The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

A MOURNER'S RESOURCE.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters show the source to which an intelligent physician—who had long believed that physical death is the end of man—turned for consolation in his hour of deep and crushing distress. Though living in a Christian land, he had failed to find that proof of future spiritual existence which he needed in the hour of trial. He turns to Spiritualists—to those who are charged with being the abettors of deception and soul-destroying error—those who are earnest workers in that cause which is pronounced injurious "to truth in man and purity in woman,"—he turns to such, as promising more satisfactorily than any other class, materials for a faith that his loved children still live,—and with what success? Let his own words and acts answer. The following letters, in answer to those sent by him to strangers, he wishes to have published, because of his hope that they may afford relief to others also in similar circumstances to his own. These letters were the hasty outpourings of the several writers, thrown off to a stranger and without a thought of publication, and they show the value which Spiritualists themselves place upon their faith as a support in times of bereavement, and how they apply it for the consolation of others.

One among these writers seems to consider spirit-communion unprofitable; still he states that this has brought himself to faith in immortality. We willingly let his views appear in connection with the others. His advice may have been intended solely for one quivering intellect, and may have been kind when thus viewed; yet the reader is forced to see that it is Spiritualism which has brought to that writer his own faith in Christianity—a faith which most, if not all the others, have long held and still retain, and to which they would lead Dr. Hoyt through Spiritualism. We, individually, can most cordially commend both Spiritualism and Christianity to the mourning ones, as fountains of hope, consolation and peace; and we find the teachings of the two working in most perfect harmony. One, Spiritualism, furnishes immediate, tangible proof, that the departed still live, and thus opens the door to and confirms the *testimony* of the other to the same cheering and uplifting fact.

A single one of the original letters sent out by the agonized father will be sufficient to give the reader as full an understanding of his case as we possess who have written to him. That letter shows intellectual vigor, impulsive feelings and strong parental love. With the first, we give also his last letter to us. ALLEN PUTNAM.

SYRACUSE, July 6, 1858.

REV. SIR:—I am suffering intolerable mental grief for the loss of two of my children—all the daughters I have. One, the oldest, died three years ago this month. The shock was so great, it sent me for six months to a Lunatic Asylum; and I had but just recovered from this state of mind, when I lost my other, the younger. The first died when she was nearly twenty-three years of age (single); the other, when she had arrived to about the same age, had been married only a year, or a little upwards,—two of the most intelligent, accomplished young ladies in your land, and as good and attached to their parents as any children could possibly be. I am almost bewildered. I know not, neither can I *divine*, why I was so blessed and so overwhelmingly afflicted. I fear I shall have to serve another period in the mad-house.

In reading Prof. Hare's work on Spiritualism, I saw your name and read with great satisfaction your remarks. Hitherto I have been a skeptic in matters pertaining to a future state of existence, as almost all of those who belong to my profession (medicine and surgery) are. To me death appeared death, and not birth. Can you, will you write me as a friend, and state to me all you know of this matter? May I have a *reason* for belief? I want—now I have half of my children in the grave—to find out more of this matter. I like Prof. Hare. With esteem, &c., H. HOYT, M. D.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 14, 1858.

KIND FRIEND:—I forward to your care the enclosed. You will perceive they are communications from different sources and variety of mind, all intended to afford me consolation in this hour of my deep distress. I have not asked any one to help me but the effort has been immediate. No heart can tell the emotions of gratitude I felt at finding such ready, holy and generous responses.

Three years ago, or a little over, I lost my oldest daughter (nearly twenty-three years old), in a manner so little contemplated that my mind staggered under the blow. For four months my philosophy, my knowledge struggled against feeling. The latter ultimately prevailed, and I was sent a *mad man* to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, in this State. I need not speak of the mental anguish that drove me mad and fastened me for two long years.

Just as I was recovering my mind, and those lost, but holy domestic affections of husband and father, my youngest—*my all*—daughter came home sick from Chicago, Ill. Death, that ugly, cruel monster—that unrelenting, unfeeling monster—slew my Ada! and we placed her by the side of her sister Mary. There they both sleep. They can't more talk with me. Are those kind, affectionate, filial two, dead?

To satisfy myself of this fact (for others had I knew), and save me again from the Asylum, I wrote, as you will see, to those individuals who, I felt, would honor truth. Their answers to me have afforded, in the most pressing time of need, great consolation. I thought it were possible they might afford others, in like or similar circumstances, relief, also; and this was the reason I wished them published.

With sentiments of brotherly love, I remain, &c., truly,
To ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq. H. HOYT.

WORCESTER, July 8, 1858.

DR. H. HOYT—SIR:—Yours of the 2d has excited my sincere sympathy, and I take the first moment I can command (being engaged with company,) to express it to you. I hardly know how to answer you. Your extreme sensitiveness may make Spiritualism dangerous to you, for it *may* produce the calamity you seek to avert. It is undoubtedly true that insanity has in a few instances followed these investigations; but in every such case there has probably been a predisposition to it. Rightly used, I know of nothing so soothing in the hour of bereavement as the convictions brought to the heart by these manifestations. When a loved object lies before us, with the light of his mortal life extinguished, the blank in our existence is all we can realize. It is true, Faith points upward, but how many an aching heart has cried, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

I am not certain on what point you wish me to speak. If to say I have had proofs of the continued existence of those who have gone before me to the grave, I say unequivocally, I have had it; and that no part of my own being is more positive to me. But the difficulties attending the present imperfectly understood modes of communication, render the result of little value, except for this one idea—viz: that our friends have a conscious existence, and are cognizant of our wants. I have reason to believe they are agents of our Father in Heaven, and strive to lead us to a higher spiritual condition, so that we may keep in harmony with them in their more glorious life. I believe I feel their presence sometimes with a distinctness that enables me to distinguish individuals, not by the eye, but by that finer sense which enables us, at times, to appreciate character so justly at first sight. It is the immortal principle within us. Spirit meets spirit, and sees it or feels it as it is. Your spirit would be as ready to know the presence of your friend whom you mourn, could you only get in rapport with her. With your strong affections and impressible nature, I see no reason why this great boon may not be granted to you. But your account of yourself makes me say this with fear. Without more knowledge of you, I am incompetent to advise you whether to enter into the subject or not.

This, however, I may say safely—to have their proper influence on the heart and life, even the physical manifestations should be approached with devout aspirations that will bring you into harmony with the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Once be in that condition, as far as mortal can be, and I have no doubt you will realize that heaven and earth are not apart, but exist together. The spirit's is the true life. Matter, if it exist at all, is but for the spirit's use. Many truly spiritual mediums rise so far above the trammels of the body that they catch glimpses of the spirit-world about us; and if we ever comprehend the law that governs the intercourse, why may not all true men and women direct their earth-life in reference to it? This is the true regeneration, the great *at-one-ment*. God grant this truth may be realized in its perfection!

If there is anything I can do to assist you, please let me know it. I should advise you, if you investigate, to have a judicious friend to regulate or restrain your inquiries, till you test their effects on your nervous system. You may otherwise play with edged tools. Let me say in addition, do not sit in promiscuous circles, but let your associates be friends, having (if haply you may find them,) a strong religious sentiment, but no sectarianism. You will have to guard against imposition and credulity. I would be quiet at the time of meeting, and carefully note all that passes. Then, by yourself, review, and discard all which springs from the imagination. By a constant course like this it becomes easy to detect that which originates in the "mundane sphere," of which you will find much, even among honest people.

These remarks apply mainly to written or trance communications. Of my experience in physical manifestations, I have time only for a brief allusion. I have touched or clasped three different hands in mine, apparently clothed in flesh, yet having no connection with a mortal form. I have seen a pencil rise without being touched, and write messages of love in mid-day, with a sun shining as brightly as at Saint Paul's conversion.

Perhaps a journey may be of use to you. If so, and you come this way, I shall be happy to see you, and tell you, if you desire it, more of these wonderful developments.

With respect and sympathy, I remain, &c., E. DAVIS.

ROXBURY, Mass., July 8, 1858.

DR. H. HOYT—DEAR SIR:—Your touching letter of the 6th came to me this morning; and though the heat of the day and the sickness of a business partner are sufficient reasons for declining any labor not connected with my daily pursuits, yet I feel impelled to furnish a short reply to your letter. You have inferred that I am *now* a clergyman, but it is not so. I am a dealer in *fuel*, and have been a seller of wood and coal for the last fifteen years. In early life I had an education at Harvard, and also at the Cambridge Divinity School; but health failed after I had preached a few years, and I turned to more active pursuits. I too have been bereaved. I have two dear and valued wives who have gone to their home above—two children there also—and brothers and sisters. It has been almost an annual duty of mine to follow the remains of some dear one to the grave.

I think I have never seriously disbelieved in a future life for man. I have at times questioned concerning our future conscious existence, but have ever found such evidence of the fact as has always rendered it probable. Yet it was not until Spiritualism came—not till within the last six years—that I received anything like *demonstration* that the spirit survives the body. But now I am instructed. My departed wives and other friends prove their presence in mediums, and there converse freely and instructively with me.

But how can I prove this to *you*? It is beyond my power. And there seems to me little wisdom in my making any effort so to detail my own experience as to make it meet *your* wants. I might about as soon think to satisfy your hunger by describing where and how I ate my dinner, and what meats were set before me. You must find the evidence of this spirit-communing for yourself,—must either be so impressible as to have it work out from within yourself into the outer, or reasoning faculties,—or you must be present with some medium, where not only your outward senses, but what is more important, that *inner sense* which feels a meaning in looks and tones, that is too fine to be expressed in words, and yet is mighty in producing conviction.

Testimony—mere *testimony*—does not satisfy in a case like yours; and if I read you aright, the facts which others might state would mainly operate to rouse your reasoning faculties to undue and agitating exertion. You need to *see* and *hear* and *feel* the thing itself—that is, spirit-presence; and it would not perhaps be useful for *you* to try to reach it by scanning and sifting and weighing the testimony of others; this might try your nervous system.

I will suggest, however, that you address a letter to one or both of your daughters—a true and earnest letter—and enclose it in an envelop, sealed as carefully as you please,—that you put this in another envelop, with $1, and four postage stamps, and a notice as to where and to whom the answer is to be sent, and direct the whole to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, No. 3 Winter street, Boston; and the probability is that in a short time you will receive an answer to your sealed letter, and that it will be from your children. Also, if you can visit some good medium and have a private sitting, that will be well.

The perusal weekly of a paper like the SPIRITUAL AGE, Boston, would give you much instruction as to the facts and philosophy of this subject.

But in all that you do, be assured in advance, that the workings of our departed friends are *not miraculous*—not *super*natural—but all natural; and that the spirits must conform to natural law and be observant of conditions, as carefully as the electrician.

