THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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The Spiritual Age.

[From the Boston Bee.]

JOHN BEESON AND THE SPIRITS OF WM. PENN AND RED JACKET.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The following circumstances are the occasion of my name appearing in the above connection. I have been a witness to the deep wrongs inflicted upon the Indians on our western frontiers, and to the enormous waste of public treasure arising from wars which are got up for speculation, and for the moral blight which these induce. While reflecting on this sad state of affairs, and believing that no ordinary means would be sufficient to arrest the growing evils, I attended the morning prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel (Boston) and observing that persons in various circumstances of need were prayed for, it occurred to me that there is no class of persons who are in more need of sympathy and help than the poor hunted and defenceless Indians upon the frontiers, the greater portion of whom consist of widows and orphans. I therefore presented a written request for the prayers of the congregation in behalf of these people, as well as for those who are destroying them. Prayers were accordingly offered, during which it seemed to me that the great Father had already done his part, and that appropriate action in the love of our neighbor was the main thing wanting. But unfortunately, a sickly prejudice sprung up in the minds of some leading men, and instead of an earnest enquiry as to how can we help our suffering neighbors, and stay the progress of wrong, it was asked, is the mover of this enterprise orthodox in his faith?

And at a subsequent meeting, in one of the Churches, a brother arose, and after making some rather uncharitable remarks, called for the prayers of the audience for one who, he said, is pleading for the Indians, but being a spiritualist, has really more need of being prayed for than the Indians.

Having no oppertunity at the time to respond to the good brother, and perceiving that a National humanitary enterprise is likely to be opposed by unreasonable prejudice, I feel called upon to give the following statement of facts, premising that I stand as an advocate of the Indians, and address myself to all American citizens, irrespective of sect or party, but at the same time I invoke all good influences, and I am ready to receive help from any quarter. Feeling the need of sympathy and instruction, that I might rightly prosecute the work in which I am engaged, and finding none who could give it, the thought occurred to me, perhaps the wise and good on "the other side of Jordan," will communicate, so I addressed a note to the late Col. McKenny of the Indian Department and another to Wm. Penn, and wrapping them in several folds, I carried them to the office of Mr. Mansfield, a medium, and laid them upon his desk. In a few minutes he wrote in my presence an appropriate answer to each letter, signed by their respective names. Wm. Penn concluded by inviting me to call upon mediums whenever I desired an interview with him, and said that he would communicate with me, provided that he could control the medium through whom I applied. Notwithstanding that I had read of similar cases of spirit intercourse, I was somewhat startled to have such a detailed answer, apparently coming direct from the spirit land.

Mr. Mansfield promised to aid me in intercourse with the good folks above in this behalf without charge. Accordingly I made another call, having a note in my pocket containing several questions, and without taking it out of my pocket, Mr. Mansfield's hand wrote the following answer:

FROM WM PENN.

"*Dear Beeson*: I have long since been cognizant of thy heart's desire. Thy work is praiseworthy; would to GOD that I lived in the form to assist thee—that is all for which I would think of returning again to earth's life. But, dear Beeson, I am with thee, and could'st thou but see the host of Indian spirits who urge thee on in this god like work—I say god like because man scouts the idea of thy undertaking—thee would be satisfied to wander up and down as the servant of so noble a race of beings. I may not be able to answer the questions in thy pocket, but ask them one at a time and I will try.

Thy Friend,
WILLIAM PENN."

Satisfactory answers were given, which would occupy too much space in your columns, to publish. When I was leaving the office Mansfield called me back, saying that some other spirit wished to address me. At the same time his hand was influenced to write as follows:

A LETTER FROM RED JACKET.

"My Brother, I take you by the hand, and welcome you to this great work. You, brother, have had your heart's best feelings drawn out by the workings of that host of Red Spirits which surround you. And, my brother, though your face is pale, and my face is red or tawny, yet our souls have been made one from having the same cause at heart. The final restoration of the noblest work of the Great Spirit—the Red Man. And, my brother, let not your heart fall down nor your knees tremble you are sustained and ever will be by Him who made both the Red Man and the White Man. And by and by, after a few more moons shall have passed away, you shall see your preaching will not have been in vain, but that the Great Spirit has called you to this work. Yes, go on and you shall have to say as one of old:

"Ahli pulla ho hvchim achi—krna kia nrnih cha-ha alvppa kanvllit okhvla-hak. O pit ish okvtutashke im achi cha chukvsh mvt anuck lochi ik im iksho amba nana ho misha tuck vt ont aca h la hi a yimmi hok mvt im ai ah-la oko."

Then go on, my pale face brother, and victory is yours.

RED JACKET."

I asked for an interpretation, and it was immediately written,—In due time you shall know. About two weeks afterwards, I was in company with Dr. Cooper, from Ohio, who, without any expectation on my part, became entranced by an Indian Spirit, which spoke to me for about fifteen minutes, in the most kind and encouraging manner. I inquired of this spirit if he could tell me the meaning of what I had received from Red Jacket. He said that it related to an ancient tradition, which the tribes have had long before the "big canoe" (ship) came to their shores, that white men should come and teach them, and that they would all become friends and brothers. Mansfield, coming into the room while I was asking these questions, was taken possession of by a spirit and wrote, "Yes, it is a prophecy, in the Choctaw language, and it may be found in the ix. chap. and 23d verse of Mark." Now, Mr. Editor, as neither Mansfield or myself, or any one that I have seen since that day, know anything about this language, perhaps some of the numerous readers of your paper can send us a translation.

I had said in a public school, a few days previous, that not another fourth of July should pass away but the red children of the forest as well as the white children of the city, should rejoice together in a day of Independence.—But afterwards I doubted whether I had not been too sanguine. I now ask, will not the millions of American freemen who glory in the Monuments of Bunker Hill and Washington, and Plymouth Rock, see to the fulfilment of this prophecy?

Learning that Mr. Mansfield was about to leave the city, I called at his office a week after the above occurrence, and laid upon his desk the following note, wrapped and sealed with care:

"Will Wm. Penn or Red Jacket give me such directions, before the Medium goes away, as they conceive would be of service relative to my Mission for the Indians?"

Mr. Mansfield sat down and his hand wrote the following joint answer:

FROM WILLIAM PENN AND RED JACKET.

Dear Beeson—Thee comes to me and and thy friend Red Jacket, for what we may have to give by way of encourgaging thee in thy great work. Thee has done well the last month; thee has at last arrested the attention of minds who will help this noblest of works.

O, my dear mortal one, could I but be associated with thee in the form as I would be, I feel that we could revolutionize the world in the particulars in which thee seems so enthusiastically engaged.

Thee has nothing to fear; go forward. Avoid sectarianism; meet all denominations of Christian people as thy brothers and thy sisters. For, are we not all of one family? have we not all one Father?

Thee will meet with sympathy thee now little expects. Then, be thee faithful and take courage. Thee shall not meet with any obstacle that thee shall not have the strength to surmount.—Keep thy eye single, and look to Him whose thou art, and from whence cometh all thy strength.—Thou shalt yet see the satisfaction of thy soul.

WILLIAM PENN,
RED JACKET.

The signatures are in different hand writing, and as Mansfield did not know to whom the note was addressed, and of course I did not know who would answer, so that the idea of its being a mental response to my own question, is utterly precluded. I have ascertained from inquiry that Mr. Mansfield is a gentleman highly esteemed for his many excellencies, and that he is a member of the M. E. C., and that before his numerous calls as a medium he was a class leader of more than common usefulness.

It is thought proper that these statements should be made to the public, because the movement in behalf of the Indians is of too much importance to both races and to the country at large to be slighted through unfounded prejudice. And moreover, it is conceived to be an infringement on the right of private judgment to be held up in public as a sinner above others, because of one's belief. And it is believed that our Friends will not give the cold shoulder to the enterprise on this account when they recollect that Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley, and the society of Friends, with the fathers of both the Catholic and Protestant churches, were believers in spiritual manifestations, and that Patriarchs and seers of old had frequent communications of this kind.

St. Paul tells us that we are encompassed by a cloud of witnesses, and in alluding to the departed ones, he asks, are they not all ministering spirits? Indeed the records of those communications form the chief interest of the Bible. Take these from its pages, and it would be but the dull details of common history. If, then, in the government of the world, God has in mercy opened unto man a more direct and enewed intercourse with spirit life, surely this should not be a cause of ill-will or unkind feelings among Christians. It is well known that the investigation of this modern phenomena has cured some of their selfishness, and inspired many with hope and faith in immortality who were before unbelievers.

I do not offer the above as a vindication of Spiritualism, but only to show that if I and others believe in it, we have some reason for our faith—and as we are exhorted by the Scriptures to "try the spirits," and to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good."

I respectfully submit to a candid and discerning public the communications purporting to come from William Penn and Red Jacket. The question is, from whom did they come? Not from Mr. Mansfield, because his character and the circumstances under which they were given, make it impossible. Not from the *devil*, because they bear the stamp of *truth*, and the nature and tendency of the communications are good, and only good, and so superlatively *good* that it seems impossible that they could have come from any source but that which is good; therefore we must (according to Scripture) "hold them fast" until they are proved to be something else than what is claimed.

In regard to the unknown language, it does not matter whether it shall prove to be a veritable Choctaw tradition or something else; our duty to the Indian will remain unaltered, and we may safely conclude that three things are certain.

1st. That whether prayers are offered for Indians or Spiritualists or for any others, to be effectual must have works as well as words. Fred Douglas says that he prayed a long time for freedom and that God helped him to get it when he prayed with his LEGS. So God will help the pulpit and the press and the people to higher conditions as soon as they unite more fully to promote peace and love and justice among all nations.

2d. That the affirmation relative to the Indians' participation in the joy of the next Fourth of July can be, and therefore ought to be made true.

3d. That a practical faith in the foregoing, will realize (so far as Indian wrongs are concerned) the fact as it is recorded in the xi. chap. and 23 verse of Mark: For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the midst of the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith.

Let all the people say Amen.

Respectfully, JOHN BEESON,
No. 18 Lagrange place, Boston.
August 16, 1859.

COMBUSTION FROM RUSTY IRON.—In the year 1840, Mr. March, an able chemist connected with the Royal Arsenal, discovered that it is an invariable rule with iron which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains, or to an impalpable powder, to become red hot, and ignite any substances with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact is of immense importance, as it may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty old iron brought into contact with a bale of cotton in a ware-house, or on ship board, may occasion extensive conflagrations and the loss of many lives. It ought to be added that the tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the great French chemist, Lemery, as far back as the year 1670.

We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep from which was no wakening, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.—[Dr. W. W. Hall

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE IMMORTAL FLOWERS.

BY TULLY VERNON.

How bright the flowers that fragrant bloom
Around the borders of the tomb;
Where all is light that once was gloom
And dark, disturbing fear!
Our spirits fain would pluck the flowers,
And fashion bright, immortal bowers,
To cheer the dark and toilsome hours
We must encounter here.

Bright flowers of peace, and love, and joy,
Of hope, without one doubt's alloy;
Of faith which nothing can destroy,
Nor blasting winds can sere;
Their perfumes in sweet surges roll
Upon the wearied, thirsting soul,
And fill with sweets the bitter bowl
Of our experience here.

Hail, clustering sweets! your heavenly bloom
Shall drive all terror from the tomb,
And banish every shade of gloom
From the desponding soul;
Your fragrance, like a gentle wave
Shall every parting spirit lave,
Who leaves his earth-form in the grave,
And hies to reach the goal

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THOSE YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY VINE.

My heart grows warm and fresh tears start
As I look far over the Past,
Away to childhood's sinless hours,
Too stainless and bright to last

I remember all the glad old sport.
By the warm and sunny home hearth;
E'en now my blood mounts warm and high,
As I think of our innocent mirth.

Softly comes back the sweet good nights,
O! my heart is full of them now;
My mother's benediction-kiss,
Rests crown-like upon my brow.

