



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

VENTILATION OF ANCIENT SPIRITUALISM BY A FAN THAT HAS THOROUGHLY PURGED THE FLOOR.

No. II.
GENESIS.

Ours is not the beaten track of skeptic or believer. Not with grosser science shall we reject all that claims to be of Spirit, nor receive all that Seer or Prophet claims oracular in the name of God. Taking Moses as the Seer or Medium for the books in his name, we decide not how much was subjective influx, or afflatus from the universal fount of being; but when he and other ancients make personally objective their Jehovahs, Joves, or Lords, we measure them in the light of the present opening of the heavens, and behold them the familiar spirits of antiquity. We have only to see if the Spiritualism of that day is best for present needs. We love all physical, moral and spiritual truth; but we want no cloudy garniture in place of the shining garments of the higher heavens.

We have no room, nor is there need to dwell upon those old landmarks which geology, ethnology, and historico-scientific inquiry have swept away. Who would tread more fully the enchanted ground, can do so through Mrs. Child, DeWette and McNaught. By them and others along the upward plane, there is much upheaval of Oriental Ideas. We take the spiritual status of old time, and seek its fullest, roundest growth for us,—its worth, no more, no less, whether of truth or romance of creation. Granting Adam and Eve for a basis, we shall not stop to inquire if Eve's conception from the rib of Adam be more of miracle than Minerva stepping from the head of Jupiter. It is related that Adam and Eve heard the voice of the Lord. They were then clairaudient, or had the gift of spirit-hearing, as some mediums now have; but not today do we ascribe these voices to the Universal Soul, or Most High, save through his intervening angels. There are exceptions in concealed persons who claim their own familiars as being very God of Gods, who speaks with exclusive speciality to themselves; but ignorance, vanity and superstition are not the way to the resurrection and the life. Even in Old Jewry it was not always Lord, Lord, but sometimes it was the angel, though various ways and names embraced the God-head, as Moses was sometimes God, and other men were Lords, or men of God, who orated in his name. Gentiledom heard voices from prophetic founts and oracles divine, perhaps more sweetly toned than some thunders from Mount Sinai. If these "voices" were but conscience, as Feltonwise suggested, where his scope of science to measure like voices in Old Jewry?—where his cohesion of parts in a "connected whole," as per Agassiz, in his sweep of turtle-dove? A fragmentist and sham philosopher is he who would ingear the Jew afflatus from all the world besides.

We shall not consider at length how the Mosaic Lord "planted a garden eastward in Eden," nor how he "made coats of skins and clothed Adam and Eve," nor of the Lord's having respect unto Abel, "though he is no respecter of persons," nor of his familiar talk with Cain, nor of the latter's marriage with his own sister, so utterly revolting to physiological law that families could not come of such incestuous sources, but in utter imbecility of being; nor could humanity have perpetuated itself in line of such beginning. We shall not dwell upon the rather surprising proficiency of Cain's grand-sons in "handling the harp and the organ," nor shall we inquire who were the eminent composers in regions adjacent to Eden, nor who were the "Sons of God who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all they chose," nor why "it repented the Lord and grieved him at his heart," that he had fallen short in his foreknowledge of creation, and decided to destroy it; nor of Noah, with his Ark, peopling the earth anew therefrom, though science shows that at the time of new beginning, there were abundance of animals and men, though traditional flood had just destroyed them; nor shall we take heed of endless genealogies, nor how "Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord," except a word or two on this and other heads from *Jasher*, by and by. Our "Word" in many things seems abridged from *Jasher*'s details. We shall not query how the Lord came down to watch the building of the Tower of Babel, nor what Lord it was, nor to whom he talked when he said, "let us go down and there confound their language," nor how he "appeared unto Abram" and talked with him; nor how he plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarai, Abram's wife; nor of their close affinity by inter-marriage. Only in few words shall we take note of some of these. But when the deriders of Modern Spiritualism charge us with crudities and all manner of evils, it may be well for them who think they stand on better foundation in Old Jewry, to take heed lest their ground fail them, and they be swallowed up with Korah, Dathan and Abiram.

Of those coats of skins which the Lord God made for Adam and Eve, the Book of *Jasher* gives a fuller account—chapter 7th:

24. The garments which God made for Adam and his wife, when they went out of the garden, were given to Cush.
25. For after the death of Adam and his wife, the garments were given to Enoch, the son of Jered; and when Enoch was taken up to God, he gave them to Methuselah, his son.

26. And at the death of Methuselah, Noah took them and brought them into the Ark, and they were with him until he went out of the Ark.

27. And in their going out, Ham stole those garments from Noah; his father, and he took them and hid them from his brothers.

28. And when Ham begat his first-born, Cush, he gave to him the garments in secret, and they were with Cush many days.

29. And Cush also concealed them from his sons and brothers; and when Cush had begotten Nimrod, he gave him those garments through his love for him; and Nimrod grew up, and when he was twenty years old, he put on these garments.

30. And Nimrod became strong when he put on the garments, and God gave him might and strength, and he was a mighty hunter in the earth, yes, he was a mighty hunter in the field, and he hunted the animals, and he built altars, and he offered upon them the animals before the Lord.

These garments, when Nimrod put them on, were 1650 years old; and though they were stolen from Noah, they appear to have lost none of their talismanic influence; and augury by these old clothes as seamless garments from heaven, yet continues in our churches. True, open vision sees many rents in these Jewish old clothes. But many worship these old relics as infallible, by simply opening the mouth and shutting the eyes; and hence the garments made in the Garden of Eden have become as holy as the breeches of Mohammed.

"There is," says Henry James, in a late letter from Europe, "a shocking odor of old clothes in most of the European churches;" and that there is better ventilation in the American. We grant you; but it is the Spiritualistic fan that is thoroughly purging the ancient floor of the Hebrew old clothes which Ham stole from Noah 1650 years after God made them for Adam and Eve. Noah got drunk and cursed Ham, while Nimrod, under the magic influence of the stolen clothes, became a mighty man in the spirit of the Lord; and because unsober Noah cursed Ham, we have many *Lords* in our dark theologies, *Lords* who teach that the curse extends to our day, making it right and Christian to enslave the supposed descendants of Ham. Surely it is time for ventilation, when the Church so augurs and the State so follows. We hope that the unventilated old clothes of Moses or Paul will not impart of their leprous distillments forever, as was the prophet's curse of leprosy against Gehazi and seed, when Naaman was cured of his leprosy, and Gehazi perhaps put on the unwashed clothes.

We learn too by the "infallible word" of *Jasher*, that "Cainan was a very wise man, and by his wisdom he ruled over spirits and demons." This wisdom of the ancients generally has reference to the mediumistic character, as Moses, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." It appears by the 2d chapter of *Jasher* that many were opposed to philo-progenitiveness quite early in the morning of creation; for the very first dawns we read of, both in King James' version and in the authorized *Jasher*, Adah and Zillah—according to *Jasher*, Adah was fruitful, but Zillah was barren. Why she was barren is related in 2d chapter, 18th and 25th verses, inclusive. In her old age she became fruitful and bore Tubal Cain declaring she had "obtained him from the Almighty God."

According to Milton, the question was debated between Adam and Eve whether it was well to be the way of life of children conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity. Eve stood nobly up and decided against peopling the world with wretchedness. Adam admits that all would be but "propagated curse," and that all posterity would excrete his name,—but prevailed by pleading other issues of escape, some vicarious scapegoat of atonement running the gauntlet of the wrath to come. Thus, in Adam's fall, Milton had to sing "endless misery from this day forward," and our old theologies join in full chorus the infernal din of the beauty and the reasonableness of vengeful wrath forever.

