



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

MARGARET;
OR, THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. SYLVESTER JUDD.
[CONCLUSION.]

Going to the jail, Jane obtained access to the cell and was looked in with Bruckmann. Through his drooping heart and wasting frame he received her with a bland, welcome smile. She fell at his feet, and vented herself in a torrent of tears. His kindness re-assured her, and she told him what had transpired. "But," she continued, "Gottfried, I must see you; I must be with you; I cannot live away from you; I die without you. Existence has not the faintest charm, not a solitary point of interest, if I am separated from you. You have awakened within me every dormant and benumbed faculty. You have spread over time the hues of a higher being. You have given back to my soul the only answer it ever received; with your eyes I have looked into myself and discovered some beauty there, where before was only a deep and frightful chaos. In a world of shallowness and stupidity you alone have anticipated, understood and valued me. I repose on you as on the breast of God. You have introduced me to an elevated communion; you have welcomed me to the participation of yourself and Margaret; you have inspired me with a desire to know more of the laws of the spirit's life. For all this I have made you no return. I am little, how little, to you! You owe me nothing, I owe you everything."

"Jane," said he.
"Do not interrupt me now," she continued. "Let my poor soul have its say. It may be its last. I have now no home on earth but you. May I remain with you? May I hear your voice, look into your eyes, be blessed and illumined by your spirit?"

"Is it possible," asked Bruckmann, "that your father will never relent? He needs you; his own fortune is under obligations to you."

"You know not my father," was the decisive reply. "He is fixed, inexorable, as the God he serves. I look to you, or to vacancy, to naught, to the sepulchral abyss of my own soul, to the interminable night of my own thoughts. To be poor is nothing, to be an outcast is nothing; to be away from you is worse than all calamities condensed in one blow. Do not be distressed, my good Gottfried. I will not embarrass you. Gottfried—I will marry you—I do emaciate you. I do distress you—I will not. No! I go away—I leave you. Farewell, Gottfried!"

"Stay!" replied he, "do not go away."
"Speak to me," she said. "Chide me, spurn me. I can bear anything. I will not stir, nor wince, nor weep. I can stiffen myself into insensibility. I will sit here unmoved as a curb-stone. Speak, Gottfried, speak, if you kill me."

"Jane," said he, very kindly, "you have nothing to fear from me, we have nothing to fear from each other. We know each other too well to be alarmed by surprises, or perplexed at disclosures. We have no secrets to keep or to reveal, no hopes to indulge or disappoint. Our natures are bared to each other; our several destinies too well understood; a word, the faintest expression of a wish, is sufficient. You know, Margaret, I need not—"

"No, Mr. Bruckmann, you need not—"
"Call me Gottfried. Margaret called me Gottfried. You must never call me anything else."

"Oh," said she, "if I could do Margaret's least office for you, if I could ever remind you of her! And this assimilates me nearer to her. It gives me a prerogative, which, with all my rashness, I should hardly otherwise dare to claim. But you need not speak to me of her. I know all about it, and you, and her; yet not as a beggar, not as a friend, not as one who has the slightest demand on your notice,—yet, I say, obeying an impulse which I know how neither to control nor define, but which is deep as the central fires of my being, I ask for entrance, for a home, in that which you are, for fellowship with you and all your life. Tell me more of Margaret; I will grow up into her image; I will transmute myself to her nature. You shall have a double Margaret; no, not double, but one. Nay, if needs be, I will go out of myself; I will be the servant of you both. Call me your child, your and Margaret's child, your spirit-child, and so love me. And when we get to Heaven, you may do what you will with me. Sure I am, I shall never get there if you do not take me. I cannot sing, as you say she could. But my soul sings. I can describe with my sensations as many octaves and variations as you on your flute; and with your nice ear perhaps you could hear some pleasant strains. Away from you, I am all discord, a jangling of broken and bewildered emotion."

"Have you thought," asked Gottfried, "how we should be situated? This prison is my home now, and I have no better prospect for the future."

"I have enough in my purse," said Jane, "to release you. You can teach as you have done. I perhaps could give instruction in the more popular branches."

"Dear Jane!" said he, "you are dearer to me than all on earth beside. But how fade all earth scenes from my thought! I feel myself vanishing into the spirit-world. Daily I perceive the hand of destiny lying more heavily upon me. Hourly invisible cords are drawing me away. The echoes of my song sound louder and louder from the shadowy shore."

"Ah, dearest Gottfried! if you die, I will die too. I cannot live without you; I cannot survive you; I perish with you. I will be absorbed with you into the Infinite. All your presentiments I share."

"We will be married," answered Gottfried. "I have loved you; I will still love you; you deserve my love. Margaret Bruneau too will love you; and the heaven-crowned shall bestow her blessing on the earth-worn."

Jane procured his release from prison, by paying debts and costs of suit. They went to the house of the Rev. Dr. —, a kind and benevolent old clergyman, by whom the marriage ceremony was performed, the wife and daughter of the rector being present as witnesses. They knelt on a couch for an altar; the long black hair of the bride gathered loosely about her temples and skirting a clear marble neck, and her dark eyes, contrasting the light thick hair, deep blue eyes, and flickering pale face of the groom, produced a subdued and sad impression in the mind of the observer; yet the evening light of their souls—for such it seemed to be—coming out at that hour, shed over them a soft, sweet glow. The old man blessed them, and they departed.

They sought lodging in a quarter of the city at some distance from their former abode. Bruckmann was enabled to form a small class in French. If female education or the employment of female instructors had been as common in those days as at the present time, Jane might have directed the powers with which Nature had enriched her to some advantage. She secured, in fact, but a solitary pupil, and that one more anxious to be taught dancing and dressing than to advance in any solid acquisition. She found a more satisfactory as well as promising task in perfecting Bruckmann in the English language. This difficulty once surmounted, she fancied he would be able to pursue his practice to any desirable extent. So five or six months passed away. Whether it was the seeds of disease constitutionally inherited, the effect of disappointment, want, headache, he had been called to endure, the internal progress of his wound, or his own presentiments acting upon an imagination sufficiently susceptible—Bruckmann fell sick. He lay upon his bed week by week. Jane abandoned everything to take care of him.

"Jane," said he, "I must die."
"I know it," she replied, "you told me you should soon die. I believed it then, I am prepared for it now."

"Voices," he added, "are calling me away."
"I know that, too," she rejoined; "I hear them."
"An inward force propels my spirit from me."

"Yes," said she, "I feel it."

She bent over him, not as over a sick and dying man, but as a convalescing angel. He seemed to her not to be wasting to skin and bones, but to spirit and life. His eye brightened, his smile was sweeter, as he grew paler and thinner.

"I wish you would sing to me, Jane."

"I am full of music and song," she said; "can you not hear me? All that you have ever played or sung, or spoken, leaps, trills, is joyous, within me. Do you not hear a soft chanting?"

"Yes," he replied; "it sounds like the voice of Jesus and Margaret."

"How glad I am our little Margaret is to have her birthplace in song!" said Jane. "She feeds on melodies. Yet if I should die before her birth, will she die too? Tell me, Gottfried."

"I think her spirit will go with ours," he answered.

"Then we could nourish and mould the undeveloped, unfurnished spirit in heaven. And our other Margaret will be there to help us bring up the little Margaret. Will Jesus bless our child, as you say he blessed the children of olden times?"

"Yes," replied Gottfried. "He died for all, and lives to give all life."

"I shall not need to make her clothes."

"You had better do that, Jane; we may both survive her birth."

Acting upon this hint, their private funds having become well nigh exhausted, she repaired to her father's house to procure some articles of her own, out of which suitable garments might be prepared. By a back entrance she ascended to her old chamber, where, as the event should prove, Mr. Girardeau detecting her, drove her off. At this moment, as she retreated through the store, Nimrod, who in the meantime had succeeded to the deceased Samuel, saw her, as had been related in the previous chapter. Here, also, the two episodic branches of this memoir unite.

