.

D. C. GATES.

WORCESTER, Jan. 9th., 1860.

A WITTY CLERGYMAN.—Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of wit and humor. On one occasion he entreated an officer at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the halberts. The officer offered to grant his request if he would, in return grant him the first favor he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this, and the officer demanded that a ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The gentleman agreed to it, and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in the baptism of children, and said: "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremony of that Church." "Certainly," said the major, "I expect all the ceremony." "Well, then, major, I begin with the usual question—Do you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away.

Poetry.

[From the Massachusetts Spy]

DOWN THE RIVER.

Down the River, Life's deep river,
'Neath a calm, unclouded sky,
We are floating, freely floating
Each on each—apt to do and I.
Trail our bark is, and its sails
Would be rent by adverse gales,
And we know not of the lore
Which guardeth bark from shore to shore,
Yet we know (I know not why)
Naught of Fear, my bride and I.

Down the River, deep'ning river,
As the tide of Time rises on,
We are sailing, ne'er breasting
What can bark is not more strong,
Joy-bell's ringing! gaily singing
Peans to young life's beginning!
As we swiftly pass its shore,
Loving daily more and more;
Little heed we that the sky
Is distant, low'ring, bride and I.

Down the River! widening river,
As it neareth to the sea—
To the boundless, trackless ocean
Of God's love, Eternity!
Each caressing, either blending,
And a power joy confessing
In the wedded days we've known
As the happy days have flown,
And we talk of "by and by,"
Like young lovers! bride and I.

Down the River! flitting river,
Time is flitting with its shores,
As swift we ride upon its tide,
Which ever outward, seaward pours.
And we know that on the deep
Death will soon lay us to sleep,
Our frail bark is launched forever!
But we dream not we may sever,
And, as five angry gust sends by,
No danger heed, my bride and I.

Sudden comes a rushing blast,
As the lightning, fierce and fast,
Drowning seas our bark o'erwhelm;
Death has cited our thriving helm!
Trident darkness nears, and fear
Drives the hot blood from my heart,
As the wailing cry I hear,
Of "My beloved, we must part!"
And reverence shall cheerless sky
Smile on wedded wife and I.

Nevermore! across the river,
Love's freighted shallop shall I guide;
Death has drawn from our life oyster,
His clearest prize, for my bride.
Helpless o'er life's heavy sea,
Weary, drifting, floats my bark,
Onward! to Eternity!
Its only beacon through the dark,
The heavenly promise from on high,
We "meet again!" my bride and I.

Down the River! across the sea!
Trusting patient, let me wait,
Until the haven promised me
Is reached, at Heaven's golden gate.
And the gentle soul which shared,
And sharing, lightened this life's burden,
Again shall greet me new, prepared
To share with her its promised guerdon,
In realms where is no death to die,
Forever blessed, my bride and I.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soapsuds, and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds. It should be changed once a year.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, rooms, 143 Hanover street, Boston. Office Hours from 9 A. M., to 6 P. M. Terms, for private sittings $ .50 per hour.

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By a Spiritual Lecturer and Examiner, suitable rooms furnished. He is not always here, but expects to examine and give Psychometric readings when he is in the city. The rent must not be large, hence a retired street, with a reception or waiting, and an examining room is what is needed. Plainness and economy are the objects. Address a "Reformation," at this office, stating locality and terms.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,

with Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress and American Minister to Naples. An exceedingly interesting Book of 300 pages 12mo. Price $1.25—postage 20 cents. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. 9 21,tf.

New Graefenberg Water Cure and Hinsipathic Institute, (near Utica, N. Y.)

This establishment has been in successful operation for the past twelve years, and under the control of the present Physician during the whole time, which is a longer period than any similar institution has been conducted by the same individuals in this country.

ELECTRICITY, (Nature's own Agent) bears greatest agent in curing the ills which flesh is heir to, but experience has demonstrated that it is necessary to understand the use of water for its most successful application.

Those who believe in cure by the laying on of hands, as well add that many of our most important cures have been effected in part by such means.

For particulars, address E. HOLLAND, M. D., New Graefenberg, N. Y.