Ah, Adam! Adam! your vicarious plea has darker made damnation. Who have built thereon, return from spirit-land to say that it does not aught avail them, but only in the upright life and true do we go upwards. Our salvation must be worked, not saddled on another.

The "Word" of *Jasher* gives a full account of Enoch's translation into heaven. An angel of the Lord called to him, and then a great horse descended from heaven. Enoch rode this horse about a week towards heaven with 800,000 men following, and "upon the seventh day ascended into heaven in a whirlwind, with horses and chariot of fire."

We also learn by the same "Word" that Noah married the youthful Naamah, daughter of Enoch, when "she was five hundred and eighty years old; and Noah was four hundred and ninety-eight years old when he took Naamah for a wife."

Noah then builds the Ark, and the elect of man and beast go in. The outsiders also asked for an inside berth, but Noah reminds them that the day of grace—120 years—has passed, and "now the Lord will not listen to you, neither will he give ear to you on this day." It seems the voyage was rather a stormy one, for when the ark swung from its moorings, "it was tossed upon the waters so that all the living creatures within were turned about like pottage in a cauldron. The

lions roared, the oxen lowed, the wolves howled, and every living creature in the ark spoke and lamented in its own language," to say nothing of Balaam's ass—which was doubtless on hand—and spoke trumpet tones on the occasion. Upon the whole, it appears that they who were counted out, fared better than they who were counted in; for besides the roar of voices and the rush of many waters, there was great deficiency of ventilation. According to the Episcopal Rev. McNaught, in his measurement of the infallible "Word," "the ark was 450 feet long, 75 broad, and 45 high, and ventilation was provided for by one window 18 inches square." It is hardly to be expected that in such quarters the inmates were regaled with "Sabeian odors from the spicy shore of Araby the blest," but rather contrarywise, pretty considerably so.

In the "Word" of *Jasher*, we also find applied to Abram the original of some of our gospel story of Jesus, the Star in the East, the wise men, and the slaying of the children. We also find in the same Word the colloquy of God and Satan, as of Job in our Bible, but of Abraham in *Jasher*. Our Bible can be readily had from among the modern Hebrews. For the sake of brevity, we shall follow our abridged Scriptures, though the same things may be found in *Jasher* much extended.

"The Lord appeared unto Abram" as a familiar spirit, and talked to him; "and the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision." "Abram was in a deep sleep, an horror of great darkness," when he talked with this familiar spirit. But is not a deep sleep vision worth as much to-day as it was 4000 years ago? or if such a vision should be accounted a nightmare in the present time, is it only distance lends enchantment to the view, to make it of the Lord God of antiquity?

The intent of this vision was to tell Abram that his posterity was to inherit his neighbor's land. Abram required a test, saying, "Lord God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it? and it was in this same 'deep sleep of horror and great darkness' that 'the Lord God made a covenant with Abram, giving him all the land from the river of Egypt to the great river Euphrates.'"

This is very like the dream of the cute Yankee with the Indian, in more recent times. The Indian had dreamt for a small favor from the Yankee; and the Yankee gave according to the dream; and knowing the sacred estimate of dreams among Indians, he dreamt away a large tract of their lands to himself. The Indian, amazed at the great length and breadth of the Yankee's dream, yielded the land, but besought him to dream no more in that direction. So, too, we opine, must have been the amazement of all the people "from the river of Egypt to the great river Euphrates," whose lands were thus dreamt away through a "deep sleep of great darkness" by Abram, in the name of the Lord.

No wonder that "men began to call upon the name of the Lord"—a name found very potent in all the ages since to keep the people in "a deep sleep of great darkness." Would it not be well for our heads of State to dream in the name of the Lord that Cuba and all the Isles of the sea, belong to us, and forthwith take them, "as the Lord, their God has given them to go in and possess them." Why not? "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and all belongs to his saints. Let it be voted that we are the saints, and the coast is clear, and plenty of holy men will give Scripture for the deed, as well as for making merchandise of the bodies and souls of men. While their great pity would suffer an Abrahamic "horror" to hear a joyous laugh on "God's holy Sabbath day." Those choice saints, Central American-wise, have ventilated the Bible to show that God's chosen people were a band of fillibusters, and so by doing likewise, they exemplify the mysteries of godliness.

The angel of the Lord found Hagar at a fountain in the wilderness. Here we see God, Lord, Angel, the names of the same being. "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, 'Thou God seest me;' for she said, 'Have I also here looked after him that seeth me?' It is 'Thou God of visions' in some translations, and in the Douay Bible, the latter part of the verse is rendered, 'Verily, here have I seen the hinder parts of him that seeth me,' that is of the God, the Lord, or the Angel, as it is related of Moses of his seeing the same parts of God.

Philo says that "those beings whom other philosophers call demons, Moses usually calls angels; and they are the souls hovering in the air, and that if therefore you consider that souls and demons and angels are things differing indeed in name, but one and identical in reality, you will then be ready to discard that heavy burden, superstition." Josephus speaks in the same familiar way of God, who appeared to him in dreams, as to Abram, and whom he interchangeably names angel or spirit. We may already clearly see from every page of the record, that our old theologies have deified and worshipped the familiar spirits of antiquity.

"These be thy Gods, O Israel!" which our 19th century churches ask us to worship in the same darkness as themselves. Abram's familiar again appeared to him, and claimed to be the

Almighty God,—changed Abram into Abraham,—and when "he left off talking with him, God went up from Abraham." Was this the same God who came to Hagar and part of whom she saw? or were Hagar and Abraham seeing mediums, and saw spirits? or is it only romance of the earlier age? or, too doubtful in surroundings to be of worth to-day? Here, as all over the sacred legends, there is room for diversity of faith; nor shall we pronounce *anathema maranatha* for any heresy in the premises. If Modern Spiritualists like sometimes to come in the assumption of lofty names, not more wonderful is it that their ancient brethren would sometimes present themselves as Almighty Gods. Philo, of the Allegorical Word, writing, when John was preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and Jesus "about all Galilee," enters at large upon the various names and appearances of God. Himself—a sublime philosopher, and receiving God as the universal Soul of being, in whom we live, move, and have our being—he also received angel or spirit as the God necessary to be addressed to the multitude; but to the enlightened few, Angel, Soul, or Spirit, and Gentle Demons were the same—the inexpressible God above all the angels as his workers. But Philo, no more than others, could decide how much the mind is wrought from the universal fount of being, from its inspirational afflatus, or by souls or angels in their personal objectivity. He says "the air is full of souls, and the word of prophecy is accustomed to call these souls angels." He claims divine inspiration for himself, but speaks of his familiar as an "invisible spirit suggesting to him." "Philosophers," he says, "are wont to call these souls demons; but the sacred Scripture calls them angels." Besides these angels speaking in the name of God, eminent men bore the name of Gods or Lords, as men bear titles of Lords and Dukes to-day, and have servile worshippers of such names. According to the same Philo, the Prophet, or inspired Medium, or "Man of God is reasonably to be called God, and this same person is God inasmuch as he is wise;" and that "Moses received the inheritance of the name of God." Josephus also uses God and Angel as names of the same beings. C. B. F.

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY GEORGE W. LAMB.

In the silent greenwood glade,
In the dim old forest's shade,
By the rushing river,—
There are sweet low voices singing,
Music on the soft breeze flinging,
And they haunt me ever.