But my heart grows sad, and sad tears fall,
As I think of the souls of earth,
In whose dreary, desolate homes,
Such pleasure had never a birth.

Who recall of the "Long ago,"
Naught but the heartless words and blows,
Naught of the summers but dismal ruins,
And of winters, the blasts and snows.

My heart goes out in earnest prayer,
That the souls from such joys riven,
May wake one morn on sinless shores,
And a childhood find in heaven.

FREE LOVE.—The development of free love principles in spiritual circles, says an exchange, has attracted attention in Newburyport, Mass. Two couples have already separated, and if rumor be true, there are others in a fair way to become so. One pair who have dissolved partnership, had been married but a few months, and the gentleman is well known as the former husband of a distinguished literary lady, whose writings are familiar to those acquainted with the current literature of the day.—[Exchange.

It is a matter of regret that some people make Spiritualism a cloak for the gratification of their sensual natures. Genuine Spiritualism teaches no such doctrine. True, it teaches us to obey the divine command to "Love one another," but it teaches us also to perform all the duties of life well and faithfully, and so far as we have any knowledge, *emphatically condemns* such free love as is alluded to above. It seeks not to separate families, but rather to draw them nearer to each other. But it is only a common occurrence. Many of the human family are prone to adopt for a cloak anything that will conceal thier evil natures, and some assume Spiritualism as the best adapted to their purposes. True Spiritualism ought not to bear the odium of such conduct, any more than the church should be condemned for the misconduct of some of its members.—[Aroostook Pioneer.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by W. H. Chaney, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

Editor of The Spiritual Age, Author of "The Mertons," "The Mission of Charity," &c., &c.

PART I.

(*Continued.*)

But he was upon his guard, and easily parried my thrust. We then went at it in earnest.

Frederick was cool and self-possessed; I, almost blind with rage. At first he fought only on the defensive, deliberately calculating that my strength would be exhausted, when I should fall an easy victim. I was vastly his superior in fencing, and with *his* coolness might have achieved an easy victory. I soon discovered that in my haste for vengeance, I was fighting at disadvantage. Divining his policy, by an effort I regained my self-possession while my strength yet remained, and as each stroke of my sword became feebler, he was thoroughly deceived into the belief that I was now at his mercy.

Then the fires of hell seemed gleaming from his eyes, and from the defensive he assumed the offensive. Anxious to draw him from his guard, I commenced retreating. Watching a favorable opportunity, as I feebly warded his thrusts, he suddenly rushed upon me with the design of running me through the heart. At that moment I trod upon a rolling stone, and to save myself from falling, threw up my right hand, and at the same moment felt his sword entering my side. By stumbling, I threw my body out of a direct line with the point of his thrust, and after penetrating the skin, and passing along under it a few inches, the point of his weapon came out again, inflicting a painful, but not a serious wound.

By this time I had fairly regained my footing and with my sword still raised, I brought it down upon his head with a force sufficient to lay him, stunned, at my feet.

Pointing my sword at his throat, with my foot upon his breast, I awaited his return to consciousness, ere I sent him to keep company with his congenial spirits, in the infernal regions.

The next moment I heard a feeble cry from Conrad, warning me of some new danger, and at the same moment received a blow upon my left shoulder which nearly dislocated it. It was evidently aimed at my head, but suddenly turning as I heard Conrad's voice, I narrowly escaped a broken skull. Looking around, I beheld Gerbert in the act of repeating the blow with a large bludgeon, which he held in both hands. Rapidly inclining my body to the right, I again saved my head, but having incautiously raised my left arm, received the full force of the blow upon my wrist, fracturing it severely.—The next moment Gerbert lay gasping upon the earth, his life-blood freely flowing from a wound my sword had made in its search for the vile monster's heart.

By this time Frederick had partially recovered, and was struggling to his feet. Suffering the most intense pain, and being well nigh exhausted, I became aware that this bloody contest must be speedily decided in one way or the other. Mustering all my remaining strength for a final effort, I rushed upon Frederick, fully resolved to avenge the foul wrong he had put upon Conrad and myself, or perish in the attempt.

Once more we crossed our swords—his red with my own blood—mine red with the blood of Gerbert.

O, it was a sad picture! That bright October morning—that beautiful grove—one of "God's first temples"—Gerbert dead—Conrad groaning under the torture of a mortal wound—Frederick with a long scalp-cut, from which the blood was trickling over his face—I with a sword thrust in my side, my shoulder almost paralyzed, my wrist broken—and we two, each one striving for the death of the other!

But the contest was brief. Making a feint at his throat, he was thrown off his guard; then suddenly dropping the point of my sword, the next moment I buried it in his bosom. Withdrawing my weapon as he sank to the earth, I prepared to extinguish the little of life that remained in him, when my hand was suddenly arrested by the feeble voice of Conrad, reproachfully calling me by name.

The spell was broken—the demon of my nature forsook me, and the next moment I was upon my knees by the side of Conrad, the scalding tears flowing over my face like rain, begging him in the most agonizing tones to forgive me.

"You are freely and heartily forgiven," he said, as he tried to smile, "for we have both been the victims of a foul conspiracy. But we have no time to waste in words," he continued, uttering a half suppressed groan, "for I would see my mother and sister before I die."

Die! O, God, how that word smote upon my heart! In that moment I endured ages of torture! Conrad die!—And I his murderer!—It was too much!

My reason forsook me, and with the yell of a maniac, I bounded off—fleeing, I knew not where—fleeing from myself—repeating my screams until their echoes seemed to people the grove with a thousand spirits from Pandemonium.

As I emerged from the wood, some peasants who were passing near, attracted by my cries, and the wildness of my manner, rushed forward and secured me. In my madness I mistook them for devils, sent to take me in chains to the regions of eternal darkness and despair.

"No! no!" I shouted, "not yet—not yet!" and I made desperate efforts to free myself from their grasp.

My strength failed me and I became calm. Then reason resumed her throne, and I remembered all.

"O, Conrad, Conrad!" I cried, "why has just Heaven suffered this foul wrong!" then turning to my captors, I hurriedly continued, "come with me—come quick—come while he lives," appealing to them in the deepest anguish.

"Conrad!" said one, "where is Conrad? Who is he?"

"He is my friend," I replied, "and I have *murdered* him!"

With the greatest difficulty I finally succeeded in convincing them that I was not a lunatic, and assisting me to walk, for my strength was almost exhausted, we hastened back to the dead and dying.

One glance sufficed to satisfy us that Frederick had already joined his companion in the spirit world.

Hastily constructing a litter, upon which Conrad was gently laid, two of the stout peasants bore him away in the direction of his mother's cottage, while the third assisted me to follow.

CHAPTER V.

A GLIMPSE BEYOND THE VALLEY.

As we neared the cottage, ever thoughtful for those he loved, Conrad requested a halt, and that one of the men should go forward, and as gently as possible, prepare his mother and sister for receiving him.—Half-reluctantly, with a tear in his eye, the peasant upon whom I was leaning, seated me upon a little knoll and started in obedience to Conrad's wishes.

We soon saw him returning, accompanied by two ladies. Like the shock from a galvanic battery, one thought—"Conrad's mother and sister, and I his murderer!"—rushed upon my mind. Darkness came over me—strange lights and fantastic shapes were dancing about me—groans and shrieks were ringing in my ears—and then all was black.

* * * * * *

I recovered my consciousness gradually. I believed that my mortal life was extinct, and that my soul was waking in the spirit world. I seemed to be in a strange place—in a small room—hovering in mid air, through which I floated at will. I saw my mother, just as she used to look upon me from the canvass in the old mansion. She appeared very sad, but a mother's love shone through her sorrow. Then she seemed to beckon me. By the simple operation of my will, I was surprised, to discover that I changed my position, going in any direction I chose, with the ease and rapidity of thought.

I next discovered that there was a *living* form in the room, and, at the same glance, that my earthly body lay extended upon a bed. I felt neither pain nor astonishment, but regarded my corpse, (and the living person who appeared to be a surgeon,) with the utmost indifference. "Living?" Was not I living? What though the body lay stark and stiff? The intellect had lost nothing by the dissolution, but on the contrary, its faculties were strengthened.

As I gazed upon my own inanimate form, I experienced a sensation of indescribable relief. My soul had been liberated from its narrow prison, and as I hovered upon the threshold of eternity, I felt no inclination to prolong my pilgrimage on the shores of time. The fever of life—wrongly so called—it is no more life than incubation is life—the eaglet begins life when he comes forth from the shell—the butterfly begins life when he emerges from his chrysalis state—the soul begins life when it is released from the body. The fever of mortal life was over. Its cares and anxieties, its sorrows and disappointments had vanished, never again to harrass and distress the soul, throughout the ceasless rounds of unending eternity.

While thus meditating, my own mother beckoned me to follow her. No object, however dense, seemed in the least to impede our progress. The next moment we were within an old castle which I did not remember having ever seen before.—Pausing in what appeared to be the library, she directed my attention to an open letter, lying upon the table. As I hastily perused its contents, a longing for mortal life came over me.

My mother then pointed to a secret drawer, in an old-fashioned secretary.—Eagerly I sought to open it, but she motioned me away. No *words* were spoken between us—none were needed. Our thoughts seemed to be *breathed* to each other, perfectly intelligible, and yet no sound was heard.

But I must not dwell upon these details at present. In the future pages of this work I shall endeavor to make plain to the reader, not only this, but many other phenomena which have so long appeared mysterious and supernatural.

My mother having signified her desire for me to accompany her, the next instant we were again in the room with my earthly form. The surgeon had despaired of resuscitating my inanimate clay, and was sitting upon the bedside in an abstracted mood.

The door opened, and a young girl, her cheeks bathed in tears, entered the room.

"O, doctor," she said, "is he really dead?"

The surgeon hesitated before replying to her question. For once his science was at fault. All his minor tests proved that life had departed. The mirror had been held to my lips, and a careful examination with the most powerful microscope failed to indicate the presence of any moisture upon the polished glass. A vessel of water was placed over the region of my heart, but the microscope revealed no ripple upon its surface, indicating the slightest pulsation. A red hot wire had been touched to the cuticle, and to the naked eye no blister appeared; but by the aid of the microscope, small vesicles were distinguishable. This test alone afforded the only evidence that the life principle was not extinct. Yet every remedy within the doctor's knowledge had been tried, but without restoring animation; and now he doubted his diagnosis.

"My dear young lady," at length he replied, "the symptoms are peculiar. I can discern no wound that should cause death. It is not a case of catalepsy; and I am left in doubt whether to pronounce him dead or alive."

I was conscious of the conversation that was passing, but still I heard no sound. The atmosphere was disturbed—I *felt* its vibrations—but no tone of the human voice was perceptible. When they ceased speaking, their *thoughts* were just as audible as their *words* had been, and perfectly intelligible.

The young lady was Minnie, Conrad's sister. Her thoughts were divided between her brother and myself. He had explained to her the circumstances of the duel, greatly modifying my violence, and the insults I heaped upon him in my room. He had told her of our long friendships—of my dual nature—that when under a mild influence I was as tractable as a child; yet when the dark spirit controlled me, I was a perfect fiend. But he told her that I had been a true friend to him, and that knowing my disposition as he did, he was at fault for heeding my insults. Then he had explained the dark treachery of Frederick—the villainy of Gerbert. All these thoughts were intelligible to me as they passed through her mind. * *

Now she was thinking of her mother and herself. Conrad must die—here her tears flowed afresh. But believing that I should survive, he had commended his mother and sister to my care and protection. Already my spirit had been separated from the body, and as she thought of her desolate situation, she bowed herself and sobbed aloud.

Raising her head, she gazed steadfastly upon my white, cold face. Then laying her hand upon my brow, she continued her thoughts,

"Poor Charles!—For being Conrad's friend, I loved you before I saw you. I loved you for *his* sake; but for this duel, had your life been spared, I might have loved you for *yourself*.

