The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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THE PHANTOM WIFE.

"You ought to get married, Pennon. It's wronging some fair creature of the other sex for you to remain a bachelor.—With an inherited income of five thousand a year, besides what you make by your commissions, you have more than enough for yourself extravagant as you are; and it is plain that the balance ought to be invested in loves of bonnets, and dresses, and jewels, etceteras, to form the staple of some woman's happiness. You have no right to defraud her of it. Then I will say, even if it does flatter you, that I think you tolerably well calculated to have a wife."

"Thank you. But you are too late with your advice. I have been married a month."

"You? Bless my heart and soul! why didn't you tell a person of it? I thought I was in your confidence, my friend."

"There's no one in the city aware of it yet. I married my wife in the country and brought her here quietly, that we might pass the honey-moon in peace."

"One of your freaks again. Where do you keep your bride?"

"Oh, we are housekeeping. I bought and furnished a place before I went for her, and took her directly to it. I've a beautiful house, fitted to an artist's tastes and necessities. My studio is in the centre of the building, and is the full height of two stories, with a skylight, very secluded, being shut in by apartments on every side but one. Come, will you go with me now, and let me show it to you."

"I am all curiosity. Of course I shall see Mrs. Pennon Carlyle?"

"I think not this morning; I believe she is out. But that need not prevent you from going through the house with me and giving your opinion of it. I have several new pictures.—My wife's portrait is now on the easel, painted by myself since our marriage."

The two friends turned and pursued their way into one of the avenues near Broadway, and out of this into a quiet side street, a favorite quarter with people of wealth and refinement, who preferred unobtrusive elegance to the more florid display of the avenue.

"I might have known something had happened to you," said Thomas Throckmorton, the first speaker, as they walked along. "Your step is as buoyant as that of a child, and your face absolutely radiant with joy. The light of the bridal lamp is shining out of the window of your soul. I need not ask you if you are happy as you probably anticipated being—your whole air is that of exultation."

"I *am* gloriously happy, and you will not wonder at it when you see her—that is, her portrait." The speaker paused before a handsome mansion. "This is the house," said he and he rang the bell.

The door was opend by a "highly respectable" old colored servant, who smiled with all the brilliancy peculiar to his race, as he recoguized Mr. Throckmorton.

"You see I keep Hannibal; I would not part with him for his weight in gold," observed Pennon, as they entered the suite of apartments which occupied the first floor.

These, furnished with richness and even splendor, were three in number, and presented nothing peculiar in their arrangement unless it might be an excellence of taste and harmony of combination not altogether common.

"I knew you were in good circumstances, Pennon, but I did not suppose you able to begin with quite so many luxuries," said his friend, looking admiringly at the elaborate finish of the rooms and the prevailing air of magnificence.

"While I was in Italy I spent not a dollar of my income; it accumulated, with interest, for three years. My art more than supported me; and since my return I have been fortunate in disposing of my real estate for ten times what I gave for it besides my rich wife."

"It sounds oddly enough to hear you speaking of your wife. I regret very much that I am not to have the pleasure of seeing her to-day; though you have promised to introduce me to her portrait, which is something. Let us go to your studio."

They ascended the winding staircase.

"Come in here a moment," said Pennon, turning aside at the first landing. "This is our sleeping apartment; and this is Beatrice's boudoir opening out of it; the window commands as pleasant a view as can be expected in a city residence. The roses and honeysuckles in the garden are in full bloom now.—They have done all the honor to our honeymoon which was in their power."

"One would think you had never smoked Turkish tobacco, and put your heels on the table like a common mortal," laughed Throckmorton, giving an envious glance at the sumptuous yet delicate plenishings.

The draperies were of white and rose color; the mirror frames, cornices, and mountings of gold, in plain, modest designs. A smiling love, flushed and dimpled, his wings tinged with sunlight, flung down from his rosy hands a cloud of lace about the bed. In that boudoir was collected a profusion of those dainty trifles, which women love to surround themselves with. An old fashioned Italian lute lay, as if recently touched, upon the cushions which made a luxurious recess of the bay window. The visitor noticed upon a jaspachate table standing near this window, the remains of a scarcely tasted breakfast, and that, although the table was laid with a *tete-a-tete* set, but one person had sat down to it.

A faint fragrance floated in the air, as if the breath of beauty still lingered upon it. An impression seized upon him, that the presence which haunted these chambers must be the incarnation of beauty, and he glanced in the mirrors, unconsciously expecting to see there some shadow of the lovely shape which must recently have stood before them. He saw only his own homely, genial countenance; and after another half covetous survey, he heaved a sigh, at which he laughed the moment after, and was ready to follow his host to his atelier.

He did not repress an exclamation of surprise upon entering this. It was a superb room, full sixty feet long, reaching up from the story upon which it was grounded through the upper one to the roof, in which was constructed a skylight, harmonious in appearance and effect.

The ceiling was of pale blue, edged with a silver band. The walls were hung with a good collection of pictures; several niches for statues were filled with marbles which the owner had brought with him from Italy; and brackets, of exquisite designs, were disposed for the reception of the vases, urns, busts, and antique goblets which enriched them. Even here, in this secluded studio, a feminine presence was apparent in the flowers which filled the vases, as also in a bit of embroidery, and a work-basket, left upon a little white ebony table not far from the artist's easel. One end of the apartment was occupied by an organ, built in the room, and of as great a volume of tone as the space to be filled would allow.

"I did not know that you were a musician, Pennon."

"I am not a performer, although as you are aware, I am passionately fond of music, and an educated critic in it. The organ is my favorite instrument, and Beatrice plays it divinely. You should hear her sing!"

"I should like to, above all things, when you are ready to permit it," answered his guest, looking at his beaming face.—"Beatrice! that is an Italian name."

"And my wife is an Italian. That is the reason she sings so well; her soul is full of bloom and fire. Beatrice Carlyle is a curious combination of names. I suppose our natures are as unlike as our origin."

"I do not know about that. You have been pretty thoroughly steeped in the 'oil and wine' of a southern clime. Is this the consummation of some love affair begun in Italy?—Come Pennon, you ought to tell me all about it. You might realize that I, like the fair sex, am 'dying of curiosity.'"

"I was betrothed to Beatrice when I was abroad; circumstances prevented our immediate marriage; when these no longer interfered, she followed me as she had promised. She came under the protection of a mutual friend, and we were married at that friend's house, very shortly after her arrival.—If you would like to get an idea of my wife, here is her portrait; though, of course, it does her injustice. No one could paint Beatrice."

Throckmorton stepped eagerly forward, as his friend withdrew the cloth which concealed a canvas still upon the easel, and beheld a vision of unanticipated—of marvellous—loveliness. The figure was girlish and slender, rounded and little, glowing through every curve and outline with triumphant, irresistible beauty. The arms were bare to the shoulders, and the robe which covered her bosom was simply gathered in at the waist by a girdle.

The countenance was that of a girl of eighteen, the complexion fair as that of an American blonde, and looking like that of a lily transfused with sunlight. The hair rippled in lustrous waves along the smooth, low brow, marking the delicious contour of the cheek and throat. As the eyes always disclose more of the soul than any other feature, so those gave character to the delicate lineament. Pure and resplendent as the planets, they were dark, and warm with all the love that makes a woman beautiful. Throckmorton felt their sweet influences thrilling his soul.

"If she looks at you thus with those eyes, I don't wonder that you have acquired that glowing concentration of expression," he remarked after a few moments silent contemplation.

"Thus," murmured Pennon, abstractedly; "I have not caught a hundredth part of their light, and love and beauty.—But we must go now, my friend, if you will excuse me shortening your visit. I have an engagement at two o'clock, in Broadway."

"I had hoped she would come in before I left," said the visitor, as he followed his host to the lower hall.

Here, while Hannibal stood, with the door open, to bow them out with African flourishes, Mr. Carlyle thought of a letter which he was to mail which he had left upon his writing desk, and returned for it, leaving his friend in the vestibule.

"And how do you like your new mistress, Hannibal?" asked the latter, left alone with the old family servant.

He put the question as a matter of friendliness to the venerable valet whom he had known ever since his intimacy with his master; not from any motive of curiosity, and certainly not anticipating the reply he was to receive.

"Why to tell you the trute, Massa Throckmorton, dis pusson has not seen her yet," answered the negro, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, while a shadow obscured his usual brilliancy. "I'se not seen no such pusson as Mrs. Carlyle yet, tho' massa purtends she here in dis house. Berry strange!—berry strange, Massa Thornton—would'nt you say so?" and the speaker looked anxiously in the face of his master's friend.

"Do you really mean to say, that you have not seen the bride?" asked the latter, startled out of all thought of the impropriety of questioning a servant about family affairs.

"I do," answered Hannibal, in a very solemn manner.—"Massa talks about her and takes her meals up stairs himself, but nobod's eber got a look, eben at her shadder; and to tell de whole trute I feel concerned about Massa Carlyle. If I did not know you is his best friend, I would'nt say nofin' for de worl', but I suspect something wrong here,' pointing to his forenead. "He was very strange like for three or four days—did'nt speak nor eat, nor nofin'—seemed a'most like a dead man; and den, all to worst, he got berry bright and happy, and come in and go out singin' and glad, and say he married, but I wasn't going to tell anybody jus' yet. But I neber see her—neber!"

"Have you never heard her singing, or playing the organ?" asked Throckmorton, recalling the musical instrument he had seen, the work-basket, and the embroidery. "Who let her out the door this morning?"

"Neber heard her voice, talkin' nor singin', no more'n a ghost's. Neber let her out de door to go nowheres. I wish you'd keep your eye on Massa Carlyle, and see what 'clusion you come to," continued the servant in a whisper, as he heard returning footsteps.

Throckmorton felt like a man in a dream, when he got out upon the pavement with his friend, who had never seemed more hearty, and in such exuberance of spirits. He wished to question him, yet hardly knew how to approach the subject, and finally parted from him at the entrance to Dodworth's saloon, still puzzling mentally over the communication made to him by Hannibal. As he walked along alone, he recalled something very peculiar in the expression of his friend which had impressed him during every moment of their morning's intercourse vaguely, and without any attempt upon his part to define it.

It was a kind of weirdness, such as a sour imagination gives to spirits. There had been something preternatural shining behind the outer smile and brightness of his eyes; and although his step was so elate and vigorous, there was something shadowy and undefined about his manner. Nothing of that which characterises a sleep-walker—that is marked by profound abstraction from things surrounding it; this was rather that of a two-fold consciousness.

So much was the interest of the young man excited that he determined upon making his brother artist another call upon the following day, and to enter his studio unannounced as his previous familiar neglect of ceremonies gave him the privilege of doing.

When he rang the bell, the door was opened by Hannibal, who, in answer to his look of mute interrogation, shook his head solemnly. "You need not announce me; is Mr. Carlyle in his studio?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he went lightly up stairs, but, upon reaching the door of the atelier, he paused. A voice, sweeter than he had ever heard, even in his dreams, was pouring forth a golden flood of melody, filling the air with its ethereal waves, rising higher and higher, swelling fuller and more full, until the listener caught his breath like a drowning person, overcome by the tide. He remained motionless until the singing ceased. Then he heard Pennon speaking a few words in a gentle tone, and, in reply, a laugh, soft, low and delicious. It was a laugh such as a woman sometimes repays a man's flatteries with—there was nothing ghostly in it.

"Hannibal is a fool," muttered Throckmorton, knocking at the door—he did not wish to intrude upon a lady without warning, notwithstanding his first purpose of taking his friend by surprise.

"Come in," was the almost instantaneous response. He entered.

"I beg your pardon; I thought it was Hannibal, coming for orders," exclaimed Pennon, advancing and holding out his hand.

Before he took it, or before he even said a word, the visitor glanced eagerly around the large apartment. There was no one but the artist visible—not another living creature in the room—and the room had but one apparent means of exit, which was the door at which he himself had entered.

"Where is Mrs. Carlyle, my boy? I heard her singing for some time before I ventured to knock. I expected to see her," he began, in surprise.

"She was here but a moment ago," responded the husband, in the most natural manner in the world. "She has but just this moment left me. Did you not see her in the hall? she must have passed you."

"I saw no one."

Pennon hastened to the entrance.

"I hear the rustle of her garments now; she is going down the stairway. Beatrice!" he called in a tender voice, waiting an instant as if for a reply. "She has gone to her boudoir for a book of which we were speaking," he said, as he returned within; "she will be back presently. It is strange you did not observe her. See! I have added a few more touches to her picture, and I think it a little more like her."

Throckmorton turned to the portrait. It seemed to him even more beautiful than upon the preceding day.

"If there are any more women in Italy as lovely as this one you have won away, I will go all the way there for a look at one."

"I do not believe there is another in the world quite as fair as my Beatrice. But her soul—her soul my friend—that is more lovely than the body."