In the star-crowned, quiet night,
Ringing from the moonlit height,
Whispering from the vale,
From the swinging, leafy bough,
And the dewy flowers below,
Murmuring still their tale.

'Tis of days long passed away,
'Tis of forms now cold in clay
These sweet voices tell.
At the memories they bring,
Tears and smiles, together, spring
From the heart's deep well.

Old friends again about me stand,
And once more the clasping hand,
And the kindling eye,
Better far than words can do—
Tell that hearts are warm and true
As in days gone by.

And, as these sweet visions throng,
Joyous laughs with many a song
On the charmed air swell,
And strike upon the dreaming brain
Till the old time seems back again—
The old time loved so well.

Ever thus in greenwood glade
And in the deep forest shade
And by the rushing river,
There are sweet, low voices singing,
Music to the soft breeze flinging,
And they haunt me ever.

To work worthily, man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must ever be lifting him above the low plain of custom and convention in which the senses confine him, into the high mount of vision and of renovating ideas.

If there be some thoughts and actions of his life from the memory of which a man shrinks with shame, sure there are some which he may be proud to own and remember; forgiven injuries, conquered temptations (now and then), and difficulties vanquished by endurance.—*Thackeray*.

Truth is the nursing mother of genius. No man can be absolutely true to himself, eschewing cant, compromise, servile imitation, and complaisance, without becoming original; for there is in every creature a fountain of life which, if not choked back with stones and other dead rubbish, will create a fresh atmosphere, and bring to life fresh beauty.—*Margaret Fuller*.

For the Spiritual Age.

"THE GOSPEL OF JESUS."

The above is the title of a book which I have just published. There is an interesting and somewhat remarkable spiritual experience connected with the bringing of this work before the world, one or two items of which I will here relate.

After the translation was placed in my hands, and while I was taking a copy of the same, I was inquiring in my own mind whether I should be able these hard times to raise money sufficient to publish it, when my spirit-friends came and told me that they had made all necessary provisions for that object. As these heavenly guardians had never deceived or misinformed me, I had the utmost confidence in what they told me, and therefore made no exertions on my own part to raise any means for publishing the book.

But when I had completed the copy which I designed to be used in making the stereotype plates, I was impressed to take the same and go to Lee, Mass. On arriving there, I was directed to call on Marcus Marble, one of the best trance-mediums that I have ever seen. The day before my arrival, the spirits had sent him home from Barre to meet me.

He was, soon after we met, entranced by Peter, who had many cheering words to impart to me, and who directed me to call the next day, at a stated hour, at the house of Benjamin Dean, Esq., in the village of Lee. I called as directed, and had been in the house but a few minutes when a gentleman, a Mr. Strickland, as I was informed, from Minnesota, came into the room. I perceived that he scrutinized my person very closely, and in fact did scarcely withdraw his eyes from me. Soon I was impressed to tell him that I had some valuable writings which I thought of publishing. He replied: "I know it—I know all about it. You have got a new Bible which was found in the vaults under Rome. Six years ago I was told by a medium, who is an orthodox minister in Minnesota, that such writings were found and brought to this country; and the person who was to bring them before the public was minutely described to me. And when I saw you, I knew that you were the man. I was directed to come here from my home; but I told the people before I left that I should bring them back news that would astonish them and the world. Yesterday I got on to the cars to leave this place, but I was pulled off by a power which I could not resist, and so I had to remain here till to-day. I now understand why it was done, and for what purpose I was sent here; you need money to publish this new Bible, and I have it for you."

I confess that I was greatly surprised at the statement of this entire stranger. At the same time I was greatly rejoiced to be thus convinced that my guardians from the spheres of the immortal world were aiding me in my work, and had literally fulfilled the promise which they had made to me. I was not even under the necessity of asking for money.

From Lee, I proceeded directly to New York to make the necessary arrangements for publishing the work. Here another surprise awaited me. After reaching the city, I was impressed to call on the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dods. I found him at his office in Broadway. I told him that I had come to New York to get some printing done. On his inquiring what I was going to print, I informed him that it was the Gospel of Jesus which had been found in the catacombs of Rome. He turned pale and said: "It is fulfilled. My visions never deceive me! Fourteen years ago, I had a vision in which an immortal came to me and told me that the religious world was in a great error concerning the religion and the doctrines of Jesus, and that in a time when great knowledge and light were prevailing, and when men's souls were generally stirred on religious matters, Gibson Smith would introduce to the world the true Gospel of Jesus. I wrote down this vision at the time I saw it, (fourteen years since) and have it now in my possession."

He saw many other things in this vision. He saw too, as he informed me, that I should be greatly persecuted for publishing this Gospel. Of this, there can be no doubt. Indeed, three years before I had any knowledge of the writings which I have just published, I was forewarned in a dream or vision, that sectarian bigotry and persecution would be raised against me. But I then supposed that if anything of the kind took place it would be on account of my belief and advocacy of the spiritual and harmonious philosophy. Yet I had advocated the principles of this philosophy for many years previous to my vision. And I asked myself how any new persecution could arise against me on account of this.

The following was what I saw in my vision:—I was traveling in a straight path through a beautiful valley. A short distance ahead, by the side of the path, I saw a large black log. It had been burnt so that the surface was charred. Behind this log stood a man in black clothing, having on a white cravat. From his appearance, I knew him to be a clergyman. When I came near him I stopped, folded my arms over my breast, and observed him. He had in his hands a pair of old flint-lock pistols. He was picking the flints. Soon he laid them down behind the black log, and when he rose up again he had in his hand a long sword, which he drew out of the scabbard, throwing the latter away. The sword was very old and rusty, and attempts had been made to brighten it. He came out

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE.

We recently made some brief quotations from the writings of that distinguished teacher of physical science, President Hitchcock, of Amherst College, corroborative of the truth of Spiritualism on the basis of natural science. We have thought some fuller extracts from the same source would interest and instruct our readers. We copy from his lecture on "The Telegraphic System of the Universe," which forms the twelfth chapter of his work on "The Religion of Geology."

We have seen this theory of Dr. Hitchcock's cited by superficial opponents of Spiritualism, in order to explain away its facts; but we think we shall have little difficulty in showing to any intelligent mind that its bearing is clearly and positively in favor of spirit-intercourse.

The President commences by affirming that

"The discoveries of Modern Science show that there is a literal sense in which the material creation receives an impression from all our words and actions."

"Our words, our actions, and even our thoughts, make an indelible impression on the universe. Thrown into a poetic form, this principle converts creation

Into a vast sounding-gallery;
Into a vast picture-gallery;
And into a universal telegraph."

He argues this, first, from the principle of *mechanical reaction*, from which Prof. Babbage has deduced the conviction that "the air is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman ever whispered;" secondly from the *reaction of light* and the substances on which it impinges; thirdly, from *electrical reactions*, which make it certain that "an electrical influence is excited and propagated by almost every muscular effort, every chemical change within us, every variation in the state of health, or vigor, and especially by every mental effort." On this point he says:

"The stronger the emotion, the greater the change; so that these great mental efforts, and those great decisions of the will, which bring along important moral effects, do also make the strongest impression upon the material universe. We cannot say how widely, by means of electric force, they reach; but if so subtle a power does, as we have reason to suppose, permeate all space, and all solid matter, there may be no spot in the whole universe where the knowledge of our most secret thoughts and purposes, as well as our most trivial outward act, may not be transmitted on the lightning's wing; and it may be that, out of this darkened world may not be found any spot where beings do not exist with sensibilities keen enough to learn, through electric changes, what we are doing and thinking."