"Doctor," she said aloud, "I have read in the writings of Dr. Mesmer, that mind influences mind; then why cannot the mind of Baron von Wydorf be restored to activity by the exercise of your will-power, aided by certain physical manipulations described by Mesmer?"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders and replied somewhat impatiently,

"Chimerical—all chimerical!"

Then I observed the man of science as he said in his thoughts, "Poor, simple child! She, too, has been deluded by the vagaries of this quack! And the expression of her countenance indicates that she sets up her opinion against *mine!* Strange! that with thirty years experience as a physician and surgeon, and with a reputation for science second to none in Germany, this inexperienced girl should doubt me upon a point about which she is profoundly ignorant."

He was here interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of a servant, who desired him to return to the room where Conrad was lying. I felt an impulse to accompany him, but before it was matured, I became conscious of a desire from my mother that I should remain.

During all this time, namely, from the awakening of my spirit to an existence independent of my body, I had constantly realized a degree of *passiveness*, never before experienced. I hardly had a desire of any kind, (excepting a momentary one to return to mortal existence, upon ascertaining the contents of the letter before mentioned.)

The grief of Conrad's sister did not cause me the slightest emotion. When I saw her hand upon my cold temples, desponding as she thought of her unprotected situation, and wishing that my life had been spared—I experienced no sensation but one of utter indifference.

When left alone with my earthly form, as she supposed, (mortals are *very rarely* conscious of the presence of spirit visitors) for several minutes she gave vent to sobs which she had tried to restrain in the presence of the surgeon.

Then she leaned her head forward, abstracted in thought. My mother was hovering about her, gradually mingling with her spirit, until the identity of each was lost in a new formation, the two dwelling in unity within the earthly form of Minnie, which was subject to the control of these two spirits. I could see, and even *feel* this new phenomenon, yet it occasioned no surprise. I was becoming familiar with the strangeness of my independent existence, and this, with what followed, seemed to have happened all as a matter of course.

The form of Minnie now arose, and her hands moved soothingly over my earthly form, from my head downward, and at the same time I experienced an influence from the spirit of Minnie and my mother, drawing me nearer them. The last I remember of my independent existence, this influence was calmly, quietly increasing, and that I neither desired to obey nor resist it.

* * * * * *

Like one from profound slumber, I slowly awoke. My first impression was that I had dreamed a remarkable dream. My ideas were confused; there seemed to be a strange intermingling of facts, circumstances and thoughts. I recalled my sensations when my mind seemed separated from my body. Then the scenes of the bloody duel rose before me, all appearing as a part of my dream.

"Thank God," I thought, "I have not murdered my friend, and I accept this dream as a warning not to have a hostile meeting with him. I will seek Conrad at once—tell him my dream, and make any concession he may demand. This has been our first quarrel; so it shall be our last."

Then I thought of Minnie—I wondered if Conrad's sister was called "Minnie;" I had no recollection of hearing him speak her name, yet this dream seemed so real, that I felt sure her name *must* be Minnie. While these thoughts were coursing through my mind, I had lain with my eyes closed. I now attempted to open them, but found it was not in my power. I was lying upon my right side, my right hand partially under me. I therefore attempted to raise my left to my eyes, but discovered that I had no control over it, and at the same time experienced a sort of "prickly" sensation in my wrist, as if the circulation had ceased, or that it was what is commonly called "asleep."

My next thought was to turn upon my back, but found that I had no power of motion.

Up to this time I had not been conscious of any pain; but soon after I felt a smarting sensation in my left side, which gradually increased, extending to my shoulder and wrist.

The pain next became so severe that I was conscious of having uttered an almost inaudible sigh. Then my muscles assumed an involuntary action, causing my flesh to creep and quiver, something as I have seen it in animals, after they have been butchered, and while the skin was being taken off.—The tremor continued a few seconds, and then with a deep respiration my eyes opened.

I was now awake, and yet the Minnie of my dream was bending over me, her hair disheveled, and her deep blue eyes intently fixed upon mine. Her hand was describing longitudinal passes, just as I saw her in my dream. Her manipulations calmed my mind and soothed the pain. A languor came over me and I became unconscious. * *

When I again opened my eyes, Minnie was gone, and the surgeon occupied the place by my bedside.

I attempted to speak, but he commanded me to be silent. He was the same I had seen in my dream. Was I not *still* dreaming? I remembered having been able to perceive his thoughts, as readily as I understood common conversation—I now tried it, but they were a sealed book. From this I reasoned that I either *had* been dreaming, or that I was *now* dreaming. I was convinced that my present state of consciousness differed from the former, but was unable to distinguish the *normal* from the *abnormal*.

While puzzling over this mystery, the surgeon had prepared some liquid in a glass, which he held to my lips and bade me swallow. With some difficulty I succeeded in obeying him, and soon found that my intellect was becoming clearer.

The duel no longer appeared a dream, but a horrid reality. Neither did my state of super-unconsciousness appear like a dream. I recalled many of my impressions—they were *real*, and must have been derived from circumstances actually taking place at the time.

(*To be continued*)

☞ Aristuppus said, he liked no pleasures but those which concerned a man's true happiness.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

The Haunted and the Haunters;

OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

(*Continued.*)

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the doors between the two rooms. Thus, alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no, it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other! I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No: be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentered all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the streets, so altered was every lineament.—He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but, without heeding me he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not one even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber.

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it.—It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as if in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvellous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then the apparation of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—*i. e.* not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernable hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs.—In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material, living agent.—Now, supposing it true that a mesmerical patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmeriser a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touched the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition;—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond men's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small, too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As the sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom-male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fire-place now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman, aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen *the* Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intensely fixed, till again eyes grew out of the shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order.—In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold, soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentred all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will.—And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above, all from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came one more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken—actually twisted out of the vertebræ. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room?—Good cause to suspect it. I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange, erratic way for a few hours, and then comes to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the remainder of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had so been aggravated by what has passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more from him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:—

"HONORED SIR:—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for ervice, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's at Walworth,—John knows her address."

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that he had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, "I know but little of the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice I will make inquiries and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency."

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?"

"Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not wake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to

(Continued on 7th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe

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INSPIRATION A MODERN FACT.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. XXII.

In a preceding article were pointed out the prominent physiological and psychological phenomena attending ancient Inspiration, as indicated by Bible writers; and it was intimated that experiences identical in character with these, and illustrative of their value, are common at the present day.

1st. The state of unconscious trance,—a condition of utter physical helplessness, and deadness to external things—under the power of some controlling influence, which holds the normal faculties in complete obeyance—has been often observed. Also that of ecstatic elevation and excitement, at times resembling insanity, under which strange things are sometimes said and done—though the writer has never witnessed or known of anything in modern times equaling the "indecencies" related of old King Saul, when "the Spirit of God" came upon him.

2d. The opening of internal or spiritual senses,—the perception of and converse with spiritual beings, who appear in the forms of human beings, sometimes claiming to be "the Lord,"—visions, symbolic and literal, prophetic and otherwise,—all these are now common.

3d. The internal and incontrollable impulse or "burden" to speak or write, on certain occasions, which was the universal characteristic of ancient prophets, is now experienced by many.

4th. The coincident suggestions and unpremeditated utterance of thoughts and words, often above and beyond the normal ability of the subject, and which he or she is conscious do not originate in the mind by the usual process of mental action, but are projected from some other mind,—sometimes the enforced enunciation of what the speaker does not believe and does not wish to say,—these, too, are the common experiences of numerous individuals in our day.

5th. There are those, also, who are conscious at times of a powerful influx of thought and impulse to their minds, yet without the occurrence of any marked physiological phenomena—such as trance, ecstasy, or preternatural excitement, allowing them at the same time the full, calm, conscious, but elevated use of their own normal faculties.

And this last form of experience is now generally deemed, at least by the more intelligent and well-informed, to indicate a higher degree of advancement or spiritualization in the subject, than do the abnormal manifestations. In fact, it is found that in individual cases, where spasmodic and frantic action, unconscious trance, and other indications of a "forcible working" of spiritual power upon them, have been exhibited in their earlier experiences, yet, as they have become more refined, spiritual, elevated and healthful in all respects, these forcible and abnormal indications have ceased, and the invisible influence, whatever be its source, has come to be exercised upon them more and more in accordance with the natural and free use of their full powers—*quickening* and *elevating*, rather than *locking up* and *controlling*. It becomes an *in-breathing*, fermenting and arousing the whole being to its best action in freedom, and in unison with the inspiring source; instead of a dominating power, subjecting the individual passively to the will of another. No argument is needed to show which of these is the higher state.

But to return: Besides the several characteristics thus particularized, there are persons who have the power of discerning spirits, of reading unspoken thoughts, of healing the sick, of speaking in unknown tongues, etc., which were especially noted as "gifts of the spirit" in the ancient times.

Here, then, we have, most indisputably, *all the peculiar phenomena of ancient inspiration repeated in our own day*, under our own observation:—that is, those of us who have had, and have availed ourselves of, opportunities to observe. What must be our conclusion?

Plainly this, that if these phenomena attended or proceeded from that supposed mysterious influence called Inspiration in the olden time, they must be attributed to the same cause now. In other words, that *Inspiration, whatever its value may be, is a fact of to-day*, as well as of ancient days.

Like effects indicate like causes. If these modern experiences and phenomena are all to be set down to the credit of "vitalized electricity," or "animal magnetism," or "mental hallucination," or "self-delusion," or "odylic force," or any other "mysterious mundane agent," then how can we escape the conclusion that all similar ancient phenomena, and all portions of the Bible professing to have been "given by inspiration," and from one or another of the same sources? Let any rational believer in Bible inspiration evade this if he can.

Do any deny the reality of such inspirational phenomena at the present day, and attribute all appearance of them to deception and imposture? Then with what consistency can they credit their existence and genuineness in an unscientific age long gone by? By what rule of evidence is testimony eighteen hundred or three thousand years old, from witnesses of whom we know nothing personally, so much more creditable than that of our friends and neighbors, whose intelligence and veracity on all other subjects is conceded? Let those doubt the *present* phenomena who must. Lack of personal knowledge and experience may compel many honest but constitutionally skeptical minds to do so. But let them not at the same time *profess* to rationally believe the *ancient*. We then can honor their consistency though we deplore their skepticism. Those who have witnessed and experienced for themselves cannot doubt. The writer, having for years enjoyed the privilege, in his own family and among intimate friends, of familiarity with these various phenomena, and having made them a careful study under the most favorable conditions, is compelled to believe that *Inspiration exists to-day as really as it ever did.*

What, then, is Inspiration? and what its precise value? We have thus far merely been pointing out some of its attending phenomena. The important part of our inquiry is yet before us.

The common opinion of the religious world has been that it was a direct, immediate and miraculous influence of the Supreme Deity upon, or communication to, certain specially selected human beings in an ancient age, who were thereby rendered infallible and authoritative mediums of God's mind and will to men. Or, to quote the definition of Webster, Inspiration is—

> "The supernatural influence of the Spirit of God on the human mind, by which prophets, apostles and sacred writers were qualified to set forth divine truth without any mixture of error; or the communication of the divine will to the understanding by suggestions or impressions on the mind, which leave no room to doubt the reality of their supernatural origin."

It is this supposition of immediate Deific agency in inspiration, which has invested the subject with such mystery and awe in most minds, and has clothed the utterances of inspired men with such plenary authority. But we feel sure that the Almighty Father, will be pleased to have us know the exact truth of this matter; and, moreover, that in those modern demonstrations He providentially designs to show us the truth.

In our next article, we will endeavor to explain definitely *what inspiration is*, and then deduce its actual value.

A. E. N.

POLITICAL SPIRITUALISM.