"Her voice at least, is beyond praise; for I have heard it. I congratulate you, Pennon. I do not wonder at your exultation; your bachelor friends must forgive you any amount of self-content thrown in their faces. But I must say, you are behaving very selfishly. I believe you are afraid we shall be rendered discontented and repining; so you keep her out of sight, for the sake of our peace of mind."

"I intend to have a ceremonious reception soon, and introduce her to my friends with all the becoming surroundings. In the meantime, I must and will enjoy my honeymoon without any intrusion of the world. You know we were always indifferent to general society, you and I, Tom; and what's the use of bidding it to that sacredest of life's festivals, the marriage feast? You needn't feel hurt, now, and look around for your hat. If I had not wished you to become acquainted with my Beatrice, I should not have told you anything about her. I will go and find her, and bring her to you here."

He left the study. During his absence, Throckmorton's eyes fell upon the ebony stand which had attracted his attention yesterday. He detected the addition of a dainty, rose colored glove, and a fan, with a handle of silver and pearls; but the embroidery did not seem to have made any progress.

In a few minutes his host returned—alone.

"It is very singular," said he; I have been all over the house and cannot find her. She never goes out without letting me know."

For the first time, his guest observed a dreamy, wandering look. He said but little, took up his pallet, and began touching the portrait here and there. After waiting a time, his visitor retired more perplexed than when he came.

He did not meet Pennon Carlyle again for several days.—When he did encounter him, he was exceedingly cordial, pressing him to call on Mrs. Carlyle very soon.

"She regretted her absence on the two previous occasions very much, as she had heard so much of her husband's beloved friend. Be sure and come around to-morrow, Tom. We shall both be at home. If you will come at six o'clock I will tell Hannibal to have a plate laid for you."

"I am curious to see your table with a lady presiding. I shall be sure to accept your hospitality. Does your wife love flowers?"—they were passing a florist's upon Fifth Avenue as he asked the question.

"Next to her husband," was the smiling reply.

They went in, and Throckmorton, selecting a costly boquet of such flowers as he thought most appropriate, sent them with his regards to the invisible bride.

He appeared punctually to dinner at the hour appointed on the next day, and, not entirely to his surprise, saw nothing of the lady of the mansion.

A couple of days passed, during which a rumor gained ground that Pennon Carlyle was becoming insane. And, indeed, his strange conduct gave only too much reason to fear that such was the case.

"He has thought, studied and dreamed too much," mused Throckmorton. "His brain is over-excited, and if he does not immediately receive the wisest medical attendance, he will become hopelessly ruined in intellect."

Yet his aberrations were confined to the single object of that phantom wife, whose portrait stood ever upon his easel, about whom he talked to some of his confidential friends, whose meals he took regularly to her chamber—for whom a plate was always placed at the dinner table—but who never came, who was never seen or heard.

Ay! but she had been heard, and that was what puzzled Throckmorton beyond all else. He had heard a voice—a divine voice—singing and laughing! yet when he had stepped into the studio, expecting to behold the lovely owner—behold it was empty.

He remembered, too, that he had heard a rustle of garments and that the air had stirred with a passing form, when he had opened that studio door. Pennon had said that she had passed him. Had an invisible spirit gone out before him, which his material eyes were too gross to behold? A chill crept over him, albeit he was brave, and not in the least superstitious, when he puzzled himself about this matter. Was his own imagination so excited that he fancied the sound of singing when there had been none?

At the end of two weeks he was in Pennon's rooms again, and found him in the highest state of joy and triumph possible to conceive; he looked like a person transfigured with happiness.

"Tom, my friend," he said, "you have been many times disappointed in my promises to introduce you to my wife. You shall be kept in suspense no longer. My cards are being sent out this morning for the reception of which I spoke, and which is to take place on Thursday evening. I have invited all my friends, and intend it to be a brilliant affair. It can not be too magnificent to do honor to my great happiness. *Be sure* and come early. I swear to you, you shall see Beatrice."

"Poor, poor fellow!" sighed Throckmorton, as he left the elegant abode. "To have his splendid prospects destroyed in this manner is too cruel! and he is unaware of his own danger—so, of course, will not summon the medical experience which might save him. I will go at once to some competent physician and take the responsibility of procuring advice."

He had, during his last call, ascertained the name of the friend who Pennon stated had brought his bride across the ocean, and at whose house he was married. Before he took any other step, he concluded it best to consult this friend, and find out as much as possible of the causes which led to his singular delusion. Mr. Mazzini was an Italian gentleman, whom he had occasionally met in Pennon's society, and who had recently returned from a visit to his native land, and was now residing in a villa upon the Hudson, some seventy miles from New York.

Prompted by the ardor of his friendship for Pennon, he went straight to the dock from whence the afternoon boat started, and arriving some time during the evening at Mr. Mazzini's villa, he spent the night there, and had a long conversation with him. He learned that Mr. Carlyle, while in Rome, had been betrothed to a beautiful girl, Beatrice Cellini by name, of English and Italian parentage, (her mother having been an English beauty, who married Cellini during a visit to Rome,) of noble descent and fine education; a maiden in every respect worthy of the love she inspired in the earnest soul of the young American artist. Her father had no objection to the match, except that it would deprive him of the society of his daughter; and as her beloved mother was now dead, he could not make up his mind to part with her. He allowed them, however, to enter upon a conditional engagement. Beatrice revealed to her lover, before he returned to America, that she suspected her father would soon form another marriage, and, if he did that, she would no longer hesitate to follow him if she could find a suitable escort; if not, he must come for her upon sending him word. Mazzini was then in Italy, with the intention of remaining until the following summer, and to him, as a personal friend, and also a distant relative of Beatrice, the artist confided the charge of his bride, should she be ready to accompany him.—It seemed that, immediately upon the return of Pennon, he set himself to preparing a beautiful home for his future wife, though he told no one of his expectations, wishing to surprise and delight his friends by a sudden revelation of the great treasure he had secured. In due course of time there arrived the letters so eagerly anticipated—one from Beatrice, a love-letter, the other from her escort, naming the day of their expected departure from Naples, the name of the vessel, and all the material particulars. Pennon then told his faithful servant, Hannibal, of the honor about to befall the new mansion, and the preparations he wished made for the reception of its mistress, into all of which the old fellow entered with childish delight.

"The vessel in which we took passage," said the relator to Throckmorton, "encountered adverse storms and was finally wrecked upon the southern coast of Florida. We were obliged to take to the boats and attempt to reach the shore, amid boiling breakers surging against dangerous reefs. The ladies were placed in one boat, into which I was not permitted to enter; I took an affectionate farewell of Beatrice, feeling it doubtful if we should live to meet again. I saw," said he, "I saw—," and the tears choked up his throat hysterically, "Pennon Carlyle's life hope go down beneath the waters. I saw the hungry waves snatch away the glorious beauty of my young cousin.—The sea shut over the golden glimmer of her floating hair. Believe me when I saw her go down, so young, so lovely, I scarcely cared for my own safety. But, as is often the case, the fairest fruit was shaken down, the withered apple clung to the tree. I reached the shore, in the course of another wee my home; where I waited to confirm the terrible news to him who had already seen the telegraphic report of the loss of the vessel, but who had hoped Beatrice was saved with me. I think his reason must have given way immediately under the shock, although I did not suspect it at the time. He shut himself up away from every living creature for twenty-four hours; when he came from his chamber he appeared unnaturally, I had almost said horribly calm. He asked for some relic of his bride; I had nothing to give him. He went home that night refusing the offer I made him of my company. Three days afterwards I received a trunk, which had drifted ashore adbeen forwarded to me. It was Beatrice's and contained her jewels, and many little feminine treasures of the toilette, his miniature, letters, etc. I sent it immediately to Mr. Carlyle. It was probably from the reception of this that his madness took he shape of the imagining that hib npie had arrived. The

fan, work-basket, lute and other trifles which you saw, were undoubtedly, a part of the contents of the trunk, which he had distributed around him to help his fancy in its singular deception."

"But the singing," said Throckmorton, "what can account for that?"

"Heaven knows—since it can hardly be expected that you, too, are mad."

His visitor smiled sadly.

"Alas for Pennon!" he sighed; it is a melancholy termination of his career, and he had such a genius! I tell you," he continued with fervor, "I love that man like a brother; I cannot give him up; my friendship shall leave no resource untried for his salvation. Will you not return with me, Mr. Mazzini, and see what can be done? In the first place, I would like to put a stop to the reception which is to take place this evening, and which will make his hallucination so notorious that, if he is ever restored, it will be exceedingly mortifying to him. I know of no other way than just to get him off somewhere, and have Hannibal close the house to company with the excuse of sudden illness. This course, however, will not prevent rumors from increasing, as it is already suspected what the true state of the case is."

The two gentlemen started for the city, expecting to reach it at four o'clock; but as usual upon emergencies, the steamer broke her paddle wheel, and it was after nine P. M. when they landed. Troubled and distressed they made no alteration in their toilettes, but taking a carriage drove directly to Mr. Carlyle's residence, which they found blazing with light, the voices of music and mirth within, carriages still arriving, although the rooms seemed already crowded. Hannibal opened the door for them, in all the glory of white kids and a new suit. His sable countenance reflected all the splendor of the occasion; despite the dignity of his position he chuckled with satisfaction when he beheld who were the new arrivals.

"How are you getting on?" asked Throckmorton, anxiously.

"Oh, massa, you jis go in!—jis go in and see!" was all the answer they could elicit.

They pressed forward into the throng. Drawn by curiosity, which had vaguely rumored strange things of this reception, everybody who had been asked was there; and the apartments were crowded with rustling silks, sweet with perfumes, sparkling with jewels. Standing under the arch which separated the first two rooms of the suite, they saw Pennon, erect, graceful and joyous, appearing better than ever in his life before, as he replied to the greetings constantly poured in upon him.—And there by his side stood the phantom wife, a slight, fair creature; the living reality of her portrait, only as much more beautiful as the cunning flesh and blood workmanship of Nature must surpass all art.

"It is Beatrice herself!" stammered Mazzini, turning pale. At that moment her eye rested upon him. With a cry of joy, forgetful of cold decorum, she sprang and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, my dear friend, my dear cousin, I am alive—I am saved! and so glad to greet you," she murmured.

"I cannot comprehend it," muttered Mazzini. "I saw you drowned."

"No, no—not drowned, I was washed ashore insensible.—The wreckers picked me up and restored me to life; but they kept me concealed on account of the rich jewelry which I wore on my person, and of which they robbed me; I told them to take it freely, joyfully, if they would let me go to you; but they were afraid you would compel them to restore it, and they would not release me until after you started for home."

"Come into this recess a moment, my friends; the company must excuse us for a brief interval, until it is all explained," said Pennon; and the four withdrew into a quiet corner.

"I had great difficulty in getting the means of coming on," continued Beatrice, with smiles and tears upon her heavenly face. "I wrote to my cousin here, but my letter did not reach him, and after waiting four weeks for an answer, I begged of a friendly family the money to pursue my journey, and arrived safely in this city only four days ago. I found Pennon's name in the Directory, sought him out, surprised him, convinced him of my identity, and married him (blushing) the same day.

"But this in no manner accounts or your presence here several weeks ago," said Throckmorton, stupidly,

"I must have been mad," whispered Pennon, "I realize it now. But, if so, the shock of her real coming restored the reason, which the anguish of her loss overthrew. I am sure enough now," looking at his wife with the eyes of calm, immeasurable fondness. "I am sure enough of this, Beatrice," clasping the hand which sought his.

"But the singing," queried Throckmorton.

"I cannot explain it with distinctness," replied Pennon. I remember, however, that my phantom wife sang for me, talked with me; laughed and played like any human creature; I believe now, since I think it over, that I did this singing myself, and responded to my own conversation. It is not strange that the songs which Beatrice used to sing should so have entered into my memory and soul, that in the singular condition I was in, I should be able to reproduce them, perhaps, even to counterfeit her voice."

"Then all I have to say," remarked Throckmorton, dryly, "is that you are the most skilful counterfeiter of whom we have any account. If you could forge such notes as those, you are scarcely to be called to an account for it. They would have been endorsed as genuine at the bank of heaven itself."

"In the language of you Americans, it's all right now," laughed Mazzini, "so let us all be merry as marriage bells."

"We shall have a good appetite for the wedding feast," observed the material Throckmorton, "for we were detained on the river, and have had nothing to eat since breakfast. I can imagine myself now drinking, in a glass of good old Madeira, Pennon, the health of the phantom wife."

Curious Resurrection Case.