Again:

"It seems to us a marvellous discovery, which enables man to convey and register his thoughts at the distance of thousands of miles by the electric wires. Should it excite any higher wonder to be told, that, by means of this same power, all our thoughts are transmitted to every part of the universe, and can be read there by the acuter perceptions of other beings, as easily as we can read the types or hieroglyphics of the electric telegraph? Yet what a startling thought is it, that the most secret workings of our minds and hearts are momentarily spread out in legible characters over the whole material universe! . . . To believe and realize this is difficult; to deny it is to go in the face of physical science. How many things do we believe that are sustained by evidence far less substantial!"

After deducing a similar result from *oddylic reaction*, from *chemical reaction*, and *organic reaction*, President Hitchcock proceeds to speak thus of *mental reaction*:

"Since man in a future [spiritual] world is to assume a spiritual body, we may reasonably suppose that all created beings are in some way connected with matter; and, therefore, by means of materialism, through the subtle agencies that we have named, we may be sure that an influence goes out from every thought and volition of ours, and reaches every other intellect in the wide creation. I know not whether, in other worlds, their inhabitants possess *sensibilities acute enough* to be conscious of this influence; certainly, in this world, it is only to a limited extent that men are conscious of it. Yet, we must admit that it exists and acts, or deny the demonstrated verities of science."

He here cites the familiar facts of somnambulism and mesmerism, as "proving the action of mind upon mind, independently of bodily organization," unless we reject "evidence which would prove anything else," and asks:

"Now if we admit that mind does operate upon other minds, while we are in the body, independent of the body, can we tell how far the influence extends? . . . It ought to make us feel that our lightest thoughts and feeblest volitions may reach the outer limit of intellectual life."

Once more:

"If this suggestion be true, then may we indulge the thought as highly probable, that our friends, who have gone before us into the eternal world, may be as familiar with our conduct, our words, and even our thoughts, as we are ourselves."

Now if all this be correct,—and we believe no well-informed person will pretend to question the general principles (though we think the President misapprehends somewhat the details),—is not the converse of it equally true? If the actions of our minds can be and are transmitted to disembodied minds, what is to hinder their thoughts from being transmitted to us by the same instrumentality? If I can send a message to New York or across the Atlantic by the telegraph wires, cannot my friend there send one back to me by the same means? Nay more, if Pres't Hitchcock's telegraphic theory be true, *spirit-intercourse must be true!* It cannot be avoided. For minds cannot think without affecting more or less all other minds in the universe! (at least, all on the same plane.) Escape this if you can! We are constantly in intercourse with the spiritual world,—with the whole boundless realm of mind,—whether we will or no, and whether we know it or not! And this explains where our thoughts come from, and whence arise those emotions which we can trace to no external cause.

"But we are not conscious of this intercourse!" True, most of us are not; and Pres't Hitchcock suggests the reason why. It is because our *sensibilities are not acute enough*. There are, however, those among us who possess sensibilities far more acute than the mass—as may be proved by most incontrovertible tests—and these persons are conscious of such influences from, and interchanges of thought with, the disembodied. These are our *mediums* of the higher or *impressional* class.

We will not do President Hitchcock the injustice to suppose him so obtuse as not to see that this "Telegraphic System of the Universe" leads inevitably to Spiritualism. We think he is fully aware of this fact,—though we know not that he has made any more explicit avowal on the subject than those above quoted. But the fact that, instead of discountenancing, he has encouraged and recommended the investigation of the modern phenomena among the students of the Institution over which he has presided, is not without significance. A. E. N.

STUMBLING OVER SMALL STONES.

SCIENCE A BLIND GUIDE.

The value of Clairvoyance as an aid to the distinct perception and successful treatment of disease is every day demonstrated, and in numerous cases ordinary science is little better than a blind guide without it. The great noise and the prolonged spasms that occur over a single mistake, seem to warrant the inference that mistakes in this mode of treatment occur but seldom. Whenever Mrs. Mettler, or some other celebrated Clairvoyant Physician, makes a failure (infallibility does not belong to mortals),—if it be only one in one thousand cases—those doctors who are liable to go into fits—probably for want of something else to do—caution the people against "popular delusions," and all the penny trumpets of the Press sound the alarm. Thus the foolish people who desire to "give up the ghost" according to the most approved scientific methods, are politely admonished that they may do so, without any interference from quacks who thwart "the ways of Providence" by keeping people in this world, who would otherwise die in peace and in a respectable manner.

Among the physicians in the vicinity of New York who employ Clairvoyance as an indispensable auxiliary in the treatment of the sick, Mrs. Tufts, of Jersey City, has long been justly celebrated, and her rooms are daily thronged by anxious visitors who come to be healed. But there are others, and special attention now appears to be directed to the claims of Dr. Dorman and his wife, Mrs. C. E. Dorman, 361 Broadway, Newark, N. J. Mrs. D. is one of the oldest Clairvoyant Physicians in the United States. The writer has recently been called to observe the results of her treatment in several remarkable cases, in which her skill and success have rather eclipsed the scientific lights of Allopathy.

Mrs. —, who had long been the victim of a very painful disease, recently applied to Mrs. Dorman for the relief which she had sought in vain from the Faculty. It appears that her physicians had wholly misapprehended the nature of her disease. Of course the remedial agents they employed were not adapted to her case, and, as a necessary consequence, the professional course of treatment had been totally ineffectual. Mrs. Dorman, on being entranced, informed the lady that she was suffering from *biliary calculus*; that the concretions, which were forming in the gall-bladder and the hepatic duct, were numerous, and that they must be removed before she could find relief. The remedies prescribed by Mrs. D. produced remarkable results, which at once verified the correctness of her diagnosis, and demonstrated the ability of those old school doctors to misinterpret the diagnostic signs or phenomenal appearances of disease. A large number of stones—some of them of an unusual size—have already been dislodged and expelled by the potent action of her remedies, and the patient is now encouraged with the flattering prospect of a speedy recovery. Though the writer is not authorized to record the patient's name in this connection, yet Mrs. Dorman is permitted to refer to Dr. S. S. Lyon, No. 2 Prospect Place, Newark, for a proper authentication of the facts in this particular case, as well as for the general success of her treatment.

The writer has likewise witnessed the results of Mrs. Dorman's treatment in the critical case of a very dear child—a daughter some fifteen years of age. She was presumed by several physicians and others to be in a rapid and almost hopeless decline. Last summer she suddenly withered like a frail plant beneath the scorching rays of the sun. She continued to fail, and for several months was confined to her bed. When the autumn came our frail hopes of continued life on earth perished with the flowers. At length, however, under the treatment of Mrs. Mettler and Mrs. Tufts, her disease was arrested and hope revived. Subsequently, the Doctor and Mrs. Dorman being boarders in the same house with the writer and his family, the little invalid—for the sake of convenience—was placed in their hands, after which she still continued to improve. Some time since she took cold and experienced a relapse, and a return of the most alarming symptoms; but thanks to Providence and Mrs. D., she is now rapidly recovering, and the delicate bloom of the rose begins to prophesy on the pale cheek of returning health and renewed powers of life. S. B. D.

ROBERT OWEN.