Lest we might have been understood last week, by some of our friends, as advocating the formation of a regular political organization—a partizan engine to be used in giving place and power to individuals who may abuse their opportunities and position as shamefully as do most of the politicians of the day, we here beg leave to enter a positive disclaimer of any such intention or idea. No one could regret the attempt to form such a party, at this juncture of affairs, more than ourself. We repeat now, that the whole *tendency* of the Spiritual movements and ideas is in the direction of an utter and total disruption of existing political creeds, platforms and organizations, but the time is not yet arrived. Sufficient light and wisdom have not yet been received to enable such a movement to succeed; but come it must and come it will, in God's own good time. For that hour we are willing patiently and hopefully "to labor and to wait."

Still we do insist and believe that a *voluntary union* of all Spiritualists for no other end or purpose than a formidable manifestation of our *faith* and the *power* of our cause, as suggested by "C. H. H.," would be productive of immense benefits to that cause, by removing many of the obstacles to its future progress. We realize fully the utter impossibility of inducing any considerable number of Spiritualists to contend with existing political parties on their ground and with their machinery. All we want to see is a good rousing vote for some one of our most prominent men. Let us have no platform making, no Conventions for that purpose, no caucussing or wire-pulling—but a simple, hearty, unanimous *declaration of faith by ballot!* Shall we have it? What say our friends?

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MEETINGS AT THE SPIRITUAL AGE HALL.—The meetings here have been growing in interest and harmony since our coming to Boston. The discordant elements have forsaken the place, and now our "comings together" are distinguished by the most harmonious action. While we most cordially invite the lovers of quiet and good order to meet with us, we earnestly request that the jealous, the contentious, and the back-biting, shall never come in our midst to destroy our peace and harmony.

For the benefit of our friends residing at a distance, we will state that should they happen in Boston on Sunday, they will find the meetings at our hall very pleasant, provided they come in the right spirit, as we trust they will. We will also add that these meetings will be continued as heretofore, for at least *one year*, as the hall has been rented for that length of time and for that purpose. Mediums from abroad are invited to attend here, when in the city. These meetings afford good opportunities for Spiritualists to become acquainted with each other.

DEXTER DANA.—Agreeably to previous announcement, Mr. Dana spoke in the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL on the afternoon of the 4th inst., in reply to the question "Why am I a Spiritualist?"

The question was very ably, and most conclusively answered. We have seldom listened to a more interesting discourse, and although he spoke for an hour and a half, not a person appeared the least wearied or manifested that restless feeling which sometimes seems to say, "I wish you would close." All were deeply interested. Mr. D. will answer calls to speak, and we cheerfully commend him to communities of Spiritualists who may desire a good, reasoning, normal speaker.

☞We have received a generous slice of rich wedding cake from our friend A. C. Stiles, M. D., of Bridgeport, who has recently entered the state matrimonial.—May all good angels ever minister around their domestic altar.

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL CONVENTION.

We are glad to see that the proposition for a National Convention of Spiritualists, to consider the subject of a general organization, etc., is exciting discussion in the Spiritualistic press. We trust the whole subject will be thoroughly canvassed in all its bearings.

The undersigned deems it proper to say that this proposition did not originate with himself, nor has it met with his unqualified approbation, especially in respect to the principle *purpose* contemplated. He consented to act upon the Committee chosen to call the Convention, rather with a view to *eliciting an expression of sentiment*, than because he was convinced that the time had arrived for the accomplishment of the end proposed.

While we see that great good might come from the holding of a general Convention, which might adopt and put forth a well-considered and comprehensive definition of the aim and scope of the Spiritualistic movement—like that adopted by the Plymouth Convention, for example—thus drawing public attention to the general subject, and correcting prevalent misapprehensions relative to it—we seriously doubt whether a properly National *Organization* could yet be effected on any such basis as to possess any vitality or useful efficiency. While we thoroughly believe in fraternity and mutual, organized co-operation, as a result of the present, grand, Spiritual awakening, we yet see no such agreement among nominal Spiritualists, as give speedy promise of general co-operation to any end of much importance. Besides, we opine that when it does come, it will not *begin* with an imposing *National* array, but in a less ostentatious and more natural way.

The objections we have seen urged thus far against a *Convention*, come from those who are troubled with a morbid fear of authoritarianism, creeds and centripetal tendencies—who "do not see how it is possible to steer clear of the evils that beset all organizations whose aims are creed and authority. We sincerely trust that all persons who are so unfortunate as this—so dim of vision as to be unable to see how an organization whose aims are *not* creed and authority, should avoid the evils of one which aims directly *at* these ends—will keep carefully aloof from every thing of the kind. None, obviously, are fit for association, and should not attempt it, until they can co-operate without dominating over the opinions or usurping the rights of others.

Says one: "Spiritualism, if it means anything at all, means genuine Individualism." Without stopping to inquire from what lexicographer this extraordinary definition was derived, we would say, that if Spiritualism does not *also* mean *fraternity, brotherhood*, mutual co-operation and assistance in all holy and angelic works, it means very little of value to our world. A genuine Individualism is a necessary preparative for a true Sociality, indeed; but if men are to be left standing in a bald Individualism, with selfishness, egotism and pugnacity projecting on all sides, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," the world must wait for some more effectual means of redemption.

Spirituality, we are confident, means much more than Individualism. As it prevails, men will not only lose the desire to control each other's beliefs, either as individuals or as bodies, but will cease to sneer at "Brotherhood" or to regard co-operation in freedom as an impossibility—will grasp each other's hand with true, fraternal affection, and place themselves shoulder to shoulder in works of use and beneficence.

A. E. N.

GENERAL AGENTS.—We have made arrangements with P. Clark of Boston, and S. R. Porter of Sebago, Me., to act as general agents for procuring subscribers to the AGE. They are authorized to receipt for money paid on subscription.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS will secure a copy of the AGE for *three months*, on trial.—Within that time our new and thrillingly interesting spiritual story, MINNIE THE MEDIUM, will be completed. Send in your names!

☞We paid a visit to Mrs. Peabody, at 15 Davis St., last week, and though she declines to sit for the purpose of giving *tests*, yet before the sitting was terminated, a series of most remarkable tests were given us. Our business, even to many of its minutest details, was described, although we were introduced to her simply as an investigator of Spiritualism, without name or residence. Whether the future is as clearly defined to her interior vision as the past, time alone can demonstrate. Should such prove to be the case, we shall feel it both our right and our duty to inform our readers.

Mrs. Peabody is a noble specimen of well-developed woman hood—well fitted both physically and mentally, to fulfil all her duties as wife, mother, and mediator between the material and the spiritual. We can therefore conscientiously recommend her to our Spiritualist friends visiting Boston, as a medium of unusual reliability. She is not used by that large class of spirits in the other world, whose literary opportunities were rather limited, and whose sole aim and purpose seems to be to control some medium for the purpose of giving utterance to flowery, redundant and rhetorical "compositions," such as poetical young misses and masters at boarding schools and academies are wont to indulge in. Matters of business are treated of in a plain, practical, common-sense way, and if the inquirer seeks health, we feel sure there is an influence under her control which is all-powerful in most cases to expel disease by simple laying on of hands.

It is only necessary to add that this notice is entirely unsought for by Mrs. P., and that she is entirely ignorant, so far as we are concerned, of our intention to speak of her in any way. We do it voluntarily and cheerfully, because we believe we are doing the Spiritualist public a service in calling attention to one whose opportunities and powers are so rarely found.

△

☞While we are fain to believe, as we are assured by large numbers of our friends, that the appearance and the spirit of the AGE, so far, is satisfactory to its patrons, it is not yet, by any means, equal to what we intend it shall be. We are gradually evolving order out of chaos, and getting accustomed to our new work, so that we shall find more leisure to devote to the editorial management and care of the AGE. Before the first three months have expired we hope to render the AGE one of the *spiritual necessities* of every earnest, intelligent seeker after the truths of this new dispensation of Divine wisdom and benevolence. If our old, tried friends will only make one more *prompt*, vigorous and hearty effort to extend our circulation, they will find their reward, not only in the increased value of the contents of the AGE, but in a substantial impetus to the cause we all have so much at heart.

MRS. M. H. COLES.—This lady has been tarrying a short time in Boston, during which she has attended several meetings at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, and spoken in the trance condition.

As far as we are able to judge, she is a medium of the very highest order, and one whom the spirits can use with the greatest facility. Many who listened to her on the 4th inst., are of opinion that the discourse given through her was fully equal to any they have heard through Mrs. Hatch.

Mrs. Coles will probably remain for a brief time in Boston, and has consented to answer a limited number of calls to speak. We *know* that the spirits can make her discourses extremely interesting and instructive.

☞By a mistake of our paper manufacturer, which was discovered too late to rectify, a portion of our edition this week is printed on an inferior quality of paper.

☞The report of the N. Y. Conference Meeting is crowded out by a press of other matter.

A STRONG TEST.

The Editor of the *Aroostook Pioneer*, in his last issue, narrates the following circumstances as occurring to himself. Mr. Hall is known to be a responsible, truthful man, and we wish some one would explain to us how a *female* medium could possibly know the secret passwords of Masonry!

Without vouching for the truth of the foregoing, we will state a fact of similar character and more inexplicable Some months ago we visited a lady medium in company with three others; three of us were R. A. Masons, the fourth had not gone beyond the M. M. degree. After various conversations, the medium, who did not know us at all, desired whilst in a trance state, either assumed or real (we do not care to argue which) to be put in personal communication with ourself. In making the request she called our name, which had not been mentioned in the house—and the visit was entirely unpremeditated and without notice to her—stating that we were sceptical.

We sat near her, and took her hand in one of ours. We then proceeded to ask questions orally, when she requested that they should be asked silently or mentally. During the whole of this part of our interview, we kept our eyes fixed upon her closed eyelids, and are confident that she could see nothing which was transpiring around her The card containing the letters of the alphabet which was lying on a table before us was reversed. We then proceeded to ask certain questions in the manner desired, and whether they were tests or not shall be judged by the reader.—With an averted face and in the absence of all knowledge as to the shape of our mental inquiries, on the part of our friends, we asked for the words of an E. A. M., which was answered without the slightest hesitation and correctly. We then silently asked for the intermediate words up to and including the M. M. degree, which were given with equal facility and correctness. As we have stated before, one of the company was only an M. M, and therefore we stopped there; but we now declare that the same test can be applied up to the highest degree known to the craft.

This, of course, will appear strange, but the writer pledges his veracity and that of the three witnesses named, that he has stated the simple, unvarnished truth.

[From Dr. O. W. Holmes' Papers, in Atlantic Monthly]

It must be done, Sir!—he was saying,—it must be done! Our religion has been Judaized, it has been Romanized, it has been Orientalized, it has been Anglicized, and the time is at hand when it must be AMERICANIZED! Now, Sir, you see what Americanizing is in politics;—it means that a man shall have a vote because he is a man,—and shall vote for who he pleases, without his neighbor's interference. If he chooses to vote for the Devil, that is his lookout;—perhaps he thinks the Devil is better than the other candidates; and I don't doubt he's often right, Sir! Just so a man's soul has a voice in the spiritual community; and it doesn't do, Sir, or it won't do long, to call him "schismatic" and "heretic" and those other wicked names that the old murderous Inquisitors have left us to help along "peace and good-will to men"!

As long as you could catch a man and drop him into an *oubliette*, or pull him out a few inches onger by machinery, or put a hot iron through his tongue, or make him climb up a ladder and sit on a board at the top of a stake so that he should be slowly broiled by the fire kindled round it, there was some sense in these words; they led to something. But since we have done with those tools, we had better give up those words. I should like to see a Yankee advertisement like this!—(the little gentleman laughed fiercely as he uttered the words,—)

"Patent thumb-screws, warranted to crush the bone in three turns."

"The cast-iron boot, with wedge and mallet,—only five dollars!"

"The celebrated extension-rack, warranted to stretch a man six inches in twenty minutes,—money returned, if it proves unsatisfactory."

I should like to see such an advertisement, I say, Sir! Now, what's the use of using the words that belonged with the thumb-screws, and the Blessed Virgin with the knives under her petticoats and sleeves and bodice, and the *dry pan and the gradual fire*, if we can't have the things themselves Sir? What's the use of *painting* the fire round a poor fellow, when you think it won't do to kindle one under him,—as they did at Valencia or Valladolid, or wherever it was?