A curious case occurred last week at Rome, in Franklin county, Ohio. Mrs. Peters, wife of a German of that name, after a short illness, was supposed to have died. Her husband made immediate arrangements for her funeral, having procured a coffin in this city. On placing her body in the coffin, a general perspiration was observed throughout the skin, which was reported to the husband with the suggestion that the burial be deferred, in the hope of reanimation. To this the husband objected, and had her interred the same day, (Saturday.) After the burial services were over, some relatives of the supposed deceased, who reside in this city, arrived at Rome to attend the funeral, which had already taken place, and hearing of the circumstances, caused the body, which then had been four hours in the grave to be disinterred, when, to their surprise and joy, they found signs of life still remaining. Restoratives being administered, Mrs. Peters gradually recovered, was taken by her friends in this city, and is now well. We are informed that she refuses to again live with her husband. The circumstances connected with the affair are strange, indeed, and should undergo investigation.—*Columbus (O.) Fact.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

A PARTING WORD.

When next the columns of the AGE meet the reader's eye, the name of the undersigned will have given place to that of another as Junior Editor. The proprietorship of the paper will also have passed into other hands. Something more than three years since, our position as Associate was assumed, and shortly after, the pecuniary responsibility of its publication fell to us. We made no formal speech, no set promises in entering upon our office; consequently we have no pledges to redeem nor promises to fulfil. We could wish to retire with as little formality or ceremony, without excuses for any short-comings, or palliations for any errors; leaving the "well" or "ill done," with our ever lenient, ever charitable patrons.

Yet we cannot forbear a few brief and earnest words at parting. First, to those friends who have aided us in our arduous task, either by deed, by word, or by kindly sympathy, we beg to return our most grateful acknowledgments. Did they know how like refreshing dew are their expressions of encouragement to those who are working the hard soil of the vineyard, they would not be chary of words or acts. It is the copious showers from generous, sympathizing souls that fertilize and fructify those plants on which God's own sun had otherwise shined in vain. We hope, therefore, that those who have been generous heretofore will not withhold their favors from our successors. And if there be any who have hitherto forgotten their tithing, we hope they will "come up to the help of the Lord," remembering that their least efforts weigh something in the scale, and that many "littles" make a "much."

But with these words we can hardly bid adieu to the fraternity of Spiritualists and Reformers; for we trust, as ever, to be actively identified with their ranks. Though the exhaustion of our pecuniary means, and, in a degree, of physical health, obliges us to relinquish our present position, yet we mean still to devote what energies we have in the lecture field and otherwise, to the great ends to which this paper is devoted.

We take our leave, then, with a hearty God-speed! to every worker for our common Humanity, among whom we number not least the worthy gentlemen who will fill, we doubt not with honor to themselves and to the advantage of their patrons, the position in which we have humbly but heartily labored.

L. B. M.

No Issue of the Age next week.

We are requested by the new Publishers of the AGE to say that there will be no issue of the paper *next* week. They intend various improvements, such as have been suggested by many friends since our paragraph inviting expressions of opinion on the subject, which will require a few days extra for the preparation of the coming number.

Look out for the AGE on the 1st of September, *enlarged* in size, with a *new heading*, and changed to the *quarto form.*—Now is an excellent time to renew and add subscriptions, and give our new Publishers encouragement in the outset for their liberality and enterprise.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All persons who are indebted to the AGE are respectfully requested to make immediate payment. We are desirous of squaring all accounts before the transfer of the books to new hands.

OUR MOST GRACIOUS CENSORS.

That immaculate conservator of the public morals, the New York *Herald*, in complimenting the Plymouth Convention for its "order and decency," very complacently assumes to itself a large share of the credit, as follows:

"The vulgar materialistic and free love doctrines which disgraced the conventions at Rutland and Utica had no place in the convention at Plymouth. This is an improvemant for which the press of the country is entitled to a large share of credit. The proceedings of the Plymouth convention might have been witnessed, and the report of it may be read, by the purest and most innocent, without any danger of having impure ideas suggested. This is what could not have been said of preceding Spiritualist conventions."

The coolness of this is vastly refreshing, now that the thermometer ranges at 90° in the shade. First, it should be observed that the Rutland and Utica meetings were not, in any proper sense, and did not profess to be, Spiritualist conventions. They embraced every shade and grade of so-called "Reformers," for many of whose enunciations Spiritualism has not the remotest responsibility. Secondly, the vulgarity and grossness which were charged upon those conventions were almost wholly the invention or distortion of conscienceless reporters and editors, who abused their vocation to misrepresent and libel well-meaning men and women in the most inexcusable manner. Thirdly, "the purest and most innocent" portion of the community are not the ones who are in danger of having impure ideas suggested by the serious discussion of any topic related to human welfare. It is only the opposite class who are affected in this way, as every pure mind knows.

The *Herald* also shrewdly surmises that there is "a split among the Spiritualists," because Mr. Davis, Dr. Hare and Judge Edmonds were not acknowledged as authoritative teachers! It should have known that there never yet was any such concentration among them, that there could be a "split." The distinguished persons mentioned were never acknowledged as authoritative leaders by Spiritualists, and probably never wished to be. The declaration adopted merely affirms what has always existed; and affirms it for the special benefit of those opponents of Spiritualism who are continually misrepresenting our position.

The same journal moreover informs the world that, among other "lights of Spiritualism," *Dr. Hare* was *absent from the convention*, and no excuse was made therefor! It has not been the habit of Spiritualist conventions to require excuses for the non-attendance, in the body, of disembodied spirits!

We are willing to be instructed by even the New York *Herald*; but obviously it has poorly qualified itself to take Spiritualists under its tuition.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

It is a startling idea, which the revelations of Spiritualism go to confirm, that the history of our life-experience is written legibly and ineffacedly upon our souls, from day to day and from year to year; and may be read by any person whose perceptions are keen enough to trace the electric lines, whether such person is in or out of the physical body. These infallible records constitute that "Book of Life," from which religionists expect one day to be judged; and this expectation is not altogether a vain one. The error is in supposing it to be a book kept somewhere outside of themselves, by a recording angel, who notes down every act, word and thought. The reality is even more impressive than this; the record is *within* ourselves; it admits of neither mistake nor evasion; and its character imparts quality to the emanations we are constantly giving off to all who come in contact with us. Thus, when we arrive at a sufficient acuteness of perception, we shall "see as we are seen, and know as we are known."

Among several persons whom we have met, who possess this power of perception in a remarkable degree, is Mr. E. V. WILSON, of the Fountain House, Boston. He appears able not only to perceive in general the course of one's life, but (perhaps with the aid of disembodied intelligences) to point out particular events in the past, fixing their dates, and other minor details, with singular accuracy—as we have tested in our own case. Mr. W. usually employs this power in public audiences where he lectures, often resulting in surprising and interesting revelations in regard to total strangers.

The *Practical Christian* says of his late lectures in Milford, Mass.:

"Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Boston, recently visited this town and delivered four very interesting Spiritualistic discourses, two at Hopedale, and two at the Town Hall. Mr. Wilson's discourses are richly illustrated by graphic narrations of his own experiences as a spiritual impressee, seer, and discerner. He is full of remarkable phenomenal facts, which he presents with admirable clearness, pertinency and unction. As a supplement to each discourse, he commonly reads the life and character of one or more persons selected by the audience.—He places his hands in contact with those of his subject. In these examinations he is acknowledged to be eminently successful. His mistakes are comparatively few. Altogether Mr. Wilson is one of the most attractive and interesting Spiritualistic lecturers in the field. We understand he contemplates devoting himself hereafter largely to the exercise of his gifts as a public teacher and reader of character. His specialty will undoubtedly render him successful wherever he may be invited to labor."

We understand Mr. Wilson is about to make a tour through the State of Maine, which will afford our readers in that section an opportunity to test these powers.

ACCURACY OF REPORTERS.

We are happy to record some improvement in the treatment of Reform Conventions at the hands of reporters for the press. The reports of the Plymouth Convention given in the New York *Times*, and *Herald*, and the New Bedford *Mercury*, were, so far as we have seen, much nearer the truth than has been usual heretofore. We can hardly say as much however, for the Boston *Post*. That paper treated its readers to a wretched caricature, of which we will give a sample. The following is presented as the "creed of Spiritualists," adopted by the convention, and has been widely copied by the press as such:

"1. We recognize as Spiritualists all who profess to believe in spiritual demonstrations. We call ourselves Spiritualists, and consider ourselves distinct from those who do not recognize a certain quality of truth, and who may be properly called Spiritists.

"2. What is Spiritualism? We define the term as the true up-building of man's highest spiritual welfare and destiny.

"3. We believe that Spiritualism should not be confounded with the harmonial philosophy of Andrew Jackson Davis, the deisms of Dr. Hare, nor the individual theories of any other writer, whether prominent among Spiritualists or not; nor even with the teachings of disembodied spirits themselves.

"The relations of Spiritualism to specific reform. Since man's spiritual welfare is liable to be retarded by coming in contact with sensual things—we cannot therefore, as earnest and consistent Spiritualists, fail to take an interest in all such objects as the following: 1—Physiological reform, dietetics and tobacco, to the end that our bodies may be made the more fit and useful instruments for the spirits; 2—Educational reform, that the body, mind and spirit may be made individually healthful; 3—Penitentiary reform; 4—The emancipation of woman in order that she may fulfil her mission by becoming the mother of capable offspring; 5—The abolition of slavery; 6—The establishment of universal peace; 7—Theological and ecclesiastical reform, because we believe in universal and human progress; 8—Social reform and the reorganization of the principles of brotherhood; lastly, in every other thing general or specific which commends itself to our judgement as tending to elevate mankind."

Compare this jumble of crudities with the "Declaration of Sentiments" as printed in our last, and judge of the reliability of newspaper reports. The *Post's* correspondent deserves to be presented with a pair of leather spectacles, in token of his wonderful accuracy and perspicacity.

The Release from Jail.

The facts in relation to the alleged release of Mr. L. P. Rand from Oswego jail, by spirits, have at length been spread before the public. It appears that the jailer, while he took the precaution to put a new and safe lock upon the door of the room in which Mr. Rand and the Davenports were confined, did not, when he locked the door on the night in question, take pains to see that Mr. Rand was within. Hence, as he was found outside, the jailer's theory is that he had left the room previously to the locking up. Thus the reality of the the release by spirit-power depends solely on the testimony of the accused parties. This, however true, cannot be expected to satisfy skeptics.

Singular Death Incident.

The Waverly (Iowa) Republican relates the following strange incident attending the death of George L. Nightingale of Dubuque:

"About twelve o'clock of Friday night, while the family and friends of the deceased were momentarily expecting the vital spark to take its flight, and while it was excessively dark and stormy out doors, a startling, clear, loud and varied bird-song issued from the thick foliage of a green tree just outside the window. For an hour or more a volume of bird-song of unequalled brilliancy continued to issue from the tree, in strange contrast with the darkness of the night, the heavy moaning and surging of the wind-storm without, and the sad thoughts of the anxious watchers within. The sick man revived and the song ceased. Although the circumstance was singularly strange and impressive, it would have elicited but little notice had not the same thing occurred on the following night, beginning, as before, just as fearful apprehensions were felt by the friends that the messenger of death was near the bed-side of the languishing companion. More clear, and varied, and voluble, and harmonious, in sweet accents came the warbler's song from the tree; and for three hours, and until the spirit had fled, amid the storm and surrounding darkness of midnight, and continued to beguile the weary, anxious watchers and the fast sinking man with music as sweet as though angel voices hymned it! The spirit of George L. Nightingale no longer animated his mortal body, and the bird-song no longer issued from the tree.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—See advertisement of the fall term of this Institution, in another column. Probably no better school exists in New England than this, for the education of the children of Spiritualists and Reformers.

THE PLYMOUTH CONVENTION.

Our report last week gave the important items of business transacted by the Convention. Perhaps a brief abstract of the general proceedings will be of interest to our readers.

The first day was mainly occupied in discussing the first section of the Declaration. The debate was participated in by Dr. Child, Messrs. Robbins, Cluer, Lincoln, and Edson, of Boston, Goddard, of Chelsea, Wilder, of Hingham, Durfee, of Pennsylvania, Loveland of Medford, H. C. Wright, and others. One or two of the speakers, possessing specially acute olfactories, thought they snuffed at least a *tendency* to Phariseeism and creedism in the Declaration; but after a trifling amendment, it appeared to be not only satisfactory to all, but was judged eminently "fit to be made" at the present juncture.

In the evening, by request of the committee of arrangements, a lecture on the rudimental principles and facts of Spiritualism was given by A. E. NEWTON. This was followed by two excellent recitations by Miss SUSIE CLUER.

SATURDAY MORNING. The first section of the Declaration of Sentiments was unanimously adopted; and the second taken up for consideration.

J. S. LOVELAND made an able address, affirming the reality of moral distinctions, and deprecating the tendency of some philosophers to ignore the difference between right and wrong, good and evil.