This venerable philanthropist celebrated his *eighty-eighth birth-day* on the 14th of May, by holding a public meeting at St. Martin's Hall, London. He continues as faithfully as ever to devote every energy of body and mind to efforts for the spiritual, moral and political disenthralment of humanity. For nearly three-quarters of a century has he persevered in active labors, never dismayed by failure in his schemes, nor cast down by the persecution which has met him at every step in his onward course. His faith in the ultimate triumph of humanitarian principles was most strengthened by his conversion, a few years since, to a belief in spirit-ministration. He is firm in the conviction that the minds in a higher life are working with him, and he with them, for the inauguration of the Millennium Era upon earth. And though his labors in the mortal form are soon to cease, yet he looks forward undoubtingly to the time when, with his heart renewed and powers re-energized, he will join with the philanthropic spirits of the spheres in more intimate efforts for the same great end.

The following remarks from the *Boston Investigator*, are eminently just: X.

"What a lesson may be learnt from the life of this benevolent, persevering and distinguished philanthropist! We hardly know where to look, in the history of the race, for the example of a man who has so disinterestedly devoted as much time, effort, and property, as Robert Owen, to what he conceived would advance the happiness of his fellow-men. His name may never be popular, however; but he will always be regarded by every true friend of humanity as one of the best of those moral heroes who have 'fought the good fight' of relieving the minds of men from the yoke which ignorance, superstition and prejudice have imposed upon them."

S. B. BRITTON'S MOVEMENTS.—S. B. Britton lectured on Sunday, 6th inst., in Music Hall, Springfield; on Monday and Tuesday evenings following, at Belchertown—to crowded audiences; the next two evenings at West Sutton; on Sunday last at Williamstown, Ct.; and intends to speak in Taunton, Mass., next Sunday, 20th inst. It is his present expectation also, to be present and take part in the proceedings at the Convention in Rutland.

FACTS FROM FLORENCE.

Mr. James Jackson Jarves, the distinguished author of "Art Hints," "Confessions of an Inquirer," etc., now residing in Florence, Italy, in a letter just received, favors us with some facts which we present below in his own words:

The following fact related to me by a friend who was one of the parties, will interest you. It occurred in this city. A friend of the gentleman referred to was ill with the small-pox, and his doors closed by the order of his physicians; and, at his own request, to all persons that might be endangered by visiting him; and particularly to my relation on account of his family of young children. One day, however, the latter was strongly impressed to visit him, and, setting aside caution, went. While on his way,—as was told him afterwards,—the sick man turned to his attendant, and said M. (as we will call him) is at the door; go and let him in. The attendant said it was impossible—no one was there, nor would any one be allowed to enter.

"But," said the sick man, "I see him—he is coming here."

Immediately M. did arrive, and making known his errand, was admitted.

"Ah," says his dying friend, "I saw you coming. I have much to say to you."

He then went on to speak in a lucid manner of his affairs, giving his last directions, etc., when suddenly stopping, he exclaimed,

"How is it, M. you do not salute my mother?—it is very unkind of you."

"Your mother," replied M., who thought he was becoming deranged, "is not here. She has been dead, you know, for twelve years."

"I tell you she is here with us," said the sick man—"strange that you do not see her standing by my side, with her hand on my forehead—and what a delicious odor she brings with her—how very beautiful she looks!"

Then breaking off, he returned to his conversation on his affairs until his friend left—and died a few hours later.

He was an atheist, and my friend had had no experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism; but he told me, that although he supposed the mind of the dying man was wandering, yet the natural and positive manner in which he referred to his mother and his apparent want of politeness in not paying his respects to her, struck him as very singular, and have since led him to connect it with the disclosures which Spiritualism is daily making of the intimate relations between this world and the future.

At a recent circle in this city, a skeptical physician unexpectedly entered on a visit, and seeing what the family were about, asked permission, for the fun of the thing, to sit with them. The phenomena soon began, and were directed towards him.

"Who is it wants me?" he asked.

The medium's hand (a titled lady of great refinement and distinction in society,) was made to write,

"One of your patients whom you killed—DAMN you!"

Imagine the confusion of both parties. The Dr. disappeared, and has made no further attempts at a funny investigation of Spiritualism; and the mortification of the lady has scarcely abated yet.

Spiritualism among the Odd Fellows.

A few days since the funeral of a highly respected member of the order of Odd Fellows was attended at Portsmouth, N. H., by the members of the Fraternity in that vicinity. As a part of the ceremonies of the occasion an original hymn was sung, the closing verses of which we transcribe below. The scene was serenely impressive where three hundred voices united to give utterance to sentiments like these, as they placed the melancholy evergreen over the form once tenanted by the soul they loved:

"Brother, from thy heavenly rest,
From thy home amid the blest,
Come in angel guise to cheer
Those who sorrow for thee here.

"From that radiant 'Lodge on High'
Comes to us this glad reply:
Mourn not, for the path he's trod
One degree is nearer God."

Free Speech.

We notice in an exchange an excellent article on Free Speech, credited to the *World's Paper*, which contains some good hints in reference to speaking at Conventions. The following is an extract:—

"I have seen an audience in what was termed a free convention cruelly bored from one to two hours by some superficial, loquacious person that never was fortunate enough to please any one as well as himself, and who was constantly urging the utility and beauty of free speech. How very inconsistent! No freedom for any one but his own pompous self to rattle the whole time, when justice would allot to him not more than five minutes. What is the difference, whether I speak one hour through the power of a chairman and authoritative rules, or grasp the liberty and lenity of a would-be free meeting and monopolize the whole time, without set rules? I have no claim to such a length of time. It belongs to five hundred equal in all rights and privileges to myself.

"The fact is, we have not arrived at a just appreciation of equity in free speech in conferences and conventions. Every person should consider how short a portion of time belongs to him or her, and have their truths so well adjusted that but a few minutes would be needed to present them; thus all could have an opportunity. Some minds say more in two minutes than others in an hour."

Speech-makers at the Rutland Convention, please take notice! These are times of steam and lightning. Pack your thoughts. Be sure you have something to say; load beforehand, keep your powder dry, and when your turn comes, don't hang fire. X.

TO OUR FRIENDS AT THE CONVENTION.—One or more of the Editors of this paper will be in attendance at the Rutland Convention, where, next to exchanging sympathies with the many kind friends that have greeted us on former occasions, we shall do nothing more cheerfully than to enroll a goodly number of names on our subscription list. We feel sure that if our friends had purses as large as their hearts, we should not wait long to see the AGE placed where they, as well as ourselves, desire to see it—in a self-supporting position. But each one can do a little; and the coming occasion will be an excellent one to join forces and give "a pull all together."

PARTIALITY REDUKED.—The following story is current in Virginia: The Baptists were baptizing some converts; they finished by baptizing an old negro (a slave). The parson, not thinking as much of his soul as of the white portion of his converts, let him drop, and made his own way to the shore. The negro, blowing and puffing, reached the shore, and sitting on a stump, remarked, that "some gentleman's nigger would get drowned by such foolishness, yet."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HYMNS OF SPIRITUAL DEVOTION.—By Thomas L. Harris. Part II. New York: New Church Publishing Association, 447 Broome street.

This volume is a continuation of the devotional lyrics, the first part of which was published last year. Like the former, it consists of inspirational utterances from the Spiritual world, in many cases from individual spirits; and embraces many very fine and beautiful contributions to the religious poetry of the present era. Some of the hymns are of course strongly imbued with the peculiar theology of which Mr. Harris is the exponent; but with a sufficiently liberal interpretation they will prove generally acceptable to those Spiritualists whose religious natures have been deeply aroused. The two parts may be had separately, or in one volume. Sold in Boston by Bela Marsh.