What story is that?—I said.

Why,—he answered,—at the last *auto-da-fe*, in 1824 or '5, or somewhere there,—it's a traveller's story, but a mighty knowing traveller he is,—they had a "heretic" to use up according to the statutes provided for the crime of private opinion. They couldn't quite make up their minds to burn him, so they only *hung* him in a hogshead painted all over with flames!

No, Sir! when a man calls you names because you go to the ballot-box and vote for your candidate, or because you say this or that is your opinion, he forgets in which half of the world he was born, Sir! It won't be long, Sir, before we have Americanized religion as we have Americanized government; and then, Sir, every soul God sends into the world will be good in the face of all men for just so much of His "inspiration" as "giveth him understanding"!—None of my words, Sir! none of my words!

CAN ANIMALS BE CONTROLLED BY SPIRITS?

SOME FACTS IN POINT.

Are animals subject to spirit influence? I, for one, Mr. Editor, am disposed to take the affirmative of this question. I believe that at least a portion of the animal tribes and some species of birds are susceptible of spirit control; and that they are thus controlled when they manifest an intelligence which passes the bounds of instinct. I will mention two or three incidents among many that have come under my observation, that go to favor this position.

In the summer of 1845 I often saw a very large dog, a cross between the Newfoundland and mastiff, belonging to Dr. J. Carey Hall, of Menominee City, Green Bay. He one day discovered a house attached to the lumber station to be on fire. The house was full three quarters of a mile from where the animal belonged. The dog first went into the house of his master and roused him to a sense of the danger; then swam a river at least one thousand feet wide, ran to the mill, and alarmed the men in the best way he could; then went to the burning house, alarmed the inmates, and never ceased his efforts until the fire was extinguished. He showed throughout the whole matter an intelligence beyond the instinct principle; reasoning, calculating and acting with judgment which certainly had never been taught him. This same animal saw the doctor's son in danger of drowning, and plunged into the water and rescued him, bringing the lad to the shore. I have seen this dog watching the children when at play near the river, and whenever too near the water to suit his notions of safety, he would go between them and the water and try by gentle means to turn them from danger. If an Indian approached them, he would step in, and in his peculiar way bid the Indian be off; and if he did not give heed he would take him by the leg and make him obey.

I once, by stealth, approached a flock of thieving crows that had destroyed much corn for my father, and succeeded in surprising and killing two or three of their number, notwithstanding they had a sentinel perched on the top of an oak tree. The crows flew away, together with their sentinel. There was a great deal of clamoring, and much talk in the crow language about the affair. In a little time they returned in great numbers, taking up their position in the tops of some old dry trees. A scene followed that in my estimation has not a parallel in the history of the crow family. One old crow assumed the character of a judge, and called the court to order. Several of the birds took up a position on the right wing of his judgeship; a number of others were detailed as officers of the court. Several left the company, evidently a commision to examine into the state of the affair on the battle ground, taking good care however to keep out of the range of my trusty shot gun. They returned and reported, as I supposed, from the noise they made. Then two crows took a third one and brought him (by flying by his side) into court, after which there was much caw-cawing, first from one crow then from another; sometimes from the old judge, then from the prisoner, and then a general caw-caw from all. Finally there was silence for the space of half an hour. Then the old judge delivered his opinion, when a certain other went up to the prisoner and evidently delivered his death-warrant, at which the crow prisoner made a mournful cawing. Then the whole flock, (and there were an hundred or more,) fell upon and slayed their sentinel, never leaving him until he was "dead, dead," judicially speaking.

And have we not the inspired bears that in wanton mood slew the little children; Balaam's ass *that did* speak; Daniel in the lion's den, and the angel that chained these mouths—the lion's, not Daniel's;—the ravens that carried food to Elisha, who were more humane than the prophet who ordered the bears to kill the children; and a host of other facts from the inspired Bible?

E. V. N.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—In this week's issue of the AGE I noticed a letter from Rev. W. S. Balch, of Ludlow, Vt., in relation to (as he says) the remarkable incident which occurred at Middle Granville, N. Y. Owing to the peculiar character of his letter and being an eye-witness to the occurrence referred to, I feel called upon to say a word. He says, "For the sake of truth, and to prevent any wrong impressions which my silence might seem to justify, I desire you to insert a word from me in correction." Now the only wrong impressions in the case, that amount to anything, are *his own*; and the only correction he seems to make is in reference to what passage of Scripture his discourse was upon, which is of no consequence whatever, in connection with the manifestation. At the time, Bro. Balch stated to me while returning in the cars, that *his* impression was, that the medium was pretending to personify his (the medium's) mother; and had he understood otherwise, should have questioned the medium, &c., &c. And now he says, "he did not consider it as a 'lecture' in *disapprobation*, but as an *approval* of what he said." Both of these impressions were wrong, and I presume no other person in the house who heard his allusion to Spiritualism, and was at all acquainted with mediumship, so understood the manifestation.

The account given in the AGE of Aug. 6th, was correct, except the idea of a lengthy lecture from the mother to her "clerical son." The lecture was very brief and consisted of a few exclamations such as stated by the correspondent of the AGE, "I *am* your mother! I *can* come! I *have* come!" &c., &c. These were made in reply to Bro. Balch's allusion to Spiritualism, after referring to his mother in very affecting and beautiful language. I cannot give his exact words, but the idea was that he believed that his mother still lived and loved him from the "land of the blest," but he had no idea of her coming back and manifesting, after the *Spiritual fashion*. That it was folly to suppose his mother *would* or *could* come around, performing as it was alleged spirits did perform through mediums. It seemed to me that no "cool" and sane man could have mistaken the import of those exclamations when following such allusions to his mother and Spiritualism; therefore it seems that Bro. Balch must have been a little disconcerted in *mind* if not in *manner*, to have supposed as he claims. At all events, he forgot to refer to Spiritualism again during the remainder of his discourse. He also seems to think the manifestion was "not to rebuke (for there was no occasion for it) but to approve and bless." Was there no occasion to rebuke such a doubting son? And would she not do it with love and affection? And in what way could she better rebuke him than by doing the very things of which he was not only in doubt, but proclaiming it to the world wherever he went.

He speaks of the medium as a "nervous" man and being "overcome by his feelings, reason giving way, and imagination taking the helm, &c." This kind of reasoning may seem very plausible from his stand-point of view, but if he had known that the manifestations through *this* medium, as well as all others, come more readily and more satisfactorily in quiet circles, where silence reigns supreme, and when no preacher's voice *excites*, nor where "reason gives way to feeling," he would not have undertaken to account for the manifestation in so superficial a manner, especially when he was writing for Spiritualists to peruse. As to the imaginary manifestations, the reality of which he seems to think would have been more "*consistent*, *believable* and *agreeable*," I have only to say that his *impressions* in that direction may be true to *him*, but lest that remark might seem to justify the impression that he not only mingles with Spiritualists, but has even progressed beyond them to *Free-loveism*, I would advise him to write another correction and extricate himself from the greater *false light* into which he has so suddenly wandered.

Yours for the Right,

NEWMAN WEEKS.

RUTLAND, Vt., Sept. 2d, 1859.

EDITORS OF SPIRITUAL AGE.—A story is told of a Frenchman, who on the death of a poor countryman, went to others of his countrymen for means to pay the funeral expenses. Each one to whom he handed his paper, was *sorry—very sorry* to hear of the death, but none offered the one thing needful. Wordy sympathy was in excess, but money was *scarce*. At length, the man losing all patience, exclaimed—"Ah, you *sorry*—you *very sorry*—but how much you sorry? You sorry Five Dollars? You sorry Three Dollars? You sorry *One* Dollar? You put *it down*, *how much you sorry*."

APPLICATION.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, (*loquitur.*) Your SPIRITUAL AGE in its new form and dress reached me yesterday. You begin strong and well. I like the form—I like the spirit—I like the matter—*very good*—I like it.

EDITOR. Ah, you like it, do you?—But how much do you like it? Wordy sympathy is very pleasing, but there is another kind better than words. *How much* do you like it?

OLD SUBSCRIBER. Oh, well;—Yes; I see. I like it, *One Dollar*, and here it is. And here are four names, to which please send the paper for three months, at the end of which time, I hope that each individual will like your paper so well that they will *renew* the subscription for *years to come*, and could I see each of your *old subscribers*, I would say —"Go and do likewise.

REDSHON.

TOWNSEND, Mass., Sept. 5th, 1859.

DEAR AGE.—I am glad to see your new form and dress. This is an Age of improvement and progress. Old things and forms, that have been long and wrongly established through the influence of ignorance and error, are now rapidly passing away beneath the light and wisdom of the present age. Not however, without a struggle. I lectured in this place (Townsend) Sunday evening. Mr. J. M. Holt engaged the Town Hall, which is under the control of the Methodists, for me to speak in, and then came after me to Milford, N. H., some 12 or 15 miles, and when we arrived at Townsend, we found the people very much excited, around in groups. The Methodist Clergyman had forbid the Committee letting us into the Hall—said it was all the works of the Devil to break down the Church, and destroy the work of *God*. So he locked up the door and went home to pray, advising others to do so. But the School Committee had mercy on us, and let us into the Academy, which was very soon filled to overflowing with anxious minds to hear and investigate the subject of Spiritualism, and the people became so much interested with the first lecture, that they invited me to stop and give another on Tuesday evening—so the truth of life, immortality, and heavenly communion, is being received by the honest people of Townsend—in spite of the Rev. Mr. BAILEY'S cry of *Devil*. I think that if he would think more of God and Heaven, and less of the Devil and Hell—it would be for his good and happiness. May God and his ministering spirits give us the light and the truth, which shall make us free and useful. Yours in work *and worship of truth*.

H. P. FAIRFIELD.

REMARKABLE.—We learn from a gentleman, well acquainted with the facts, that some time in March last an old gentleman, residing for many years in Davie, was sitting in his house, a few feet from an open window, when a dove flew in and alighted on his shoulder. He kept his seat, but called to his daughter, who was in an adjoining room, to come quickly.—She came in, and pointing at the bird, he told her to take it off, and put it in a cage, and take care of it as long as it lived. She gently lifted the bird off, and caged it as directed, her father remarking to her, at the same time, My race is nearly over, I shall die in two weeks. He was then in ordinary health; but strange to say, he died that day two weeks. The bird is yet in its cage, and in the possession of the family, who regard it with feelings of peculiar sadness.—[Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman.

A project for a ship railway from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea has been broached.—The ships are to be lifted and lowered by hydraulic power, and transported across the Isthmus on cradles resting on five lines of railway, at twenty miles an hour.

A French writer has said that 'to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously when you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue daily.'

SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND MASS PICNIC FOR 1859.

At Island Grove, Abington, on Thursday, Sept. 15th.

A special train of cars will leave the depot of the Old Colony Railroad at 8,45 o'clock, A. M. Returning, will leave the Grove at 5,15 P. M., arriving in Boston, at 6,30 P. M. By this arrangement all the friends living on the lines of the railroad, out of Boston, will be enabled to return to their homes the same evening. All friends of Spiritualism, both in city and country, are cordially invited to attend this Grand Social Festival, and participate in the exercises of the day. Several eminent speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises.

Tickets 50 cents each for adults, and for children 25 cents. May be obtained at the depot on the morning of the excursion; also at the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, at half the regular fare, by the regular train which will leave Boston at 8,30 A. M. Music by Gilmore's Quadrille Band.

