THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY W. H. CHANEY & CO.
OFFICE, 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS: $2,00 PER YEAR.
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1859. VOL. I.---NO. 4.

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

IS THERE NO GOD?

BY D DAVIS.

When muteless stood the chaos flood,
And worlds moved not diurnally—
When beam of light from boundless night,
Was spoken not supernally;—
When ere there was a great First Cause,
Or pulse that beat paternally,
Did *Chance* devise and harmonize
This wondrous world's machinery.

Did Chance devise the vaulted skies,
And dropt the heavenly canopy
With diadems of glittering gems
To sparkle in its panoply—
And drape the clouds with vapory shrouds
To wave in matchless majesty?
Then string thy lyre, O stormy choir,
To sound thine awful minstrelsy.

Is Chance the charm that nerves the arm,
That reaches through Infinity,
And holds in place thro' boundless space
The orbs that roll continuously—
Wielding control of the human soul
To urge it on progressively—
While moments climb the mount of Time,
And onward roll successively?

Hath Chance designed man's glorious mind
With all its fixed reality?
And bade it fly to realms on high
To grasp its immortality?
When we reflect do we expect
That Chance will fix our destiny?
Leaving a pall thrown over all
Of deep, unfathomed mystery?

Does smiling Spring no tidings bring,
With all its gorgeous pageantry—
Or Winter bleak no language speak
Like that of a Divinity?
O thoughtless man, what magic can
These truths to you declare?
That thou art but a child of God,
And God is Everywhere.

Dayton, Ohio.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

PROGRESSION.

The tiny acron of to-day
Trod'den beneath the sod,
To-morrow is a sturdy oak,
And tells there is a God.

The coral insect of the main,
A dot upon the strand,
Builds its vast house, but not in vain
It builds a mighty land.

The little creeping, sleepy worm,
That drags its slothful form
Through mire and dirt and filth of earth.
And peltings of the storm,

Rises in majesty divine
Upon its wings of gold,
And basks in sun's resplendent light
With joyous life untold.

So man, with all his erring will,
Must soar above to day,
Rise higher, up to realms of light
Where there is no decay.

The *Scroll* is now unfurled for him,
He needs but look and read,
Then run his race, with noble heart,
And to his ways give heed.

Progression, is his path laid out—
It is the law of mind.
Progression! 'tis a beautous way—
O! search this path to find.

Then onward, onward to the goal
That reaches up to God,
The path of virtue, justice, right—
The same that Jesus trod.

Lowell, Mich., Sept. 11, 1859. A.

[From the N. Y. Post.]

ONLY SHE AND I.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Since our last, though rapturous meeting,
Years have flitted by,
Yet I mind it how we met there,
Only she and I.

Quickly after that last meeting,
Life's embittered storm,
Frightened out her trembling spirit
From its fragile form.

'Tis no matter—all no matter;
In God's future years
We shall meet again together
Somewhere in the spheres.

When that meeting—how that meeting—
Where I cannot say,
But I'm sure of such a meeting
At no distant day.

Yes, within some cozy corner
In the earth or sky,
We shall hold one blessed meeting,
Only she and I.

Exeter, Me., 1859.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

"BEHOLD, ALL THINGS ARE NEW."

BY TULLY VERNON.

Ere yet the kindly gospel
Was proclaimed abroad,
Ere yet the Gentile nations
Heard the Word of God;
One said, and said it truly,
He who said it knew,
"Old things have passed away,
Behold, all things are new."

Loud was the sentence spoken,
Thro' the world abroad,
Men heard the sound repeated—
'Twas the voice of God,
Some thought it was but idle;
But 'twas spoken true,
"Old things have passed away,
Behold, all things are new."

Still were the signs and tokens
Seen in ever age,
All nations saw, and they were
Writ on History's page.
Tho' men were unbelieving,
Still 'twas spoken true,
"Old things have passed away,
Behold, all things are new."