When you say, "I know not neither can I divine why I was so blessed and so overwhelmingly afflicted," you describe a fact, no doubt. But if the statement will justify me in supposing that you apprehend that God, in giving the children, meant *you* a *special* kindness; or that, in taking them, He meant to grieve *you*, your view is different from mine. He does not *give*—he does not *take*, strictly. He established and executes certain laws of generation. When these laws are complied with in full, a child comes; but it does not come to you because you are good or because you are bad, but because you obeyed the laws of generation. Again, he established and executes laws of health. When these laws are too much infringed, by the most virtuous or the most vicious, death of the body follows—not as a punishment or bereavement of any survivor—but for the same reason that a carriage, thrown off its centre of gravity, will upset,—namely, that a wise and wholesome law may be unremittingly and impartially enforced. Early death comes always from somebody's deviation from the laws of health. The parents, the grand-parents, and others farther back may be the ignorant authors of the too early decease of your loved ones. Could we but trace these laws in their far-reachings—and spirits are helping us much, very much in such investigations—we should become much more able to "justify the ways of God to man."

Be calm, be patient, and thus most successfully will you put yourself into a condition to learn of this great fact of spirit-communion—this demonstration of Immortality. This has been to me and to multitudes of others a source of knowledge, of *charity* and of *peace*; and my prayer is, that it may prove such to *you*. Once received, it will put you *beyond* the danger you fear to yourself. The danger exists only while the *doubt* presses upon you; when the faith comes, tranquility will come too. May you find the uplifting and consoling faith you seek, and be raised by it to blissful communings with your loved ones. Affectionately yours, ALLEN PUTNAM.

SOUTHWICK, Ill., July 9th, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 5th is now before me. I can sympathize with you in regard to your loss in the death of your loved ones. I lost a son and a daughter about fourteen years ago. My son was about twenty-two, and my daughter about eighteen years of age. During the last eight years I have been greatly comforted by the knowledge that they are with me still. I have held sweet intercourse with them repeatedly. My separation from them will be short, as I am now seventy-one years of age. My prospect of seeing them again is pleasant, and death does not appear to be that terrible thing that it once did. I have been at times greatly afflicted with doubts in regard to the immortality of the soul, but those doubts have all been removed by the interviews I have had with my departed children. Spiritualism has made me a happier, and, I trust, a better man. I am, perhaps, constitutionally skeptical. It requires strong evidence to satisfy me in regard to spiritual things generally. When I first heard of the Rochester knockings, I viewed the subject to be so unlikely to be true, as not to deserve examination.

Some *facts*, however, came to my knowledge afterwards, that gave me a deep interest in the matter, and I examined it with all the care of which I was capable. The night before my son died I watched with him alone. He was aware that he was near the spirit-world. What passed between us was deeply interesting, and nobody but he and I ever knew what it was; but at the first interview I had with his spirit I questioned him in regard to that conversation. He seemed to remember it distinctly, and he gave me such proof of his presence that I was satisfied that it was really Alfred (my son) that was present and communicating with me. That interview and many that I have had since have been very soothing to my mind; and the good influence that it has had on me is valuable beyond all price.

I cannot go into details of my experience, as it would make a volume. I have never attempted to communicate with great names, such as Zoroaster, Confucius, Bonaparte, &c., but I have always sought to converse with my children or some other relative that had been dear to me in life. My mother died when I was a boy of thirteen years. She was one of the excellent ones of the earth. I am happy in the thought that she is around me and loving me still.

I don't know as you have the means in Syracuse of investigating Spiritualism practically. If you have a good medium there, I think you might get communications from your children that would be satisfactory and comforting. Dr. Hare did not believe in the immortality of the soul when I wrote to him advising him to investigate Spiritualism. He supposed that his deceased friends had perished; but when he became convinced that they still lived, and that he should see them again, his joys were unspeakable. He has now been dead two or three months, and Spiritualism supported him to the last. I do not include in the term Spiritualism all that some wild fanatics believe in, such as "free love," &c.; such are not Spiritualists.

I will give you an account of a little of my experience. Last winter I had business at New York, and while there called on Mr. J. B. Conklin, who is an excellent medium. I was a total stranger to him, and he to me. I got, through him, very interesting communications from my father and mother, and from Alfred. I did not give my name, nor the name of any of my friends. I had, when at home, written a letter to my daughter Amanda in the spirit-world. I had heard that such letters were sometimes answered. The following is a copy of the letter:

SOUTHWICK, Jan. 12, 1858.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER AMANDA:—I want to communicate with you, and also with Alfred. I want to know that you are with me and around me. Do you think that I and your mother will be with you and see you in the spirit-world after we leave this world? Oh, shall we, in some future time, be an unbroken family in that happy world? I want to be certain that it is you, my daughter, that sends me an answer to this. You know it would make me very happy. Will you, then, send me some token, some test that it is you, my daughter? Do you know what is enclosed in this letter; and to whom do the things belong? Can you send, in your answer to this, some message to your mother, also, that would comfort her? I want you and Alfred, if possible, to meet us at our home and some way let us know that you are really with us there. Your loving father, AMASA HOLCOMB.

In the foregoing letter I enclosed a lock of my hair, a lock of my wife's hair, and a lock of Amanda's. I also enclosed two small drawings of hers. One of the drawings was a portrait; the other was a picture of two small candlesticks. This letter, with its contents, I placed in an envelop, and that was so gummed together in every part, and with such marks, that it was impossible for any person to open it without certain detection. The letter had no direction on the outside, but was perfectly blank. I gave this letter to Mr. Conklin, and then directed him where to send an answer if he should get one. In about a week I received the following:

MY DEAR FATHER:—Brother Alfred and I have come to reply to your letter which you wrote to me and left with Mr. Conklin. I know, my dear father, that you want to communicate with brother and me, and we both love to communicate with you and dear mother, and do so every opportunity we have. We are often around you, dear pa, and though you cannot see our spirit-forms, we sometimes can impress your mind so that you can feel our presence. Dear father and dear mother, when you pass through death's portals we will all be and live together in a happy state, never again to be separated. You say that you want to be certain that this comes from me, and that I am really your daughter—that it would make you so very happy. Dear pa, I do not know what token I can send you now; I will try some time to draw you two pretty candlesticks, with other emblems of my progress. Dear father, I am glad you keep the drawings you have asked me if I know. I do recognize them, though it is now nineteen years since they were drawn. Dear father, I know your and mother's hair, and also my own, I believe; but, dear father, you must think of me as a happy, bright angel; and dear mother, too, she must not mourn for us as if we were away off, for we visit her daily and try to console her. But I must close, dear father and dear mother, and at some other time I will give you some description of my spirit-home. Every time you sit at home we come, and we will continue to come and do all we can to manifest to your there. I am still your loving daughter AMANDA.

I have the original letter that I wrote, and it has not been opened; and even if it had, how could a stranger know the hair and the portraits and the length of time since they were drawn? Taking this letter in connection with what I have experienced before, it satisfies me that my departed friends are around me and with me. It is not always that such letters are answered, but others sometimes receive answers as appropriate as mine. Mr. Conklin's rooms are at 449 Broadway, New York. Yours very respectfully, AMASA HOLCOMB.

HOPEDALE, Milford, Mass., July 10, 1858.

DEEPLY AFFLICTED FRIEND:—Yours of the 5th was duly received. Oh, that I could utter one impressive word to comfort you—to inspire in your aching bosom the assurance that your dear departed ones live in the immortal state, and that you will behold them again ere long with unspeakable joy! I am sure of it for myself, but I know how hard it is for a mind long under the influence of skepticism to obtain the evidence which its wounded affections crave. It is *much*, that your soul is full of love to the departed—that it hungers intensely for assurance that they really exist in a higher life, and that you ardently desire to know and believe only the truth. He who inspired you with a father's love like this, with such deep yearnings for truth, and with such a strong desire not to be flattered nor deceived, has laid up in store for you the food which is adapted to feed such a hunger. Seek it;—be patient; be not despondent.

I had an only son—talented, high-principled, affectionate, dutiful—all that I and his mother and sister could ask—most promising—in the nineteenth year of his age. Six years ago last February he was suddenly stricken down by typhoid fever. We were crushed under the blow; but we were not wholly forsaken. We had some faith in future life, and in re-communication with the departed, yet we needed more. We obtained many questionable communications from him, and some highly satisfactory ones. Lately we have received very satisfactory ones through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. I send you a copy of my paper—the *Practical Christian*—containing some notice of it.

I have been conversant, directly and indirectly, with a multitude of facts, which, all taken together, amount with me to absolute demonstration, that all human beings live consciously and immortally after the death of the body. It is true I have met with many imperfect and inconclusive spirit-manifestations, which rather confused and aggravated my mind for the moment. But setting all such aside, the strongly-marked and conclusive ones are overwhelmingly demonstrative. I do not know where to begin or end, if I would undertake to state facts of this conclusive character. They are so manifold and so necessary to each other, that it would be impossible for me to do justice to them, or to your deep wants, by attempting, in a letter like this, a specification of them, even two or three.

I will send you a pamphlet of unquestionable reliability, which will briefly give you the most satisfactory induction into the subject, of anything I know of. The author is Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, Mass.—once a Unitarian minister, since an honorable business man—a person to be implicitly confided in as to his statements.

I recommend you to put yourself in the way of the best mediums when practicable, with a view to receiving manifestations from your beloved daughters. I doubt not they are often with you, exerting the best influence they can to soothe and comfort you. But do your utmost, by prayer and self-control, to get into a quiet state of mind. Go by yourself alone, and sit as calmly as you can, invoking spiritual influence half an hour or an hour every day. Be as passive as possible. Something may come directly to you unexpectedly satisfactory.

I am your sympathizing friend, ADIN BALLOU.

ATHENS, July 24, 1858.

DR. HOYT—DEAR SIR:—Your letter came duly to hand, and I would feel glad to give you a lengthy account of my experience in spiritual matters; but I am quite indisposed at the present time—so much so that I am obliged to keep my bed a part of the time, and do not really feel able to write. I will say, however, that Mr. Partridge's description of the manifestations at Mr. Koon's spirit-room is true, and thousands of individuals witnessed them. Prior to my investigating Spiritualism, I was a skeptic, or *Infidel*. I did not believe in the future existence of man after death, nor in the truth of divine revelation. But the manifestations have had an extraordinary effect in my case. They have not only brought me to believe in the immortality of the soul, but also, upon investigating the claims of Christianity, they have done much to establish and confirm my faith in the *Gospel of Christ*. In short, I can say that I am inclined to believe that the spirits which communicate at the present day, are the same "familiar spirits" spoken of in the New Testament. I regard them as *not reliable*, and on the whole altogether unprofitable. I would advise you by all means to abandon the investigation of their manifestations, for you can get nothing reliable. These manifestations are interesting and instructive as touching the immortality of the soul, for they prove that mind can and does exist, separate and apart from what we term *physical matter*. As soon, however, as a man is satisfied of that fact, his safer and *only safe* way is the adoption of the Christian faith; and I should feel as though I had neglected my duty, did I not point you to the consolations of the Gospel of Christ, in your present unsettled and unhappy condition; for in the Scriptures, if you search aright, you will find rest; but in the pursuit of Spiritualism you will become more and more dissatisfied and unsettled.

Yours Truly, G. H. CARPENTER.

WORCESTER, July 25, 1858.