THE HERALD OF LIGHT, for June 1858—T. L. Harris, Editor—has the following table of contents:

The children of Hymen; The House I live in; The Shepherd's Choice; A Summer Song; Growing Old; Young Love in Old Age; A Picture; Marriage and Divorce; the Five-Fold Order of the Heavens; Soul-Lies; A New Poem from the Heavens; Scotland's Guardian Angel; Arcana of Christianity; Athanasia; or Free-Claims of Immortality.

The lovers of glowing, intense, nervous, poetic writing will find much in this magazine to admire, whatever they may think of its distinctive theological teachings. The article in this number on "The Five-Fold Order of the Heavens," being an extract from the forthcoming volume entitled "The Arcana of Christianity," is a remarkably lucid, poetic-philosophical exposition of the wonders of the Inner World, as presented to the illuminated vision of Mr. Harris, and contained, as he affirms, in the "celestial sense" of a passage in the first chapter of Genesis. We have not room to speak of other articles.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY.—The June number of this Magazine has appeared, and the publisher expresses a determination to issue it regularly hereafter until the fourth volume is complete. The following are the contents:

Angels the Spirits of Human Beings; Our Answer; Prayer; Pictures and People; The Dying Moments of Rev. D. A. Tyng; The Rights of Woman; Aspiration; Spiritual Phenomena.

The first article is an able exposition of the Angelology of the Bible, showing conclusively that the basis-fact of modern Spiritualism is recognized throughout that ancient book. In the second article, Mr. Tiffany replies to the rumor that he has "renounced Spiritualism;" also, in some measure to the exceptions which we and others have taken to one of his previous articles. We intend in a week or two to lay the whole before our readers, and therefore defer comments for the present.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS. Published by S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

We have often heard the want expressed of some cheap publications suitable to be scattered broadcast over the land, among the thousands of inquirers into the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. One good move toward supplying this want is made in the publication of these tracts, written by Judge Edmonds. The series of eight costs but twenty-four cents. The titles are as follows: No. 1, "An Appeal to the Public on Spiritualism." No. 2, "Bishop Hopkins on Spiritualism—Reply of Judge Edmonds." No. 3, "The News-boy." No. 4, "Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse." No. 5, "Certainty of Spiritual Intercourse." No. 6, "Speaking in Many Tongues." No. 7, "Intercourse with Spirits of the Living." No. 8, "False Prophecy."

Munson has also sent us "An Address, vindicating the Right of Woman to the Elective Franchise, delivered at the Woman's Rights Convention, on Friday evening, May 14th, 1858, by Geo. William Curtis."

Vermont Scenery.

The traveller through Vermont sees some rough and romantic scenery here and there. The mountains are considerably up and down. It is related that a coachman, driving up one, was asked if it was steep on the other side.

"Steep!" he answered; "chain-lightning couldn't go down it without breechin' on!"

A slightly exaggerated statement, no doubt, but one which would deter timid people from patronizing that particular route. But, thanks to Yankee enterprise, the valleys have been exalted, the rough places laid low, and a straight path made by rail, so that persons may enjoy a trip to the green hills and a sight of their splendors without the precautions formerly indispensable for chain-lightning and stage-horses.

The mountains are now arrayed in all their glory and are showering their vernal smiles on all beholders. To the dusty denizen of the city they extend a most refreshing welcome, and invite him to a kingly banquet of sweet air, garnished with health and beauty. Let us thank our kind friends who coax us away to Conventions, out from the confinement of heated brick-walls, to breathe the free air and enjoy the beauties of mountain scenes. X.

A Story which Few will Believe.

The Abbe Dumas, parish priest of Tavaux, in the department of the Aisne, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Semaine du Vermandois*:

"You will, I have no doubt, interest your numerous readers by informing them of what I was an eye-witness to a few days since. I was crossing the cemetery of Tavaux, when my attention was attracted to six young girls, who were proceeding to attend divine service, and who raised their eyes on high, and then directed them to their pastor. I said to myself, these children had observed a fire; but a rapid glance at the neighboring houses convinced me of my error. I then said, 'What are you looking at, children?' 'A cross, Monsieur le Cure,' they replied. I instantly looked up, and was amazed at what I saw. Floating in the direction of the sun, but much higher, a cross appeared, about thirty feet long, in a horizontal position, the foot to the east, and the head to the west. The tree of the cross, which was distinctly to be seen, was white. The two arms were like the rainbow, of various colors, but toward the centre the blue appeared to prevail. It was on Friday, the 16th of April, about seven in the morning, that my astonished eyes contemplated this emblem of our salvation."

CORRECTION.—Mr. Andrew Walker, of Claremont, N. H., writes us that our statements last week respecting the lecture of Prof. Otis at that place were incorrect in some particulars.

"Your informant was mistaken in regard to any meeting being discontinued on account of the lecture. It is true that there was no meeting at the Universalist church, owing to the absence of the speaker. Furthermore, the house was not filled to overflowing, although a goodly number was present, among whom were some of our best minds. The lecture given through Prof. Otis seemed to be satisfactory to those with whom I have conversed."

As our informant was not a resident of Claremont, he probably misunderstood the facts. The details respecting Prof. Otis' conversion, etc., we had from his own lips, and presume their accuracy will not be questioned. A. E. N.

from behind the log into the path before me, and approached with the sword pointed at my breast. I had no fear—I did not move, for I knew he could not harm me. When he got sufficiently near, he made a thrust at me. As the sword touched my clothing, it bent into the shape of a pruning-hook. So it remained. The man seemed to be greatly surprised. He tried to straighten the weapon, but did not succeed. He then threw it away, and went and took up his pistols. These he snapped at me several times, but the flints emitted not a spark of fire. His countenance now became much distorted with rage and disappointment, and there was seen bunches of foam at each angle of his mouth. He flung his pistols far from him, and came up to grapple with me. As he approached me, I unfolded my arms and taking him by his wrists, I crossed his arms and held him so firmly that he could not even move. I then said to him: "You see it is vain for you to fight against this power. Your fire-arms are useless, and your sword has become a pruning-hook. Were it necessary every bone in your body could be crushed. But this new Gospel comes to bless, and not to injure even the meanest creature. And the blessing is for you, if you will receive it." I released him from my grasp, and he ran with great speed till he disappeared from my sight.

The following extract from a notice of the "Gospel of Jesus," by an editor and clergyman will show that the vision is beginning to be fulfilled:

"ANOTHER GOSPEL.—We have published in another column an advertisement of a new book, called the Gospel of Jesus. We have read considerable of this book, and believe it to be simply an imposition. We therefore caution the public against it."

It may surprise the reader when he is informed that the writer of the above and myself are members in full fellowship of the same religious denomination—this membership on my part, being of thirty years' standing. And yet, forsooth, he has just discovered by reading the beautiful Gospel of Jesus, that I am an impostor and deceiver!

But if the reader would see a specimen of low wit and criticism upon me and the book I have published, let him examine the article of an individual who calls his name Dr. Weiss, in the last Saturday's *Spiritual Telegraph*. This man professes to be a Spiritualist and Harmonist, and yet his language does not afford any evidence of his being either spiritual or harmonious in his nature. The truly harmonious mind is always chaste and dignified in its expressions. It countenances nothing that is low, nor will it employ any language which will wound the feelings of others.

When I read this article, I did not think of ever taking any notice of it; but since it has been referred to in this communication, I will barely glance at one or two things which it contains, and then dismiss it.