Sure as the orient breaking
Heralds in the day,
Sure as the shadows deepening
Tell she's fled away,—
Sure as the truthfulness
Of God, who spake it true,
"Old things have passed away,
Behold, all things are new."

THE WILD DOG OF NIAGARA.—Have you ever heard of the Wild Dog of Niagara?—Just below the Suspension Bridge on the Canada side and hanging over the river to a height of some two hundred feet, runs for some distance a huge, broken and overreaching precipice, which no human being could climb or descend without assistance. Near the surface of the water and on the broken rocks, a large, noble-looking New Foundland dog has been seen and heard, at various times during the past two years, and lately within a few weeks. The fact is authenticated by the testimony of many respectable and veracious eye-witnesses, and as there is no way for the poor animal to return to civilized life and the amenities of human intercourse, he is a subject of much curious speculation. He is a kind of a Robinson Crusoe among dogs, and it is supposed, picks up his precarious living from the fish and small animals on his "beat," which is only half a mile in length. His howling lamentations from the rocky recesses of his retreat are often heard at midnight, and a daring attempt to approach and save him was rendered fruitless by his ferocity. An additional air of romance has been thrown around his fate by the story that he is be-moaning his master whom he lost at the Clifton House, some two years since. It is probable that he (the dog, and not the man,) was washed ashore by the rapids, which sweep along here with terrific velocity. But whether an exile or a disheartened misanthrope, the poor cast-a-way has the hearty sympathy of every one who approaches the spot and conjectures his probable fate.

An earthquake had taken place at Sercia, by which two hundred persons were killed and a large number injured. Nine thousand of the population had encamped in the neighborhood of the town. The Pope had dispatched assistance.

New-York City is about nine miles long, and not more than a mile wide. Present population not far from 800,000, including suburbs.

[From All The Year Round]

A PHYSICIAN'S GHOST.

It was an Honorable Envoy extraordinary at the court of Saxony who informed me that his brother Alfred was residing at the time of the following apparitional impression, on his living in Ireland; that there was an old aunt of theirs, also in Ireland, residing at some distance from the clergyman, who was much looked up to by the family; that the clergyman, Mr. Alfred, was desirous to consult her on some family matters that rather occupied his mind; but, that, though he knew she was ailing, he was unable, from a pressure of parochial duties to go to her.

Mr. Alfred and his wife were in bed, in a room which opened into their drawing-room. Having not long retired, they had scarcely yet fallen into the incipient dreaminess of semi-slumber, when they were roused by hearing a voice in the adjoining apartment. "Good Heavens!" said Mrs. Alfred to her husband, "it is the voice of your aunt."—The clergyman at once recognized that it was so. Both he and his wife, of course, imagined that the old lady had burst upon them with a sudden visit, and perhaps on some emergent occasion. But the voice said, "Don't be frightened; but get up, Alfred, and come to me. I don't want your wife. I will not have her leave her bed on any account." Mrs. Alfred would have remonstrated, and would have got up, but the voice was imperative, and as she knew the old lady to have a willfulness of character that would not be trifled with, she remained where she was, while her husband, hastily throwing on a few clothes and his dressing-gown, proceeded with the light which he had struck, into the next room; leaving, however, the door between it and the bedroom partly open. In the sitting-room he found his aunt, attired as usual in plain, old-fashioned neatness (in a brown dress,) sitting on a sofa: from which she did not, on his entrance rise, but, waving away, as it were, all ceremonials of greeting, signed to the clergyman to take his place beside her. He did so, and the old lady then entered on a long conversation with him, every word of which, as uttered by the two colloquists, was heard by Mrs. Alfred as she lay in bed in the next room. The old lady had been something of a sceptic on certain points connected with religion. These she first discussed, professing a more assured belief than formerly. After that she entered at length upon family matters, and gave Mr. Alfred all the advice and information he required, on the subjects then agitating his mind.—The information was valuable; was such as no one but the old lady in question could have furnished him with; and subsequently proved of material advantage to his interests. When all this had come to an end, the aunt rose from the sofa, and repelling, by a significant gesture, any hand-shaking or nearer approach to her person, seemed to melt out of the room—in a way so unlike an ordinary departure, that, for the first time, Mr. Alfred was roused out of a strange bewildered state into a feeling of dread.—He, however, hurried after his aunt, whom he supposed to be descending the stairs. No aunt was there. The household were then roused, and the house was searched, with the same negative result. That the aunt had not been there in the body was proved by the intelligence, received a day or two afterwards, of her having been lying in bed dying—observe! not dead—at the time when the clergyman and his wife had supposed they were receiving indubitable tokens of her doubted presence.

A MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.—A correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* writes as follows:

The article about a mysterious dream in your yesterday's edition attracted some attention, and was the means of reviving my remembrance of another case of a similar character, the parties in which were well known to me.

In 1854 Mr. W. was rather a reckless young man of twenty-five, of a nervous, bilious temperament, and not at all romantic, having run the gauntlet of an army experience. He had been early orphaned, and some hard experience had not added polish or improved his views of the gentler sex; however, from early youth he had entertained certain well-defined ideas of proper conjugal relations, and was ever hoping for an ideal partner to fill the void caused by the loss of a loved and loving mother.

In one of our New England States resided Miss L., passing twenty-five, mild and amiable. For a period of years she had resisted the persecutions of a selfish parent, who, for pecuniary reasons, would have coerced her to marry a man thrice her own age. Twice had she been induced to consent to a marriage, and twice evaded it—the last time, wedding clothes and every preparation for a trip to Europe were made, but as the time for its consummation approached her excessive grief again postponed the affair. Shortly after, in 1852, in New York State, one morning, while half sleeping and half waking, she became conscious of a human form bending down close over her head, the face alone being clearly visible. She looked steadily until all her faculties were aroused, and then hurriedly covered her head. On arising, the room was thoroughly examined, yet not the slightest indication of outside intrusion could be discovered.

In speaking of it, Miss L. expressed her firm conviction that she should meet the counterpart of the person presented at her bedside, and marry him. Two years passed; meanwhile Mr. W., then residing in Philadelphia, heard through an intimate friend, of Miss L. and her waking dream, and was assured by this friend that he answered to the description given. When an opportunity occurred he visited the East quite unexpectedly, and arranged to be introduced to the lady under another name than his own—choosing that of a young man whose mother Miss L. knew, but not the son. On meeting for the first time, and being introduced, Miss L. was observed to look searchingly at the gentleman, and after some common-place remarks inquired where his mother was. The peculiarity of the question caused him to incline his head forward for a moment, when Miss L., recognizing the position, instantly flushed up, and *called him by his proper name*. Three days subsequently, at a mutual friend's house, Mr. W. arose from the dinner table, and acting from an unaccountable and irresistible impulse, not at all premeditated, followed the lady into another room, and in less than three months from that time they were married, notwithstanding Miss L's often and emphatically repeated assertion that she never would marry a man younger than herself.

A few years have passed since then, and the domestic relations and parentage of these parties are to this day fully in keeping with the happy harmony that brought them together. When facts of this kind are well vouched for, we can but wonder at the unknown power of the human mind, and as a climax of thought we mentally repeat, "Man, know thyself!"

THEN AND NOW—QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Three thousand three hundred and fifty years ago to-day, the 11th of May, there was quite an accident in Egypt. Had there been any daily papers issued in that vicinity at that time, what a magnificent lot of items could have been picked up for the "Morning Egyptian's" local department! The accident referred to took place in this wise:—A lot of Israelites had taken it into their head to escape from the brick-making business, and accordingly left their masters, the Egyptians. They crossed the Red Sea, in a body, the Egyptians behind, close after them; but Pharoah, the leader of the Egyptians, with his host, met with a fearful catastrophe, and all were drowned! The pursued, therefore, had the satisfaction of witnessing a terrible retribution, and feeling the satisfaction of individuals who were thoroughly avenged.