When Nimrod learned from Mr. Girardeau who the woman was, how she stood related to him, and what were her fortune and condition, he may naturally imagine his curiosity, always restive, always errant, would be more than usually aroused. A new object presented itself; he must pry into it. Having

ascertained the place of Jane and Gottfried's residence, being out of an errand, he made bold to enter the house, and knock at the door.

"Ax your pardon, marm," he said, shuffling into the room, as Jane opened the door, and the sick man lay on the bed before him; "hope I don't intrude. I serve at Master Girardeau's, since Samuel's dead. I am the fellow what see you running out of the store like a duck arter a tumble-bug. What was you so skeered for? I wouldn't a hurt you any more than an old shoe. I guess the old gentleman ain't any better than he should be—"

"Young man!" said Jane, breaking in upon him, "whoever you are, we have no connection with Mr. Girardeau."

"Yes, marm," said Nimrod, who, nothing daunted, approached the bed. Gottfried rose a little, with his wan, beautiful face. Jane, paler, if possible, and more beautiful, held her arm under his head, and her dark, loving eyes brimmed with tears, the nature of which Nimrod could not understand.

"I vum," said he, "what is the matter? If the Widder was here she could cure him in a wink. Won't your Dad let you go home? Won't he give you a limb to roost on? I tell you what it is, he's close as a mink in winter; he's hard as grubbing bushes. I don't guess he's so poor."

Jane, remembering her father's servants in Samuel, who was a perfect creature of his master, if at first she was annoyed by the familiarity of Nimrod or was suspicious of his motives, soon perceived that his manner was undisguised and rusticity sincere. She was led to question him as to himself and who he was. He gave her his real name, and that of his parents. In fact he became quite communicative, and rendered a full description of his family, their residence and mode of life. He was pleased with his visit, which he promised to repeat, and whenever he had a chance, he dropped in to see his new found friends. As our readers will have anticipated the result of this story of Gottfried Bruckmann and Jane Girardeau, we shall hasten to its close. When Mr. Girardeau became apprised of the real situation of his daughter, he manifested deep disturbance of spirit. He addressed himself anew to Nimrod. "That girl," said he, "is a runaway, a spendthrift, a wanton. She is about to have a child, the fruit of her reckless, ruinous misconduct. That child may do me an injury, a great injury. The offspring of that viper may turn upon me with the malignity of the mother. That child must be watched. You know, Mr. Poxly, we are identified in interest. You know if I let you go, or you me, we both fall. That child must be watched. Do you understand?"

"That wa'n't in the bargain when I came to live with ye," replied Nimrod. "I must have a little more, a little of the ready."

Nothing could be more opportune for Nimrod. He was now at liberty to prosecute his visits to Jane and Gottfried at his leisure. Whatever money he obtained from Mr. Girardeau, eked out by his own scant purse, he applied to their necessities. He felt himself to be of more consequence than he had ever been before; and although exorcising his function rather pragmatically, he made himself greatly useful. Bruckmann grew more feeble; Jane approached the period of her child's birth.

"Nimrod," said she, a few days before that event, "we are going to die."

"No, no," he rejoined. "He'll give up the ghost as sure as wild geese in cold weather. But you will come out as bright as a yellor bird in spring."

"We must die—I shall die," she continued, hardly noticing what he said, having become quite used to his manner. "We have loved, tenderly loved, if you know what that means."

"Yes—marm," replied Nimrod. "If I am a Ponder and you live in the city, you needn't think we are as dull as millers that fly right into your links and never know whether they are singed or not. When I have been by uncle Bill Palmer's, that lives at the Ledge, as you go up to Dunwich, and seen his Rhody out there, jolly! she has gone right through me like an earwig; it sticks to me like a bobolink to a saplin in a wind. I ain't afeared of the old Harry himself, but I say for't! I never dare speak to Rhody. But you great folks here don't care anything about us, no more than Matty Gisborne and Bet Weeks down among the settlers."

"Yes I do care for you," said Jane; "you have been very kind to us. I know not what we should have done without you. But we are really going to die. It has been foretold that we should."

"O yes," said Nimrod, relapsing into a more thoughtful mood, "I remember. I heard a dog howl in the streets the other night, and I dreamed of seeing monkeys, and that is sartin death."

"You must bury us, Nimrod," continued Jane. "And you must promise one thing, to take care of our child. Its name is Margaret, you must call it by no other. You will contrive means to take it to your own home, the Pond. You are poor, you say,—that is the greatest of blessings. Your house is apart from the world. Your little brother Chilion you think would love it as his own sister. Now promise us, Nimrod, that you will do all we desire."

Nimrod not only promised, but volunteered a declaration having the full weight of an oath, that her wishes regarding the child should be studiously fulfilled.

At this crisis they were also visited by a daughter of the clergyman who married them, she having become informed of their state, sought to minister to their needs.

Bruckmann died as he had presaged. "Farewell, Jane," he said. "Yet not farewell, but, follow me. I kiss you for the night, and you shall see me in the morning. The sun fades, the stars glow, brighter worlds await us. We go to those who love us."

Nimrod bent reverently over the dead form, that did perhaps what life itself could never have done—it made of the strong man a child, and tears gushed from his eyes.

Jane knelt calmly, hopefully by his side, kissed his lips, and smoothed the bright curling locks of his hair.

Nimrod, assisted by the clergyman before mentioned, and some of Bruckmann's countrymen that remained in the city as servants, bakers or scavengers, and could do little more for their old friend than bear him to his grave, saw him decently buried.

The wife and daughter of the clergyman were with Jane at the period she had anticipated with so much interest. Her hour came, and, as she had predicted, a girl—the "little Margaret"—was born. She lingered on a few days, without much apparent suffering or anxiety, blessed her child, and melted away at last in the clouds of mortal vision. The child was taken in charge by those ladies who had kindly assisted at its birth.

Mr. Girardeau, who had exhibited ceaseless anxiety, as well as glimpses of some unnatural design, during these events, the progress of which he obliged Nimrod carefully to report, ordered the child to be brought to his house. His language was, "it must be put out of the way."

It was a dark night. Mr. Girardeau, availing himself of a weakness of his servant, plentifully supplied him with liquor. He also threatened him, in case of disobedience, with a legal prosecution on the score of his smuggling connections.

Nimrod, sufficiently in drink to make a rash promise, started for the child. But apprehensions of some dark or bloody deed came over him; the recollection of his solemn vows to the mother of the child upbraided him; the spectral shadows cast by the street-lamps startled him. He remembered the smuggling vessel which had made another trip, and was about to return. The child was delivered to him, and in place of going back to his master, he made directly for the sloop, which was even then on the point of sailing. The captain and crew, however serviceable they might be to Mr. Girardeau's interests, cherished little respect for his character, and Nimrod had no difficulty in enlisting their aid for his purposes.

We need not follow him all the way to the Pond, or recite the methods he adopted to sustain and nourish the child. On his way up the river he found plenty of milk in the cabin. Leaving the vessel, he spent one night in the shanty of an Irishman, whose wife, having a nursing at her side, cheerfully relinquished to Margaret one half of her supply. One night he slept with his charge in a barn. On the third evening he reached his home. The family were all abed; his father and mother, however, were soon ready to welcome their son. Surprise was of course their first emotion when they saw what he had with him. He recounted the history of the child, and his purpose to have it adopted in the family. The course of his observations on the subject was such, as to allay whatever repugnance either of his parents may have felt to the project, and they became as ready to receive the little stranger as they might have been originally averse.

"Call up Hash and Chilion," said Pluck. "The child must be baptized to-night."

"Wait till to-morrow, do, Dad," said Nimrod. "I guess she needs something to wet her stomach more than her head."

"Fix her something, woman; can't wait."