H. C. WRIGHT argued the point that disembodied spirits are no more to be relied upon as authoritative teachers than are those in the body; and held that love of truth is a characteristic of the soul or spiritual nature of man.

Dr. CHILD deprecated any attempt on the part of the Convention to form a creed, or to set up a standard of truth.—What was error to one was truth to another, and evil is as necessary as good in the universe.

Messrs. WILSON, MORTON and THAYER opposed the last sentiment, and advocated the Declaration.

AN EPISODE.

During the debate, an intelligent-looking colored woman, accompanied by a little child, entered the Hall. She was introduced to the audience by Mr. Cluer, as an emancipated slave, who was seeking to raise money to buy from slavery her husband and the father of her child. Collectors were immediately appointed to go through the Hall and receive donations for her. In a few minutes the liberal sum of nearly forty dollars was collected and put into the hands of the sable sister, who received it with a beaming countenance and an overflowing heart. This was a spirit-manifestation of a very tangible and practical character.

AFTERNOON.—The discussion of the second section of the Declaration was continued, Messrs. Tompkins, Goddard, Chase, Robbins, Wright, Wilder, Whitmore, ("Daniel Vaughn Whitmore, all over the world") Thayer, Newton and Morton participated.

In regard to the formation of a creed for Spiritualists, and the setting up of a standard of truth for others, it was shown that this Declaration attempted nothing of the kind, in any way objectionable. All have their creeds or beliefs, and are fond of declaring them. The object of this statement is to make a united declaration in so far as we agree, that the community may know where we stand. We do not seek to enforce this upon others, nor bind ourselves to adhere to it any longer than we see it to be true. Each one is left at perfect liberty to form his and her own opinions, acknowledging no authority but perceived truth.

EVENING.—Mr. E. V. WILSON entertained the audience for nearly an hour with the relation of facts from his own experience. Miss CLUER then recited, with good effect, Butler's "Nothing to Wear," after which a trance address was given through Dr. ATKINS. The address had relation to Organization; affirming that this is a law of nature, and that to be of use, organizations must harmonize with the laws of mind, and be based upon truth.

SUNDAY MORNING.—The third section of the Declaration of Sentiments was taken up. Addresses were made by Mr. Durfee, of Penn., Mr. Loveland, Mr. Hammond, of Phila., Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Newton; after which the entire Declaration was unanimously adopted.

AFTERNOON.—Col. S. D. HAY of Texas, in an able speech, urged the desirableness of going forward from the mere observation of facts to the advocacy of an enlightened theology and the principles of Brotherhood. He stated the destitution of some portions of the country, particularly the Southwestern States, of knowledge relating to this great movement, and advocated a national organization for the purpose of spreading the truth.

Mr. ROBBINS of Boston, and Mr. ROBINSON of Fall River, spoke to the same end, after which the resolution in behalf of a National Convention was passed.

ANOTHER EPISODE—A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

It was here announced that a marriage would be solemnized before the audience. The parties, Dr. N. C. Lewis and Mrs. Eunice A. Babbitt, of Boston, came forward upon the platform. The lady was dressed in loose flowing robes of white, deeply trimmed with blue, and wore blue satin shoes. Two little girls, her daughters by a former marriage, were dressed in exactly the same style, and followed her to the platform. The bridegroom placed himself beside her. Both had been married before, and are each about thirty-five years of age.

Mr. Loveland, who was formerly a Methodist minister, addressing the congregation, said:

Although Spiritualists in general do not accept, but are opposed to, the regulations that exist legally in regard to the subjugation of woman in the marriage relation, still they do generally, if not universally, admit the propriety of making a public acknowledgment of their relations.

Then, turning to the interested parties, he said:

My brother and sister, I ask you to make no promise, I impose upon you no obligation. All the obligations you have, you have yourselves assumed in your own spirits. I know your hearts. You have already in your spirits consummated the union as far as it possibly could be. I stand not here to marry you. This congregation are not witnesses, and are not called upon to be witnesses, of your marriage. But I stand here to affirm legally the fact, and to ask this congregation to join with me in pronouncing a benediction and blessing on the union into which you have entered, which you here acknowledge, and which you formally before the world complete. In token, then of this union, which you have cemented in your souls, and which you now confess before the world, please join your right hands.

The happy couple complied with the request. Then Mr. Loveland placed a hand on each of their heads and blessed them in this form:

And now, on behalf of this audience, and on behalf of the attending spirits that are around us and with us, I bless this union; I bless you in their behalf, as you start together the journey of life.

This was the whole ceremony. The bridegroom made a formal bow to the audience. The bride, who had been quietly fanning herself throughout the performance, dropped a courtesy. The parties stepped off the platform, and the audience applauded. All seemed pleased with the simplicity of the ceremony, though some expressed anxiety lest it should not *hold*.

H. C. WRIGHT followed with some remarks on marriage, urging that the real marriage does not consist in the public ceremony, which is proper enough as a public acknowledgment, nor in the promise to love one another before witnesses, but in true affection of the heart. Hence, as it is impossible to love that which is not lovely, it behooves every couple to seek to make themselves loveable to each other, by cultivating all that is pure and lovely and noble in character. He concluded by presenting the newly married couple with a copy of his work on "Marriage and Parentage."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in brief narrations of experiences, after the style of a Methodist "Love Feast," in which a large number took part. We have room to note but a single item. The colored woman before alluded to, through Mr. Cluer, stated the following fact of

SLAVES LIBERATED THROUGH SPIRIT INTERVENTION.

She, with twenty-four other slaves, had been formerly the property of a very pious lady in a Southern city. This lady was one day in her closet praying very earnestly to be guided in the path of duty. While thus engaged, she was startled by a voice, apparently from some one behind her, saying, "Free your slaves!" She looked around, but no one was visible.—She continued to pray, and again the same voice said, "Free your slaves!" She found the voice was from no one outside, but seemingly within herself, and concluded it must be the voice of God. It continued to follow her, until she became so distrested on the subject that she applied to her spiritual adviser, a distinguished Bishop, for counsel. After hearing the facts, he advised her to *sell* her slaves. Then the voice declared, "They will die, if you do!" In short, she could have no peace until she had executed legal papers of manumission for the whole twenty-five, who are now rejoicing in the ownership of themselves!

EVENING.—The first address of the evening was made by J. S. LOVELAND, of which we give the following synopsis:

MR. LOVELAND'S ADDRESS.

The theme was progression. After referring eloquently to the physical and governmental changes which had taken place since the Pilgrims' feet first pressed the solitary rock of Plymouth harbor, and the still greater changes since the rock was first torn from its bed in the primeval crystallization, the speaker proceeded to define progress as a change from lower to higher, or from less to more perfect conditions. In physical substance, it is the combination of primary substances into a secondary unity, which unity is an "*e pluribus unum*" of primitive, indivisible unities, and also of *new* functions or qualities, which previous to the union were non-existent. This development or creation of new functional capacities is progress—it is the law of the universe—it is the philosophy of God. The greatest of mysteries is this combination of two or more primitive elements in a composite unity, possessing functions entirely new and varied.

But progress in the past, whether in the earth's rocky tablet, or in the intellectual, spiritual, social and civil condition of man, appears uneven and fragmentary. Nations have arrived at great excellence in some department, and then seemingly retrogressed. Greece excelled in sculpture and eloquence; Rome in patriotism; other nations in philosophy, spirituality, æsthetics, etc. It remains for this nation, the latest-born, to witness the focalization of all these fragmentary excellences in one composite national life, the culmination of all human greatness.

All human beings are indissolubly wedded to each other, and to the earth from which they have their birth. All must therefore obey one law of progress, and that has its type in the seethings of primitive chaos, the war of chemical change, the mighty upheavals of geologic catastrophe, as well as in the milder modes of change.

This nation is the child of all that have preceded it. Every despotism and rebellion, war and peace, has contributed to make us what we are. So of individuals; all the sin and misery and wrong which enters into their experience is indispensable to the result. This is not saying that there is no distinction between good or evil, between truth and falsehood; yet it is saying that the one is just as inevitable, and therefore just as necessary as the other.

Creation began at the lowest plane of the scale of possibility, in order that it may go up forever through an endless series of progressive unfoldings. Man, in his own conception, has been "half saint and sinner half; commixture strange of heaven and earth and hell." But if the beauty and glory of earth is the product of the dire confusion of past eras—if the lofty position of our favored nation is the concentration of all past national lifes—so also from the warring discords of contending passion will be born the angel-man. All progress is with struggle—all highest pleasure is born of agony—all divinest joys are the crystallized pangs of crucifixion. The speaker, after counting over the sorrows and tears of his own past life, had none to regret; nor did he regret those of humanity. No, no; not for a universe of material good would he have the cup of sorrow less bitter, or the thrill of agony less intense, but would rather pray that they might be more extreme, that the grand result might be more intensified.

The highest joys grow out from sympathy and pity towards others, but how could there be sympathy if there were no anguish? How could there be mercy and pity, if there were no sin? How could we ascend, if we had not first been low down in the scale of excellence?

This thought was elaborated at some length, the speaker concluding in the following strong language:

Heaven is built on Hell. The priceless pearls of its wondrous gates and starry crowns are crystallized in the fearful depths of Hell's rayless gloom; and the transparent gold which paves the joyous streets of the one was melted and fused in the dark furnaces of the other. Yea, the very fragrances which permeate the extasy-inspiring breezes of Paradise, are distilled from the noisome stench which rises like a fog of doom over the lake of fire. Everywhere, Progression is God's unchanging method. The wrath of man praises Him, as truly as his holiness, for both are alike inevitable; and both necessary in order that progression should be possible.

Miss SUSIE CLUER then recited, with great effect, Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

Miss LIZZIE DOTEN followed with trance address to the following effect:

MISS DOTEN'S ADDRESS.

"They that turn the world upside down," the pioneers of truth, "have come hither also." Overturnings of the existing order of things are often needed. Many have supposed that the world came so perfect from the hands of God, as to need no improvement. It was not so.—According to the record, the first thing that Adam was to do was to turn up the soil and cultivate the garden. So effort and overturning have always been necessary. This is acknowledged by all in the outer world, but denied in the realm of truth.

Yet all truth, in its external manifestations, is progressive. Hence all institutions, which are but embodiments of ideas, however loved or cherished, must go down, in order to give place to better.

The pioneers of truth in all ages, come not from the high, the upper ranks of society, but from the lowly—from the ark of bulrushes and from the cradle in the manger. Their destiny is to turn and overturn. A power behind them, which they neither understand nor can control, presses them onward through toil and blood and fire.

These pioneers are educated and prepared for their work by secret and silent spiritual influences, usually through severe internal experiences, bitter sorrows, and often through the crucifixion of the external affections. They need not the education of the schools. Men of great loving hearts—women of fine and shrinking sensibilities, who would much prefer to shield themselves in the quiet and protection of home—these are urged forward by an irresistible impulse from which they cannot release themselves. God works in mysterious ways. [Pointing out two individuals in the audience, (one of whom was a N. Y. reporter) the speaker here declared that angelic influences were at work upon them, which, however much they might resist, would ere long bring them into the field as public advocates of this movement.]

To what end is this education? It is not to stop in the spiritual—it is to flow out into the external, and to exhibit itself in a reconstruction of all the institutions of society. That which is coming is already heard

in the distance. The maid of Lucknow, having her senses rendered acute by long fasting and watching, heard the distant footsteps of the advancing host of deliverers, and shouted, "They are coming! they are coming!" So sensitive souls, long waiting for Humanity's deliverance from the captivity of error, begin to catch the sound of the nearing footsteps of angel-deliverers, and shout "They are coming!—They are coming!"

The truth is not far distant, and as the pioneers lay their ears close to the path, they hear the rustle of approaching footsteps. Old systems are to be overturned—new systems of education, law, government, theology and social life are to be established. The generations to come shall find a highway cast up wherein shall be no lion nor any ravenous beast to hurt or destroy.

None can see or understand this, until they earnestly desire the truth and are ready to live in true relations. When the ground is thoroughly plowed, the good seed will be cast in. The work must be done in each individual heart.

There was one great pioneer of truth and reform in the past. He sacrificed all selfish purposes, and "went about doing good." There is no other way to enter into the kingdom of peace and harmony.—"Therefore, leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection," laying ourselves on the altar, making the sacrifice of a willing spirit, ready to do the will of the Father. You must work for yourselves by working for others. In this way you will subordinate your physical natures, and live in obedience to the laws of your being. A telegraphic connection exists between this and the upper world; listen patiently and earnestly and you shall hear the click of the instrument, and understand the message. You shall know and realize the blessings that are to be brought to earth through angelic ministration.