People do not cross the Red Sea now for any purpose—a railroad has been built across the Isthmus of Suez, and people ride now on patent hollow iron cylinders, instead of the old-fashioned chariot wheels. We can just imagine the announcement made in "The Red Sea Morning Times," after the catastrophe of Pharaoh. It probably read thus:

[The Red Sea Morning Times—Extra]

APPALLING CALAMITY!

UNPARALLELED DESTRUCUION OF LIFE!

DISASTROUS DISPENSATIONS.

Calamitous List of Horrors—Forty Thousand Men Engulphed in the Red Sea!!!

TWENTY THOUSAND HORSES DROWNED!

DISASTROUS AFFAIR.

This morning, about nine o'clock, Mr Pharaoh, of Egypt, well known to our readers as 'Old Pha," with a retinue of forty thousand, men, ten thousand chariots, and twenty thousand horses, attempted to cross the Red Sea, by an unfrequented path. His guides suddenly lost their way, and before they could get on their route again, the whole body marched into exceeding deep water, and were drowned. There was not a single life preserver in the crowd.

We have just returned from the scene of unparalleled disaster, and with three able reporters have gone over the whole *ground*. We could see nothing of "Old Pha," who undoubtedly got his leg entangled in a chariot wheel, and not being tall enough to keep his head out of water, miserably perished. Our reporter picked up a few scythes that were floating around in the water, and several thousand iron shields which floated ashore, and which the friends of the deceased can have by applying at our office.

The coroner is now holding inquests on the beach—only thirteen thousand bodies have yet come ashore. He has held inquests on about a thousand.

The verdict of the jury was—

"DIED BECAUSE THEY LOST THEIR WAY."

Coroners don't have such opportunities now-a-days. Such a calamity at the present time would be a blessing to any city coroner. But editors and coroners now don't have such blessed opportunities as the editors and coroners of the olden time.—[Buffalo Republic.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, 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.*)

CHAPTER IV.

A GLANCE AT THE HUMAN MIND.

I might occupy many pages with the details of that most wretched day of my extistence, did my strength permit. But I am now a poor, feeble, old man, and the recollections of these sad events quite overcome me. It is two weeks since I laid down my pen and abruptly closed the last chapter. I had written until my strength failed me, and leaning back in my chair for a little rest, passed into what I now term the *abnormal* condition, which is the higher, or independent state of consciousness. From that condition I did not return to the *normal*, for more than a week. Most of this time was passed, with my spirit entirely *separated* from my body, yet near it, and cognizant of all that transpired.

I saw the spirits of Frederick Ault and Gerbert Bridolf—sometimes in unison, sometimes separately—take possession of my body and control my muscles. At such times the physician and attendants pronounced me delirious, and the former prescribed accordingly. And of what avail were these prescriptions? None in the least. My body was not diseased—it had simply been overtasked, and needed repose. But the drugs which were administered *actually* diseased my body.

But my mind was disordered. This had been caused by dwelling upon the excitement of the past. And what is the *rationale* of this derangement? It is perfectly plain to me, and I will endeavor to make it so to the reader.

Let us take a stringed instrument as a comparison. Now suppose a very difficult piece of music has been performed on it—the strings have been rudely struck—their vibrations have been violent and long continued. Then one after another, the strings lose their tone,—the harmony of sound ceases, and the performer pronounces it "out of tune." In vain he strikes a particular chord, listening for the vibrations it was wont to give forth. The sweet tones are gone, and in their place discord grates upon his finely attuned ear. The instrument, like a mortal, is now "deranged."

To cure this, does the musician seize his instrument and violently wrench the strings, as impulse not dictated by reason chances to move him? You would charge him with folly and madness if he did.—But no—carefully, gently, with touch the most delicate, his ear strained to catch the faintest vibrations, one by one he turns the screws and restores each string to its normal tension.