The writer in the *Telegraph* has a laugh over the words "Clergy," "Globe," etc., and asks, "Who ever heard of such words being used in the time of Christ?" I may not quote his exact words, for I have not the paper containing them before me while I am writing. The Latin word for priest, is "sacerdotis," and is properly translated *clergyman*. Hence we have in Latin the phrase, "*ordo sacer*"—literally, "*the clergy*."

The Latin word "*sphara*," is properly rendered *globe*. It simply means a globe or round body. This word was applied to the heavenly bodies in the times of Christ. Indeed a knowledge that the heavenly bodies were spheres or globes, existed among philosophers many hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. This fact is known to every educated man.

I have not introduced this spiritual experience with any design of authenticating the "Gospel of Jesus" by such evidence. Yet it goes to show that pure, immortal beings are not uninterested in that work. The book must stand (for stand it will) upon its own merits and the evidence of its antiquity. But as to myself, individually, I must confess that the testimony of pure, immortal beings from the heavenly spheres, has great weight upon my mind, and aids in convincing me of the genuineness of this gospel. For the last three years I have been constantly in a state where I take upon myself the physical ailments of all unhealthy persons whom I meet. As soon as I come within their spheres, I feel immediately all their aches and pains, and in precisely the same localities. If they use narcotics I taste the same almost instantly, and experience in my own system, for the time being, the poisonous effects which are produced by these articles in their systems. I am still more sensitive to all moral and spiritual influences, so that I feel and know the spheres of all persons whom I meet, whether they are clothed in the mortal body, or whether they come from the land of souls. The spheres of good men seem or feel calm, beautiful, and harmonious, and are refreshing to my spiritual nature. But the spheres of the impure feel just the reverse.

When pure and holy beings from the immortal world approach me, the effect is so transportingly beautiful that I feel as though I had been conveyed away to some heavenly region where there is no mixture of earthly sentiment nor earthly feeling. I cannot be deceived as to the moral state of those who approach me; because neither men nor spirits can change their interiors for purposes of deception. All men, and all spirits are instantly known from the spheres exhaled from their interiors.

In closing this communication, I would, in this public manner, request Dr. J. B. Dods to write out that vision of his, alluded to above, and send it to the AGE for publication. In doing this, he would gratify me and numerous readers of this paper. GIBSON SMITH.

So. SHAFESBURY, Vt., May 31, 1858.

[We have before expressed the opinion that the claims of the work above alluded to, are not sustained by its internal evidences; and we see no reason as yet for changing that opinion. Nevertheless, the facts as above given by Mr. Smith, are curious as indicating that an interest is felt in the work on the part of some denizens of the spiritual world. We confess to strong doubts, however, as to whether the "Peter" who communicates to friend Smith, is the real Simon Pure. We repeat, that Mr. Smith owes it to himself and to his publishers to give to the world the evidence, if any can be given, that this "Gospel" was found at Rome, as alleged. So strong are the marks of a modern invention which it bears, that he ought not to risk his reputation on an unsupported assertion. Even if thus found, the question of its antiquity and authenticity would yet remain to be decided; and on these, we cannot surrender our judgment from internal evidence to the opinion or testimony of any spirit in or out of the body.—A. E. N.]

THE RELIGION OF ART.—Never is Piety more unwise than when she casts Beauty out of the church, and by this excommunication forces her fairest sister to become profane. It is the duty of religion not to eject, but to cherish and seek fellowship with every beautiful exhibition which delights, and every delicate art which embellishes human life. So, on the other hand, it is the duty of Art not to waste its high capabilities in the imitation of what is trivial, and in the curious adornment of what has only a finite significance. The highest art is always the most religious; and the greatest artist is always a devout man.—J. S. Blackie.

Interesting Miscellany.

FLOWERS.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

Happy is the man that loves flowers! Happy, even if it be a love adulterated with vanity and strife. For human passions nestle in flower-lovers too. Some employ their zeal chiefly in horticultural competitions, or in the ambition of floral shows. Others love flowers as curiosities, and search for novelties, for "sports," and vegetable monstrosities. We have been led through costly collections by men whose chief pleasure seemed to be in the effect which their flowers produced on others, not on themselves. Their love of flowers was only the love of being praised for having them. But there is a choice in vanities and ostentations. A contest of roses is better than of horses. We had rather be vain of the best tulip, dahlia, or ranunculus, than of the best shot. Of all fools, a floral fool deserves the eminence.

But these aside, blessed be the man that really loves flowers!—loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations; the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them! But such men need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God! Did He not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world, and the richest of all men?

It is the end of art to inculcate men with the love of nature. But those who have a passion for nature in the natural way need no pictures nor galleries. Spring is their designer, and the whole year their artist.

He who only does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness. Were flowers fit to eat or drink, were they stimulative of passions, or could they be gambled with like stocks or public consciences, they would take them up just where finer minds would drop them, who love them as revelations of God's sense of beauty, as addressed to the taste, and to something finer and deeper than taste, to that power within us which spiritualizes matter, and communes with God through His work, and not for their paltry market value.

Many persons lose all enjoyment of many flowers by indulging false associations. There be some who think that no weed can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wild and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest. Flowers growing in noisome places, in desolate corners, upon rubbish, or rank desolation, become disagreeable by association. Roadside flowers, ineradicable, and hardly beyond all discouragement, send themselves from our sense of delicacy and protection. And, generally, there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine, minutely, a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked.

If a plant be uncouth, it has no attractions to us simply because it has been brought to us from the ends of the earth and is a great "rarity"; if it has beauty, it is none the less, but a great deal more attractive to us because it is common. A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes who could have flowers were nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea, or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

I love a flower that all may have; that belongs to the whole, and not to a select and exclusive few. Common forsooth! a flower cannot be worn out by much looking at, as a road is by much travel.

How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom,—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill sides, and down through the levels. My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies that never seem to be thinking of anything are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material touches the immaterial; it is the sentient vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life. A leaf advances toward it; and some leaves are as fine as flowers, and have, moreover, a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed they are more life-like than many animals. We commune with flowers—we go to them if we are sad or glad; but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel, as if real life was not half so real as imaginary life. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring hollyhock! O, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be.

When we hear melodious sounds,—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down into a deep leaf-covered cavity—bird's notes, especially at night; children's voices as you ride into a village at dusk, far from your long absent home, and quite home-sick; or a flute heard from out of a forest, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moonlighted air; or the low conversations of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room where you are convalescing; when we think of these things we are apt to imagine that nothing is perfect that has not the gift of sound. But we change our mind when we dwell lovingly among flowers; for they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light and not of air.

CONVERSATION.—The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize—you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is and must be irresistible.

THE FORTUNATE DREAM.

Who can explain truly the philosophy of dreams? The metaphysicians, from Aristotle to Hamilton, have all tried their hands at the problem, and have all, as we think, failed in its solution. They give us speculation, theory, conjecture, in abundance, showing how, by the laws of association and suggestion, active even in the somnolent brain, the phenomena may be produced. But which one of them all has dropped the sounding line of a true analysis into the depths of the mystery and drawn up the truth, so palpable in essence and proof, as to command and receive the recognition of a universal acceptance?