His wife prepared a drink for the child, while Nimrod aroused his brothers. Chilion, then a boy seven or eight years old, held a pine-torch that streamed and smoked through the room. Mistress Hart supported the child, while Nimrod and Hash stood sponsors. The old man called her Mary.

"No, Dad," interposed Nimrod, "it must be Margaret."

"No! Mary," replied his father, "in honor of my esteemed wife. Besides, that's a Bible name, and we can't liquor up on Margaret. Yours is a good name, and you never will see cause to repent it; and there is Maharsalalhashbaz,—that I chose because it was the longest in the Bible. I wanted to show my reverence for the book by taking as much of it as I could; and Chilion's is a good one too;—all Bible names in this family."

"I tell you no, Dad; she must be called Margaret," repeated Nimrod.

"Do call her Margaret," said Chilion.

"Well, well," replied Pluck, "we will put it to vote. Three for Margaret; I shall call her Mary, and Hash goes for Peggy. We won't break heads about it; if we do we shan't the bottle. So here goes for Margaret and Mary."

The family, severally and collectively, laid themselves under strict injunctions to keep the history of the child a secret, and

cherish it as their own. Mr. Hart and his little son Chilion were glad enough to receive it on its own account; Mistress Hart, if for no other reason, in consideration of the money Nimrod represented he would get from its grandfather—a reflection that prevailed with Hash also. The secluded position of the family rendered it possible indeed for children to be born and die without exciting observation. Their neighbor, the Widow Wright, was the only person from whom they had cause of apprehension. It was presumed, however, to be an easy matter to bring her into the arrangement of secrecy, which was accordingly done by an oath sealed with a small douceur. In behalf of the child were enlisted both the Widow's superstition and her avarice. What might befall her son Obed, then six or seven years of age, she knew not. So Margaret was only spoken of as a child of the Pond. When Obed asked his mother where the little baby came from, she said it dropped from an acorn-tree.

We might add, in conclusion, that Nimrod, the next year, made a visit to New York, and sought an interview with his old master. The disappointment, chagrin and displeasure of the latter were evidently great. Their conference was long and bitter. In the result, Nimrod declared in cant phrase that he would "blow" on the old gentleman, not only as a smuggler, but as a murderer, unless he would settle on the child a small annual sum, to be delivered at sight. To such a bond Mr. Girardeau was obliged to give his signature.

CLAIRVOYANCE!

Clairvoyance means, literally, "clear-seeing"—neither more nor less—and that is just what it is. The man or woman who can see clearly is a clairvoyant, just to the extent that his or her clear-seeing goes. It is an inborn faculty, this clairvoyance, and cannot be learned or taught. It is like ~~tact~~ or genius—an inherent attribute; and he who possesses it to any great degree, cannot but do great things.

Thus, Napoleon Bonaparte was a clairvoyant of a very powerful kind. He was capable of receiving intuitions very clearly; and was rarely at fault in his judgment. No human mind could have arrived, by the ordinary method of reasoning, at the brilliant and unerring results that Napoleon caught, as it were, on the instant. He saw clearly, and did not need the toilsome process of analysis and deduction which ordinary and non-clairvoyant mortals are compelled to go through with.

That Shakespeare was also a clairvoyant, in this sense, is undeniable; for his writings contain not only the past and present, but the future. No possible amount of study or observation could have taught him the half he has taught us,—one man's experience could not have held it all; and we can only explain his power by this strange attribute of "clear-seeing." It came to him, without exertion on his part, and he wrote his wonderful tragedies, and still more wonderful comedies, without knowing or appreciating what he was doing!

To come down to a more modern instance, we will include our young fellow-countryman, the world's chess-champion—Mr. Paul Morphy—among the extraordinary clairvoyants, whose names belong to history, and whose deeds are their monuments. Mr. Morphy has accomplished feats that are simply impossible, according to the common definition of the word. We hold that no ordinary human intellect—no matter how educated or how well endowed by Nature with the analytical and reasoning faculties—is capable of conducting eight separate and simultaneous games of chess, without seeing the boards of either. It requires the clairvoyant power to do this; the mind must be impressed with the move, quite independent of any effort to follow or imagine the position of the men on each board. Just think of it—two hundred and fifty-six chessmen, grouped irregularly about, on five hundred and four squares, white and red! Given to remember the position of every piece, and the changes made at every move! The strongest mind shrinks from the confusion that reasoning would make of this problem; but *clairvoyance*, as exercised by Paul Morphy, makes everything clear, and enables him to distance all competition.—*Exchange*.

Beautiful Illustration.

Lord Northwick had just brought from Italy a picture of St. Gregory, by Annibal Carneci. For some cause connected with the troubles of the times, in order to get possession of the picture, a poor dauber had been hired to paint over it in body-color an imitation of some inferior artist. When it was opened, his Lordship's friends, who had been looking for something admirable, stared in mortified astonishment. "It has got soiled, I see," said his Lordship; "give me a sponge." Whereupon he began to wash the piece; nor had he long done so, when out peeped the head of St. Gregory. Soon the attendant angels were seen, and in a short time the whole of that magnificent picture became visible. So the Bible has been daubed over to my eyes. I have seen in it not the work of God, but the production of some poor artist. I have turned from it as a miserable travesty. The sponge has been applied, the false colors removed, and the original is inexpressibly beautiful.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

IS SUICIDE EVER RIGHT?

The following request was received by us some time since through the post-office:

MR. EDITOR:—Will you be good enough to answer the following question through your paper:

If physical death is but a change of condition from a physical to a spiritual state of existence, can it be right, under any circumstances, for a man to sever the connection between his physical and spiritual bodies?

I have come to the conclusion that it is right in my case. I am old and physically unable to be of any use either to myself or those with whom I am associated. I am poor, and destitute of pecuniary means of doing good. I am destitute of friends or relatives to administer to my natural wants. I have an unwavering faith that my spiritual condition will be greatly elevated by the change called death. With these convictions strongly impressed on my mind, I have made one attempt to leave the mortal form, but failed. I expect to make another attempt soon, which I hope will be final.

Now, if there is any wrong in the case, let that wrong be pointed out, that others may see it; but as for me, it will be too late. My name I withhold from the public, and the means by which I leave the form will never be known.

This letter being without name or legible post-mark, we have no means of knowing whether or not the unfortunate writer carried into execution his terrible purpose. But the lamentable frequency of this crime, of late, leads us to think that a word of warning may not be out of place. It is confined to no one class of the community—not even to those who are known to be victims of urgent distress or perplexity. A leading church-member in a neighboring city,—“a highly respectable and wealthy merchant,”—hangs himself in the vestry of his own church; a beardless youth, in an adjoining town, is found self-strangled in a half-sitting posture in his bed-chamber; a pious and exemplary wife and mother rushes from her home and plunges beneath the cold wave. In such cases, the newspaper chroniclers resignedly inform us that “the cause is supposed to be a sudden and mysterious attack of insanity.”

Occasionally the victim happens to be a believer in the fact of modern spirit-manifestations—perhaps is a subject at times of supposed spirit-influence. Then the cause is perfectly clear, without investigation. “Another victim of Spiritualism!” dolorously shout the chroniclers, and all the bigots groan “amen!” The injustice of this we need not stop to argue.

If there were anything in the disclosures of Modern Spiritualism relative to the conditions of happiness in the future life, going to show that a mere exchange of worlds will confer bliss, without regard to intrinsic character, or to the means by which the transfer is effected,—there might be some ground for supposing that Spiritualism leads to suicide. But everything is to the contrary of this. One of the first lessons of a true spiritual philosophy is that heaven and hell are not external localities, but states of the soul. There is no heaven to any soul, anywhere, without love, purity, goodness, wisdom, or in one word, HARMONY, within itself. Where this exists, there is happiness, content, patience, joy, whether in the earth-life or the spirit-life. Where this does not exist, there can be no true joy, even (if such a thing were not an absurdity) at the “right hand of God.” The suicide, therefore, cannot better his condition by violently anticipating Nature's wise processes; for he risks himself of none of the evils within, but in reality plunges himself deeper in crime and gloom. He cannot enter upon the joys of the pure and good, for he has incapacitated himself for those joys, and he does not get away from himself!