But suppose the musician should attempt to recover the lost tone of his instrument by re-varnishing and re-polishing its wood-work. Would you not laugh at his ignorance? Yet his folly would not be greater than is exhibited by the physician who drugs the body to cure the mind.

Although my comparison is imperfect in several particulars, yet it will answer the purpose I have in view.

The mind of a person, perfectly sane, is like a stringed instrument, perfectly tuned; but with this disparity—in delicacy of structure, the former as far surpasses the latter, as the drum of the ear surpasses in fineness of texture, the common fabric from the loom. The mind is manifold in its composition, and with one faculty disordered, like the instrument with one string out of tune, gives forth a discord whenever that string is touched.

For convenience, I will call the faculties of the mind, the chords. When a chord of the mind is simply out of tune, left to herself, nature will effect the cure. If several chords were weak at the birth of the individual, or have since been weakened by straining them until they have lost their tension, the mind is imbecile.—If *all* be thus weak or strained, the mind is idiotic. If one be strained and held beyond its natural tension, it vibrates sharply to the touch, and the mind is monomaniac. If several be thus strained, the person is insane, and when excited a raving maniac.

Idiocy, arising from a defect of organization, is incurable while the mind inhabits the body, but can be recovered after the final dissolution. The same rule applies to imbecility, which is only a modified form of idiocy. When the strained chord of the mind can be slackened before it has lost its tension, or is broken, the monomaniac recovers, but not otherwise. The same rule applies to the maniac. Yet all diseases and imperfections of the mind may be cured and perfected after the final separation of body and soul.

These distinctions of diseased mind comprise but a small portion of the various phenomena exhibited by the intellect, and which will be treated more at length in another part of this work. I have alluded to the subject in this place, because I am still feeble, and needed a little mental exercise and preparation, before taking up the thread of my narrative.

I should, however, before dismissing this topic, explain to the reader, that the abnormal state from which I have so recently recovered, was altogether different from any condition of the mind just described, although exhibiting the symptoms common to all.

And now, feeling my strength returned and my mind composed, I will resume once more my history, trusting that the attentive reader may profit by the thoughts suggested in this digression, sufficiently to atone for the wanderings of the author, who is but a frail mortal, barely lingering upon the shores of time.

CHAPTER VII.

On the afternoon of the day following the one on which occurred the events narrated in the fifth chapter, I was lying upon the bed in the little room to which the reader has already been introduced. My wounds had all been properly cared for, and upon this afternoon, having enjoyed a few hours of refreshing slumber, I awoke and discovered that my pains had nearly subsided.

I was now able to recall to mind each circumstance of the preceding day, and as I thought of Conrad, a groan of anguish escaped me. Instantly I heard the rustle of a dress, and saw a lady bending over me, her eyes red with weeping. It was Conrad's mother! I knew her at a glance, so striking was the resemblance between my poor friend and his only surviving parent.

By an effort she restrained her tears, but her lips quivered, and her voice was very sad as she enquired if I suffered much.

"No lady," I replied, "except in my mind. My physical pains are relieved—but even if they were not, I could bear them far easier than the remorse which now preys upon me."

"Perhaps you have much to reflect upon," she said, solemnly, "but we are all in the hands of God, who chastens us for our good. To Him I have ever turned in my hour of trial, and found rest to my soul in leaning upon His mercies." A deep sigh, amounting almost to a groan, choked her utterance. After pausing a moment, in which she suceeeded in calming her feelings, she resumed:

"When my husband was torn from me and cast into prison, I prayed that I might die; but God showed me my weakness, and that I must still struggle through life for the sake of my children. What my trials have been, none but my Maker knows. Yet trusting in Him, I have borne up amidst all tribulation, and when this weary pilgrimage shall close, I have a hope beyond this life, which I would not exchange for worlds like this. When my husband died, I thought there could be no trial in the future so hard to encounter.—But to-day—"

She suddenly paused and left the room. As her footsteps died away in the distance, I heard a wail of despair—half uttered, half suppressed—such as comes only from a breaking heart.