The friends in Plymouth, Kingston and Hanson, can obtain tickets at their several depots at half the regular fare to Abington, and return by regular trains. Those living near the line of the Eastern Railroad can take the 7 A. M. train from Salem, and return the same evening. Those on the line of the Woburn Branch Railroad can take the cars from Woburn at 7 o'clock, A. M., and return the same day. Also those near the line of the Reading Junction Railroad can take the train which leaves Reading for Boston at 6,10 A. M., and return at night. Those living on the line of the South Shore Railroad can take the special train to the Grove, at Braintree, and return to their homes the same evening. Those living on the line of the Worcester Railroad between Boston and Newton Lower Falls, can return the same night. The friends living in New Bedford, or near Myrick's, Taunton, Middleboro', Bridgewater, and adjoining towns, can make arrangements for a special train to and from the Grove, at reduced rates of fare, thus obviating the inconvenience which was experienced on a former occasion.

The special trains from Boston will not stop at any way stations for passengers, except at the junction of the South Shore Railroad at Braintree.

Should the weather be unfavorable, the excursion will be on Friday, the 16th, at the same hour.

☞ The second train will leave for the Grove at 12,30 M.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

[From the N. Y. Despatch.]

THE FOOLS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—*Messrs. Editors*:—The editor of the *Evening Chronicle* of the 10th inst., has a brilliant little article relating to the late Spiritual Convention of New England, under the somewhat original caption of "The Fools in Convention." The editor's definition of "fool" may not correspond exactly with that of the German seer and philosopher, Henrich Zschokke, in his beautiful story "The Fool of the Nineteenth Century." The hero of this story is a noble-hearted, magnanimous man—with a mind calm, self-poised, deeply intuitive and philosophic—always seeing new truths and espousing them far in advance of his neighbors; so that he won the title of "fool" among all, save here and there a mind similarly illuminated with his own. Thus illustrating the idea that the greater the philosopher the bigger the fool in the opinion of the world.

It often happens that the fools of one age are the philosophers of the next. History is full of illustrious examples of this kind. If, in the estimation of our friend of the *Chronicle*, men are fools, simply because they believe it to be within the realm of possibilities for the spirits to communicate with mortals, and because they believe their own senses, and human testimony in all ages, in confirmation thereof, then such men as Dr. Johnson, John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke, Martin Luther, John Milton, President Dwight, and many others of the past, were fools; as well as are many of the present time, such as Rev. John Pierpont, Rev. Dr. Bushnell, Bishop Otey, Gov. Tallmadge, Wm. Howitt, Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Ashburner, and many others prominent in the world of science, literature, and legislation.

"Let no man deceive himself. If any among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, (in the world's estimation,) that he may be wise," (in the sight of God.) "These things are hid from the wise and prudent, (in their own conceits,) and revealed unto babes," (simple, hearted learners.) Again it is said that "fools despise wisdom and knowledge." But every true Spiritualist is seeking for more wisdom and light on all subjects; and his creed is *Universal Truth*. He asks, above all things, to be led in wisdom's ways, and would tread boldly *wherever truth leads*, whether his reward from the world be smiles or frowns, or the charge of being

ONE OF THE FOOLS.

August 12, 1859.

Not long since a religous society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting house. Some proposed one color, and some another. At last, said one, "I move that we paint it a rum color, for deacon Jenkins had his face painted that color, for a number of years, and it grows brighter and brighter every year."

The "Haunted and the Haunters" concluded next week.

Correspondence.

DREAMS.

EDITORS OF SPIRITUAL AGE.—As the t e and reliability of dreams is made a subject of consideration in the "AGE," it may be possible that a chapter from my past history will be acceptable, if so it is at your service. To me, the common floatings of the mind when we are sleeping, are of no more account than the romances which we are always picturing out mentally in our waking hours, serving merely to keep up mental action, but there is a state of what is called sleeping, in which persons and things are clearly and reliably presented to the mind. In this state the sensations, as far as we can recollect them on waking, are not like those of common sleeping and dreaming. The waking is not like common waking, and the impression while waking is unlike ordinary impressions; the interpretation is ordinarily forced on the mind before we are sufficiently awake to notice objects about us. The probability is that it is a state of entrancement, rather than sleeping in the common acceptation of that term and that the presentments are a spiritual manifestation and not the wild floatings of fancy when reason is out of control. At least, such are the conclusions that my experience has led me to.

Much of the earlier part of my public life was under the guidance of this class of dreams, (if dreams they may be called.) There was scarcely an important event about to occur relating to my trials or success that I did not well understand beforehand by this means. If a religious revival was about to break out under my charge, I always knew it sometime before any outward signs were seen and never was disappointed.

In these dreams persons were sometimes presented, unknown at the time, but afterwards seen and identified, but more commonly the thing was allegorized or presented by means of figures and metaphors of so nice a selection as showed clearly an intelligence outside of myself to be in control of the affair.

A single case may be worth relating: The conference year commencing in June, 1822, was the first year of my labors as a circuit preacher; as the year drew near its close it was natural to feel some anxiety about the next field to which a one-man-power might send me, but one of these presentiments told the story. The substance of it was that I met an old gentlemen in an old rack of a building which had sometime been started for an extra edifice, but was never finished, and having been long neglected was in a state of decay. We were partners in the fishing business, but were not well agreed as to the division we were to take in our work. Starting out on what appeared to me to be the right way I soon descended an old rickety flight of stairs where the railing was rotten and partly fallen off. In the basement story a most singular fishing ground attracted my attention. The place was barely light enough to give a view of some shallow, muddy water of the color of clay. I laughed at the thought of catching fishing in that unseemly hole; still with all the fortitude possible to be exercised under such circumstances, I flung the hook to the center of that miserable quagmire. It had no sooner reached the water than it was caught by a fish weighing several pounds; as fast as the hook could be cleared and thrown, one fish after another was drawn out, till as many were taken as I could carry up that old flight of stairs. On reaching the top, that same old man was again presented, who still appeared to be dissatisfied. *Here was the finis.*

Conference came, and I was appointed to Kennebunk and Scarborough circuit, in the State of Maine.

Soon after reaching the place of my appointment my senior colleague arrived and though he was a stranger, I recognized in him the very man seen in the dream; I could have picked him out from among a thousand men.

The allegory or figure was equally impressive; the house was a fit emblem of the church in that place; the difference of opinion between my colleague and myself was actual; and if the neighborhood where my first pitch was made, was not well represented by the basement story and muddy water already spoken of, then figures never represent anything. The ease with which the influence took effect and the rapidity with which one convert after another came out, were fitly represented, but the old preacher was all the year dissatisfied. I left him in that state and have never seen him since.

The light of modern Spiritualism has to some extent, superseded the necessity of this kind of presentments and they are not now so frequent; but the numerous instances of encouragement and caution which I have received in this way would fill your paper for weeks. Indeed, they are so common with me, and probably with most others, that I should never have thought of printing them if the example had not been given by others. Still, at this age of investigation, when the thoughts are turned inward with the view of drawing out of ourselves the truths we need to know as clues to, or demonstrations of, some principle or train of thought which shall be useful, all these things may have a place, and part to act, in filling up the measure of knowledge which must serve as a guide in coming time, no matter how small the circumstance which lights the path before us.

As far as my observation extends men, even church men, do not actually adopt my written rule of action, though as church men we recognize ostensibly the bible as our guide, yet actually we do not. We observe or omit many things found there just as circumstances and taste may suggest. There is not a church in Christendom but what would expel a member for imitating the example of Jesus in some things.

Men act mostly from intuition, impression, surrounding circumstances and influences, and often from some presentiment or presentment more or less distinctly made or formed, and often we are moved, we hardly know why; an inward emotion propels us along in ways of virtue or vice. The sum total of law appears to be in the breast of each individual, and to consist in such mental action as is by many deemed small. A dream is often more effective than the decree of a king or a congress, and may we not hope that a careful attention to these little things (if so you will call them) will furnish to us the key to the mysteries of the law of life. So may it be.

H. FOSTER.

INSTINCT OR PRESENTIMENT.—In Schubert's Spiegel der Nater (Mirror of Nature) the author relates, in his chapter on instinct, the following facts as proofs of a certain divine impulse in men:—

A gentleman, an acquaintance of the celebrated French authoress, Mme. Bouamond, was about making a pleasure trip on the river with a party of friends. Every thing was ready and he was just entering the boat, when his sister, a deaf mute, came suddenly and most anxiously running along, and seizing her brother's arm and coat, tried to keep him back; but finding this unavailable, she threw herself at his feet, and taking hold of his knees expressed by the most imploring gestures her wish that he should desist from going on the water. Touched by the painful, entreating expression in the face and posture of the deaf mute, several persons joined in the prayers of the poor unfortunate girl, and her brother finally yielded to their wishes. It was fortunate he did so, for the boat had gone but a short distance on the water, when a sudden gust of wind made it capsize. Several of the company found a watery grave, and he, who could not even swim, would no doubt have met with the same fate, if his sister, by some divine presentiment, had not prevented his going.

Once, on an evening, a rich and benign farmer felt, by some secret impulse, impelled to send, at a late hour, some articles of food to a poor family in the neighborhood. "Wherefore so late; cannot this be done as well to morrow?" said those around him. "No," replied he, "it must be done now" While insisting the worthy farmer did not know what a blessing his benevolent action was just then to the tenants of the poor hut, for there the father—he who had to nourish and sustain the family—had fallen sick; the mother was infirm already, and the children had been crying for bread for more than two days—the youngest of which was nearly dead from hunger. Thus their most pressing wants were at once removed, and perhaps some lives saved.

Another gentleman, living near some coal mines in Silesia, awoke one night from his sleep with an irresistible impulse to go down in his garden. He rose, went down; the same impulse led him out of the back gate of his garden into the fields, where he arrived just in time to save the life of a miner, who, in climbing up a ladder, missed his footing and fell down the sheft into a coal-tub, which his son was at that time winding up, but by the increasing weight was unable to do so now alone.

A venerable clergyman in England once felt, likewise, an unexpected desire to pay, late at night, a visit to a friend of his, whom he knew to be of a very melancholy turn of mind.—Though extremely tired by the cares and labor of the day, and though the distance to his friend's house was very great, the venerable gentleman could not resist his secret impulse. So he went, and strange to say, arrived just in time to prevent his friend from taking his own life. The nightly visit and friendly exhortations had such a wholesome effect on the depressed spirits of his friend, that he never again attempted to commit suicide.

Prof Buchner, at Marburgh, being once in very pleasant company, felt a strong desire to go home and remove his bed from its old place to another corner of his bed-room. He yielded to the impulse. Having done so, he felt again at ease and went back to his friends. During the night a large portion of the ceiling in the room, just where the bed formerly stood, crumbled down, and would no doubt have crushed him to death, had it not been removed from there.

INSTINCT OF A BIRD.—During the fire at Mr. Gorley's, Dover, on the 2d inst., a starling was observed in her nest on a tree not far from the burning barn. As the flames approached, the maternal anxiety of the poor bird was visible by her uneasy flittings about the nest. The danger became more threatening. At last she was seen to take one of her young ones and remove it to a remote spot.—this she repeated five times, and thus succeeded in saving the five nestlings. Who shall say how near instinct approaches to reason.

AN ENGLISH NOTION.—The London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* writes that, among thousands of well-informed Englishmen, the present ruler of France is said to be, like his deceased imperial uncle, a fatalist; and, impressed with the belief that he shall fulfill his destiny by a successful invasion of England, by the capture and destruction of London, and by his own death, in the moment of victory, in Trafalgar square.

A LOST CHILD PERISHING IN THE WOODS.

About a fortnight ago, a bright little girl six years of age, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. King, living about 4 miles from Kalida, Putnam county, in this state, went with her mother to visit a neighbor, and while there accompanied the neighbor's children to carry water to the father, working in a field. On the way some childish quarrel occurred between them, and their little visitor vexed and grieved, started to return to the house, which was in view. Probably reflecting more upon the wound which her feelings had received than of the path she was following, she strayed away into the woods and was lost. The other children returned in due season, but Mrs. King was only surprised that her child was not with them.