DR. HOYT:—I am glad if I suggested anything that ministers consolation, and wish I could open to your mind those higher sources of happiness which are accessible to Spiritualists; but I labor under disadvantages. I have no psychometrical power, and can only comprehend your character by inference from your letter. If I err, therefore, you must excuse me. I take it for granted from your last communication that the religious element in your nature has never been much cultivated, since your philosophy rests satisfied with studying the phenomena of life only in its material forms. Whether this contentment with a mere material existence is the result of contact with false theological theories, which your reason rejects, I know not. Perhaps it is merely the pride of human intellect; or it may have a lower origin; an absorption in the pleasures and business of life to a degree that unfits the mind for the reception of spiritual ideas. If it is the last, I shall hardly expect to reach you, even through your bereavement. In the other cases, the softening influences of sorrow may bring to your possession that pearl of great price, a belief in the immortality of those you have lost, and evidence of their presence and sympathy. But it is not as a source of consolation merely that you must seek it. It is a truth to be used for your own progress.

Perhaps if I tell you my own story you will better understand me. My father was a clergyman, and a pioneer in liberal Christianity. From the beauty of his life, among bigoted people, and the narrow-minded clergy of that day, I learned the difference between the teachings of Christ and the dogmas of a church, and learned, too, the value of that liberty of thought wherewith Christ hath made us free. Of course I had no theological scruples to interfere with my acceptance of this new and positive evidence of immortality; and in fact was simple enough to believe that all true Christians would rejoice to receive this beautiful aid, and would keep it free from contamination. I need not say I was mistaken in that expectation. My inquiries had to be pursued with almost every intimate friend against me for a long time; but the memory of my father's example, and the consciousness of sympathy from others sustained me in the midst of obloquy. After our home was made desolate I sought relief in *any* form of manifestations I could find; they were imperfect at best; and so large a part were humbug and credulity that it was long before I reached a point where I could place anything before others which was of value as second-hand evidence. My own faith was firm, however; I believed I should get what I sought; and I at last did realize all, and more than all I had asked for. I had flowers, music without touch on the instrument, (in sight too,) movements of almost every sort of movable articles, lights floating about in a dark room, or arranging themselves into signals for communication, a luminous hand with a flame streaming from its index finger, hands of different sizes placed in mine, writing by a pencil without mortal aid, names and messages written under the table when we all could see there was no chance for tricks, tunes played in response to mental requests, and mental questions answered correctly respecting absent friends. I should weary you to tell particularly of half the evidences our loving friends were ready to give us of their presence. All these things were common when the attending circumstances were favorable. But unless they are you may as well look for righteous men in Sodom.

When I realized all this I was told I had not yet reached true Spiritualism. There was still a work for me to do myself, and for myself. Spiritualism is intended to take us beyond the spirit world about us, even of just men made perfect, and to put us in communion with the "Most High." Then we shall know for ourselves of the presence of his angels. It is to this inner court we are invited to enter; to the holy of holies we are bidden to aspire. This, and this only is true Spiritualism; not that we shall ever reach it here, but we must remember an eternity is given us for the work, and we are assured an earnest present effort shall secure to us a corresponding present boon.

I have in the foregoing pages endeavored to meet some of the thoughts that seem to influence you. I wish to remark in addition upon your suggestion that there is no evidence of immortality to be derived from human existence. Perhaps not; but will you tell me where the idea originated? Could matter generate a conception so far above its own changeable, perishing nature? Is not the thought a result of the indwelling spirit? I have no time for argument; yet I cannot help suggesting that the skeptic has often more *unreason* in his doubts than he can charge on the believer; and this has been particularly true in regard to Spiritualism. Witness the shifts and turns to explain or avoid the manifestations.

You ask if I am willing you should print my letter. I hardly think it worth while. It adds nothing to the mass of facts already before the public; and I am too much out of the world to have any influence.

You must excuse the egotism of this letter. I thought it the best way to interest you.

With sympathy and respect, I remain, E. DAVIS.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

FRIEND NEWTON:—I beg your views on the following question: Can spirits develop the mediumistic powers of a person without producing a consciousness of such progress to the possessor, until fitted for use?

Yours in sincerity, S. E. C.

Something depends, we presume, on the form or kind of mediumship intended. We suppose the highest mediumistic or inspirational condition can and often does exist without consciousness of it on the part of the subject—as when great orators, poets and artists "surpass themselves," as is said, without being aware that they are but instruments in the hands of higher intelligences. The lower forms, such as mechanical writing, trance-speaking, spirit-seeing, etc., we believe, are usually, though perhaps not always, acquired by degrees, and the subject becomes more or less aware of his progress by the results that are produced from time to time. We are, however, not much in favor of passively sitting idle and waiting for spirits to make something useful of us. Better do the best we can to develop our own manhood or womanhood. If spirits can aid us in this—and they may greatly, if we make the right use of their ministrations—then accept their assistance, but not to become their mere tools or subjects.

FRIEND NEWTON:—If you have leisure and a disposition, please reply to the following questions:

Is it *possible* for a *disembodied* spirit to retrograde? Can a spirit grow *worse* in the *least* degree after death?

A young man (or an old one), in spite of the prayers, counsel, tears and remonstrances of parents, brothers, sisters and friends, seems *stubbornly* and wilfully *determined* to go down, down, *down* the road to ruin. He dies [or goes to the spirit-world.] Now, does the same law prevail *there* as here? Can he, *if disposed*, *continue* to go in the same direction? If so, do you think he *may* be *disposed* to? If *so*, *when* and *how* will he "right about face" and do well?

Yours ever, B. B. M.

We know of no safer way of answering these questions than from observation and experience. We see no good reason for supposing that the principles of God's moral government,—or the laws of man's moral constitution, if any prefer the term,—will be or are essentially different in the disembodied state from what they are in this.

All probably know, from both observation and personal experience, that it is possible for persons in this life to retrograde in moral character—that is, to surrender themselves more and more to the dominion of appetites, passions, lusts, and the love of selfish *pleasure* in its various forms, and thus to become less and less regardful of the rights and happiness of others, and of the dictates of absolute right. This is what we understand by "the road to ruin." In other words, self-love (hell) is allowed to get more and more the mastery in them; while its opposite, divine love (heaven), becomes weaker and weaker.

We see nothing to prevent the same process continuing in the disembodied state. Believing that man's *loves* as well as his intelligence inhere in his *psychical*, not his physical nature, we see not how the laying down of the latter is to essentially change the former. If, then, self-love is in the ascendant on entering the spirit-life, the person must be most strongly in sympathy with, and hence attracted to, societies of spirits who are in a like condition. If there are those *worse* than himself, as is surely quite possible, he will be likely, by the known influences of association, to be led on to lower or worse conditions. Some imagine that there is no opportunity or means for the gratification of base appetites and sensual desires, after the external body is cast aside; but we think otherwise. By coming into *rapport*, or intimate sympathetic relations, with those still in the body, and especially by *obsession*, the disembodied may partake of the pleasures of the sensuous sphere. Besides, we see not why the grosser or animal-spirit-nature may not be as capable of sensations, pleasurable or otherwise, after as before its disseverment from the external body. The gratification of appetites for merely selfish ends—for the mere pleasure of gratification—is in itself base and evil, and, as all know, tends to *increase the power* of these appetites. Hence it would seem that with those who enter the spirit-world having the love of self in the ascendant, *retrogression*, for a time at least, *is almost inevitable*. This is a fearful truth—but a truth nevertheless, as it seems to us from all that we can learn. May its lesson be duly heeded!

But when will this retrogression cease? or "when and how will the evil-doer 'right about face' and do well?" We answer, when the prodigal son, having wasted his substance in riotous living, and learned from painful experience that self-indulgence is not the road to happiness—when, having tried all illusive sources of good only to find himself still in want and perishing with hunger—when he has thoroughly proved that the way of transgression is hard, and the wages of sin death—when the fires of suffering have burnt out the love of evil—when the penalty divinely affixed to all wrong-doing shall have accomplished its end in curing the folly of the wrong-doer—then may he be expected to "come to himself," and penitently seek the Father's house, receive His forgiveness, and henceforth become a dutiful son.

This may involve,—and probably does in many cases,—a long process,—perhaps extending through ages of earthly time. Doubtless spirits exist for long periods engrossed in the insanities of self-love, without any realization of their true condition. They are no more aware that they are "in hell" than are the devotees of sensual pleasure in this life; and when questioned they will stoutly (and, in a sense, honestly) deny the existence of such a place or condition. Nevertheless, those who realize the bliss of divine love, who are in true harmony, or "heaven," see the state of such to be most undesirable and revolting. Moreover, the painful and terrible results or fruits of selfishness, sensualism and wrong-doing of every kind, will sooner or later develop themselves, as surely as harvest follows seed-time,—as inevitably as suffering follows sin. The fire of remorse will be kindled, and its intensity and duration will be proportionate to the amount of tares and chaff to be consumed.

These seem to us to be the almost self-evident laws of man's moral constitution; and they accord, to our perception, with the teachings of the most illuminated minds of the race.

A. E. N.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The submarine cable is at length in successful operation.—The Queen and the President, and other dignitaries and officials, have exchanged messages and congratulations; the evening papers occasionally serve up "This day's London News;" and press and pulpit have duly moralized and sermonized on the great event.

But it is found that this novel method of communication—novel as regards distance traveled under water—is subject to some contingencies unanticipated, and not a little perplexing to the operators. The Queen's message, even, was sadly mutilated in the transmission—the first sentence only being taken for the whole; and this being spread over the country as the entire communication, called forth many criticisms by its apparent curtness and reserve, until the matter was set right by later dispatches. This and other drawbacks, with various delays and mishaps, have served to develop in the community much of the same sort of querulousness and skepticism which have attended the establishment of Spiritual intercourse. Indeed, these difficulties and drawbacks have been in some respects quite analogous to those which have been found to attend the transmission of spirit-messages. We trust they will have the effect, by familiarizing the public mind with the contingencies incident to the use of the subtle agencies of nature, to lead the community hereafter to more candidly estimate the acknowledged difficulties in the way of spirit-intercourse.

These doubts, however, as to the reality of submarine communication, and, indeed, as to the ultimate grand value of the achievement to humanity at large, have gradually given way. Even the Boston *Courier*, that Pillar of backward-looking conservatism, concedes so much to the progress of the age.

But there are those who are still incredulous. We learn that the Reverend Pretentious Swell, who is said to be a man of "giant intellect," and extraordinary scientific attainments, *last* President of Gascon University, a distinguished seat of learning located (on paper) somewhere out west, is firmly of opinion that the messages published as coming from persons on the other side of the Atlantic, never had any such origin at all. He thinks that some portion of them are no doubt the inventions and impositions of the telegraph operators themselves, who, it will be confessed, have a powerful motive for humbugging the public, in the *dollar per word*, which they demand for all purported communications. But such of these pretended messages as do not originate in conscious fraud on the part of these "mediums," he is confident are caused by certain vibrations or discharges of that all-pervading *odylic fluid*, whose existence has been recently discovered by Reichenbach, Arago, and other "learned medical men, chemists, and electricians," these discharges or vibrations being so "influenced" or guided by the "mental states" and wishes of the operators as to "represent intelligence," and purport to come from trans-Atlantic minds. Undoubtedly the ocean absorbs and concentrates a vast quantity of this mysterious but immensely powerful and extremely odd force, as is evinced by the luminous appearance often seen in the wake of vessels at night! The Reverend President's theory is certainly very ingenious and plausible, and calculated to find favor among the open-mouthed admirers of magnificent Pretentious. It is expected that President Swell will shortly give his theory to the world in an elaborate volume of about five hundred pages, to be issued from the respectable publishing house of Messrs. Puffer & Blowhard, of this city.