The above is but a meagre abstract of this stirring address. The N. Y. *Herald's* reporter says of it:

"I take back on behalf of the lady what I said in regard to the trance mediums generally. Her discourse, whether inspired by spirits or not, was a most telling and highly successful one. Her delivery was excellent, and as she raised her delicate white hands to give force to her enunciation, showing her whole form dilated under the impulse of highly excited feelings, she seemed a modern impersonation of our idea of a Pythoness."

Votes of thanks to Miss Susie Cluer, for her excellent recitations, also to Dr. Gardner and Mr. Loveland as presiding officers, and to the good people of old Plymouth for their hospitality, were here passed; after which Dr. GARDNER made a closing address.

He briefly reviewed the progress of Spiritualism from its commencement, and spoke of its present prevalence in Europe:

It might surprise most people, he said, to learn that the Emperor Napoleon was entirely governed by spirit-direction. He had reason to believe that to be the case. The very results that had taken place within the last three months in Europe had been predicted to him (Dr. G.,) some of them many years ago, and had been a matter of history for some years. Even the peace which had so much surprised the world had been hinted at; but that was not all peace which seemed to be peace. He knew that the Emperor Napoleon owed his safety from the bullet of an assassin to direct interposition of a spirit—that he was forewarned and therefore forearmed. He was warned by the wife of a foreign minister at his court, who was a medium, that the attempt to assassinate him would be made on a certain day, and he was told the very place where it would be made. As he had been told, so it turned out. The failure of the attempt was a cause of wonder to the whole world, the pistol having been fired within point blank range of the Emperor.—And why did the attempt fail? Because Napoleon knew it was to be made and was prepared for it—hence the ball did not prove fatal. He would not assert positively that the Emperor had worn a coat of mail, but yet that was undoubtedly the case. He was warned by the spirit that controlled his movements, and that was the spirit of his uncle.

There were others high in authority in Europe, who to-day were influenced by spirits—some consciously and some unconsciously. You could hardly enter into an intelligent circle, either in this country or in Europe, where the matter was not being investigated. In England it was confined almost exclusively to the upper circles of society, and was hardly heard of among the common people. With many of the leading statesmen of England it was a matter of daily and almost hourly investigation and serious thought. In the city of Paris it was so extensively investigated that a manufacturer of a writing machine used there by mediums had sold in a few months in the city of Paris alone nearly five hundred of those machines. They might judge, therefore, of the amount of spiritual investigation from the fact, when he said that it required two mediums and a circle of ten or twelve persons for each of these machines. In Paris he had received a communication in the English tongue through a medium who knew not a word of that language.

The Doctor related other facts of his own experience—among them the performance, in the presence of witnesses, of the whole mystic ceremonies of Masonry, from the first step to the degree of Master Mason, including all the details and lectures, by spirits, through a woman in trance, who in her normal state knew nothing of these secrets. In conclusion he urged those who had not witnessed these manifestations from spirits to investigate and judge for themselves.

Thus closed one of the most efficient and influential conventions ever held by Spiritualists. Of the trifling incidents which marred its harmony we will not speak, as they were but trifles. Even the N. Y. *Herald*, after largely presenting the worst side, concedes that "those who took the most prominent part in the management of the affair were undoubtedly men of much ability," and is constrained to make the following ackowledgement:

"Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that, in spite of these worst elements in the convention, its proceedings were conducted in the most orderly and decent manner."

The Proposed National Convention.

To the Friends of Spiritualism throughout the United States:

At the late Convention of Spiritualists held at Plymouth, Mass., a committee consisting of Col. S. D. Hay of Huntsville, Texas, A. E. Newton of Boston, Mass., Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, Hon. John M. Kinney of Wareham, J. S. Loveland of Medford, and H. F. Gardner, M. D., of Boston, was appointed to call a National Convention of Spiritualists, at such time and place as should be deemed expedient, to consider the propriety of a National Organization for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, and other questions relating to the interests of the movement.

This committee does not feel disposed to act in so important a matter without full and free consultation, and co-operation as far as may be, with the friends of Spiritualism in all parts of the country. It has, therefore appointed the undersigned chairman of a committee of correspondence, to invite suggestions and expressions of views on the subject from all parties who may feel an interest therein, before issuing a call for such convention.

The committee, in consultation, has expressed a unanimous preference for the city of Cleveland, Ohio, as the most central place, and the middle of January 1860, as the best time, for holding the convention; also, that it should be composed of delegates duly chosen by the usual assemblies of Spiritualists in such places as desire to be represented.

On these special points, as well as on the general question of a movement in this direction at present, a free utterance is invited. All communications addressed to the undersigned at Boston, Mass., previous to the first of October, will be duly considered.

Boston, Aug. 15th, 1859. A. E. NEWTON.

N. B. The Spiritualist press throughout the country is requested to copy the above.

From Middle Granville, N. Y.

A friend writes: "The cause of truth and progress is gradually finding its way into the minds of the people of this vicinity, as well as its surroundings. The needs of humanity are being felt amongst us; and as one ray of light upon the soul makes the necessity still more apparent, an increasing interest for the dawning of a higher and clearer perception of the laws which govern mind and matter is being felt. * *

Since the the dedication of our Free Hall, on the 15th of June last, we have listened, from Sabbath to Sabbath, to inspirational truths from the lips of Miss FANNIE DAVIS; and it comes like food to the famished traveler, like water to a thirsty soul. Our audience is made up of thinking minds, of independent men and women, who dare tell what they do believe, and can tell their reasons for their belief. C.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

TUESDAY EVENING, AUG. 9th.

Question: How can the laws of Brotherhood be carried into practical effect?

Dr. ORTON: At the last session there was a call made for facts. He would endeavor to answer the call, in part. During the last week his attention had been called to a pamphlet issued by Mr. Conklin, giving an account of singular manifestations connected with various diggings on the part of Mr. C. and some of his friends, in search of Capt. Kydd's hidden treasures. For all who are fond of the wild and wonderful, whether Spiritualists or not, the pamphlet is worth reading.

Some three or four years ago, it appears, a spirit calling himself Capt. Kydd, presented himself at Mr. C.'s circle, and proposed to put into the hands of four persons named, a treasure of some two millions of dollars; professed to have been buried by this noted pirate in a wild part of Jersey, back of Hoboken. The particular bearings of the spot were given, and the place described. A stone in the shape of a coffin lay above ground. Thirty paces from this, in a certain direction, they were to begin to dig. Ultimately they would come to a stone with a cross chiseled on its surface; and beneath this, in sundry iron pots, lay the treasure. But it was guarded by the spirit of the miser from whom it was taken, who would endeavor to frighten them away, but could not harm them.

A test was asked from Capt. Kydd, that he should bring them a cockle shell fresh from the ocean. Accordingly they were no sooner seated by the table at their next meeting, than a cockle shell, wet with the salt sea, was dropped on the table directly in their midst. Another test was this: One of the four was a down town merchant. One morning as he was on his way to his place of business, he was met by another of the number, who induced him, much against his inclination, as other matters were pressing on his mind, to turn aside and visit a medium. There he received another communication relating to the treasure. On arriving at his store, he was met by still another of the party, who informed him that he also had just had a communication, stating that his friend, the merchant, was then receiving one; and that he must meet him at his store and loan him two hundred dollars to help him through the day. This was the sum needed by the merchant to pay a note that day, and the want of it was what had troubled him.

The visit in search of the mysterious spot was made in the night.—At certain points in the wild region, as the place was neared, it was promised that the spirits would fire guns; and four cannon were accordingly heard, discharged close by them, at the places indicated.—The coffin stone was also found all right. Then they heard a voice calling "Kydd, Kydd, Kydd," and looking a little way off, discovered a man in an old military suit, armed with a musket, who called them thieves, and bade them be off. Capt. Smith, one of the party, boldly faced him and replied, when he vanished. But suffice it that the precise spot was ascertained, and the digging commenced, when an Irish spirit who had previously asked to be placed in rapport with them, became visible in the pit, aiding on the work.

It was required that the digging should only be prosecuted when all four were present, and the absence of Capt. Smith on sea voyages, and other causes, have protracted the affair to the present time. The stone with the cross was reached; and the speaker had understood from Mr. Conklin personally, that within the last week or two, it had been raised, when underneath it was found another stone!

Admitting the correctness of the statement on the part of Mr. C. and his party, it by no means followed, in the opinion of the speaker, that any treasure would be found there. Spirits of a certain class, not necessarily bad, have their own motives in engaging men in affairs of this nature; it may be that they wish to illustrate important truths; it may be,—and this is the most probable,—that their object is to connect themselves again with the earth and its affairs in a way that shall seem to them most tangible and real.

The speaker closed with two cases of healing: one, that of a gentleman formerly high in office at Washington, who returned from Europe to die, borne on an elastic bed inflated with water; and from the port where he landed, to Washington in like manner. His disease was called rheumatic gout, and an indolent ulcer was consuming one of his legs. At this juncture a friend of the gentleman in Philadelphia who had become interested in Spiritualism, was informed at a circle that he had the power to cure him; and at once proceeded to the Capitol. He laid his hands upon him, and that night he slept in peace. Within a week he was able to be about, and in four weeks he was substantially well, the ulcer being healed.

The other case related to himself. A year ago last summer or fall, a period of declining health terminated in inflammation of the lungs. His family were then in the country, and he was boarding with friend Levy on Spring street. The attack developed itself in its severity in the night. His cough was incessant, while the lancinating pains striking through his chest, rendered coughing almost insupportable. When daylight came, he ascertained that what little he could raise from his lungs, was a mixture of mucus and blood. Being acquainted with Miss Grace A. Davis, a healing medium then with Dr. Wellington, and having a high opinion of her powers, at his suggestion Mr. Levy went for her. She came promptly, seemed to pass into a state of semi-trance, made passes over him, and he felt almost immediately relieved. Throwing by all medicines, he submitted himself wholly into her hands, and within two hours the disease was vanquished. At the end of that time he felt that the organs of his system were performing their functions with as little friction, in as perfect an equilibrium, as at any period of his life; and nothing remained but weakness which a few days dissipated. Miss Davis is now Mrs. G. A. Sturgis of St. Louis, where she is still pursuing her mission of healing the sick; and he had no doubt from his acquaintance with her, most conscienciously and successfully.

Mr. SMITH: What are the laws of brotherhood? Each has his own ideas. The true brotherhood may be denominated the true system of divine order. There could be no *best* way of establishing this—there can be but one way. The human system furnishes the best type of this order; or take the earth, of which man is a microcosm. As to the laws themselves, probably there is no one who knows much about them. They must come up and apply themselves as the oak grows, or as the crystal is formed, by attraction, cohesion and the forces of crystallization. None can understand the processes but God. They must be dissected by the divine power. Many believe a grand display of them to be at our doors, and he was of the number. Hence he was in favor of every effort to hasten on the good time. When it comes it will embrace everything—physical, intellectual, moral and religious. The movements of late years are a prophecy of this—the effort of Owen, of the Shakers, and even the Mountain Cove Movement, the weakest, perhaps of them all. And these efforts are all right and best, even though they may seem fanatical.

Dr. YOUNG: There are certain principles and rights appertaining to man, recognized by our Constitution, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But when we ask for the means of establishing these rights, we are denied even ground to stand on in order to make a beginning. All need food, clothing, house and land. Land, liberty, free speech, suffrage, are our due. In order to achieve these rights and make them practical, we must make a practical beginning. This is to be done through political action. There is no other way or hope.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: It is of no use to talk, unless we start something that is practical. Brotherhood implies equal rights and privileges—a right to live, have air to breathe, water to drink, and land to yield us subsistence. But when we ask for these things, as Dr. Young says, they are denied us. Society has made laws which deprive us of our rights, and we can only relieve ourselves from them, by overturning them. Mrs. Hunt of Boston, pays her taxes under protest, because she is not allowed a voice in the making of the laws. He thought her correct. If we make women outlaws, we should not complain even if they become in their general deportment outlaws. Men, in separate legislation, necessarily make a botch at law-making; and for the simple reason that humanity is but half represented by them—the female element is left out. This is the peace element, the element of morals and of order. If we had women in Congress, there would be less rowdyism there, less drunkenness, less debauchery, less Sickles affairs. He did not wish simply or specially to stand up as a woman's rights man, but as an advocate of equal rights for every human being. All should be brought to stand on the same level. We should make our resistance against all inequalities, all monopolies, all licenses of special privileges. The mere fact of licensing a thing—to sell liquors, to bank, to insure—is an acknowledgement on the face of it of a wrong. No license is needed to do right, and a wrong is not made right by paying ten dollars to the public for the privilege of doing it. The banks are mere pirates on honest labor; and it would be no worse for a vessel to put out to sea, and pirate all the property they can find, than for the banks to pirate as they do. Sometime we shall come to an end of these abuses; but he saw little prospect of it until the reform should be taken into hand by a Vigilance Committee, such as undertook to purify San Francisco. He thought it would finally come to that, and was rather in favor of it than otherwise.