When, in the divine economy of Nature, the earthly body ceases to be of use to the spirit, the latter withdraws from it by the action of involuntary laws. The idea that a violent disruption and a premature entrance upon the other life is in any case desirable, is a figment of the popular naturalistic theology, which makes heaven a place, and joy a thing of outward circumstances. Spiritualism teaches the very opposite of this.

We are inclined to believe that temptations to self-destruction often come from, or are fostered by, unwise, mischievous or malicious spirit-beings. Probably a large share of those mysterious cases of supposed “sudden insanity” should be attributed to demonic promptings or infestation. But a proper acquaintance with and belief in Modern Spiritualism does not alone nor specially expose people to such temptations and influences—on the contrary, it furnishes a safeguard against them which skeptics do not possess. As we have seen, anti-Spiritualists and pious church-members are, equally with believers, subject to these attacks of “insanity.” All sensitive and impressionable persons, whether believers in Spiritualism or otherwise, experience more or less of such temptations. In times of general excitement and mental disturbance—in all transitional periods like the present—and especially in the earlier stages of a deep personal spiritual experience—such promptings are apt to come with peculiar power; for at such times the hosts of evil are especially active.

It is no sin to be thus tempted. Jesus of Nazareth, at the beginning of his public career, among other impious suggestions, was tempted to throw himself headlong from a pinnacle of the temple. It is more noble to overcome temptations than to live blamelessly without them. A proper and rational acquaintance with the laws of our spiritual natures, and a knowledge of the spirit-beings that surround us, are sources of strength against such assaults.

But have we any testimony from the spirit-world itself to corroborate these views of the wrong of suicide? We have, abundance of it. It may be, however, that some suicides have for a time rejoiced in the exchange they have made, and have so testified through mediums; but it is as sure as the eternal laws of God's universe that such joy can continue no longer than till conscience awakes to give them a realization of their true condition. Perhaps we cannot do better than to close this article by reprinting an appalling communication once made to us under circumstances which left no question of its

genuineness. It was first printed in the *N. E. Spiritualist* of Dec. 27th, 1856, substantially as follows:

THE SUICIDE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

We were in the company of three or four friends, engaged in conversation on miscellaneous topics; when one of the party, who was very susceptible to spirit-influence, was suddenly and powerfully made aware of the presence of a person to us invisible. The unseen visitor introduced himself as a professional gentleman who had committed suicide in a neighboring State, two or three years previously,—appealing to himself for confirmation of the fact that such an event had occurred. We recollected the case, it having been casually brought to our notice at the time of its occurrence, though we knew nothing of the individual or of the cause of the act.

He then proceeded to say that he wished to state to us his experience in the spirit-world, as a consequence of the rash deed by which he had ended his mortal career. Obtaining permission to do so, he went on to give us one of the most appalling narratives to which our ears ever listened. Our pen, at this late day, can do little justice to the fearful description; but its main features were too deeply imprinted on the memory to be soon obliterated.

He stated that difficulties and embarrassments of various kinds, which he now considered very trivial, had hedged up his earthly path, and having no clear and well-considered ideas of a future life, he came to the cowardly resolve to “shuffle off the mortal coil,” thinking thereby to escape a “sea of troubles.” But bitterly had he repented this resolve! At first, on awakening to consciousness in the other life, and finding that he was himself, and free as he supposed, from all the trammels of earth, he was overjoyed at the change. But he could not be happy alone. He longed for companionship. He sought the company of former friends, with whom he had associated in the earth-life, expecting to be greeted by them with congratulations and joy. But how keen was his disappointment when he saw that, instead of a joyful welcome, all bent upon him eyes of compassionate sorrow. No words of reproach or denunciation were pronounced; all spoke kindly and tenderly to him; but every tone and every look seemed to say, “You are an intruder here; you have come uncalled; the joys of this sphere belong not to you.”

He felt the justice of the unspoken rebuke. Conscience now awoke from her slumbers. He began to see the fearful wrong he had done himself, by thus anticipating Nature's processes and contravening the laws of God written in his own being. Stung by remorse, he was compelled to flee from the society of the good, and next sought sympathy with those equally criminal with himself. But here, instead of sympathy and condolence, he met with only jeers and ridicule, and fiendish exultation that another had been as foolish and as wicked as themselves. He endeavored to flee also from their society, but was pursued with taunts and jeers, and shrieks of malicious laughter. Go where he would, and strive as he might to conceal his true character, he was at once recognized as a suicide. Indeed, it ever seemed to him that the mark of the rope was still about his neck, proclaiming his shame and guilt to every beholder. And worse, a thousand times worse than all this,—even though he might escape from the torturing observations of others,—even though rocks and mountains were to fall on him and hide him from their sight,—he had found it utterly impossible to escape from himself! Ever ringing in the ear of his inner consciousness were the fearful words,—“You are an intruder! a coward! You have no right to be here!”

In this awful condition of darkness and terror, of shame and remorse, he had worn away the weeks and months and years which had elapsed since the commission of the rash deed which had plunged him in this night of horrors. Recently a gleam of light had dawned upon his vision. The thought had been awakened that possibly he might do something to save others from so fearful a fate, or to elevate those who had become involved with him in the same crime; and a hope had sprung up, under encouragement from higher beings, that in thus exerting himself for the good of others he might in time atone for his error, and do something to remove that terrible brand which his own hand had placed upon his neck.

This impressive recital, of which we have given but an imperfect idea, was concluded with a most earnest appeal to those present, under no circumstances whatever to think of suicide as a relief from earthly troubles. Better, said the invisible messenger, to endure any and all hardships,—to bravely meet and surmount all difficulties, or fall nobly beneath them doing your best,—better to suffer obloquy, contempt, misappreciation, persecution, starvation even, maintaining the integrity of your own soul, and thus securing the sympathies and compensations of the universe of good,—than by your own act to rush prematurely upon another state of existence, and thereby cut yourself off from those sympathies and compensations.

This lesson was not only solemn and impressive, from the obvious earnestness of the speaker, but its argument seemed overwhelmingly conclusive. * * * At its close, we inquired of the unexpected visitor what had drawn him to that company, and why he had urged upon us so unusual a subject. “Because I saw that the lesson was needed!” was the startling reply. Afterwards one who was present, and of whom such a thing would have been least suspected by any friend, confessed to us in private that suicide had been seriously meditated for some days, and that preparations for the deed had been nearly completed,—but that this fearful recital had given strength sufficient to banish all further thought of it from the mind. That tempted one, then borne down under private griefs which seemed insupportable, thus timely warned and strengthened by a kindly messenger from the invisible realm, is still among us, a happy, trustful, patient and most useful laborer,—thankful, even, for the sufferings which then seemed too great to be borne, but which are now yielding the “peaceful fruits” of a true life.

HASHEESH.—A correspondent asks us to enlighten our readers as to what hashesh is. It is a powerful narcotic drug prepared by the Orientals from resinous gum obtained from the Cannabis Indica, or Indian hemp. Its effects upon the nervous system, when eaten or smoked, are something like those produced by opium, but more powerfully fascinating and dangerous. Those who are curious to know of its terrible and extraordinary effects, will find them detailed at length in a volume entitled “The Hashesh Eater,” published by the Harpers in 1857.

“MARGARET.”—The story on our first page with this title is but a fragment. A work of two volumes with the same title is founded on the subject furnished in this sketch (published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston), to which we refer any reader who may be desirous of following the fortunes of the little orphan whom we were content to leave secure of a pecuniary allowance for her life-time.