On the other hand, the learned and pious Professor SNAIL, of Swamp College, is treating the "Bible aspect" of the question. In a recent letter to the *Banner of Light*, he makes use of the following conclusive argument:

"First, let me declare that *the Bible is our only guide*. Oh, when I think of this, and see how new-fangled notions are leading astray not only our young men and maidens, but likewise our old men and matrons, I am constrained to cry, 'Oh, Lord, how long.' Since the first mention of a telegraphic communication between the two continents, I have diligently and prayerfully examined the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments with a view to know the truth of the matter. The result is, I find no countenance of it. Let me ask the devout Bible worshipper, with this fact in mind, how he can reasonably believe in the possibility of such a means of communication as the advocates of the Atlantic Telegraphic theory say does now actually exist? The whole affair is a falsity, a delusion, a scheme of the evil one to decoy young converts from the true way and lead them unto death."

We think this must settle the question with all Bible-believers who agree with the Professor in the premise from which he argues.

A. E. N.

A PUZZLING DELUSION.

The astute editor of the New York *Times* gives the following extremely lucid exposition of the whole art and mystery of "Spirit-rapping," in an article which is thought worthy of perpetuation in the columns of that superlatively philosophic and respectable sheet, the Boston *Courier*:

"The extent to which Spirit-rapping has been carried, not only in this country, but in Europe, is one of the greatest marvels of the century; and the phenomena which were at first developed by this family, are still a puzzle to philosophers. The Fox women were persons of very ordinary capacity, though not lacking in a certain kind of shrewdness. Doubtless they were surprised, far more than anybody else, by their own success; and if they permitted themselves to play upon the gullibility of their followers, we can hardly blame them very severely.—Hundreds of thousands have been carried away by the delusion of Spirit-rapping; and, in view of that fact, we certainly should cease to wonder at the spread of Mormonism, or the infatuation of those who burnt witches at Salem."

In other words, the whole thing is a mere trick got up by two or three "women of ordinary capacity," by which to play upon the gullibility of the credulous, and yet it involves phenomena which are confessedly *still a puzzle to philosophers*!" This implies either no very high compliment to modern philosophers, or a most extraordinary insight on the part of this editor, that he readily sees through what has thoroughly mystified them! Whatever may be the case with those prodigies of sagacity who preside over the *Times* and *Courier*, it would appear that, for aught that puzzled philosophers are able to say to the contrary, Spirit-rapping may be *just what it claims to be*, and no delusion at all!

MRS. C. M. TUTTLE.—This estimable lady is at present at Delphi, Ind., where she has spent several weeks, and has lectured two Sabbaths to much interested audiences of goodly numbers. Her public efforts have been discontinued for a time, as her attention has been directed to an interesting little domestic episode in which a little boy stranger took an important part. Mrs. T. is in excellent health, and expects to proceed shortly to Lafayette, thence to Attica, Ind., and will return East in a month or two.

THE PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION

AT UTICA, N. Y., SEPT. 10th, 11th and 12th.

At 10 1-2 o'clock, the Convention was called to order in Mechanics' Hall, by A. J. Davis, who made the following nominations: For President, Ira S. Hitchcock, of Oneida; Vice Presidents, Jason F. Walker, Glen Falls; Emily Rogers, Utica; Ira Porter, Waukegan, Ill.; Parker Pillsbury, Boston, Mass. Secretaries, C. M. Plumb, Holley; Dr. R. T. Hallock, New York; Giles B. Stebbins, Rochester.

Business Committee, A. J. Davis, New York; Amos Rogers, Utica; Caroline Brown, M. D., Utica; Amy Post, Rochester; Mary F. Davis, New York; A. E. Newton, Boston, Mass.

These officers were all unanimously elected by a *viva voce* vote.

Mr. HITCHCOCK having taken the platform, returned his sincere thanks for the honor of being called to preside over their deliberations. He promised to fulfil the duties of his charge to the best of his ability. As the order and decorum of the assembly depended on those present, and as this Convention was called for the purpose of overcoming evil by good, he thought his duties would not be arduous. He was happy that this Convention was called in the central city of this State, and expressed high anticipations of good as a result from it. Again assuring them of his desire to faithfully discharge his duties, he called on the Harmonists, of Troy, who sang a quartette.

The President read the Call, which we have published heretofore.

The Business Committee returned and made the following propositions:

1st, It is proposed to have three sessions each day, commencing at 10 A. M., 2 and 7 1-2 P. M.

2d, Order of Exercises. Each session to be opened with music, after which the opening speech, time unlimited. The subsequent speeches to be limited to twenty minutes, unless extended at the pleasure of the Convention. Music to be interspersed. That L. L. Curtiss be a Committee on Finance.

The report was adopted unanimously.

A. J. DAVIS, by invitation, made the opening address. He said:

The subject for debate has been announced to the Convention,—The cause and cure of evil. To me, Conventions are the inevitable developments of public mind on the American continent; they can't be prevented, or crippled, but have a great tendency to multiply. Nothing is more necessary than Conventions; they resemble our elections, and our government is based upon this idea. Conventions are what volcanoes are to the physical globe—ventilators, so to say—and it is supposed that every Convention is but another favorable occasion for the exposition of the principles which occupy and govern the public mind. We have a Convention on Democratic principles, where all may exercise the freedom of American citizens.

He then proceeded to consider the question of evil historically. Mankind had periods corresponding to those in the life of the individual,—namely, babyhood, childhood, youth, manhood and maturity. Each period had a theory of evil peculiar to itself. Thus, to babyhood belonged a theory which he termed ante-human; to childhood the inter-human theory; to youth the super-human; to manhood the spiritual, and to maturity the harmonial.

As his address will be published entire, we will attempt no report of the illustrations under their several heads.

The morning session closed by a song from the "Harmonists."

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

The Convention opened at 2 P. M. by a song sung with fine effect by the "Harmonists," after which C. M. PLUMB, of Holley, N. Y., addressed the audience, which had largely increased since morning. [A full report of Mr. Plumb's speech will appear in a future issue of the AGE.]

C. M. BURLISS, of Rochester, moved that HENRY C. WRIGHT be added to the Business Committee in place of Dr. Caroline Brown, who declined serving.

A song by Miss LIBBIE HIGGINS, of Chicago.

S. S. FOSTER, of Worcester, Mass., proposed the publication of Mr. Plumb's address, and said he would, if practicable, wish it offered to the American Tract Society for publication. He wished the Convention could be a Tract Society to spread light through printed pages. He finally moved that the sentiments of the address be endorsed by the Convention, which was carried, when PARKER PILLSBURY moved that a copy be furnished the daily papers of the city, and they invited to publish it. Carried.

Mr. SMOLNEKER, a German, once a Catholic Priest, next spoke, but owing to a broken accent his remarks were not understood.

Mr. MORETON, of Plymouth, Mass., thought this the most important Convention ever held. He spoke of man's wish for happiness, and of ignorance as the cause of evil, and the need of man's knowing himself as a being under law, and thus using wisely all his faculties.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, of New York, spoke briefly in favor of equitable commerce as a cure for many existing evils.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of Boston, then addressed the Convention, forcibly presenting the claims of a true generation. He thought, however, that if we should do nothing else than listen to the theory of reproduction, this Convention would not meet in vain. The begetting of a human soul was a greater event than the creating of the whole material universe. It is awful to commit a murder, but it was more fearful to be the author of an immortal life than to be guilty of the million murders of Bonaparte. He believed there was more in the unfolding of a human being than in the creation of a universe.

In the Declaration of Independence, the rights of woman are not acknowledged; her rights are not contemplated at all. Man has never investigated the source of his own rights, and until he does, he will never understand the rights of woman. Everything with regard to the sexes is the result of accident. Falling in love is as much an accident as falling into the canal, or into the mud, and often vastly more fatal in its consequences. He wondered how many there were who could say that their children are the result of reflection. Their birth may oftener be set down to casualty, chance, and nine times out of ten, disaster. It was proper that this Convention should examine these questions. He knew of no subject around which clustered so many momentous interests.

Mr. P. continued, saying he would not speak of the Press, though its tone in reference to the Rutland Convention, was deserving of the severest censure. But the Press is what the people require; the recklessness of both Press and People on this subject is without a parallel, and like Him who hung on Calvary, he could only exclaim, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He would rather see this community over on yonder hill, dancing on the graves of their mothers, than to see them trifling with this Convention. This was no place for mirth; these are golden moments which we must improve.

Mrs. MARY F. DAVIS presented the following resolutions, to which she would at some time speak:

Resolved, That as Woman is the half of a Republican nation, she should be invested with all the rights and privileges of American citizenship; among which are the elective franchise, the trial by a jury of her own peers, eligibility to office, the control of her children under age, and the protection of her person and property against aggression.

Resolved, That as Woman is the mother of the Race, and is therefore more influential than any other being in giving character and direction to our great humanity, she should be protected and assisted by society in attaining the utmost perfection of development, physical, intellectual and moral. To this end, schools and colleges of every grade, should be unreservedly thrown open to woman, that she may be educated in all departments side by side with her brother; while young girls should be released from the hopeless, protracted, wasting toil of unhealthy workshops, or awakened from the lethargy of fashionable dissipation, and attracted into honorable and lucrative avenues of industry, where a just remuneration will enable them to gain not only this liberal and thorough education, but an elevated and independent character. Furthermore, as through maternity, Woman is the world's greatest Artist as well as sufferer, and as she has the responsibility of guiding the young mind of her children for many years after birth, she should be free to select her own surroundings, and to specify her own time for assuming this great artistic work of reproduction, with its toils, sufferings and responsibilities.

HENRY C. WRIGHT proceeded to speak to the last resolution. The popular idea taught the child, that God made him, he pronounced a lie, and it was clearly shown that parents are responsible for the existence and organization of their children. The talk about Re-generation was pious "Buncombe."

Young men and women are more anxious to know the quality of their clothing than to understand the physical, intellectual, and social condition of the person they choose for a companion and the parent of their children. The importance of antenatal influences in fixing the character of the child were faithfully and clearly presented, and a feeling tribute paid to woman, as the mother of Humanity.

The Harmonists closed by a song, "Gather the beautiful home to their rest."

[Our report of the further proceedings of the Convention is necessarily deferred till another week.]

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAUSE IN BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, Sept. 7, 1858.

DEAR AGE:—Our friends throughout the country are aware that Spiritualism, for a season, had an unhealthy growth in this city—that it was physically precocious—had too much body for its spirit—too much bulk for its solidity—was more declamatory than thoughtful—cried glory! and hallelujah! till it paralyzed its lungs and made itself sick, as Methodist converts sometimes do at camp-meetings. Nor was its fanaticism at all to be wondered at; the phenomena, though managed as judiciously as ministering spirits could manage them, considering the condition of mortals to whom they were presented, were too astounding to be received with calm, stoical, dignity of mien; and those who were convinced of their truth seemed to think "the stones would cry out" if they did not. And they did cry, as I have hinted; and thus young Spiritualism so spent its energies that recuperative slumber became indispensable. It went to sleep, as nature demanded, and it has been sweetly slumbering for many months, even up to the present time; but I am happy to say that it now manifests a disposition to awaken into new life, energy and action.