Dr. HALLOCK: If to place a man in a comfortable house, and give him the means of support, is the highest conception we can have of brotherhood, then we had better spend our energies in that direction. But how is it that men are saved? Nature knows but one way, and that is by *teaching*. Of old, we have heard much of divine right.—Without a doubt there is such a right, but it must go hand in hand with nature. That right is the right of teaching—to teach one to govern himself. The relation between parent and child is eternal. The strong must bear up the weak. The offic teacher is the highest one known. To teach the science of the true life is the duty of this century. Teach men that they can never die, and it will unlock the hand of the miser, and the question will be with him how best to distribute, instead of how to hoard. Thus the higher includes the lower, and will work out inevitably all those social alleviations, necessary to the comfort of the individual man. Teach, then, the basic truths, and all else will follow.

Mr. FOWLER: Experience must introduce brotherhood. Public opinion precedes laws. Public opinion must be changed before there can be much hope from legislation. Nor could he hope much from a division of the land, nor from woman's rights. He did not vote himself—he saw nothing worth voting for. But the agitation of these questions will do good. He was opposed to all licenses, but there are other licenses besides those to sell liquor, and licenses to wrongs on the part of society with which the laws have nothing to do.

Prof. D——: He would relate a fact. On one of the great thoroughfares, a canal boat lay waiting the arrival of the cars. When the train arrived, half a dozen gentleman waited on the captain of the canal boat, and said: "We are a committee acting for ourselves and others. We want to go East, but whether we go or not, depends on you. There is a sick man on the cars, a consumptive, who is offensive, and we decline traveling in his company." "Has the sick man a representative here?" inquired the Captain. "None." The Captain proceeded to the cars, where he found a poor emaciated being, who besought him to take him on to Burlington that he might die in the arms of his mother. "You shall go," said the Captain, "even if you are my only passenger." The Captain then had him taken on board in the most tender manner, and appropriated to his use the best place in his boat. The objectors hesitated, but finally came on board. By and by, another committee waited on the Captain, and invited him into the gentleman's cabin. There an elderly man arose and addressed him thus: "Sir, you have taught us a valuable lesson. We ask your forgiveness," etc. A handsome collection was then taken for the benefit of the sick man. This, continued the speaker, is a practical illustration of brotherhood; and to carry out our doctrines, we must make them practical. On these principles he conducted his school, and found them in all respects pleasant and advantageous in their operation. Another fact: Twenty years ago a little orphan was about to be sent to the poor house. He pitied him, and had him bound to him. He gave him a liberal education; but as the lad grew up he desired to follow the sea. He ultimately consented. Recently that young man arrived at this port, the commander of a ship, accompanied by his wife and child. The meeting was a proud one for him, and a happy one for them all. And though that gentleman has since suddenly been called above, he has taken with him the highest esteem of all who knew him. J. R. O.

Correspondence.

Remarkable Dream and Spirit-Manifestation:

The following statement from the pen of Dr. Gardner was promised to our readers some weeks since. It presents several points of curious and perplexing interest to the investigator of psychical phenomena:

EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—Among the incidents of spirit manifestation which have fallen under my personal observation, the following will rank as one of the most remarkable in many respects, and especially so, as furnishing positive evidence of the personal identity of the spirit. On the morning of the fifth of May last, being then in the city of London, England, I was still in bed and my thoughts had wandered away across the deep blue sea, to the homes of the loved ones, when I fell into that peculiar half-waking, half-sleeping state in which the thoughts are still active, while the external perceptions are closed. I seemed to have recently returned from Europe, and to be seated in the Fountain House, sitting with my back toward the door, and engaged in conversation with a gentleman concerning my recent voyage; when I distinctly heard the heavy tread of a man enter the office through the door behind me, and take a seat upon the settee. I did not look around, but continued the conversation, until, by a motion of the finger, the gentleman with whom I was conversing called my attention to the new comer; when, on turning, my suprise was great at beholding seated bfore me my old and much esteemed friend, Mr. D. K. Minor, who I supposed was in Australia. I uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said, "Why! Mr. Minor, how did you get here? Where did you come from?" He replied in a very quiet tone, without any manifestation of joy or excitement which he would naturally have shown on thus meeting a dear friend from whom he had been so long absent—"I came from Australia." I said, "Where and when did you leave Emily?" (referring to his daughter who accompanied him to his far-off home.) His reply was, in the same tone, "I left her in Australia *about* three months ago." I said, "I little thought to have met you so soon after my arrival from Europe," and also told him that on the day before I arrived, I had a long conversation with a gentleman on board the steamship, who had frequently met him in his (the gentleman's) store in Melbourne. Mr. Minor then arose and passed out of the room, I following and asking him, "Mr. Minor, how did you get through with your difficulty with Mr. W." (referring to a difficulty he had with a man who went to Australia as a partner in business with him, and with whom I knew he experienced difficulties of a character that seriously threatened the success of the enterprise in which they were engaged.) Mr. M. turned, and with an earnestness of manner which I shall never forget, answered, "*He is not human, Doctor; he is not human!*" and added, "I am very wet and cold," when I observed that his hair and garments were dripping with water. He laid off his coat and at once disappeared.

I immediately awoke to full consciousness, and involuntarily rose up in my bed and looked out upon the floor to see if it was wet in the place he had occupied; but not seeing any wet on the carpet, I sprang from the bed, which was curtained, to see if I could find the coat he had taken off—so vivid and real was the impression made on my mind. Not finding the coat, the thought occurred to me, It must be a dream, for the place of meeting was not here but in Boston; and I again returned to my bed. But the impression became stronger and stronger that I had really seen Mr. Minor, and that he had passed away from earth, and had there manifested himself to me. Indeed, so strong became the impression, that I again arose and made a memorandum of the day and hour, for future reference.

I mentioned the strange dream I had to my friends, both in London and after my return to Boston; and said that I believed Mr. M. was dead, and that I had been thus visited by his spirit. Yet I was not satisfied in regard to the reality of the vision for the following reasons: 1st, I was in London, and the vision appeared to me to be in the Fountain House, Boston, and the time of the appearance to be after I had arrived home. 2d, The appearance of Mr. Minor was not such as he had always presented during our acquaintance. All who knew the old gentleman in this vicinity, (and their name is legion) are aware that he always wore his full beard and that quite long; but when he appeared to me, his lip and chin were clean shaved, leaving only very spare whiskers. 3d, The extreme youthful appearance of his countenance, save the appearance of age about the mouth, consequent upon the loss of his teeth (he was 63 years old). 4th, The apparently absurd idea of describing a conversation with my fellow passenger on the steamship the day before our arrival home, when I had not even decided when I should return. 5th, The appearance of his being so wet, which I had not noticed until my attention was called to it by his remark, "I am very wet and cold,"—which appearance might therefore be explained as either a psychological impression or a dream.—6th, After my return I found a letter from Mr. Minor, dated the latter part of December, stating that the difficulty which had existed between him and Mr. W., his partner, [illegible] settled by his (Mr. Minor) purchasing Mr. W.'s interest; an[illegible]s that he had located his machinery in the mining regions [illegible]ed work under exceedingly flattering prospects. Th[illegible]e, confidence and hope. Hence there would not seem a good reason for his reply, when asked in regard to the difficulties between himself and partner—"He is not human," etc.

Thus, after considering all the circumstances, I was forced to conclude that it was all a dream, and wholly unreliable. Yet in my moments of quiet, the impression would often force itself upon me that I had really met and conversed with the departed spirit of my friend; but I as often endeavored to banish the thought as improbable.

Thus matters remained until, some few days after my arrival here, I received a brief note from his daughter, dated in Australia the second of March, stating, among other things, that her father died from injuries received from his machinery on the 11th of February, and that she was on the eve of sailing for the United States; but no particulars were given. This letter brought to my mind vividly the recollection of my dream, and with the remembrance of the fact, which I had not before thought of in connection with the dream, of a conversation I held with Mr. J——, a fellow passenger on board the steamship City of Washington, who had been engaged in mercantile pursuits in Melbourne, Australia, and was returning to this country on account of failing health. During this conversation he informed me that he had met my friend, Mr. Minor, in his (Mr. J.'s) store in Melbourne, and referred to the difficulties between Mr. Minor and his partner. In short, the conversation was substantially the same that I had dreamed on the morning of the 5th of May, one month before.

Soon after this I received another letter from Miss Minor, informing me of her arrival in New York, but giving no further particulars of her father's death, except that he was caught in a belt, had his left leg drawn into the machine and badly broken, on the 2d of February, and died on the 11th of the same month. I inquired of her through a friend who was about to visit her, for full particulars, mentioning to him the incidents of my dream; and learned that her father's appearance as described by me, was correct, in all particulars except the wet; that at the time of the accident he was not thrown into the water, nor the water thrown upon him, and she could not conceive why he should so represent himself; but that his beard was shaved precisely in the manner I described it to be. She also stated that the remark the spirit made in regard to his partner was fully warranted from the conduct of that partner and his treatment of herself after her father's death, and this, too, after his solemn promise made to the dying man that he would guard her rights with jealous care as if she were his own sister or daughter. Yet in the face of this promise, at the earliest moment which the law would allow, he had siezed and sold all the property, pocketed the proceeds, and left her penniless and unprotected in that far-off land. Surely, there was much truth in the words so impressively repeated "He is not human, Doctor; he is not human."

In due time, another letter was received from Emily, extracts from which were published in the AGE, in which she states that her father died on the morning of Friday, Feb. 11th; that about sundown on that evening there arose a terrific storm of thunder, wind and rain, which literally tore in pieces the tent in which she lived, prostrated the forest trees, and exposed the lifeless remains to the howling tempest. This fully explains the meaning of the expression made by the spirit to me "I am very wet and cold."

Hree I would again call the attention of the reader to the significance of the spirit's answer to my question, "Where and when where did you leave Emily?" "I left her in Australia *about* three months ago." This was May 5th. He died Feb. 11th, within six days of three months. Thus, even in minute particulars has this (to me, at least) remarkable dream or vision been proved true; and it furnishes one of the most remarkable tests on record of the power of spirits to impress the minds of mortals. There many cases recorded wherein the spirits have presented vividly to the minds of mortals, the time and manner of their death at the very hour in which they passed away, but I know of none where the appearance was so long a time subsequent to the event. I would ask, even admitting that the spirit really was present, By what means could this representation be produced, and how could I have known and related a conversation which did not take place for a month afterward? In short, I should like your explanation of this matter; also to have those of your readers who have made the philosophy of mind their study, give their views upon the *modus operandi* by which these *facts* were impressed upon the mind.

Fraternally Yours, H. F. GARDNER.

BOSTON, Aug. 10, 1859.

Letter from M. V. Bly.

[We have received a letter from M. V. Bly, the "detective," denying in toto the allegations of our Lowell correspondent last week. The following are the material portions:]

I have been a resident of this sublunary sphere, about 26 years, and to my certain knowledge I have never visited the town of Groton, or seen a ventriloquist by the name of "Harriman" nor have I visited the city of Lowell since my lecture there last winter.

The whole matter, conversation and all, which A. B. P. comments upon so eloquently, is a fabrication. This I can prove to the satisfaction of your readers and even the over-zealous correspondent himself. The falsehood lies between your correspondent and his tricky friend "Harriman," (if there is such a man,) for it does not look reasonable that any person would assume my name, and make such propositions to the said "Harriman," as mentioned by A. B. P. This will doubtless be his quibble when I expose the falsehood.

If your correspondent will mention the *dates* of my visiting "Harriman," either at his performance or at Lowell, I will refer him to my advertisements and lectures on similar dates far from "Groton" or "Lowell."

Your correspondent seems to be much troubled on account of the "appreciation of my labors" by some of the religious and secular press.—All this has been done without my knowledge or consent. I am at a loss to discover what the "clergy" can find in my lectures to elate them, for I have always clearly and distinctly stated in my lectures that I was a believer in the spiritual "philosophy," and was opposed to old theology; that they had better "show up" their own humbugs, &c.

In your note you seem to think that the "exposing game is about played out." Judging from the credulity of your correspondent, and his eagerness to impose upon your readers a falsehood, there is yet need of material "regulators."

I shall be pleased when my present "mission" is ended, for it subjects me to much annoyance by the misrepresentations of anonymous correspondents, who are usually the followers of humbugs I have successfully exposed.

I have not yet retired from the field, except to recuperate during the warm weather. I shall resume my labors soon, and shall everywhere expose the tricks performed by "spiritual jugglers" who have not yet taken in their "shingles;" and at the same time give my views fearlessly upon all subjects which pertain to our present and *continued* existence.