We venture to submit, that a true and satisfactory theory of those airy creations which people the brain of the sleeper, is still a desideratum in mental science. Some new Kant or Locke has yet to arise who, seizing the true elements of the problem, and conducting the inquiry by the processes of a higher metaphysical logic, shall present the world with the needed supplement to its love of the intellect. But until the white sails of this perhaps yet unborn Columbus of the mind come shining on the intellectual seas, we must be content to accept the received philosophy of dreams, dividing them into two great classes, the normal and the abnormal—the former including those of which the known laws of mind seemed to afford a satisfactory explanation, and the latter embracing that exceptional class, such as monitory and prophetic dreams, of which no adequate solution has yet been offered.

Were I to attempt to chronicle a tithe of the dreams of the latter class which I have collected and jotted down in my commonplace-book, the column of the Home Journal allotted to these tales, would shimmer for months with the haze of dream-land. Let me select one, almost at random, and transcribe it with some verbal additions only to the original entry.

Moses, a negro man belonging to a respectable citizen of Mobile, was a staid, sober-sided gentleman of color, a little past middle age. He labored faithfully for his master, and was rewarded with a large share of his confidence, and a liberal proportion of his own earnings. He was, consequently, never without pocket change sufficient to make his frugal purchases and gratify his simple tastes.

One day the scheme of a prize lottery, published on flaming handbills and posted up at the corners of the streets, attracted the attention of Moses. He was seized with a sudden passion to buy a ticket and try his chance for one of the prizes. Full of the project and of the emotion which it excited in his breast, a stranger, till now, to the fever of speculation, he retired to his bed at night, more to ponder over his contemplated, novel investment of a portion of his surplus cash, than to sleep. Not, indeed, that he had any conscientious scruples as to the morality of a purchase of a lottery ticket; but he felt a sort of money scruple at the idea of a possible loss of both prize and price of a chance. Nature, at length, asserted her rights, and Moses slept the fevered sleep of a troubled brain. In the visions of the night he saw unrolled before him the identical handbill which had attracted his attention during the day. The eye of his mind wandered over its column of prizes, and rested, at length, upon one, opposite to which he saw, distinctly, the number "2,000" inscribed on the margin of the bill. The impression was exceedingly vivid and remained quite distinct in his memory the next morning when he awoke. He went immediately to the agency office of the lottery, and, by permission of his master and the agent, bought the ticket numbered "2,000" in the scheme.

The day for the drawing came, and it was found that Moses had become the owner of a prize of ten thousand dollars in cash. Number "2,000" had quintupled itself, and the multiple of increase was solid gold. His master offered him permission to purchase his freedom; but he declined to do so. The money was put at interest in the hands of a trustee, and Moses, who is yet alive and living in Mobile, draws from the deposit whenever he needs funds to pay for the annual hire of himself, or to cash the bills for his purchases.

A strange feature in the case is that Moses buys, every year, a ticket in some lottery numbering "2,000" and has never yet failed to draw a prize, generally small in amount, but swelling, one year, to the sum of two thousand dollars!

Can all the metaphysicians in Christendom explain the mystery of this dream and its literal fulfillment? Verily there are more wonders shut in by the curtain of sleep than have yet been solved by the analysis of our crude intellectual philosophers.—*Home Journal*.

LIVING IN HEARTS.

It is better to live in hearts than in houses. A change of circumstances or a disobedient landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removing from place to place is with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart save by his own fault, nor yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its object in spite of ill-desert, but go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image, that object which they were more eager again to clasp. When one re-visits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in his life's spring-time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself or by kindred now sleeping in the dust, there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, in the kind salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no more local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage or shady rill or quiet grove, can possibly bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, that is one solace amid earthly changes—this is a joy above all the pleasure of scene and place. We love this spiritual home-feeling—the union of hearts which death cannot destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart-purity as well as heart-affection, and unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

THE MARCH OF MIND IN BOSTON, (ENGLAND).—The following notice was lately seen stuck up in the public room of a hotel near Boston, England: "All persons in favor of the Universal Salvation of Mankind are requested to meet in the hall of this tavern on Tuesday evening next, for the choice of officers."

Kirwan says that a pious Scotchman used to pray:—"O Lord keep me right; for thou knowest if I go wrong it is very hard to turn me."

Did we not flatter ourselves the flattery of others could never hurt us.

Be above the world; act from your own sense of right and wrong.

WOMAN.—The last work of creation and the best.

A LIFE'S DREAM REALIZED.

BY A. B. N.

Full many days I reached out in the dark for these, Whose soul for mine in loneliness stood blooming Somewhere through life's unfathomed mystery, While darkness seemed my every hope embowing; Full many days, my soul with watching worn, Full many nights, my heart with anguish torn, In sorrow sighing, yearned and languished for thy coming.

In faith my vision turned toward the Eastern hills, Where breaks the morning in its rosy splendor, And thought to see thy spirit come on laughing rills, To flood my life with new-born joy and wonder; But through the golden gates thou didst not come To bless my spirit—deify its home— Charmed with thine own's sweet music, soft and tender.

Then in the gleaming glory of the dazzling ray Of noontide sunlight my spirit waited; But on its glowing wings thou canst not with the day; Still, still upon thy weary march belated— And I passed through the wilderness, in gloom, Bidding my soul with trustful faith to bloom Bright with the hope one day should be mastered.

And when the twilight of my life drew gently on, Flooding the mind's sky with its crimson glory, When all my hopes had perished, one by one, Each tired with telling each the other's story, Then thou didst burst upon me with a ray Like as the glory which the god of day Pours out on all the earth—golden and showery.

In thy sweet grace thou stittest by my side this night, My own loved bride, with warm affection glowing; My life-dreams bloom with rays of holier light, I know, through thee, to happier realms I'm going; With thee I share life's smiles, its hopes, its fears, With thee, in vision, now I walk the spheres, And drink of love from God's own fountain flowing.

PASS ONWARD AND UPWARD.

BY M. W. HAMMOND.

Dash forth upon the deep blue wave, Fear not the ripple on the shore; The strong arm e'er supports the brave, Then cleave the surf, nor heed its roar.

Bathe in its cool and sparkling brine, It will invigorate thy frame; Drink deep of that celestial wine, That wakes the soul's immortal flame.

Gaze on the sun's supernal light, Nor blink beneath his golden beams, His rays will form those visions bright, Which make thy spirit's holy dreams.

Take for thy goal the mountain's peak, Which rests in ether's sacred blue; The prize awaits for those who seek, The future opens to thy view.

Be true and manly in thy aims, Touch not the dross, but take the gold; The world demands, and justice claims, Thy inner treasures yet untold.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30th, 1858.

ALL'S WELL.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake Our thirsty souls with rain; The blow most dreaded falls to break From off our limbs a chain; And wrongs of man to man but make The love of God more plain. As through the shadowy lens of even The eye looks farthest into heaven, On gleams of star and depths of blue The glaring sunshine never knew.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

From the low prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe, Oh never, never turn away thine ear! Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear! To others do, (the law is not severe,) What to thyself thou wishest to be done; Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear, And friends and native land—nor these alone; All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

—How noble 'tis to own a fault How generous and divine to forgive it!

PROSPECTUS.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE;

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST AND BRITAIN'S (NEW YORK)

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18—4f

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WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

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"We have seen the receipt tried by a lady who had no faith in it, and who was surprised at the lightness and sweetness of the bread."—*Portland Transcript*, April 17th.

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Mrs. Mettler's Dysentery Cordial.—A Stomach and Bowel Corrector. Price per bottle, 50 cents.

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Mrs. Mettler's Neutralizing Mixture.—For Bilious Obstructions, Acidity of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, Headache, and Febrile symptoms occasioned by cold or worms. Price per bottle, 50 cents.

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