The old Harmonial Association, which was dissolved by mutual consent, lest its struggles to keep breathing should arouse the sleeper prematurely, has been re-organized under favorable auspices; and we have a flattering prospect of soon attaining to a more healthful condition than we have ever before enjoyed. The first meetings after the resurrection, were held in St. James Hall, on Sunday last, afternoon and evening; and, most fortunately for us, we were favored on that occasion with the ministration of that choice little magnet of Truth, Love and Logic, Mrs. F. O. HYZER, whose nature is so angelic that inspiration comes upon her by force of affinity. It was, I repeat, truly fortunate for us that Mrs. H. made her second advent to this city, on this occasion, for no lecturer in the Spiritual connection is better calculated than she is to wipe out all records of past differences from conflicting minds; to restore harmony and fraternal feeling, and to make each one feel at peace with himself or herself and with the whole surrounding world of humanity.

The writer was prevented from hearing Mrs. Hyzer's afternoon lecture, by the sad duty of attending the obsequies of a deeply loved grandchild, whose spirit passed to second life on the preceding Friday, in the fourth year of her age. In the evening, however, his whole soul was filled with what seemed to be the most delicious fruits from gardens celestial. After sweetly playing and breathing one of those soothing chants which angelic minstrels are ever ready to whisper through her organism, she took for her text: "Watchman, what of the night?" and although I have heard many discourses built upon that foundation by geniuses of the first order, and of the various religious denominations, not excepting Spiritualists themselves, I am sure I never before heard the subject so ably and so beautifully handled. The audience was not as numerous as some we have had in former times; but I am certain we never had a more appreciative, a more attentive, or a better pleased congregation of listeners, on any former occasion.

Mrs. H. will spend some five or six weeks with us, and will answer calls to lecture in various localities in the surrounding country. In November she goes to Boston. Mrs. Hazen, widow sister of Mrs. Hyzer, is also here, and will probably stay as long as her sister stays. Her mediumship is of an elevated and elevating character, and I hope our friends will not only appreciate her merits, but minister to her requirements with comforting liberality.

S. A.

NEW MUSIC.—Higgins Brothers, Chicago, have just published "Answer to Gentle Annie," a pleasing air and quartette, with easy accompaniment. We have also received from Horace Waters, New York, a song and chorus entitled "The Angls told me so." The words of the latter were suggested by the following incident:

A son, some eight or nine years of age, lay very ill, and had been so for some days, when a little brother, between six and seven years old, came into the house, and said to his mother, "Alle (the sick brother) is going away where we can't see him. He is going to Heaven; two little angels came and told me he was going, but he would come back and see me after he went away." In a day or two Alle's spirit took its departure. His little brother supposed he had departed bodily. Previous to the funeral, his father took the child into the room to see the body, and explain to him his mistake. When he entered the room he exclaimed, "Oh, there's Alle; the little angels told me he would come back and see me."

The Spiritualists in Springfield, Ohio, have rented Union Hall for regular meetings, and they invite mediums and lecturers to visit them.

Correspondence.

Letter from Havana, Cuba.

HAVANA, July, 1858.

BRO. BRITTAN:—As it may be interesting to Spiritualists and friends of the Harmonial Philosophy to hear of the progress making in distant countries and among people of different languages and theological beliefs, I am induced to forward the present to your valuable paper.

Within a short period, say about two years, there have been many physical phenomena demonstrated among the inhabitants of this city, the capital of the "Queen of the Antilles," which has awakened quite an interest in their investigation, but being without any works in their language (Spanish) to instruct or explain, it leaves them mystified. But the principal step is taken; a commencement has been made, and several who are acquainted with the English language are procuring books, and necessarily beneficial results may be anticipated.

The enclosed poetic lines strike a chord in every true American heart, and I deem them worthy of preservation and general diffusion, being the production of Mrs. A. A. Watson—who passed away to her Spiritual home about six months ago—through the hands of Mrs. E. M. Butler, a recently self-developed writing medium, who has never witnessed any phenomena, nor been present at any Spiritual circles. Many of her productions are effusions of moral and Spiritual beauty, worthy the perusal of any desiring and seeking truth. She is no poetess, and has no recollection of ever having seen the verses, and was unconscious of what she had written until she read the following:

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE, MOUNT VERNON.

On old Potomac's shores I stand,
And in its stilly shades I see
The spot where *he* of mighty mind
Is sleeping with the just and free.

The broad oak waves above the spot,
And breathes a requiem to the brave;
But man, for whom he fought and worked,
Neglects the much loved hero's grave.

No sculptured urn its tribute holds,
No laurel wreathes the patriot's tomb;
But gloom and sadness o'er it reign,
And make its very glory, gloom.

When round their homes the war did rage,
The brave and mighty dead was there;
His courage gained them what they own,
But he is now—O, tell us where!

Around his much loved land his mind
Still hovers; and when wrong is don
His spirit grieves, and he imparts
Great thoughts that mirror "Washington."

WILLIAM FULTON.

Cure of Malformation.

The following affidavit is forwarded by the Buffalo editor of the AGE, in reference to a remarkable case which has attracted considerable attention in Western New York. The reason it has not been made public is that, until now, the lady's consent could not be obtained. Further particulars are in our possession, but we deem the subjoined to contain all that can be essential as public testimony:

LOCKPORT, Aug. 1st., 1858.

Much having been said in various circles, public and private, in relation to the truly wonderful cure performed for me through Dr. G. C. Eaton, three years ago, and some misrepresentations having been made, giving credit for the cure where it was not due, I feel that justice demands of me a true statement of facts.

Mine was a case of natural deformity, or malformation, a particular description of which could not reasonably be expected of me; and if it were consistent with female delicacy for me to describe it minutely, it would, in all probability, produce, in the public mind, more incredulity than conviction of the wonderful effect of spirit-power upon the human system. Suffice it to say that I was born malformed, which was the occasion of great grief to my mother. So heavily did it weigh upon her mind, that, when on her death-bed, her only source of affliction was that she could not take me with her to the grave—she seeming to think it would be far better for me to die at that time, than to live an orphan with a deformed organization. No one can conceive of the utter hopelessness of my case, but those who are so unfortunate as to be left orphans, with deformed persons, at such an early age.

I grew up to womanhood in this condition, and, in the year 1855, was prostrated on a sick bed, with symptoms seriously threatening my life. I had frequent convulsions, coughed much, and raised large quantities of blood. My condition became so alarming that those who had the care of me had little or no hope of my recovery. At this stage of my sickness, Mr. W. C. Hussey, with whom I was living, brought Dr. Eaton to see me, who treated me magnetically, by manipulation, eleven days; at the end of which time I was fully restored to health, and that without a particle of medicine; and, most wonderful to relate, I found that my malformation, which had existed from birth, had disappeared during the treatment, and I was in a perfectly natural and healthy condition. Mrs. D. J. BEST.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 2d day of August, 1858.

A. CLARK, *Justice of the Peace.*

Boston and Vicinity.

THE MELODEON MEETINGS.—The Spiritualist meetings at the Melodeon were resumed on Sunday last, and the excellent audiences in attendance showed that the interest in them had not waned during the recess. Mrs. A. M. Henderson occupied the desk, and though laboring under severe indisposition, was made the medium of two highly acceptable discourses;—that of the evening, on the Paternity and Mission of Jesus, gave particular satisfaction to numerous hearers. The question which has been several times before proposed, and to various mediums, at these meetings, viz:—Was Jesus the carpenter's son?—was answered in the negative; yet it was argued that his conception was not "immaculate," but in accordance with the ordinary laws of generation. His mission as "Christ the teacher" was acknowledged.

The afternoon lecture was from the words, "Autumn is coming"—illustrating the seed-time and harvest of the soul from the analogies of nature.

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIC MOVEMENT.—A beneficent association has been formed in this city, under the name of the UNITARY BREAD LEAGUE; its purpose is to supply the poor and laboring classes with the necessaries of life *at cost*. It has made arrangements by which flour, fuel, and other indispensables can be furnished in small quantities as low as they can be bought by the wholesale merchant. The association does not design to feed beggars gratis, but to aid and encourage honest industry by organizing commerce as a medium of equitable exchange instead of one of absorbtion. The idea proposed will commend itself to all; and the plans as put forth in the circular of the League are based in a sound sense and practicability which guarantee success.

The active movers in this matter are, we believe, mostly Spiritualists; but they invite the co-operation of all true hearts and pure hands without regard to sect, sex, or color, condition or clime. Information of details may be obtained at the Central Depot, No. 9 Batterman's Block, Lincoln Street, between the hours of 8 A. M. and 5 P. M.

BROMFIELD STREET MEETINGS.—The circles at No. 14 Bromfield street on Sunday mornings are well attended, and the exercises—mostly trance and normal speaking—are of an interesting character. The afternoon services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Goddard, meet the devotional wants of a large number.

The Boston Merchants propose to have a trumpet sounded before them at the head of State street, every day at high noon. The trumpet is to be a reed instrument of musical note, to be attached to the top of the old State House, to be operated by Cochituate water, let on by telegraph, thus combining several scientific arrangements. The trumpet will be heard further than a bell, and will answer for a regulator of the city clocks.

PARISH TROUBLES AT LEXINGTON.—A difficulty in the Baptist Society at Lexington, between the pastor and a portion of his congregation, resulted on Sunday in the closing of the church against the minister, Rev. Thomas W. Clark, who addressed those present from the church steps, stating that time will show who is in the right. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 10th.

Dr. ORTON announced the presence at the Conference of Miss DeForce, a western trance-medium, and that she would probably take part in the discussion of the evening. He then said: That he might not interrupt the debate after it had commenced, he would relate a little incident that had occurred that morning, which he had no doubt the assembly would listen to with great pleasure. He had that morning, before he arose, received at his bedside a note from a spirit-friend, many years an inhabitant of the spirit-world, delivered by a carrier pigeon. He was occupying the same room and bed with his associate, Dr. Redman; the door was locked and shutters closed, though the window was open at top and bottom for the free admission of air.

On the previous afternoon he had held a conversation with this spirit-friend, through Dr. Redman, but under such circumstances that he was satisfied the medium could have known nothing of its purport, in which she had announced that she was about to take on a new form, so as to become visible to his sight, and to make him a present. All farther explanation was withheld, and he was told to wait the denouement. On the morning in question he had been awake nearly an hour, a portion of which time had been passed in conversation between Dr. Redman and himself, when the sound of wings was heard, and a white dove flew from a point near the door of the chamber across the room and alighted on the wood-work above the window. Both of the witnesses to this singular occurrence were lost in wonder. How the bird could have effected an entrance was a question difficult to solve; but on looking about, the wonder was increased by the discovery of a small packet on the floor, near the spot whence the bird seemed to have flown. It was folded square about to the size of a quarter of a dollar; the ends were slipped together, and through it extended a thread of floss which had originally been tied in a square knot, but was now broken. On unfolding the paper it was found to measure about four inches by three, and contained four lines of words delicately printed in capital letters with a pencil. There was the address, and the name of the spirit-friend at the bottom, and between, this sentence: "HAVE I NOT REDEEMED MY PROMISE?"