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MISS MOULTON will hold circles in the first room on the second floor, No. 171, corner of Court & Sudbury streets, Boston, every Monday night, for trance speaking; every Sunday and Wednesday night, for miscellaneous communications; and every Friday for development, commencing at 7 1-4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cts. She will also give private sittings for the development of mediums (for which her powers are specially adapted,) for which she will receive to be paid a reasonable compensation, according to circumstances. 12tf

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afterpoon at 3.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,

manufacturers of

ORGAN HARMONIUMS,

PEDAL BASS HARMONIUMS,

ORGAN MELODEONS, AND MELODEONS,

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THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four sets of reeds, eleven registers (or stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Æolian harp. The Pedal Bass, at the option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Bassoon, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listening to either of these instruments separately, or all together in the whole, and thus give the effect of GRAND ORGAN.—It is not a toy, but a powerful organ for the Church.

THE PEDAL BASS HARMONIUM is arranged with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set running as usual over the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a building of that size. Also arranged with two banks of keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of no great volume of power as the Church instrument, which we would refer to, (Mount Pleasant.)

Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use.

Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. Having removed into spacious buildings, 511 Washington Street, we have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced workmen. In short, we will produce one and receive no instrument upon it not superior to any manufacturer, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in musical matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of Boston, who have examined our instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:—

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MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS RENTED.—Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view of purchasing at the end of the season, to have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instrument before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent at least of a year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country will be executed direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory references, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

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Small leg, 1 1-2 octave, $60; Small leg, 5 octave, $70; Piano style, 5 octave, $100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, $110; Piano style, carved leg, $135; Piano style, 6 octave, $150; Piano style, 6 octave, $200; Organ Melodeon, $250; Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Horn, extra, $75.

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For three dollars the subscriber, publisher of many valuable Spiritual Reform works, will send at retail prices free of postage or by Express, three dollars worth of any books published by him, and in addition thereto, either the Spiritual Age or the Banner of Light for six months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who want to purchase an assortment of the above at reduced prices. Address BELA MARSH,

14 Bromfield street, Boston.

☞Send for Catalogue.

P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n16tf

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General Agent. S. T. MUNSON, 143 Fulton street, N Y n7tf

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Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands
Jo n P. Cowan, Bucksport, Rapping and Physical Medium.
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Mrs. Russell, Buckfield, Trance-Speaking and Restoring Medium.
Miss A. O. Crue, Dorcas' Plains, Writing, Trance Speaking and Restoring Medium.
Benj. Colcor, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium

Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the AGE.]

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

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks Jan. 1st, in Delphia, Ind. 8th, in Elkhart, Ind.; 15th, in Sturgis, Mich.; 22d, in Gilead, Mich.; Feb. 5th, Battle Creek, Mich.; 12th, 19th and 26th, Rockford, Ill.; March 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th, Lyons, Mich. Address as above.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Davenport, Iowa, 1st, Sunday in Jan., at Chatterail, Ind., and 2d, Sundays, at Terre Haute, Ind., 4th, and 5th, Sundays, and at Chicago through February.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Stanford, Ct., Dec. 16th; in New Bedford, Sunday, Dec. 25th; in Portland, Me., the two first Sabbaths in January; in Williamville, Ct., the two last Sabbaths of January; and in Bridgeport, Ct., the four Sundays of February. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address at the above places and dates.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE speaks in New Orleans in December; all applications for Southern cities to be addressed care of N. C. Folger, Esq., New Orleans. In Jan. and Feb. 1860, in Memphis and Cincinnati; in March, April, &c., in Philadelphia, Providence and the East.

Residence 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MRS J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 11th, Lawrence, Dec. 25th, and Jan. 1st.; Huntington, 8th; Meredon, Ct., evenings of 10th & 12th; Chesbrope, 15th, 22d & 29th; Putnam, Ct., Feb. 5th; Foxboro, 12th & 19th; Marlborough, 26th. She will speak evenings, in the vicinity of the above places. Address, Box 445, Lowell, Mass.

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

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY will lecture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 59 Allen st., prior to Dec. 26th and during the month of January, in care of L. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 3w

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

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, Superior Lecturer, will travel in the South and West this Fall and Winter. Persons desiring his services may address him either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Meadow, Ill., until further notice. 4

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

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

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

CHRISTIAN LINDE, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture in any part of this western country. Address Christian Linde, care of Benj. Franklin, box 923, Albion, Ill.

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

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

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be attended to. She will visit Memphis, Tenn., in Feb. and St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at her Box, 459, Bridgeport, Conn

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

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

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

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

MISS A. W SPRAGUE will speak at Milwaukie, Wis., the two last Sundays in Nov.; the month of December at St Louis, Mo, and the two last Sundays in Jan at Terre Haute, Ind.

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

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

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

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

REV JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address West Medford, Mass.

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

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, in the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with spiritual intercourse. 18tf

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FOR MY

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