Search was immediately commenced, but when night came, and the little one was not found, the anxiety of the mother became terrible. The search was continued the next day and the next, without success. The whole neighborhood was aroused, and the people of the country, to the number of five hundred per day, generously volunteered their services and traversed the woods, and the forest rang with their alarms night and day, in search of the lost child. For nine days the search was continued amid the utmost excitement and without cessation, during which time the soul-harrowing suspense of the parents, and especially the mother, was indescribable, and she would neither rest nor refresh herself. She still hoped, against hope itself, as each succeeding day passed by without tidings.

On the ninth day the little one was found lying over two logs, where it had fallen too weak to proceed, within two miles of the spot where it was last seen—dead. It had removed all its clothing, and when found was quite naked, its bonnet hanging on a limb, and its dress lying in a little play house which she had built to while away the lonely hours. It had died within a few hours of the time at which it was found. The spot had frequently been passed, but the most of the search had been extended too far. When the dead body of the child was taken into the presence of the mother, and the hope which had sustained her throughout the search was gone, her reason tottered and she became insane.—[Columbus (Ohio) Statesman of August 28.

THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

The Springfield *Republican*, in an article on Science and Religion, has the following gleams of good sense:—

"The tone that theology for the most part assumes toward science is not calculated to conciliate. The theologian says to the savan, 'You must have no facts and no theories that conflict with the dogmas of religion—your reason is fallible—the divine word only is infallible.' This does not satisfy a thinking man. He cannot doubt the facts and principles of nature. He finds it more reasonable to distrust interpretations of scripture and systems of theology that appear to be inconsistent with nature. If he takes the declaration of the pope or the theologian to be all that can be said on the subject, he necessarily discards theology and adheres to his fact. But our more liberal Protestant theologians have grown wiser, and the Bible is now interpreted in accordance with the successive discoveries and demonstrations of science. It is no longer infidelity to the scriptures to believe that the world was created many thousands of years before the creation of Adam, or that the flood was local instead of universal, and that there are many animals and men on the earth not descended from the inhabitants of the ark.—As a matter of fact, the interpretation of the scriptures has been progressive and will continue to be, in accordance with the progress of all human knowledge. There is no Christian sect that is a century old even, that does not interpret the Bible and its own creed in many respects differently from the founders of the sect. By this process the harmony of scripture with reason is maintained, for however much the mistaken zealot may denounce human reason, all men make their ultimate appeal to it, and God has given us no other means of determining what is true and right."

* * * * "Between science and religion there is no war; it is only science and dogmatic theology, and that grows continually less as both are developed and enlarged."

Upon a well managed railroad the loss of life by accident is very small. According to the report of the Directors of the Boston & Maine Railroad, just issued, one million five hundred thousand passengers were carried over that road during the year ending May 31st, 1859. Two of these were killed by jumping off a train while in motion, but of the immense remainder not one was injured in the least degree while retaining his legitimate place in the cars.

In youth hearts are trumps, in manhood diamonds and clubs, according to circumstances, but after all, spades are sure to win when the game of life closes.

SCIENCE AT FAULT.

The *savans* of the Scientific Association who lately met at Springfield have been met on their own ground by a plain man who makes no especial claim to scientific attainments, but whose long, habitual, and accurate observations of all the meteorological phenomena have given him a fund of valuable information about the changes and laws of the weather. We allude to Judge Butler, of Norwalk, the author of an interesting work entitled *The Philosophy of the Weather*. This gentleman, who has watched and studied for himself the phenomena of clouds, winds, and storms, as many of our plain farmers may do, and do, has challenged Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, or Professor Loomis, or both, to meet him before an impartial board of three, in defence of the theory of atmospheric currents and storms which they promulgated at Springfield.—He proposes to deposit $500 with the umpires, $100 to be paid to the professors for each one of his five propositions which he fails to prove. The Judge evidently considers their associations something very like a mutual admiration society, and we guess he is not far out of the way. All that they have ever produced—so far as we have seen—in the way of useful information relative to the truths of Nature and Philosophy, since their association was organized, will not compare either in interest or importance with the facts promulgated in Judge Butler's practical and unpretending little volume. Indeed, the association has repeatedly shown itself either incapable or afraid to investigate questions coming directly within its especial province.—[Hartford Times.

ECHOES.—A good ear cannot distinguish one sound from another, unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds. Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second, in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of the sound being eleven hundred and twenty feet a second in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel one hundred and twenty-four feet. Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls for example, which reflect the sound successively. At Ademach, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day, and twenty times during the night.—An echo in the villa Simonetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients, was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which, according to tradition, was capable of repeating the first line of the Æneid, containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly. Dr. Birch describes an echo at Rosenheath, Argyleshire, which, it is said, does not now exist. When eight or ten notes were played upon a trumpet, they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second echo much the most distinct. Twenty notes played upon a flute, are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes of the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths, or octaves. There is a surprising echo between two barns in Belvidere, Alleghany county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing ones-self in the centre, between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn, and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times. A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing their Rans des Vaches in such time that the reflected notes form an agreeable accompaniment to the air itself.

A MAGNETIC STORM.—One of the operators in the Boston telegraph office gives the following account of a remarkable "magnetic storm" whose influence was observed upon the wires on Friday last. He says:—"We experienced, this morning, a remarkable manifestation of magnetical influence on the wires running in all directions from this office, arising, doubtless, from a magnetic storm, which, were it night, would present a magnificent display of the aurora.

"We observed the influence upon the lines at the time of commencing business—8 o'clock—and it continued so strong up to half-past nine as to prevent any business being done, excepting by throwing off the batteries at each end of the line, and working by the atmospheric current entirely! Several dispatches were in this way received from Portland, Me., as well as over the line between South Braintree and Fall River where they cut the batteries off, and worked for some time with the current from the magnetic storm. The waves were longer than I have ever seen them before, lasting sometimes over a minute; but the same peculiarities of changing of the poles was observed.

At about 10 o'clock the storm partially subsided so as to enable the lines to resume the use of their batteries; but up to the present writing—11 A. M.—the lines are still affected."

This and That.

A French writer has said that 'to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously when you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue daily.'

A poet of the Wooden Nutmeg State thus immortalises the beautiful river Connecticut:—"Roll on, loved Connecticut; long hast thou ran, giving shad to South Hadley and freedom to man!"

A project for a ship railway from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea has been broached.—The ships are to be lifted and lowered by hydraulic power, and transported across the Isthmus on cradles resting on five lines of railway, at twenty miles an hour.

We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadverteatly drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep from which was no wakening, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.—[Dr. W. W. Hall.

Not long since a religous society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting house. Some proposed one color, and some another. At last, said one, "I move that we paint it a rum color, for deacon Jenkins had his face painted that color, for a number of years, and it grows brighter and brighter every year."

There is a little three-year old boy in Norwalk, Conn., already set apart for the legal profession. Being taken in hand with a switch, after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, he indignantly exclaimed, "Mama, I did not pick off the pear—you come see if I did." Sure enough, he didn't.—He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem!

There has been known for many years a metal, found in the tin mines of Cornwall, called 'Tungsten.' No particular use has been made of it, but recently it has been found that if combined with iron in certain proportions, an alloy is the result that is as much harder than steel as steel is harder than lead. The finest and hardest tempered steel is cut readily with it. It is said that much interest is excited among metallurgists in England in regard to it.

Chas. W. Banks, the young man who was stabbed by one of the troops with a bayonet at the Seymour reception in Hartford, has been in most excruciating agony ever since the affair, gasping for breath constantly. He was stabbed in the back on the right side, *when sitting peaceably in a wagon with ladies!* The carriage was so wedged in that it could not be moved in season to escape the deadly charge. The physicians think he cannot recover. The Hartford papers denounce the act as wanton and criminal.

A day or two ago a boy of fifteen years was arrested in New York, charged with a novel sort of robbery. It appears that he would ingratiate himself with boys younger than himself, and working upon their superstitious credulity, would induce them to bring from their homes some articles of gold jewelry, saying that if he had some of these to show the animal he could catch a goat for them, and that when the game was secured they could carry home again the borrowed articles, and no one know anything of the transaction. The small boys would bring to the operator whatever they could lay their hands upon; he then would send them after salt, saying that the goat liked that and could with it be more easily taken. When the misguided children came back with the salt, neither goat-catcher nor gold could be found. It is said that at least thirty families have suffered from his depredations.

A boulder weighing about two pounds was found under the shirt bosom of a colored individual arrested in a row. On being questioned as to how it came in to his possession, he exclaimed with a look of blank astonishment: "Dat's just what I'd like to know how that pesky Dornick got into my busum. I 'spect some of dem niggers must have frowd it dar."

The steam boiler in the iron foundry of John Roach, Goerck street, New York, exploded on Friday afternoon, killing one man and wounding five others.

Sidney Smith, passing through a by street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses.—'They will never agree,' said the wit; 'they argue from different premises.'

when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who had acquired power over me by previous *rapport*."

"Granting mesmerism, so far carried, to be a fact, you are right. And you would infer from this that a mesmerizer might produce the extraordinary effects you and others have witnessed over inanimate objects—fill the air with sights and sounds?"

"Or impress our senses with the belief in them—we never having been *en rapport* with the person acting on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter, I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature, only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated to an extraordinary degree by practice. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the SOUL, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obsolete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* cites as credible:—A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with a human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower.—Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best attested stories of ghosts and sprites, the thing that most surprises us is the absence of what we hold to be soul—that is of superior emancipated intelligence. They come for little o no object—they seldom speak, if they do come; they utter no ideas above that of an ordinary person on earth.—These American spirit-seers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakspeare, Bacon—heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakspeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more notable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be (granting them to be truthful), I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—viz., nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another.—Whether in so doing, tables walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodyless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and those may produce chemical wonders—in others a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these produce electric wonders. But they differ in this from normal science—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and therefore the world does not heed, and true sages have cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: no two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing.

Well, observe, no two persons ever experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena belong to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in anything that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe; some material force must have killed my dog; it might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet (pardon the word), however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom which I occupied, forms a starting point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back-yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires.—Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest allow me to write you."

About ten days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago (a year before the date of the letters,) she had married, against the wish of her relatives, an American of very suspicious character; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child about six months afterwards—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back-yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence; but reverses of various kinds had befallen her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from house-keeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing peculiar against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J—— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very houses she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J—— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind, dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses—a handsome court-sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of what nature I shall say no more than that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and a another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty eight.

It was a most peculiar face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye glittering and green as the emerald—and withall a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power. The strange thing was this—the instant I saw the miniature I recognized a startling likeness to one of the rarest portraits in the world—the portrait of a man of rank only below that of royalty, who in his own day had made a considerable noise. History says little or nothing of him; but search the correspondence of his contemporaries, and you find reference to his wild daring, his bold profligacy, his restless spirit, his taste for the occult sciences. While still in the meridian of life he died and was buried, so say the chronicles, in a foreign land. He died in time to escape the grasp of the law, for he was accused of crimes, which would have given him to the headsman. After his death, the portraits of him, which had been numerous, for he had been a munificent encourager of art, were bought up and destroyed—it was supposed by his heirs, who might have been glad could they have razed his very name from their splendid line. He had enjoyed a vast wealth; a large portion of this was believed to have been embezzled by a favorite astrologer or sooth-sayer—at all events, it had unaccountably vanished at the time of his death. One portrait alone of his was supposed to have escaped the general destruction; I had seen it in the house of a collector some months before. It had made on me a wonderful impression, as it does on all who behold it—a face never to be forgotten; and there was that face in the miniature that lay within my hand. True, that in the miniature the man was a few years older than in the portrait I had seen, or than the original was even at the time of his death. But a few years!—why, between the date in which the miniature was evidently painted, there was an interval of more than two centuries. While I was thus gazing, silent and wondering, Mr. J—— said,

"But is it possible? I have known this man."

"How—where?" cried I.

"In India. He was high in the confidence of the Rajah——, and well nigh drew him into a revolt that would have lost the Rajah his dominions. The man was a Frenchman—his name de V——, clever, bold, lawless. We insisted on his dismissal and banishment; it must be the same man—no two faces like his—yet this miniature seems nearly a hundred years old."