“NATURE”—“NATURAL”—“SUPERNATURAL.”

Every reader on spiritual subjects must have observed that these terms are often used in widely different senses. Much misapprehension and controversy arises from a failure to distinguish between these different meanings. Sometimes the term Nature is used to include EVERY THING THAT IS—the Whole of things, visible and invisible—physical, spiritual, and Divine. In this sense, all forces, all events, all beings, all faculties, that do or possibly can exist, are natural. Again, the term is used to designate only the visible, ponderable, physical, or EXTERNAL department of the Universal Whole, as distinct from the spiritual and celestial departments. In this sense, natural is equivalent to external, and has reference only to what pertains to the lowest or outermost degree of life.

Both uses of the word are correct according to modern custom—though a less equivocal phraseology is desirable when it can be employed. The meaning last-mentioned is that generally intended by philosophical writers, and it is difficult to substitute other phraseology without circumlocution. When thus understood, the term super-natural is a very proper one—signifying, not contrary to nature, nor contrary to law, but simply above external nature. Many use the term super-natural as equivalent to arbitrary, counter to law, etc., but the spiritual and celestial degrees of the universe are as much under law as is the natural—though their laws are peculiar.

It was in the sense last-mentioned above, that we employed the term natural, when in our late article on the Philosophy of Trance, we said, “Most people, during the earth-life, attain to consciousness only upon the natural plane.” We supposed the meaning of this sufficiently clear and explicit.

Yet a correspondent takes exception to this language as involving “an incongruity which is calculated to confound spiritual truth with old theological error.” He says: “I am led to suppose that the spiritual and celestial planes of existence are no less natural than the external.” He is entirely right, according to the first definition of the word given above. At the same time he will see that we were equally right, according to the second definition. The incongruity arises solely from confounding two distinct meanings of the same word.

Let all readers carefully note these distinctions, and then, taking each writer as he means, they will avoid a deal of confusion.

MR. COLES' LETTER.

It gives us pleasure to afford Mr. Coles an opportunity to correct the misapprehensions that have gone abroad concerning his position. We regard it as quite unfortunate that he ever committed himself to a belief in spirit-agency, in any class of phenomena, on evidence “taken for granted.” Yet we honor the conscientiousness which frankly renounces such belief when it is seen to be unsound. Spiritualism needs no doubtful supporters, who, for the sake of the cause, will maintain before the public what they are uncertain about in private.

But all believers have not been equally hasty in their conclusions. It will be observed that Mr. Coles very properly speaks for none but himself.

We cannot agree with him that it is necessary for a trance-medium to “perform a work above her own capacity” in order to give, or to have, evidence of spirit-agency. What is wanted is, proof of the action of another, not necessarily of a superior, mind—though the latter is sometimes apparent. Any theory in mental philosophy which admits that a person can, solely of himself, perform acts involving volition, intellect, judgment and consciousness, and not know it, destroys all personal identity, all sense of responsibility, introduces inextricable confusion, and is in itself an absurdity. When, therefore, acts exhibiting intellect, will, judgment, and a distinct personal consciousness, are manifested through the organism of a medium—he or she being unconscious of performing them, or conscious of not performing them, sometimes of resisting their performance—there is clear and conclusive proof of the agency of a distinct personality. Whether that personality is a spirit in the body, or one out of it, or the one it claims to be, is a distinct question to be settled by the evidences offered in a given case.

We opine that when Bro. Coles comes to have clearer views of mental and spiritual philosophy, he will see that to ascribe many of the common phenomena of the trance to a “self-induced” action of the medium's mind alone, is quite as absurd as to suppose that a man can lift himself to the moon by simply pulling at his boot-straps!

The Canon not Closed—Miracles not Needless.

Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Ct., is universally conceded to be one of the profoundest thinkers in the orthodox ranks in this country. Yet in his late work, “Nature and the Supernatural,” he completely demolishes the assumption behind which modern authoritarianism has entrenched itself. Read the following paragraphs:

“Christianity, it is true, is, in some sense, a complete organization, a work done that wants nothing to finish it; but it does not follow that the canon of Scripture is closed; that is a naked and violent assumption, supported by no word of Scripture, and justified by no inference from the complete organization of the Gospel. For still, according to Christ's own thought, it was a complete mustard-seed only; which, though it is complete as a seed, so that no additions can be made to it, has yet, nevertheless, much to do in the way of growth, and no one can be sure that books of Scripture may not some time be necessary for that. We do not even know that a new dispensation, or many such, may not be required to unfold this seed and make a full-grown tree.”

“As little does it follow that if the canon of Scripture is closed up, there is no longer any use or place for miracles and spiritual gifts. That is a conclusion taken by a mere act of judgment, when plainly no judgment of man is able to penetrate the secrets and grasp the economic reasons of God's empire with sufficient insight, to affirm anything on a subject so deep and difficult. There may certainly be reasons for such miracles and gifts of the spirit, apart from the authentication of new books of Scripture.”

CONFERENCE AT ROCKFORD, ILL.—The Spiritualists of Rockford recently organized a Conference, similar to those in operation in Boston and New York. The officers for the ensuing year are—President, Jesse Blinn; Secretary, Dr. A. B. Newcomb. Committee to select subjects for discussion—H. H. Waldo, A. B. Newcomb, H. C. Kimball, Dr. Rudd, Ira Benjamin.

THE HATCH CASE.—The papers state that Dr. Hatch did not appear in opposition to Cora's petition for a divorce; consequently a decree will be issued in her favor.

Even if the worlds fall on us, we must do the right.

J. F. COLES IN REPLY TO MISS HARDINGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have just read with a good degree of interest and some satisfaction, the excellent “Confession” of Miss Emma Hardinge, which appeared in the AGE of Jan. 29th. The fair, candid and lady-like manner in which Miss H. narrates the facts which have come within the sphere of her own experience, is worthy of great praise; and it would be well if all writers on either side of the spiritual question would emulate her lucid, comprehensive and very charitable style of composition. Instead of calling hard names, she is content to relate hard facts, which, in the hands of a skillful and earnest writer, always become the hardest kind of arguments, and the most difficult to be overthrown. With the facts of Miss H., or with her reasonings or conclusions, I have no disposition to contend, notwithstanding she is pleased to invite my criticism. My purpose in writing this communication is to correct a very grievous mistake into which Miss Hardinge, together with many other Spiritualists, has fallen, in reference to my remarks on the honesty of mediums. I have been unmercifully castigated during the last few months for having simply given utterance to my sincere convictions in reference to the character of such “physical manifestations” as I had myself witnessed. But this does not at all vex or annoy me, so long as my assailants confine their attacks to what I have really said; but when they twist my simple utterances into monstrous shapes, and change my mere opinions into positive sweeping assertions, and insist on buckling these to my back, I beg leave to demur at such proceedings, and shall throw off the undesired load without scruple.