The white messenger was secured in a cage and kept until evening, when it became so restive, beating itself against the bars and struggling for its freedom, that he gave it wing, and suffered it to return to its native element.

In the course of the day he had another conversation with his spirit-friend; in which she informed him that the dove was her earth *symbol*—that she had borrowed it to hide her spirit in—had influenced it to contract its form so that it could pass through the lattice—that it came into the chamber about midnight—that the billet was written through an entranced medium—a lady of this city—and that she would come again to him *through the dove*.

The question for discussion was then announced as follows: "What is the mission of Modern Spiritualism?"

Dr. GRAY said: This question includes another, which it is first necessary to settle, viz: What is Spiritualism! It is high time that we commence to sift the mass of phenomena called spiritual, and try to determine what is really spiritual and what is not—what is to be regarded as evidence, and what not.

Miss DEFORCE (*entranced*) said: We understand the question to apply to the whole human family. What is the mission of Spiritualism to the world? In all generations it has been necessary to man, made in the image of God, to have a religion fitted to his state. That state has ever been changing. The 19th century is the culmination of the whole—the brightest which the world has seen. But thus far the religions of mankind have been divided and partial, not fitted to the universal need. What are we to have in place of these? Man's aspirations are for something higher than the past, and if Spiritualism does not supply this, it is no better than the failures which have gone before. But if it proposes to liberate man from the bondage of natural, scientific and religious thraldom, it is worthy to have its principles written in characters of living light, and scattered broadcast, that all may read and know. Men must be convinced that a new era has begun; that an immortal life is before them; and that their destiny is eternal progression. If the principles of Modern Spiritualism are made practical, they will regenerate mankind. What a change they have wrought in our own minds! When we come to realize this, we can have no doubt of the final result. Man, to-day, intellectually and scientifically, is far in advance of the past, but religiously and interiorly, he still occupies a very low plane of development. The religion of Christ, as at present taught by the sects, will not regenerate him. Its dogmas cannot be understood, especially by the common mind. Religion needs to be simple, universal; and think you not that the Divine Father, who knoweth what ye have need of, before you ask him, will send you truth, as fast as you are in a condition to receive it? To think of a few individuals going out to save mankind, by teaching a few theological opinions, is absurd. It has always failed and always will, because not fitted to the universal want. Make your teachings universal, and fit them to the condition of the man, so that by improving the talents God has given us, we may all be prepared to inherit that immortality which is provided for us. Unless this is accomplished in the natural body, we shall suffer loss. Then go on and prepare the ground for the good seed. Suit your labors to men's conditions. If they cannot receive spiritual knowledge, give them physical help—first the natural, then the spiritual. This is preparing the ground for the good seed. If there is a principle in Christianity, in Mohammedanism, in Mormonism, calculated to benefit mankind, apply it for the common good. Thus you will be doing well—responding to the great voice of divinity, which finds an utterance on every plane of Nature.

Dr. GOULD stated that he had been informed from the spirit-world, that the intelligence speaking through Miss DeForce was formerly a Presbyterian clergyman of Massachusetts, and remarked that if so, he seemed to have got bravely over his old sectarian opinions.

Mr. BAKER said: He had been greatly interested in the circumstance related by Dr. Orton. Some four years ago, there were several articles in the *Spiritual Telegraph* from Schuyler Young of Georgia, who claimed that birds were his mediums. As a test, he wrote to Prof. Brittan to go on to Bergen Heights on a certain day at noon; at that time he would hear a clock strike, as though in the city, the hour of twelve, and would see a brown thrush; and that the first acquaintance he would meet after leaving the Heights, would do him a favor he was desirous of having done. Prof. Brittan, with little faith, and mostly out of courtesy to the writer, complied—and the entire programme was fulfilled. He heard the clock strike, then a chirping, and discovered a brown thrush, which shortly hopped behind a sappling and disappeared; and the first gentleman of his acquaintance he met, on returning to the city, granted him a desirable favor.

Mr. TAYLOR stated, that often, at the large circles held at his house, the chirping of an invisible bird was heard by all, and that Mr. Harris had been able to see the bird.

Dr. MASSEY said, that when questions were introduced for discussion, he thought it would be a great advantage to the Conference to continue them until they were thoroughly canvassed.

Dr. GRAY made some remarks, when it was advised, at the next session, to resume the question of proofs, as to what is Spiritualism, and what is not.

Dr. GRAY further said: A friend of his, several years ago, was drowned. The day before this occurred, the friend was sitting on a fence in a field, when he discovered a robin almost by his side. He put out his hand and took it up. The next day he perished, leaving a wife and one daughter. Some time after, on a visit to the cemetery where he was interred, the wife and child were at a loss in finding the proper vault, when a robin was discovered hopping along the path. They followed it and it led them to the vault and perched upon it. The daughter held out her hand to the bird and called it, when it hopped into her hand and immediately expired. The father, previous to his death, had had business troubles, and had manifested some want of resignation to his lot; and the circumstance of the bird was interpreted by the daughter to mean, that his frame of mind on taking his departure from earth, was better, and that he met his fate willingly, even as the robin had come into her hand. J. R. O.

DODWORTH'S HALL.—After a temporary suspension, Dodworth's Hall was re-opened last Sunday by Miss Emma Hardinge, who will occupy the desk each Sunday during the month. The subjects chosen by Miss Hardinge for her present course of lectures, involve the necessity for immense research, and evidence an intimate acquaintance with ancient literature, either by Miss Hardinge herself or by the spirits controlling her, or both; while her manner at arranging, her graphic descriptions and forcible deductions, awaken great interest. With each lecture the numbers have increased.

Compend of Facts.

A Presentiment, Fulfilment, and Confirmation.

An interesting young lady of about sixteen years of age, daughter of a gentleman residing in an adjoining county, was persuaded, last April, to accompany her widowed sister on a visit to some relatives in North Carolina. She did not wish to go, as she had a presentiment that she would not live to return home. This she remarked to her sister and to several of her friends, and only agreed to accompany her sister on the latter promising to bring her remains back to her mother to be interred at home, if her fears were realized. The journey was made, but in about two weeks after leaving home, news came of the death of the young lady. Her remains were brought back and interred, according to her request.

So much for the presentiment and its fulfilment. Now for its confirmation. On Monday afternoon last, two ladies from the city and one from the place where the friends of the young lady before mentioned live, called on a medium—Mrs. H., of this city—and requested to be allowed to witness some of the manifestations, and, if possible, to get a communication from a daughter and sister (recently deceased) of two of the ladies, who had never before seen any of the phenomena.

In a short time the following communication was received, written backwards and only readable by holding the writing before a mirror, or reading from the reverse side of the paper, before a strong light.

"My friend—I promised to give you a communication. You desired that I should tell what I said before I left you the last time. I do not remember, unless it was that I told you I was going to die—that I never would come back alive, for I knew that I was going to die; therefore I was not mistaken, for a spirit told me so. I did not know anything about Spiritualism then. I told my sister that I would go with her, if she would promise me one thing. She said she would if it was in reason. I told her that if she would promise me to bring back my body to my mother, to be interred, that I would go. She told me that she certainly would bring me back, but she did not think so, for she thought I was only low-spirited."

[Signed with the name in full of the deceased young lady.]

Now, no one present was expecting a communication from this source, and it was supposed to be an answer to an inquiry made the day previous by a young gentleman who was acquainted with the deceased and who had an interview with her just previous to leaving home on her visit to North Carolina. The spirit was then asked if the foregoing was designed for this young gentleman, and the answer was in the negative; that she intended to send him another of a more convincing character.

It is proper to add that the *medium* had no knowledge of the facts revealed, prior to writing the communication, and has never had any acquaintance with the family bereaved.—*Georgia Citizen.*

Temporary Clairvoyance.

J. W. Moodie, Esq., of Belleville, C. W., is the writer of the following, which he says "was obviously an instance of temporary clairvoyance, produced by Spirits on one not naturally in the smallest degree susceptible of mesmeric influence, much less of clairvoyance." We copy from the *Telegraph:*

In the year 1852 my wife had a most dangerous illness, arising from hemorrhage, and for a long time her life seemed to hang upon a thread. She however, at length recovered, and I thought all danger past.—Tired of the sedentary life I had been leading, I took it into my head to summon the grand and petit jurors for one of the next courts, *myself*, instead of handing the summons, as usual, to my deputy. I had travelled some four or five hundred miles without coming home, when I arrived late one evening at a village tavern about eleven miles from Belleville. I had still two or three jurors in that neighborhood to summon, but the heavy rain compelled me to seek shelter. I was awakened after midnight, by a dreadful dream and a violent palpitation of the heart. I thought I saw my wife lying at the point of death. I saw no one but herself, lying in her bed, deadly pale, and breathing with extreme difficulty. I awoke with the violent palpitation of my heart, and sat up in bed, trying to drive the horrid vision from my mind; but I still saw the bed and my wife, until the picture gradually faded away. But long after it had disappeared, I continued to hear distinctly *the long-drawn breathings.* At that time I had no faith in dreams, but do what I would, there was no rest for me. I groped about for a match and lighted the candle. On looking at my watch I found it was half past one. I read a book until sunrise, started to finish my work as quickly as possible, and hurried home. My eldest daughter ran out to meet me at the gate, and told me that her mother had been at death's door at the very hour when I had the horrible dream. Not expecting for hours to see the light of morning, my poor wife had been intently listening ta the sound of the wheels of each carriage that passed our door, in the hope of seeing me once more before she died. My daughter described the very sound of the long-drawn breathings which I heard so distinctly in my dream, and even after I awoke. Happily the hemorrhage was arrested before life was extinct.

Proof of Spirit-Perception.

Mr. Nelson Learnard, of Leicester, Vt., communicates the following fact to the *World's Paper*. The occurrence transpired at the residence of John Paine, in the above-mentioned town, on Tuesday, the 10th ult.:

"Mary J. Goodnough, of Brandon, Vt, who lives at Mr. Paine's, had a sore thumb, which she thought was caused by a felon, and treated it accordingly; but all she did for it proved ineffectual. She was taken Friday, the 6th inst.; Saturday she doctored it with a most powerful medicine, but it did not do any good. It pained her very much, and so continued till Tuesday, about two o'clock, P. M., when Edward Paine requested mentally to have Mrs. Sarah Paine (a Spiritual medium), write what would be good for the thumb. She was influenced immediately, and wrote to soak it in warm water as much of the time as she could conveniently, which she did most of the time till about six o'clock that afternoon. The spirit that controlled the medium purported to be an Indian; and after he had given directions, then wrote, 'Me know something; me no tell it now;" and at six o'clock the medium became entranced and went into the pantry and obtained a pair of tweezers; then took my pocket-knife and seated the patient, took her thumb in her hand and partially paralyzed it, then pricked the end of it a little; then, by aid of the tweezers, took from it a portion of a sewing-needle one-fourth of an inch long, without paining the girl during the process."