I am happy to state that I have many friends among the spiritual fraternity, and as Spiritualism has no creed but for each one to think for himself, do not know why I am not yet a member of the Spiritual church. As an expounder of a *true* and rational spiritual philosophy perhaps the subscriber might compare favorably with your Lowell representative.

You will pardon me for trespassing upon your space. I do not desire a controversy on *paper* with any one, but could not allow so glaring a falsehood to pass by unnoticed.

Yours for a clear field and no favor, M. V. BLY.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 9th, 1859.

Mr. Dana as a Lecturer.

MR. EDITOR:—Having noticed by your paper that our mutual friend, DEXTER DANA, of East Boston, has consented to answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston, I deem it my duty to say to the friends of Spiritualism in the neighboring towns, that they will do well to secure his services for one or more Sundays.

I had the pleasure of listening to him when he lectured in East Boston, and as we have but one meeting his lecture on that account was unusually long; but he kept up the interest, and was listened to with the greatest attention for over two hours.

I think I speak the minds of most present when I say I felt sorry he did not speak longer. Give him a call, and you will be sure to be well entertained by one who is earnest in the cause of Spiritualism.

Aug. 8th, 1859. GEORGE H. TOBEY.

ANOTHER SCRIPTURAL POINT TO BE SETTLED.—Dr. COX, of Brooklyn, has been writing to prove from Scripture, that at a wedding the bride should stand on the right, not the left side of the groom! This very important point being settled, will the Doctor oblige us by grappling with the long mooted question—"On which side should ministers at an ordination cock their hats?"—*Investigator.*

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED—S Curran, W Noble, J A Dewan, H O Whitney, A [illegible], C H Bull, J Vanderlyn, H L Macomber, W S Haywood, F Pollock, T T [illegible], M V Bly, J M Holland, R C Pillsbury, W O Mapes, L L Wood, H Fiske, H Seely, R R Briggs, L V Phinney, E W Alexander, E D Hoop, M H U, E Hardinge, F W Twing, A Stone, W B Coan, A Crossman.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Vermont Annual Convention.

"There's a good time coming" at the Vermont Annual Convention of Spiritualists to be holden at South Royalton (which ground is hallowed with sacred memories) on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of Sept., 1859.

Mr. Woodard will, as usual, minister to our temporal wants, upon the same reasonable terms as formerly, viz., 75cts per day, and *enough* to eat.

Mediums from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend, and all good-hearted speakers on the subject, also—not to get pay in dollars and cents, but to *do good*, to gather up strength for coming labors, and have a good time. To all who want a good and profitable, social and pleasant meeting a warm invitation is extended.

All hail! good friends, give us your kind attention.
Take our advice and come to our convention.

N. WEEKS, CHAS. WALKER, D. P. WILDER, Committee.

Pic Nic at Fort Lee.

The Spiritualists of New York and Brooklyn intend having another Pic Nic at Fort Lee, on Wednesday, Aug. 24th, if fair; if not, on the following day.

The Steamboat Thomas E. Hulse leaves foot of Spring Street, quarter before 9 A. M. and 1 P. M. Returning half past 3 and 6 P. M., landing at 22d St. each way.

Tickets for the grounds 10cts. Fare on the boat 10cts.

A beautiful Grove has been selected for the occasion, and a band of music engaged for those who like to dance.

Aug. 12, '59. HY. W. STEVENS.

Hopedale Home School.

This Institution is designed to combine thorough instruction in Science, Art and General Literature with judicious training of the physical and moral nature. To secure to the children and youth resorting to it for educational purposes such home and neighborhood influences together with such specific culture as may be promotive of their growth in virtue and true excellence, is a sacred aim. Thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in its spirit and character, it must rely mainly upon the patronage of those sympathizing with the better tendencies and movements of the age for support.

The First Term of the Scholastic Year 1859-60 commences on *Wednesday, Sept. 7*, and continue *Fifteen weeks*.

For Circulars containing full information, please address either of the Principals, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

Aug. 18, 1858. 34.3t. WM. S. HAYWOOD, ABBIE B. HAYWOOD, } *Principals.*

First Anniversary of the Philanthropic Convention.

The platform of the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, will be free to any mind capable of throwing light upon the Cause and Cure of Evil.

The Convention will open in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on **Friday the 16th of** September, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue three days. The following persons, residents of Buffalo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements:

John N Gardner, Thomas Rathbun, Giles Husted, Cyrus O Poole, Sarah Rathbun, Lester Brooks, George Whitcomb, E A Maynard, W G Oliver, Louise Whitcomb, Mary F Davis, E G Scott, Alanson Webster, J H Lusk, Benoni S Brown.

Any member of this Committee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommodation in advance, at Hotels and private boarding houses.

☞ The Committee have made favorable terms with Ward's Line of Steamers, as follows: From Toledo to Buffalo and return, $4,00; from Sandusky and return, $3,50; from Cleveland and return, $2,00, (Meals and Berths included.) A corresponding reduction of fare, for persons attending the Convention, will probably be effected on the New York & Erie Rail Road.

N. B.—A Quartette Club of Singers is engaged to be present, and will enliven each session with appropriate music.

Convention at Adrian, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Adrian, Michigan, will hold a Convention on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of September, 1859. All those friendly to the cause, from all parts of the country, are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that all will be present who can

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on **Sundays, Sept. 4th and** 11th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in Lyons, Mich., Sept. 23d: in St. Louis during October; and New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

A. E. NEWTON, in consequence of a new arrangement respecting the AGE, expects to be able hereafter to devote the larger portion of his time to the lecturing field.—Calls addressed to him at Boston will be duly attended to. **He will speak at Taunton**, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the months of September, October and November in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. **Those places desiring** his services can address him through the month of August at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture at Willimantic, Ct., Aug. 21 & 28, and Sept. 18 and 25. Address at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

GEORGE ATKINS will speak in E. Abington, Sunday Aug. 21st; **Orleans, Aug. 28th.**

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will spend the month of Aug. in Northampton, Ms.; —will lecture in Portland, Me., the four Sundays of September; in Lowell, Mass., the five Sundays of October; and the four Sundays of November in Providence, R. I. She will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Sundays. Address until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Lowell, Mass., Sunday, August 21st; Dover, Vt., Sunday, August, 28th; Milford, N. H., Sunday, Sept. 4th; Sutton, N. H., Sunday, September 11th; Lempster, Sept., Sunday 18th. **Friends in the vicinity of the** above named places, wishing to engage his services for week evenings, will address him at those places and dates.

BENJAMIN DANFORTH will answer calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. **Address at Boston.**

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 28th; Oswego, **Sept. 4th, 11th,** 18th, 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above-named places, at the times designated.

LORING MOODY will lecture at W. Newbury, Sunday Aug. 14; So. Amesbury, Monday and Tuesday 15 and 16; Amesbury Mills, Wednesday and Thursday 17 and 18; Newburyport, Sunday 21; Ipswich Tuesday and Wednesday, 23 and 24; **Essex, Thursday** and Friday, 25 and 26; Gloucester, Sunday 28; Rockport, Monday and Tuesday, 29 and 30; W. Gloucester, Wednesday and Thursday, 31 and Sept. 1; **Manchester, Friday**, 2d; Salem, Sunday, 4th; East Stoughton, 11th. **He will act as agent for the** AGE and BANNER; and also answer calls to lecture. **Address, Malden, Mass.**

MRS. J. W. CUSHER will speak at Chicopee, Mass., 21st and 28th. **Address Lowell, Box 815.**

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Lyons, Mich., till **Aug. 15th.**

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, through July and August, will speak at **Oswego, N. Y.**—Through the month of December, she will be in St. Louis.

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

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

G. B. STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

MRS. M. MACOMBER, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. **Address at Olney** ville, R. I. 17—3m*

A. C. ROBINSON, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. **Address at Fall** River, Mass.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. **Address, West** Medford, Mass.

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MEETINGS AT NO 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3. Conference in the evening at 8.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 3-4 o'clock.

THE BROTHERHOOD hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Persons sympathising with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st., Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). TERMS—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. **For $5 he will guarantee** an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 15

Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and **Friday eve**nings, for development and manifestations. No. 30 Eliot street.

Miss WATERMAN, Trance, Test and Writing Medium, has removed to No. 8 Oliver Place. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedford street). Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 3—3m

Mrs. LIZZIE KNIGHT, Writing Medium

Interesting Miscellany.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

BY EDWIN W. APPLETON.

"You say you don't believe in ghosts, apparitions and sich like, Frank," said an old messmate, upon hearing me express a general disbelief in the supernatural, a few evenings since, when domiciled in his residence in Gardiner, Me., having accepted his invitation to become his guest during the late Kennebec agricultural fair holden in that town.

"Believe in them—of course not! When I hear of anything which cannot be accounted for, either scientifically or otherwise, I may become a convert to the faith, but not till then."

Mine host replied to my blunt avowal of incredulity by a gesture of disapprobation, but remaining silent, I resumed:

"Would you have me consider you a believer in the supernatural? If so, to what must I attribute the change—for, if I do not err, I have heard you in years bygone denounce such belief as superstitious, ay, and hold up the subject to ridicule by frequent practical illustrations of various methods by which the credulous might be imposed on."

"You have, Frank; but that was long ago, when we were mere lads. I have had reason to change my faith since then, as would you, had you passed through the same scene."

"Tell me all about it," said I, well aware that his reason must have been a weighty one, and eager to profit by his experience, at the same time sanguine of being able to break up the hallucination under which I believed him laboring.

"'Tis a tale I seldom tell, Frank, probably because I cherish such vivid recollection of my former incredulity on the subject, added perchance, to a sense of the glaring improbability which must characterize it in the estimation of the public generally. Neither can I say that I am willing you should become an exception, since on the score of old acquaintance, you might prove the first to question my veracity."

"Never!"

I knew the man too well to doubt him, and so I told him, assuring him, if I failed reasonably to account for the cause of his change of faith, I should adopt his faith unhesitatingly.—Whereupon he moved his chair up to the table, and commenced as follows:

"Nine years ago this month, I sailed from Boston in command of the ship Geneva, bound to Rio, and one or more ports round the Horn. I never left port in my life so anxious about home and my family as on that occasion, yet without apparent cause. My wife was in excellent health, and our two children as hearty and playful as kittens. I had made ample provision for all their possible or probable wants for two years, while I did not expect my voyage to extend over one. Aware of this, I endeavored to shake off the foreboding of evil which oppressed me. But in vain—my anxiety only increased as the hour of sailing drew nigh, until, as a last resort therefrom, I applied to the owners for permission to carry my family.—They refused point blank, nor could I blame them. Still, my resentment carried me so far that I tendered my resignation, which they refused to accept, and finally obtained my reluctant consent to proceed.

"We sailed, and being favored with fair wind and a plenty of it, had a prosperous run to the south'ard of the line, when we experienced a violent hurricane, in which the ship was dismasted and driven thirteen degrees to the east'ard, most of which had been made while scudding before the tornado, in which we found lying to a matter of impossibility. The wind settled in the west'ard on the abatement of the hurricane, effectually barring our return to the American continent, and absolutely obliging me to make the best course I could to the coast of Africa. As we had saved none of the wreck of which all three lower masts formed a portion, we were but scantily provided with means wherewith to replace them, being unable to rig more than two jurymasts, on which we could scarce carry sail enough to give the helm control of the hull. To this cause alone did we owe our protracted passage to the Canaries, which we made on the fifty-second day after the gale, and into which we were towed three days later by an English barque bound in.

"It was the evening of the second day after I anchored in the harbor. My mate and a boat's crew had gone ashore after supper, and I was seated on the taffrail puffing a cigar, and musing on the trying situation in which I found myself, when I fancied I heard my name uttered in a low tone at my side. I turned hastily, but seeing no one, resumed my musing attitude, when I thought I heard it the second time. Again I looked round, with the same result as before, when deeming it an hallucination and the result of mental excitement, I rose and began to walk the quarter deck, endeavoring to change the current of my thoughts, in which I proved successful; but a brief period elapsed ere my prolific fancy bore me to my distant home, calling up in review the forms of my loved ones, portraying to my mental vision, the suspense my wife was doubtless, even then, suffering on my account.

"The arrival of the mate interrupted my reverie, when I retired to the cabin and turned in, leaving the lamp, as usual, burning brightly. Some time elasped ere I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the word, 'Henry!' repeated twice in rapid succession. Hauling the berth curtain aside, I looked out, and seeing no one, bounded out of my berth and made a tour of the cabin, unable to divest myself of the idea that some one therein had uttered the word which awoke me. Satisfied at length that I was the victim of my fancy, I again turned in, but had scarce become quiet in my berth, when my name was again uttered in a tone as loud as that I now adopt, and at the same instant a hand, cold and clammy as that of the dead, was laid lightly on my brow, where it lingered full five seconds, sending an icy thrill through every vein, and causing me to bound from my berth a second time.