Common rumor has had the effect to mislead Miss Hardinge, as will appear in the following extract which I make from her communication in the AGE, above referred to. She says:

“Mr. Coles, of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, is represented as saying in a report of the New York Conference, that every trance medium is an impostor. Mr. Coles is a gentleman with whom I enjoyed a very agreeable acquaintance; but if by trance mediumship he means to say that all persons who give intelligence beyond their own minds are impostors, I, as one of this class, say Mr. Coles tells an untruth; and I hereby offer proof of my asseveration.”Now Mr. Coles never made such an assertion, and he has no knowledge of having been so reported. I have said repeatedly that a majority of trance mediums were undoubtedly honest, but were often themselves deceived as to the cause of their control. I have said that I had no evidence sufficient to convince me that a spirit ever controlled Mrs. Hatch, for instance; but I never questioned but that Mrs. Hatch honestly believed herself to be controlled by spirits. I once believed myself to be a spirit medium, and I was honest in that belief. I now, by the aid of what I believe to be greater light upon the philosophy of mental development, am compelled to adopt a different belief; and I claim to be still honest in my convictions. For the purpose of enabling the readers of the AGE to know what I really have said, I will make an extract from the most radical speech I have ever made, either in Conference or elsewhere. At the twenty-eighth session of the New York Conference, held on Friday evening, Oct. 15th, 1858, I am reported in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of Oct. 23, to have spoken as follows:

Mr. Coles said: In taking my stand on the earthly side of causes, I wish it understood that I speak only of what I have witnessed in my own experience, which extends over five years of time, several thousand miles of space, and manifestations through several hundred different mediums. I have seen nearly all the phenomena that have been spoken of in this Conference, from the tipping of tables up to the spirit-hand. It is my present, deliberate conviction that all of these manifestations that were of a purely physical character were produced by human means. Many of them I know to have been thus produced, and the rest I know might have been thus produced. During my first two years' investigation, I firmly believed all the manifestations I witnessed were spiritual, and simply because I took certain things for granted, which were not proved. As for instance: When I have seen a table moved “without contact,” I have taken it for granted that the feet of persons present did not apply the force. But when in subsequent investigations I had grown more cautious, and placed myself in a position to see and know how the feet were bestowed, the table either remained unmoved, or, being moved, betrayed the human means of its motion. And so of spirit-lights, writing under the table, speaking through trumps, and the show of the spirit-hand. That each and all of these manifestations which I have witnessed have been made by earthly means, I cannot positively aver; but this I can unequivocally assert,—that in all cases where precautions were taken to render it impossible for mortals to do the thing—the thing was never done. I have traveled far, and paid much, and am willing to travel farther, and pay more, to see one physical manifestation that it is impossible for a mortal to accomplish. The moving of a straw will answer as well as a mountain.

HORACE DRESSER, Esq., asked Mr. Coles to explain certain eccentric manifestations through his own (Mr. C.'s) mediumship, which occurred at Mr. Day's house some three years ago, in which the spirit of an Indian purported to control Mr. Coles.

Mr. Coles replied, that at that time he was what is called a medium, and often supposed himself to be under the control of an Indian. Some year or two previous, he had been told at a circle that an Indian spirit would take possession of him, and by a sort of self-induced hallucination, had afterward supposed himself to be so possessed. When sitting in circles in a passive state, his organs of marvelousness and imitation, and other incentives, would put him into the state of Indian manifestation, as it probably would into an Irish manifestation, if he had been told in the outset that an Irish spirit would possess him. He continued: “I was honest then in my belief, as I am now in my disbelief. Even now I can, by putting myself in the same conditions, go through with the same manifestations. Notwithstanding my skepticism, on these points, I am still a Spiritualist so far as belief in immortality—the individualized existence of spirits after death, and their ability, under certain, but very rare conditions, to manifest themselves to mortals, are concerned. I have no doubt that spirits do often impress us and control us, sometimes with, and sometimes without, our own knowledge. But in the great majority of cases, when we think spirits are talking to us through mediums, and fancy we are holding communication with Shakespeare, Byron, Swedenborg, Bacon and Black Hawk, we are only listening to the medium's self-induced, intensified speculations, or are having our own thoughts, opinions and desires hurled back upon us either rarified or densified, as conditions direct. I say that we are lamentably ignorant of the laws which produce these manifestations. We are running forever after the phenomena, but give no time to the study of causes.”

The above extracts contain my “Thirty-nine Articles” of belief, and whoever assails them in detail or in gross is welcome to do so, but I shall object to the ownership of the sweeping and unqualified charges which rumor may report me to have made.

Allow me in conclusion to say that the choice language, the well-rounded sentences, and the scholarly make-up of Miss Hardinge's contributions to the press, evidently composed in a normal condition, are not excelled, in my estimation at least, by any of her mediumistic productions. That she is deeply entranced I do not doubt; that she is thoroughly honest in her belief that spirits control her to speak I cannot question; but as she is a woman of decided genius “in her own right,” I must see her perform a work above her own capacity before I can rob her of lawful praise and bestow it on “spirits.” And what I say of her I say of all mediums, myself included.

JOHN F. COLES.

We shall be happy to send free specimen copies of the AGE to any address our friends may please to name.

Condensed Correspondence.

New Bedford.—Mr. Wilson vs. the “Detective Medium.”

“A Friend to Fair Play” sends us an account of a recent lecturing visit of Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Boston, to New Bedford, where he encountered the “unconverted detective medium,” who had been assuming the credulous by his bungling tricks and unreliable statements. Our informant says that Mr. Wilson lectured to the largest audience ever assembled in that city to hear a Spiritualist speak. Mr. Ely was present, and was compelled to acknowledge that he had made mis-statements about the Davenport Boys, also about Mrs. Hyzer. Mr. B. afterwards entered into a written contract with Mr. Wilson, to allow the latter to tie him before a public audience, and if he did not succeed in releasing himself within forty minutes, to forfeit the proceeds, one half of which was to be given to the poor. Monday evening, Feb. 7th, was fixed for the test. The matter occasioned considerable excitement, and drew together a large house. Mr. Ely appeared with an altered copy of the contract. Mr. Wilson produced the true one, which Mr. B. acknowledged. He then appealed to the audience not to allow Mr. Wilson to tie him, as he had contracted to lecture on another subject, and the written contract did not specify any time. Mr. Wilson offered to produce the most reliable witnesses of the fact that Ely had pledged himself to submit to the ordeal on that evening. At this the audience became uproarious, and some very complimentary epithets were freely bestowed upon the “detective.” Mr. Wilson, after freely expressing his opinion of his slippery opponent, retired from the hall in disgust, and with him a large number of the respectable citizens of the place.

Philadelphia.—Warren Chase—Persecution.

J. E. Churchill writes from Philadelphia, that Warren Chase has been lecturing in that city, and “many listen to and comprehend the practical, common-sense, simple, unvarnished, natural and philosophical teachings that fall from the lips of the ‘Lone One,’ and wish he were always with them.”

He adds, “Old Theology has shown her teeth, and is trying to suppress the sale of a pamphlet entitled ‘Thoughts from a Clergyman in the spirit-world,’ whose name in earth-life was Cornelius C. Cuyler, D. D., given through the mediumship of Miss Mary Frost.” A son of this departed Divine wrathfully accuses the medium, bookseller, and all Spiritualists, of having traduced the character of his honored parent. The publisher, [the agent of the SPIRITUAL AGE in that city—the venerable Father Barry, whose News Stand is at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Sts.] is threatened with the penitentiary. Our correspondent thinks that it would be difficult to prove to a jury that a person is “traduced” by being shown to be “a better spirit than he was man,” and that the honorable gentleman could show his gallantry and Christian education in some better way than by applying vulgar names to a worthy woman. “They may suppress, persecute, anathematize; but still the truth triumphs over error, and all the sons and daughters of earth will yet be free.”

Our correspondent recommends the boarding-house recently opened by Dr. Henck, at 202 Franklin St., as a place where Spiritualists visiting the city can find a quiet home.

Delphi, Ind.—F. L. Wadsworth.

Dr. Beck writes that notwithstanding the ordeal through which Spiritualism is passing in our eastern cities, it is constantly, though slowly, making progress in Delphi. [By the way, we think some of our western friends quite misceivoe the state of things here in the East. Some write as if they supposed Spiritualism pretty much dispirited by the recent “exposures,” etc. This is a great mistake. The winning of a little chaff has filled the air with a cloud of dust, indeed, but all the sound wheat still remains, not in the least damaged.—Ed.] The violent prejudice which existed there one year ago has softened down, and in two years the number of “believers” and “anxious inquirers” has increased from five or six to towards one hundred—nearly all men, and such as could not be reached by the churches. He says:—“Bro. Wadsworth, now a superior speaker, has recently given us four lectures to full and attentive audiences. On New Year's Day, in the Baptist Church (granted by the kindness of the officers for this occasion), he pronounced a funeral discourse over the deserted form of Mrs. Jane Cook. It was a masterly effort, so acknowledged by outsiders. Every eye was bent upon the speaker, and every word listened to with breathless attention.”