A Dream of Death Fulfilled.

A farmer's wife has been relating to me the circumstances attendant upon the death of her father. He was taken ill about Christmas time. One night he dreamed—or, as he said, "he awoke and saw" two men fighting together at the foot of his bed, one of whom told him that he would die on the ensuing 13th of March. In the morning he related this to his family, and both he and they made light of it. He shortly after this recovered; and when the 13th of March came, he was, apparently, in very good health.

On the evening of that day he referred to his dream, and observed, "I have done the ghost!"

"Don't be too sure of that," said a foolish old woman, who was present; "it's the New Style now, and ghosts don't know anything about it. They always go by the Old Style!" and this village oracle told him that it would not really be the 13th of March (by the ghost's calendar) for—if I remember rightly—twelve days to come. The farmer laid this to heart, took to his bed, and died on the very day predicted by the old woman.—*Notes and Queries.*

The Spirit Knew Best.

Appollos Munn (now deceased,) on the occasion of his first visit to a "medium," in a city over three hundred miles from his residence, and where he was quite sure no one knew him, asked a number of questions, which were answered with what seemed to be superhuman perspicacity, until he finally asked,

"Who are you that answers me?"

"I am your sister Lois."

"I never had such a sister—my sister's name was Louisa."

"No, my name was Lois."

He left the matter thus at a dead lock, and on returning to his home, said—

"Mother, can I be mistaken as to the *name* of my deceased sister? Though I never saw her, I supposed I could not be mistaken as to her *name.*"

"It was *Lois,*" quietly responded the mother.

Various Items.

"MARY."—This name, by a decree of Pio Nino, can no longer be given to children, on pain of excommunication. His infallibility would reserve it, as far as possible, hereafter, for the Virgin of immaculate conception.

EXPRESSIVE.—Columbus, Kentucky, is a hard place. An old farmer, who had been badly swindled there, said of it:—"If the Angel Gabriel happens to light at Columbus, there'll be no resurrection, for they'll swindle him out of his trumpet before he can make a single toot!"

FRIGHTENED AT PRAYER.—A young lady of Derby, while kneeling at her bed-side, preparatory to retiring for the night, was badly frightened by some rowdy boys, who climbed upon the balcony, and suddenly appeared at the window, shouting at the top of their lungs, "By G—d.' The young lady lies in a precarious situation; her fright had the singular effect to cause her tongue to swell very badly.

CLERICAL BOREDOM.—*Punch* says: "The Abbe Domenech, in his record of priestly experience in Texas, describes how he drove his errant congregation from his garden into his church by letting a wild boar loose in the garden. Our incumbents too often prefer the opposite course, and drive their congregations from the church into the garden by letting loose a tame bore in the church."

AN UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLAGE.—We clip the following from the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Aug. 26th:

In the highly civilized town of Richmond, the capital of the great State of Virginia, on Sunday last, one hundred colored children were arrested for attending an unlawful assemblage—that is, a Sunday School, where oral instruction was given. They were soon released, but the pastor and trustees of the church where they met were summoned by the Mayor to show cause why they should not be dealt with according to law, for permitting an unlawful assemblage in the church!

WASHING THE OUTSIDE OF THE PLATTER.—What a comment on modern Christianity and popular religion, are some of the occurrences of daily life. Just read this:

Pedobaptism has gained an extraordinary victory in the courts of Kentucky. Judge Nuttall, of Henry county, has officially declared that "sprinkling is legal baptism." A negro girl about to be hung for the murder of her mistress, experienced a timely change of heart, and expressed a desire to be baptized. Her counsel applied to Judge Nuttall for permission to take her away from the jail for the purpose of immersion. The judge, however, with that "hard horse sense" so peculiarly shocking to scruples of conscience, couldn't see the necessity of such an inconvenient form of baptism.

"Why not sprinkle her?" he inquired.

"Because," urged her counsel, "sprinkling, according to the faith she holds, is not baptism. And her faith, may it please your honor, is that of thousands of the best and purest in this community."

"Oh well," said the judge, drawing himself up with an air of gravity, "I decide, and I want it distinctly understood, that sprinkling is legal baptism."

Now here is a Baptist murderer, so very conscientious that she cannot be sprinkled (?) and here are a lot of men, about taking the life of a fellow creature, but dare not do it till they baptize her (!!) and then, having passed her through that form, they execute a Christian. Can anything be more ridiculously absurd than this? What a mockery of religion.—*Gospel Banner.*

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

Mrs. A. M. HENDERSON will lecture in Portland, Me., the first three Sundays in October, and will answer calls to speak in that vicinity the intervening week evenings. Address at the Fountain House, Boston, till Oct. 1st.

S. B. BRITTAN will occupy the desk in Washburn Hall, Worcester, Mass., next Sunday morning and evening, at the usual hours.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Providence the 19th and 25th of September, and in Pawtucket the 8th, 15th, 22d and 29th. Those wishing her services subsequent to that time, can address Willard Barnes Felton, Providence, care of Rufus Read.

WM. E. RICE, the Healing Medium, will be at the Franklin House, Augusta, Me., for three days commencing Sept. 16th. Will receive patients from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE IN THE WEST.—Miss Hardinge will continue to speak at Dodworth's Hall, New York, during the month of September; at Worcester the first Sunday in October, and at Boston for the rest of that month; in November at Portland, Me. and Philadelphia, Pa.; the first Sunday in December at Columbus, O., and for the ensuing month at St. Louis, Mo. Miss Hardinge designs to remain West for two months after that, and fulfil any engagements that may be offered in that section of the country. Applications to be addressed to her residence, 194 Grand street, New York, as early as possible from this date.

Mrs. V. J. BURRELL, trance speaking medium, will answer calls for public speaking upon the Sabbath, or at any time desired. Please address, Randolph, Mass. 36—3m

R. P. AMBLER is engaged at St. Louis for three months from Sept. 1st. He may be addressed at that place, in care of J. J. Outley.

Mrs. A. L. STREETER, trance-speaker, of Momence, Ill., has recently lectured in several places at the West, with general acceptance. We are informed that her lectures are of a high order intellectually and morally. Those desiring her services may address her husband at Momence.

GEORGE ATKINS, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., the first Sabbath of each month, until further notice. He will also answer calls from other places to speak on the Sabbath or at any other time. Address, Webster, Mass.

MADAME DUBOYCE.—This lady will remain a few weeks longer at the American House. We were present on one occasion, when an elderly lady, who had been so deaf for years as to make it irksome to converse with, after three weeks' treatment, at the time we saw her, could hear very readily when addressed in an ordinary tone. Those afflicted with imperfect vision or hearing had better avail themselves of Madame Du Boyce's skill.—*Boston Ledger, Aug. 13th.*

J. BYRON LEWIS, an impressive speaker, is now lecturing in Michigan and other parts of the West, with good success, and stands ready to fill calls wherever his services may be demanded. He may be addressed at present at Ypsilanti, Mich., in care of Benjamin More.

There is now an excellent opening for a good speaker in Ypsilanti. If such is a young lady, a steady and comfortable home can be found in the family of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tower.

Obituary Notices.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. ASA ROGERS.—Death is looked upon by the world as the King of Terrors, but we rejoice that the day has arrived when the heart is made glad with the knowledge that death is but a happy transition to another higher and holier sphere. Such was the faith of our much beloved friend and sister whose departure has prompted this notice. She was among the earliest advocates of our friend and brother A. J. Davis, a *firm* believer in Harmonial and Spiritual Philosophy; this sustained her through life, and she found much comfort from its precepts during the painful hours of illness, and as the time of dissolution approached, it proved her strongest hope.—Although unconscious for several hours, she has (since her departure,) assured us that her transition was a happy one. May her life and most worthy example prove a blessing to her family and many friends, and may her husband, who is an earnest believer, be sustained by the faith she so strongly loved, and may he be blessed and comforted with the thought that she is now rejoicing with the many loved ones that console him so often in his trials and afflictions. Her loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of acquaintances, but her peaceful and quiet transition will strengthen many who are in sympathy with the glorious faith, that our loved ones still live and rejoice in their spirit-home.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—S C Desure, J F Weeks, L W Wooster, S Russell, S Mettler, M Hoskin, W Cloudman, E Farnham, S Albro, N C King, L Barker, E J Kenney, H W Ballard, H B Smith, H M Twining, P Walden, C A Wellington, H I Ostrom, M S Boyd, M E Jocelyn, D Blanchard, F A Williams, A M Stayman, C W Richardsod, E W H Beck, H Thatcher, C A Bisbee, A W Gilbert, J Mulliken, J Webb, J A Whipple, Dr DeWolfe, D McNaughton, G A Kimball, G Barnard, F Thomas, A T Dewel, A B Whiting, J W Currier, N Hill, B Page, S Jones, T Adams, A B Kelly, J Anderson, J M Russell, E W Hawks, H C Hurd, S Culbertson, Purdy & Taft.

Announcements.

S. B. Brittan Going West.

TO WESTERN AND SOUTHERN READERS.

The undersigned proposes to leave New York in September, on his annual Tour through the Western States, for the purpose of giving Lectures on the Facts, Philosophy, and Moral Bearings of Spiritualism; together with its Relations to, and Influence on, the existing Institutions of the Church and the World. The course will comprehend in a general way the following subjects:

1. Relations of the Visible and Invisible Worlds.
2. Relations of the Soul to the Body.
3. Nature of the Intercourse between Spirits and Men.
4. Laws of Spirit-mediumship.
5. Classification of Spiritual Phenomena.
6. Philosophy of Life, Health, Disease, Death, and Life in the world to come.
7. Spiritualism of the Bible and Philosophy of Miracles.
8. The Spiritual Idea an integral Element in all Religions.
9. Fundamental Principles and *Legitimate* Claims of Christianity vindicated, and Popular Materialism subverted.
10. Claims of Science and Religion harmonized.
11. Religion made philosophical and Philosophy invested with a Religious importance.
12. "The Unity of the Spirit in the bonds of Peace," on the broad basis of a Natural Theology and a truly Spiritual Worship.

In order to render his labors the more effectual, the undersigned desires to make out a complete programme—before leaving New York—of his proposed travels and lectures, and to this end will thank any friend—in each place where his services may be required—to write him, *in the course of August*, making known the wishes of the people with respect to this proposal.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN THE GREAT WEST!—The writer proposes to discuss the important questions and issues named above, before the assembled multitudes, and to this end your earnest co-operation is cordially invited. With your aid in the execution of the plan, and the continued presence of the invisible agents of a living inspiration, we may hope to be serviceable in a cause that merits the consecration of the noblest human and angelic powers.

AT THE SOUTH IN WINTER.—Should the writer receive a sufficient number of invitations to visit important places in the southern section of the Union, to justify the undertaking, he will spend the winter months in the Southern States, extending his travels—if sufficient encouragement be offered—as far as Galveston, Texas. Will the friends in the South, who may wish the writer to stop at the places where they respectively reside—for the purpose herein mentioned—take an early opportunity to communicate their desires?

Address the undersigned at the *New York* office of THE SPIRITUAL AGE, or at Newark, N. J., his present place of residence.