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examing still more minutely, I detected a spring this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid were engraved "Marianna to thee—Be faithful in life and in death too——." Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan, who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron-safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second; it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When he had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A very peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odour, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping, tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

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

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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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The Lily Wreath of Spiritual Communications; Through Mrs. J. S. Adams, and others. 85 cents, $1.50 and $1.

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Miss Lizzie Doten's Discourse on Free Love and Affinity, delivered under spirit influence at the Melodeon, Sunday Evening March 26, 1859. Price 8 cts or $5 per hundred.

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

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Announcements.

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

WORCESTER.

The Spiritualists of Worcester resumed their regular Sunday Meetings in Washburn Hall, last Sunday, Sept. 6. R. P. Ambler, of New York, will occupy the desk every Sunday during September.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Willimantic, Conn, Sept. 4th & 11th. In Taunton, Mass., Sept. 18th & 25th. Calls for week evenings in the vicinity of those places, or near the route between, will be attended to if addressed sufficiently in advance to make the necessary arrangements.

L. JUDD PARDEE is engaged to speak at Dayton, Ohio, for three months from Sept. 1.

E. R. EATON will answer calls to lecture. Speaks in the normal state. Address, South Hanson, Mass. 2 6w*.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will lecture in Bridgewater and Plymouth, Sept. 18th and 25th. Oct., Taunton, Mass.—Nov. & Dec., Vicinity of Boston.—Jan., Philadelphia.

Dr. MAYHEW will speak from Sept. 14th till the end of October in Northern Minnesota. The friends in St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Osceo, Anoka, Monticello, St. Cloud, Northfield, Lakeville, Faribault, and Owatonna, with any others desiring a visit, will write to me, care of Doct. R. Post, St. Paul, where I shall arrive by Sept. 15th; their several wishes shall be attended.

Mrs. ELLEN E. RICHARDS, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, assisted by a trance Writing Medium, has taken rooms at 117 Hanover street, Boston.

TERMS—For examination of patient, $1,00
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Mrs. M. H. COLES, Trance Speaking Medium, may be addressed to the care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Mrs. PECALLIS CLARK, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant Examiner. Under spirit direction, she has prepared a great variety of Medicines for the cure of disease, which have proved eminently successful. Office at 14 Bromfield street, up stairs. 1—2 tf.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON 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 October 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Portland, Maine.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak the two last Sundays in Sept. at Owego, N. Y., also at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct.; at Chicago, Ill., the two last. At Fond DuLanc, Wis., the two first Sundays in Nov.; the two last at Milwaukie, Wis.; the month of December at St. Louis, Mo., and the two last Sundays in Jan. at Terre Haute, Ind.

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

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.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Cleveland, O., Sept. 18th; inLyons, 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, FourthAvenue, New York.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Oswego, Sept. 18th and 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named place, at the times designated.

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.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Lempster, N. H., Sunday Sept. 18th. Friends in the vicinity of the above named place, wishing to engage his services for week evenings, will address him at that place and date.

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.

LORING MOODY will lecture at East Pepperell, Sunday, Sept. 18th; W. Townsend, Thursday and Friday, 22d & 23d, Fitchburg, Sunday, 25th; Worcester, Oct. 2d; Natic, Sunday, Oct. 9th; and on intermediate weekday evenings in neighboring towns or villages. He will act as agent for the AGE and BANNER; and also answer calls to lecture.—Address, Malden, Mass.

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 Olneyville, 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.



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

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.

TO LECTURERS.

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

B. M. NEWKIRK, Laporte, Ind.

"MICHIGAN YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS,"

At Ann Arbor, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Not a meeting of a sect, bound by arbitrary authority, and therefore shrinking from freedom of thought and speech—but an assembling of men and women,

Who seek the truth wherever found,
On Heathen or on Christian ground,"

and to gain it, welcome the frank and earnest utterance of the matured thoughts and convictions of any who may be present, on the great questions of Reform, Religion, Freedom, Spiritual existence, and Social order, that are moving the world more than ever before

Let many meet from far and near, for three days of candid thought and well-ordered free speech, that we may know better how to aid the rule of Wisdom, Justice, and Love;—how to gain that health of soul and body so needed for the advent of "Peace on Earth and good will among men." Come! Orthodox, Hetorodox; Spiritualists and Materialists.

Able speakers will be present, and it is confidently hoped the occasion will be of interest and importance.

Those from abroad wishing homes during the meeting will call on the Committee named below who will see them provided for:

WASHINGTON WEEKS, ROBERT GLAZIER, DR. KELLOGG, A. WIDENMANN, L. PULSIFER, G. SPRAGUE.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

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 continues *Fifteen weeks*.

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

WM. S. HAYWOOD, } *Principals.*
ABBIE B. HAYWOOD, }

Aug. 18, 1859.3t.

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.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

Restorative Syrup—Price $1 per bottle. *Dysentery Cordial*—50 cents. *Elixir*- 50 cts. *Neutralizing Mixture*—50 cents. *Pulmonaria*—$1. *Liniment*—$1 *Healing Ointment*—25 cents per box. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 14—tf

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

Price 10 cents, is just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

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

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

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

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

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A Sermon for the New Year; What Religion may do for a Man; to which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 6 cents.

Parker's Two Sermons on Revivals; and one on false and True Theology Price 8 cents each.

Parker's Four Sermons preached in the yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 30th and 31st, 1858. Price 17 cents; also his speech delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, May 26, 1858; on the Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government; and also, his Fornth of July Sermon, on the effect of Slavery on the American People. Price 8 cents each Sermon of Immortal Life, Fifth Edition, 10 cents.

For sale by Bela Marsh, publisher 14 Bromfield Street.

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.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER,

With some account of his Early Life, and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. Price in paper covers, 30 cts., in cloth, 50 cents. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st.

Died.

In Pleasant Valley, Vt, Aug. 20th, Jonas Safford departed from the body by a fall into a well where he was at work. He died triumphant in the Spiritual faith.

Cash Received on Subscription.

All moneys received on subscription, will be acknowledged under this head. For any failure in this particular, the person having sent the money should write us, that it may be ascertained whether the fault is ours, or that of the P. O. Department. This is our only method of receipting for money on subscription, unless specially requested to the contrary. It is much more convenient for us, and will be safer for subscribers.

Money enclosed in the presence of a Post Master, may be sent at our risk; but the writer should specify the *denomination of the money enclosed*, and if paper, *on what bank*.

☞ Correspondents should be particular to write their NAMES, POST OFFICE ADDRESS, COUNTY AND STATE, in a plain legible hand, upon *every* letter sent us.

☞ Any person wishing the direction of his paper changed, should be particular to specify, as above, *the place where the paper* HAS BEEN *sent*, as well as the place to which he desires it to be changed.

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MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Examiner and Prescriber for the sick Also healing and developing and trance medium. Address No. 19 Green st., Boston. n32 3m

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Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings, 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.

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Mrs. G. L. BEAN will give her attention to clairvoyant medical examinations. Rooms 30 Eliot street. 21—tf.

READINGS.

Persons sending me a small portion of their writing may have a description of their looks, character, mental and physical condition, with right business and conjugal adaptation, and all such matters as require intuition or clairvoyant perception. Terms for a full reading, $3; reading on a single point, $1. Business applications will be received, and persons assisted in making changes and getting situations. Office, 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturdays of each week.

H. L. BOWKER.

NEW GRAEFFENBERG WATER CURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I see in the BANNER a notice of the New Graeffenberg Water Cure, and I wish to add a recommendation of this pleasant, convenient, well adapted and well supplied establishment to our friends who need rest, or physical renovating and recruiting.

The proprietor, Dr. R. Holland, is not only in full sympathy with the great spiritual movements of the time, and most advanced systems of treatment of diseases, but is himself a medium, with very strong healing powers. Although his establishment is one of the oldest, largest, and most convenient in the nation, yet since it has become known that the proprietor is a Spiritualist, the superstitious and prejudiced part of community avoid the place, and endeavor to prevent others from going there, as they would to circles and spiritual meetings, lest they should become believers; and on this account the establishment is not as full as usual this season, which makes it all the more convenient for those who sojourn there. It should be known to our friends that this establishment is, and will be, conducted by the proprietor in accordance with the highest and best principles of the spiritual philosophy; and spirit aid and advice will be sought and used in the treatment of diseases, when the patients wish it.

The large and convenient buildings are pleasantly located in a nook between the hills that surround Utica, N. Y., about five miles from the city, and surrounded with abundance of wild fruit, shade trees, and pure water; and the pleasant company and spiritual sympathy make it an exceedingly attractive place—so much so that we almost wished we were a little sick, to furnish an excuse to stay a few weeks, and feed on berries, and paddle in pure water, &c. WARREN CHASE.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1859.

SOCIAL PICNIC.

The Spiritualists of Salem and adjoining towns will have a Social Picnic at Pine Grove, Marblehead, on *Tuesday, Sept. 16th*, weather permitting—if not, the first pleasant day. All interested in Spiritualism are invited to attend.—It is expected each one will furnish their own refreshments. There will be music in attendance.

The cars will leave Salem for the Grove at 9.20, 11.15, 1. and 3 45; returning, will leave the Grove for Salem at 5 15 and 6.45.

Mediums are especially invited to be present.

Harmonial Colony Association.

The Annual Meeting of this Association will be held at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 21st, for the purpose of choosing Officers, and amending the Constitution, so as to make all friends members who are interested in our Colony movement. It is hoped their will be a full attendance, and a liberal sentiment expressed in regard to this humanitary movement. Per Order of the Directory,

REUBEN BARRON, Treas.

For further particulars enquire of

D. C. GATES, Recorder,
3 1w. Bay State Market, Worcester, Mass.

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

EGYPT.

Spectre of nations gleaming tall,
Through lapse of centuries,
Dark memories on thy annals fall,
Like night on unknown seas.

Liked with the streaming sands that fling
Oblivion o'er thy clime,
From belfries of the ages ring,
Thy wonder-burdened chime.

Thy skies are pure, thy land is dark,
God shapes in one his plan;
The other wears the stain'd mark
Of desolating man.

I stood in fancy by that sea
Which still upbraids the shore,
That gaped for ancient liberty,
To tread its stony floor.

From out the past great voices spoke
Omnipotent decrees,
And to the seeming soul there broke
Fulfilling prophecies.

Thebes' gates of brass the tempest swept
With thunder-snarling jar,
And all her pallid crowds that slept,
Mustered as if for war.

Time cast his endless shadows back
In fragmentary range,
Born of the Infinite whose track,
Runs 'round the realm of change.

And empires vanished, ruin hung
Her banners from the sky,
Whose pall-like margin trailed thy thrones,
Like chaos sweeping by.

Cephreues rose from out the plains,
Crowned with the cloud and storm,
For symbol wrought of the soul's claims
Upon its kindred form. *

A walled eternity, it waits
The sceptered Kings' return,
And Memnon hums their spirit march
Back to this wasteless urn.

The Nile that whispers to thy air
Creation's secret powers,
Rises her crystal fount to fill
Thy urn with plenty's dowers.

Thus do thy gifts of fame elate,
Supply our inmost greed,
Baptizing all the joys that wait
Upon the spirit's need:

Enriching with a symbolled grace
What legend truths unfurled,
Stirring with unseen life and pace,
That shame the halting world.

The fire-clad eagles banner-perched,
That Roman cohorts bore,
Scream thro' the hush of ages past,
Calling from sea to shore.

Where now the dusky Ethiope dwells,
Forgot by human ken,
The spot of angels' presence tells,
When angels wed with men.

Day drowned in Ocean, piping down
The blighting breath of Time,
Shares both the glory and the frown
Of thy trance-stricken clime.

* The Egyptians believed the spirit returned to inhabit the body; hence the art of embalming, and of these pyramids.