Dr. Beck sends us some test facts of spirit-communication, which we shall soon make room for.

Putnam, Ct. and Vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle inform us that they recently visited Putnam, where Mrs. T. gave six lectures to crowded houses. At Dayville, near by, she spoke twice. Here the friends obtained a promise of the Congregationalist Church for the lectures, but the clergyman coming home before they were given, threatened his people that he would himself leave, “if they let in such stuff.” They succumbed, and shut out the Spiritualists. This illiberal action aroused such a feeling that immediate measures were taken to build a house for Spiritualists—which is now in progress and to be completed in three months. At Putnam, considerable clerical opposition had been experienced; but as two persons had been made insane by religious excitement, and the clergyman's predecessor had, not long ago, given some practical lessons in “free-love,” such opposition was not very effective. Mrs. Tuttle speaks at Putnam the last two Sundays in February and in March.

Milford, Mass.

John G. Gilbert writes very favorably of the labors of Miss Frances Davis, trance speaker, at this place. Miss D. is “the young lady who was entranced for forty-five days, and during that time partook of no nourishment whatever. This occurred, I believe, at Lansingburg, N. Y., an account of which was published at the time in the New York Tribune some three years since.” He characterizes a recent lecture of her's on the origin, present condition and final destiny of man, as a masterly production. Her address for the present is Milford, (Hopedale), Mass.

First Spiritualist Donation Party in Maine.

Gibson Smith, of Camden, informs us that on Wednesday, Feb. 2d, a goodly company of gentlemen and ladies from the towns of Union and Warren, made him a pleasant call and left many substantial tokens of their friendship and good-will,—for which he desires to return many thanks. This donation, as appears from an accompanying letter by Joseph Irish, was intended as a token of the donors' appreciation of Mr. Smith's labors as a speaker in behalf of Spiritualism in that vicinity. These labors are highly spoken of by Mr. Irish.

Mrs. Coan in Rutland, Vt.

Our friend John Landon, Esq., writes under date of Feb'y 6th.—“Mrs. Ada L. Coan has been at this place and spent two evenings before public audiences, giving tests, manifestations, &c. She was successful, notwithstanding the prejudice was so strong that it was with no little difficulty that a committee of non-Spiritualists could be selected from the audience who were free from prejudice.” “The best of order prevailed, and the most difficult tests were obtained under the keenest watchfulness and scrutiny of the committee and all of the audience.”

Question about Salem Witchcraft.

“Messrs. EDITORS:—Was not Salem Witchcraft Spiritualism or were not spirits trying to make themselves manifest then?”

We have no hesitation in answering this question in the affirmative. Those who wish for conclusive evidence will find it in Mr. Putnam's able pamphlet entitled, “Memorism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle.”

Harbor Creek, Erie County, Pa.

F. D. Bryant writes of an interesting visit enjoyed by the friends in that place, from Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller. Mrs. Miller lectured three times in the trance, in such a manner as to give great satisfaction to the friends, and to arouse the opponents. Mr. Bryant invites other speakers to stop at that place.

Augusta, Me.

Chas. Keene writes:—“Say to our friends that the cause is not at all flagging or dying out. You might as well presume the sun does not shine at all, because some will not see it, as to think for a moment that the phenomena are not deeply interesting to the masses. It seems the Judges are rapidly going to their own places.”

Interesting Miscellany.

THE GREEN LADY.
A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

The wife of a Baffshire proprietor, of the minor class, had been about six months dead, when one of her husband's ploughmen, returning on horseback from the smithy, in the twilight of an Autumn evening, was accosted, on the banks of a small stream, by a stranger lady, tall and slim, and wholly attired in green, with her face wrapped up in the hood of her mantle, who requested to be taken up behind him on the horse, and carried across. There was a something in the tones of her voice that seemed to thrill through his very bones, and to insinuate itself in the form of a chill behind his skull and the scalp. The request, too, appeared a strange one, for the rivulet was small and low, and could present no serious bar to the progress of the most timid traveller. But the man, unwilling ungalantly to offend a lady, turned his horse to the bank, and she sprang up lightly behind him. She was, however, a personage that could be better seen than felt. She came in contact with the ploughman's back, he said, as if she had been an ill-filled sack of wool; and when, on reaching the opposite side of the streamlet, she leaped down as lightly as she had mounted. As he turned fearfully round to catch a second glimpse of her, it was in the conviction that she was a creature considerably less earthly in her texture than himself. She had opened, with two pale, thin arms, the enveloping hood, exhibiting a face equally pale and thin, which seemed marked, however, by the roguish, half-humorous expression of one who has just succeeded in playing off a good joke.

"My dear mistress!" exclaimed the ploughman.
"Yes, John, your mistress," replied the ghost. "But ride home, my bonny man, for it's growing late; you and I will be better acquainted ere long."

John accordingly rode home and told his story. For nearly a twelvemonth after, scarcely a day passed in which she was not seen by some of the domestics; never, however, except on one occasion, after the sun had risen, or before it had set. The maids could see her in the gray of the morning, sitting like a shadow round their beds, or peering in upon them at night, through the dark window panes, or at an half open door.

One day, at noon, a year after her first appearance, her old nurse, to whom, during her life, she had shown great kindness, was surprised to see her enter the cottage, as all her previous visits had been made early in the morning, or late in the evening.

"Mammie," she said, "I cannot open the heart of the laird; and I have nothing of my own to give you; but I think I can do something for you now. Go straight to the White House, (that of a neighboring proprietor) and tell the folks there to set out with all speed of men and horse, for the black rock in the sea, at the foot of the crags, or they'll rue it dearly to their dying day. Their bairns have gone out to the rock and the tide has flowed around them; and if no help reach them, they will be all scattered like waves on the shore ere the fall of the sun."

The old woman went as directed, and told her story, and the father of the children, on reaching the edge of the cliff, saw the black rock, as the woman had described, and the children clinging to its higher crags. But though the waves were fast rising, his attempts to ride out through the surf, to the poor little things were prevented by their cries which so frightened his horse, as to render it unmanageable, and he had to gallop to the nearest fishing village for a boat. So much time was lost in consequence, that nearly the whole beach was covered by the sea, and the surf had begun to lash the foot of the precipices behind; but until the boat arrived, not a single wave dashed over the Black Rock; though immediately after the last of the children had been rescued, an immense wreath of foam rose twice a man's height over its utmost pinnacle.

The old nurse, on her return home, found the green lady sitting by the fire.

"Mammie," said she, "you have made friends to yourself to-day who will be kind to you. I must now leave you. My time is out, and you'll all be left to yourselves; but I'll have no rest Mammie, for many a twelvemonth to come. Ten years ago, a traveling pedlar broke into our garden in the fruit season, and I sent out our old ploughman, who is now in Ireland, to drive him away. It was on a Sunday, and all the rest were in church. The men fought, and the pedlar was killed. But though at first I thought of telling the laird, when I saw the dead man's pack, with its silks and its velvets, and this unhappy piece of green satin, (shaking her dress) my foolish heart beguiled me, and I made the ploughman bury the pedlar's body under the ash tree, in the corner of the garden, and we divided his goods and money between us. You must bid the laird raise his bones and carry them to the church-yard; and the gold, which you will find in the little bowl under the tapestry, in my room, must be sent to a poor old widow the pedlar's mother, who lives on the shore of Leith. I must now away to Ireland, to the ploughman; and I'll be e'en less welcome to him, Mammie, than at the laird's; but the hungry blood cries loud against us both—him and me—and we must suffer together. Take care you look not after me till I have passed the Knowe."