New York, July 24, 1858. S. B. BRITTAN.

Conventions and Grove Meetings.

KIANTONE, N. Y.—Grove Meeting at Magnetic Springs, Kiantone, Chautauque Co., 17th, 18th and 19th of September. [Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of a large number of visitors at Dr. Wellington's Institute, in Jamestown, and for their conveyance to and from the Springs, at reasonable rates.

PETERBORO', N. Y.—Free Convention of Reformers at Peterboro', on the 25th and 26th of Sept.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, trance-speaker, will answer calls to lecture, in any part of New England. She is a clairvoyant and TEST MEDIUM. Address, until further notice, Lowell, Mass.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, or at any other time. Address her at Cambridgeport, Mass., care Geo. L. Cade.

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, in any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after Death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. A. M. HENDERSON will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock. Admission 5 cents.

D. F. GODDARD lectures Sunday afternoon at No. 14 Bromfield street, at 3 o'clock. Admission free.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $3 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an *answer*, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception.* Charge for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Miss M. MUNSON and Mrs. H. P. JENNESS, No. 13 Lagrange Place, Boston. 34

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 32 Carver street. Hours, 9 to 12 and 3 to 9. Terms 50 cents per hour.

Miss E. MOORE, Rapping, Writing, and Trance TEST Medium. Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, up stairs, opposite the Museum. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 7.

Mrs. L. B. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium, prepares medicines adapted to every case. Also, Writing Medium, and Spirit-Seer. Physiognomical and Phrenological examinations by spirit-impression. Circles, Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Mrs. DICKINSON, No. 38 Beach street, Seer, Healing and Trance Medium, gives communications concerning the Past, Present and Future.

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Tremont street—Room 13. Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M for Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 30 Eliot street.

IN MANCHESTER, N. H.—H. C. COBURN, Healing Medium, 58 Elm St. Will also receive calls to lecture in trance. 37—10t*

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS, DAY AND EVENING.

The subscriber has engaged the services of the celebrated Test Medium, Mr. C. H. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass. In place of the large public circles recently held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, it is thought best to limit the number to about eight persons, at $1 each, as conditions are not apt to be as favorable in large promiscuous circles. The circles will be formed at 7 1-2 P. M. on the above evenings. For the day and evening circles for private investigation, besides Mr. Foster, other mediums of varied gifts are employed. Mediums will be in attendance from 9 A M to 1 P M and from 2 to 6 P M; also, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 7 1-2 to 10. 37tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York.

HEALING INSTITUTE.

Dr. R. W. LOUGEE, Healing Medium, has taken the house No. 23 Eliot street, for the benefit of the afflicted. In addition, he has procured the services of Dr. Brown and wife, of Plymouth, celebrated as clairvoyants and trance mediums, who will make examinations of disease, satisfactory, or no pay will be demanded. Trance communications will be given, if desired. All medicines that are prescribed will be put up at the Institute.

Mrs. WELLS, a celebrated drawing medium, has also taken rooms at the Institute

Also, Phrenological examinations made by a Phrenological medium. Terms satisfactory.

A developing and harmonizing medium may also be found at the Institute.

A public circle will be held every evening for development and spiritual manifestations, from 7 to 9 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

Persons desiring board at the Institute, can be accommodated on reasonable term 36 DR. R. W. LOUGEE.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE YOUNG PEDDLER.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it I found a peddler. Peddlers are a great vexation to me; they leave the gates open; they never have anythiug I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods; and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself, "lazy."

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold, I forgot he was a peddler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no sueh intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one, and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am I am very tired."

Here he gave a quick, dry, cough that startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In heaven, ma'am," said he unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

"What ailed her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown on N—— street."

"Does she give you any medicine for your cough?"

"Not doctor's medicine; she is too poor; but she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something if I give it to you?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it would not stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had.—I should have wanted it, for the little peddler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings before. How thankful he was, and how his great blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

"You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a moment. "I think you must be very rich."

"Oh, no," I replied. "I am far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave you for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I never feel hungry now. I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very sad?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and I thought I was choked, but I did't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I'm glad she is up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody, but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not endure that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what luck he had met with.—He bade me good day again, cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say, "God be with you, my child."

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New Year, I went to the place he called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim's weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the doors of those who like myself forgot the necessary and stern way that often sent about these wanderers from house to house, and their employment might be more unseemly to them than annoying to us.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sanchy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from women's society, is that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves, and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*

As they who, for every slight sickness take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character do rather weaken it.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than t he lest that neglects it.

A MISER AND THE DEVIL.

One of our Catholic exchanges tells the following story:

It is stated that in a village beyond Tivoli, on the mountains, there lived a very rich man, a miser, so rich that he gave orders to his servants never to admit any one to his house, lest he should be murdered for his money. He had acted against the Pope in the Revolution of '48, and was said wholly to have lost his Faith, which he certainly did not practice. However, he perpetually invoked the devil, though, it was said, without believing in his existence. About the 27th of May last, when he was shut up in his room in the evening, he saw a gentleman there, and asked him in great wrath how he came there.

The gentleman answered, "I am that devil whom you so continually call." The man said he did not believe it. This happened three times. The last time he demanded how he got in, all the doors being shut. He replied, "I can pass anywhere without opening doors; I want you to come with me." Upon this he strangled the man with his hand, which burnt his throat, and turned the whole body as black as a cinder. It is now lying where it fell, unburied, and people are flocking to see it; the door touched by the devil is also burnt. A Priest of the order of St. Francis went to exorcise the house, and a voice came from the body saying, "You can't exorcise because because you stole something from your Superior." "Yes," said he, "but I restored it." Another came, and the same voice said he would not do, for some sin against the sixth commandment. "Yes," said he, "but that was when I was a child." "True," said the voice, "but you must be without stain to exorcise this house." So the matter remains.

OLD ISAAC'S SUCCESS IN PASSING THE HAT.

A correspondent of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, writing from Tallahassee, Fla., gives an interesting account of the Sunday services of the colored people on a cotton plantation in that vicinity, the preacher being an individual known as old Isaac. The writer says that the sermon was the first of a series which Old Isaac proposed to preach to them in accordance with their invitation. In announcing his acceptance of the invitation, he is reported to have said:

"After der most serous debilitation, I have finally 'cluded to preach der word unto yer. I don't ax yer narry thing for my preaching, but as it cost me something to come so far, and as I has no horse nor mule to fetch me, and as I am conseguenchly obligated to hire one of a white individual what lives in that neat little whitewashed house just der other side of my mill, down by der hill der, which cost me one dollar, I have thought it best to ask you, my beloved congregation, to detribute one picayune a piece, and pay for my mule. I don't ax narry thing for my preaching, only for my mule. Mr. Steward you may pass your hat or that of any other brother."—Josh, the steward, prepared to pass the hat, and the colored "gemmen" made sundry desperate attempts to pull out their wallets, some looking excessively surprised at finding no picayune within. One row of niggers "detributed" each the amount requested. When Josh pushed the hat over towards our party, we threw in more than enough to pay for the mule, wishing to remunerate Isaac somewhat for the preaching. You can judge of our surprise, when the hat was passed to the next row, to see a great black fellow deliberately turn the contents of the hat into his lap, coolly count them over, and, having satisfied himself that there was a sufficient amount to pay for "der mule," thrust his own bit back into his pocket, and with a foolish grin towards us, passed the hat to the next. It is needlesss to say that no more picayunes were "detributed" after that *contre-coup*. The worst remains to be told. After the benediction, the luckless contributors rushed hastily forward, and withdrew their deposits, and even commanded Josh to keep in reserve all the surplus remaining after paying for "der mule."

Making God Hear.

Georgy Mason, four years old, went to a funeral with his mother. They lived in the country, where, at everybody's funeral, a sermon is delivered in which the merits of the deceased are enumerated, and the neighbors are admonished in view of the fate which has inexplicably overtaken him, to be ready for similar casualties.

Bubby Mason had never been to a funeral; he had never heard boisterous tones, accompanied with violent gestures, addressed to the Deity. To him the services seemed farcical.—His eyes glimmered, twinkled, laughed; he was running over with silent merriment. He dared not give audible expression to his feelings, and he could not entirely suppress them. After the funeral his mother asked what had so amused him. He replied:

"Why, the minister had to speak so loud to make God hear."

There are those who think they shall be heard for their loud as well as for their much speaking.

The Beneficence of Mirth.

There is nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation, for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth, after exhaustive toil, is one of Nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, as a soft bedding to receive heavy cares which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth, may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.

Sane or Insane?

It is an axiom with the physicians and superintendents of insane asylums, that the great difficulty is to know who is insane, and who is not. This is undoubtedly the case, for there are thousands of monomaniacs in the world, who would be very much astonished if they were called insane. If we analyze the characters of those we meet every day, we shall find that almost "every man has his hobby"—his pet notion—his characteristic prejudice—that bases all his thonghts and feelings more or less. When this amounts to a very strong matter, it is called insanity, but there is no exact line to be drawn between a hobby and a monomania. Everybody is a little crazy on some subject or another, almost, and the degrees of insanity are imperceptibly graded into each other.

A great thought is better than a good fortune; and the blessing of it is perpetual—the presence of it in the soul is like converse with an angel. He who has one such guest to dwell with him, will not go abroad for society.—*Thayer.*

For the Spiritual Age.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

BY H. S. JONES.

The elements all one by one
And everything below the sun,
Known as inert and animate,
To man must yield—so whispers fate.
The flocks and herds of grove and field
Must all in tame submission yield;
The bowels of the earth disgorge
Their treasures for the mint and forge,
While from her face, each as they rise,
He culls her beauties as his prize.
Old ocean must his burthens bear,
And lakes and streams sustain their share,
And fire, so haughty, fierce and brave,
Becomes at once his useful slave.
And having swept the field below,
They boldly to the Heavens go,
And storm the thunder-clouds on high,
Seize forked lightnings as they fly,
Link towns and cities with their chain,
Then boldly plunge into the main,
With lightning span the ocean wide;
O'er caverns deep from side to side
Their sky-bred captive *submarine*
Now links us to the British queen.
Wave hands and cheer full three times three!
Science must have a jubilee:
The social Yankees, wide awake,
A friendly hand with John Bull shake;
John smiles, but archly asks them why
They bring democracy so nigh.
No matter Johnny, never fear
A lightning flee-jump in the ear.
That government which rules the best,
Like telegraphs, will stand the test.
Philanthropy and commerce wed,
May plume their wings and go ahead,
Link man to man in social ties
On the ascending scale to rise;
Pour balm into the wounded heart—
Unbarb and blunt oppression's dart;
Till *Harmony* and FREEDOM bind
In one great heart all human kind.
The stocks and staples of the land
Would know how things in Europe stand,
Or politicians wish to learn
Just how the late elections turn,
Or social friends transmit a thought,
Or rogues perhaps are to be caught,
Or lovers' hearts surcharged o'erflow
To speed a dart from Cupid's bow—
Tick! tick! away the questions fly,
And quick as lightning the reply.

NOBILITY.

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

THE UNSEEN.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. TENNYSON.

WOMAN.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man!—a world without a sun.

CAMPBELL.

PROSPECTUS.

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