"Nearly a minute I stood spell-bound on the spot on which I landed, trembling in every limb, and expecting to see I knew not what; but failing to discover the slightest vestige of either natural or supernatural intruder, I hastened to don my clothing, and repairing to the quarter-deck, was surprised to find the mate there, when I demanded if he intended to keep anchor watch himself, whereupon he rejoined:

"'I shouldn't be surprised if I was obliged to. What the deuce can have got into the crew, I can't think, but three or four of them will have it there's a woman in the ship, and they swear it's a spirit, ghost, hobgoblin, or something of that sort.'

"'Nonsense!' exclaimed I, forgetting for a moment my own recent fright.

"'So I told them, but they stick to it. Three of them swear they have seen her, and that she is not an inhabitant of earth, so you can form your own opinion of any single anchor watches being kept in this ship.'

"One of the men came aft at this instant requesting permission to search the ship.

"'What for?' demanded I.

"'A woman, sir. Tom Sawyer, old Jack and Dutch Harry have roused out all hands, and say the ship's haunted—and I say, if they've seen a woman, there's one got aboard somebow, and we can find her.'

"Much to the mate's surprise, I accorded the desired permission at once, when the strictest search was instituted, which resulted in the discovery of nothing unusual on board, whereupon one portion of the crew openly avowed their belief in the assertion of their messmates, and another, as openly disavowed it, declaring the supposed apparition to be a practical joke, and offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrator, in which I joined, adding the offer of immunity from all punishment to the guilty party, if they would only come forward and confess the fact. But in vain. All joined in asserting their innocence, the known practical jokers—of whom we had several before the mast—falling under the suspicion of the majority, including the mate, who uttered threats of dire punishment against the guilty one, should he ever be discovered.

"What to think I knew not, but I was half prepared by my own recent experience, to adopt the creed of the minority, and regarding the cabin with an emotion akin to terror, resolved to keep the deck myself during the remainder of the night. I did so, but heard nor saw nothing confirmatory of my fear, or the men's assertion, throughout that night.

"Next night the men kept anchor watch in pairs, and for seven nights in succession, when I had learned to treat the whole thing as an hallucination, deeming the coincidence strange, of course, but still believing it—as regarded myself, the result of extreme mental excitement.

"'Twas our twelfth evening in port, and I had been ashore all day engaged with the riggers and a part of my own crew, who were engaged in fitting a new suit of rigging, and being rather tired when I reached the ship, soon after dark, retired as soon as tea was over. I soon sank into a sound slumber, from which the clangor of the bell striking eight in the mid watch, aroused me, when I turned out, and donning a wrapper, was in the act of issuing from my state-room, when I heard my name mentioned as distinctly as I now hear myself speak, and looking in the direction of the voice, saw as palpably as I now see you, the figure of my wife advancing, and holding in her arms the form of our youngest child. I started, terrified beyond measure at the apparition of beings whom I knew to be over four thousand miles distant, and as the recollection of the clammy pressure which had froze my blood on the former occasion, flashed across my brain, I closed my eyes to shut out the horrid vision. But almost simultaneous with the act I felt the chilling touch again, and losing all strength on the instant, reeled forward endeavoring to grapple with the phantom, which evaded my grasp, and tripping against a chair leg I fell senseless to the floor. When I recovered my consciousness, both mate and steward were bending over me, applying restoratives, while my whole form was dripping with cold perspiration, the result of my terror. To the mate's demand as to the cause of my swoon, I returned a vague reply, and accepting his aid, assumed a sitting posture on deck, when a confused sound of hubbub on the maindeck fell upon my ear.

"'What's that fuss on deck, Mr. Waters?" demanded I.

"O that woman's been visiting the boys again. Two more of them have seen her, with the addition of a child this time, and of course the belief in the presence of ghosts—but for God's sake, captain, what ails you?' he exclaimed as I sank back in his arms. 'Steward some brandy—call the second mate—he's dying!'

"'No, no—call no one,' I exclaimed in a faint whisper. 'I'll be better soon. But I believe the men have seen a woman, for I have seen her, and not only seen her, but felt her clammy hand upon my brow.'

"'Seen her—where?'

"'Here in the cabin!'

"'Fancy—only fancy, sir,' rejoined the mate, betraying an agitation that belied his words.

"'Call it what you will, I've seen and recognized her.'

"'As who, sir?'

"'My wife!'

"'Impossible!'

"'What—that I should recognize her?' demanded I, somewhat touched by the contradictory exclamation, when Mr. Waters hastened to add:

"'No, no, sir—but that she should be here.'

"'Who said that she was here?'

"'You, sir.'

"Mr. Waters, you're—' a fool, I was about to add, but recollecting myself continued—'will you oblige me by calling those two men who assert they have seen this woman, into the cabin. I wish to compare their description with the appearance I witnessed.'

"He obeyed, when I found the men's description corresponded in every particular with my wife's general appearance, even to the style of dress in which I had seen her, and afforded convincing evidence that I was not, as I would gladly have believed, the victim of a horrible phantasm.

"Requesting my mate to enter the strange occurrence in the log-book, noting the exact minute, I sought my state room once more, but not to sleep. My mind was racked with dire forebodings of evil to the dear ones at home, whom my disordered fancy portrayed as suffering from a thousand causes combined, against which I had made no provision. I verily believe, had the vessel been in sailing trim, I would have foregone the voyage and returned at once. As it was, could I have obtained a passage home in any other manner, I am certain I would have resigned the vessel to the mate and returned myself. Night after night for the next three weeks, I watched almost incessantly for the re-appearance of the spectre. But in vain—when I again began to doubt the evidence of my own senses, and finally, treating the whole affair as an illusion, strove to banish it from my memory.

At length the ship was refitted throughout, when having received a supply of such stores as were to be had on the island, I sailed, shaping my course for Rio, with a leading wind just fresh enough to give our light canvas a holiday, and at the same time afford ample employment to all hands, taking in the slack of our new rigging.

"We had been ten days at sea, the tenth being set apart by the mate for a last pull on everything in the shape of standing rigging, for which purpose he had turned all hands out at six o'clock in the morning, with the agreement to insure them watch and watch during the remainder of the voyage, save when the safety of the ship demanded the reverse. At four o'clock in the afternoon his task was completed, when the decks were cleared up, and the crew dismissed, with the understanding that for that night a regular watch would be dispensed with, and an anchor watch only required, to be relieved every second hour. In order to afford both officers and men the rest they really needed, I volunteered to stand one watch for each mate, and summoning the idlers—carpenter, cook and steward—to join me therein, took charge of the deck at eight o'clock in the evening.

"The wheel had just been relieved by the second watch, when I went below to obtain a cigar, with which I was hurrying back to my station on the quarter-deck, when a stifled exclamation from the carpenter, who was standing in the weather-waist at the moment, caused me to glance that way, pausing for that purpose on the lower step of the poop-ladder. Observing me pause, he came towards me, apparently gazing awe-struck at some object on the opposite side of the maindeck, and upon reaching me, grasped my arm firmly with his left hand, pointing with his right to the starboard chess-tree, when he exclaimed in a thrilling whisper:

"'Heavens! Captain S——, there's that woman again!'

"'Where, demanded I, bounding backward, and following the index of his finger with my gaze—'where? I see nothing.'

"'Right in the wake of the foretopsail brace-block. Not on deck sir. She's outside the rail, and seems to be coming this way.'

"'Fudge—you're crazy, chips,' said I, with assumed calmness, which was in reality but outward show, as I shook off his grasp and turned away.

"''Fore Heaven, I'm neither, sir, and have all along been skeptical on the subject, but what I see, I cannot doubt. Strange you can't see her, sir! Here she comes over the rail, right in the gangway, and towards you, holding in her right arm an infant, and leading by the hand an older child. Can't you see her now?' he added, with his lips to my ear. 'She's within ten feet of us, and has halted, regarding you with about the saddest expression I ever witnessed on the countenance of mortal. For heaven's sake, speak to it, whatever it is. Captain—O—I can't stand this! And the terrified man bounded past me and up the poop-ladder, leaving me scarcely less the victim of terror than himself.

"Resolved to follow his example, rather than remain in such close vicinage to my unseen visitors, I was hastening after him when I heard my name distinctly uttered, and simultaneous with the word beheld the appearance of my wife—not a solid, substantial body, such as we would look for in mortal, but a thing of air, through which I could with ease discern objects in its rear, yet which bore to her an exact resemblance. You may rest assured my gaze never wandered from the airy group for a instant, during the few moments they remained visible, while in the infant pair I recognized my infant son and his elder brother, the expression of the latter's countenance indicating extreme pain, and that of my wife extreme sorrow. Relinquishing her grasp on the hand of the elder, she placed her hand on his head, then touched lightly the shoulder of the younger with her finger, and finally extended her hand towards the zenith, when the forms of all three began to dilate with astonishing rapidity, until that of my wife seemed on the point of enveloping me; when the terror which had hitherto deprived me of speech, found vent in a piercing scream, and rushing up the poop-ladder I hurried aft as fast as my failing strength would permit, falling senseless beside the wheel.

"When restored to consciousness, I was an inmate of the hospital at Rio, and upon questioning those who had me in charge, learned that I had been there ten days under treatment for a malignant attack of brain fever, in which my life had been despaired of.

"When my mate called that afternoon, I demanded if he had received any letters for me, when in reply he handed me three, which the physician, who was by at that moment, would not permit me to read, and taking them into his possession assured me he would retain them until I grew stronger. And it was well he did so. Had I read even one of them then, my life had doubtless been the forfeit, since each contained intelligence of the death of one of my treasures, and on dates corresponding to a minute with the appearance of our mysterious visitor on each occasion.

"You said if you were unable to account for the cause to which my present belief in the supernatural is attributable, you would adopt the latter. The cause you know, and are welcome to view it in what light you will, but let me assure you that all the arguments you can devise against it, will prove signally ineffectual in changing my present opinion."

He paused, or ceased rather, and I knowing him to be a man of unimpeached veracity, remained silent, alike unable to account for the phenomena, or offer an opinion regarding the same, though I resolved on the instant to lay before my readers at the earliest opportunity, the strange tale I had just heard of the mysterious visitor.

Poetry and Sentiment.

THE LONELY CHILD.

"Father! dear father! the young child said,
As she stole one night to the lonely bed;
Father! oh come to my room with me;
And three beauteous angels you there will see.
Just now, as I lay with half closed eyes,
I heard a sweet song from the sparkling skies,
And as I was wondering what it could mean,
Mother, Mary, and Willie came gliding in;
They hovered around my little bed,
And each laid a hand on my aching head;—
The tears from my eyelids fell like pearls,
But they wiped them away with my golden curls.
I'll tell you, Father, why I cried—
'Twas because with them we had not died;
And I thought when they'd gone how lonely 'twould be
To dwell all alone here—just you and me."

"'Tis a dream! a dream! my precious child,
Your aching head makes your fancy wild."

"A dream? Oh, no, that could not be,
For dreams do not come and talk with me:
And they did talk; for sister Mary said
Her spirit was blest though her body was dead;
And she said that but once the flowers should die,
And I'd find *my* home in her own bright sky,—
And little Willie, as he stood there
With his mild blue eye and golden hair,
Lisped, amid smiles I yet can see,
'Come, little sister, and live with me!'
But my gentle mother's eye grew dim,
As she said, 'Let her stay and comfort *him;*
To both but a few months of sorrow are given;—
We'll soon have them, Willie, with us in Heaven;
I hastened here then, for I thought that you
Would wish to come in there, and see them too.
Hush! do you hear that mournful lay?
They're comi[illegible] father! they're coming this way—
'Tis m[illegible]!—she lulls me to rest!"
A[illegible] slept on the father's breast.

[illegible] make others happy.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE:

FOR 1859!

No pains will be spared to make the AGE in all respects a most valuable family paper. Every effort will be made to add to the high reputation which it already enjoys as an exponent of Spiritual Truth and a Pioneer of Reform. In a word, it is the design of the publishers to give their patrons, in the fullest sense,

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Single copies of the AGE may be procured of Spiritualist Booksellers and Newsmen generally.

Advertisements.

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This paper is not sectarian, but is hospitable to every reform movement, and to every earnest thought and respectful utterance pro and con., on all subjects tending to instruct and elevate mankind and the world. It assumes the office of a harbinger of reform and progress, and especially in the Religious, Spiritual, Intellectual, Industrial, Governmental and Social Departments of human life and Culture.

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SINCE THE REMARKABLE TEST

at the sitting of a circle a short time since, where Dr. Charles Main was present and inquired of the spirit intelligence what medicine should be used in a certain case, and a reply was given to use Dr. Cheever's "Life Root Mucilage!" Five cases have occurred where individuals have called and reported the prescription as being given by mediums.

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