She glided away as she spoke, in a gleam of light; and when the old woman withdrew her hands from her eyes, dazzled by the sudden brightness, she saw only a large black greyhound crossing the moor, and the green lady was never afterwards seen in Scotland. The little hoard of gold pieces, however, stored in a concealed recess of her apartment, and the mouldering ruins of the pedlar, under the ash tree, gave evidence to the truth of her narrative.—*Cruise of the Betsey.*

The Mole.

The mole, having consulted many occultists for the improvement of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but, upon endeavoring to make use of them, his mother shrewdly observed to him, "That spectacles, though they might help the eyes of a man, could be of no use to those of a mole."

There is a dullness in the nature of some men's intellects, like the mole in the fable, that renders them incapable of receiving knowledge—their souls are not to be enlightened.

INNOCENCE.—What a power there is in innocence, whose very helplessness is its safeguard; in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and stands worshipper at the very altar he came to despoil.

Never forget the kindness which others do for you, nor remind them of the kindness which you do for them.

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY DR. CHAS. ROBBINS.

"Trahit quod cunctis potest et addit acerbo."

With this standing text or motto, I propose to spread before you a few shells, pearls and flowers, of more or less value, gathered from the seas of thought in my pilgrimage. These are not malleable, therefore I shall not attempt to spread them out to treat them as possessing that quality. If I should find a gem, I shall not incur the charge of bad taste by attempting to render it the object of admiration by its bulk; I wish what I write to be read. Few subjects, in a newspaper, demand a column—few writers can interest readers in long articles—few readers can spend time, or will spend time to wade for a grain of gold, through what they, in a few sentences, find to be a field of mud.

"Short prayers and pithy!" I heard a Methodist minister once ejaculate at a "Love Feast," as the time had nearly arrived for the morning services to commence. Such would be my taste.

There was an itinerant woman preacher that in 1830 preached in Boston, named Clarissa D—, very celebrated. She took her text from these words—"This is life eternal to know thee, the only true God." The subject she divided into *twelve heads!* It was her favorite theme and she spoke rapidly for two hours! She was not in our view a good model for newspaper writers.

I shall not infringe upon the custom of the Age, by the introduction of indiscriminate and sickly sentimentalities, or lackadaisical flummery on any person, be they spirit-medium or not. It would be passing strange, indeed, if there were not large numbers who give in their adhesion to Spiritualism for

lure, with whom Spiritualism is a mere commercial affair. To me, when I retrospect the mighty triple wave of Spiritualistic progress, as sweeping in its onward course, infidelity, atheism and every grade of sectarianism—leaping denominational battlements and invading fastnesses, onward and onward amid tempests and storm, wrestling with hills and begirding mountains, I wonder at the comparatively little floodwood and scum floating upon its surface. I look with no little astonishment in the wake of the wave at the small amount of the slime and the relatively small number of the uncaged reptiles of pollution and vice disclosed to our gaze. The sunlight of Heaven will perform the cure, and let fraud and selfishness be uncovered. Spiritualism is not a mere creed, it is not based on man. Every spirit medium may prove mercenary and base, but the Spiritualism in which I believe is untouched, unsoiled.

I love to read the circumstances of the advent of our Saviour as recorded by the Evangelists. They show the intimacy between Heaven and earth, and their proximity. The multitude of the heavenly hosts sang, and the angels came to the shepherds to announce "Peace on earth and good will to men!" This could not have been, had there been indifference, or they not cognizant of an interest.

A few years since I was visiting the venerable Dr. Wisner, of Webster, N. Y. His health was poor, and there was a young man from Maryland boarding with him for a few weeks to supply his desk. The young minister opened the drawing he had just received of a lottery. He exclaimed to Mr. W., "There, I am disappointed! I promised to God if He would give me the highest prize, I would give two-thirds to his cause!"

"Indeed," said Mr. W. "It must have been that God did not believe you."

A CURIOUS SERMON.

The following sermon, which we find in a pamphlet half a century old, was preached impromptu, by the Rev. Mr. Hyberdin, at the request of certain thieves who robbed him on a hill near Hartlyrow, Hampshire, England:

I greatly marvel that any man will disgrace thieving, and think the doers thereof are worthy of death, considering it as a thing that cometh near unto virtue, being used in all countries, and allowed by God himself; the which thing I cannot compendiously show unto you at so short a warning, and on so sharp an occasion. I must desire you gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part what at this time cometh into my mind, not doubting but that you, through your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto it than this which I shall now offer unto you.

Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended of some men to be a virtue; which being granted, who is there then that will not judge thieves to be virtuous? For they are, of all men the most stout and hardy and the most void of fear; for thieving is a thing usual among all men; for not only you that are here present, but also many others in diverse places, both men, women and children, rich and poor, are daily of the faculty, as the hangman of Newgate can testify; and that it is allowed of by God himself is evident from Scripture: for if you examine the whole course of the Bible you will find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob when he came out of Mesopotamia, did steal his uncle Laban's kids. The same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing, and yet God said, *I have chosen Jacob and refused Esau.* The children of Israel when they came out of Egypt, did steal the Egyptian's jewels of silver and jewels of gold, as God commanded them to do.

David, in the days of Abiathar, the high priest, came into the temple and stole the hallowed bread; and yet God said, *David is a man after my own heart.* Christ himself, when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none his; and yet God said, *This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.* Thus you see that God delighted in thieves.

But most of all I marvel that men can despise thieves whereas in many points you be like Christ himself; for Christ had no dwelling place more than you—Christ at length was caught, and so will you be—he went into hell, and so will you. In this you differ from him; for he rose and went into heaven—so you will never do without God's great mercy, which God grant you. To whom, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

How general, yet how injurious the practice of reading in the railroad cars—

People that are truly wise,
Will not, while riding, tax their eyes.

MAN AND HIS MAKER.—They that deny God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.

Poetry and Sentiment.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

(From an unpublished volume, entitled "Pearls from the Poets of all Times and Climes.")

Not unwatched by heavenly powers
Sleeps the church's lowly daughter;
Thro' the night's unconscious hours,
Impulses of love are taught her;
Which, by kindly she seems to win
From some daily saint within.

As beneath yon tender light
Weary earth finds sweet repose,
And the flowers that fold at night,
And the birds their soft wings closing,
Dream not that their bloom at morn,
Is of dewy moonlight born:—

So, we know not what we gain
In that silent time of sleeping;
Reck not of the gracious rain
Which, our hearts in mercy steeping,
Falls, perchance to wash away
Stains unknown, incurred by day.

When the powers of Hell prevail
O'er our weakness and unfitness,
Could we lift the fleshly veil,
Could we for a moment witness
Those unnumbered hosts that stand,
Calm and bright on either hand;

Could we see, tho' far and faint,
(Sight too great for eyes unholy!)
Face of some departed saint,
Tinged for us with melancholy;
O, what strength of shame and woe
Would start up to slay the foe!

Oh, what joyful hope would cheer!
O, what faith serene would guide us!
Great may be the dangers near,
Greater are the friends beside us!
O, what reverent heed would then
Watch our footsteps among men!

But that these things are, we know,
And we know, O, thought of wonder!
These and us, the weak, the low,
Nothing but our sins can sunder;
For our brows are bathed and crossed,
We are of that glorious host.

Lord, thy saints, in evil hour,
So could feel thine armies round them
That no sin could overpower,
And no shape of death attend them—
Make our faith what theirs hath been,
Evidence of things unseen!

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENTS.

BY MRS. T. H. DEVEREUX.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant,
To watch its frolic play;
It gambled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustingly reached forth its hand,
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there.
But ah! the hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race,
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine
And only found the shade.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely.

Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this—
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie
Love on through all ills, and love till they die. Moore.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Base envy withers at another's fame,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.

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