"O, God," I cried in anguish, "from this moment let me be annihilated and forgotten!"

The surgeon entered the room while I was speaking, and sternly commanded me to be silent.

"These women," he continued in a vexed tone, as if speaking to himself, "in five minutes can undo a week's hard work of any physician."

"Doctor," I enquired, when he had concluded his soliloquy, "how is Conrad—will he recover?"

The surgeon turned around, and as he observed the deep anxiety which must have been pictured upon my face, the hard expression of his countenance relaxed, and in a gentle tone he begged me to remain quiet and ask no questions.

"O, doctor," I cried, "is my friend already dead?"

"No," he replied, sadly, "he is still alive."

"And will he die?"

"We must all die," he answered, evasively.

"O, do not keep me in this dreadful suspense," I said passionately, "I can bear the certain reality, better than this heart-sinking uncertainty."

"Suppose I should inform you that the chances of recovery for your friend were against him, would you wish to see him?"

"Most certainly."

"Would you insist upon it?"

"I should," I replied decidedly.

"Suppose you could see him only at the risk of your own life?"

"Still I would see him, even though assured that I should die during the interview."

The surgeon took two or three turns across the room, apparently revolving some scheme in his mind. Then approaching me, he said,

"You are becoming feverish, and it is necessary that you should sleep. I have a powder which you had better take, and then try and compose your mind for a little rest."

"Doctor," I said earnestly, "you must not deceive me. You would administer a powerful opiate, and when I have slept off its effects, Conrad will be no more. This must not be. I will not take your medicine."

The surgeon looked puzzled. The natural kindness of his heart had betrayed him into revealing by looks and manner what he intended I should not know—the man had triumphed over the physician.

"Baron von Wydorf," he said solemnly, after a brief pause, "you have been severely, perhaps dangerously, wounded. It is a duty which I owe to my profession—to humanity—to use all means, not dishonorable, in order to preserve your life. Under such circumstances, it is not uncommon for the physician to resort to a little harmless deception. If I have done so in this case, it is because I sought to keep you upon this bed; and in all earnestness I assure you that you cannot leave it for the present, except at the peril of your life."

"Doctor," I said impatiently, "you can judge better than I of the nature and probable effect of the wounds upon my body; but my *soul*, too, is wounded, and no one but myself can judge to what extent, or calculate its diagnosis and prescribe for its relief. If Conrad dies without my seeing him, I shall die, or what is worse—*go mad!*"

"Do you still insist upon seeing him?"

"I do, and though a thousand lives were involved in mine, still I would hazard them all for the boon of hearing Conrad tell me again that he forgives me."

"He *does* forgive you—freely, heartily. I have heard the explanation of this dreadful affair, as he poured it forth to his poor, heart-broken mother and grief-stricken sister. He fully exonerates you from all blame after reaching the grove this morning, and has charged his mother with an explanation to you, as soon as you are sufficiently recovered to bear it, in reference to the conduct of Frederick and Gerbert. Now will you not compose yourself and remain here quiet until morning?"

"No, doctor, *no!* I must and *will* see Conrad."

Finding me immovably resolved upon this point, the surgeon yielded, and promising that he would make the necessary preparations as speedily as possible, he called in a servant and left the room for that purpose.

An hour passed, and I had begun to fear that the doctor was only deceiving me after all, when he returned and said that I might now be removed to Conrad's room.

A large old-fashioned sofa was wheeled up to my bedside, and with the aid of the servants I was carefully raised by the corners of the sheet upon which I was lying, and was placed thereon. The sofa was then gently wheeled into and through the adjoining room, across the hall, through another room, and into the one occupied by Conrad.

I had expected to find my friend suffering great pain; but he lay there, his head a little raised, perfectly tranquil. His eyes were turned towards the door, and he greeted me with a faint smile. The sofa was moved so near his bed that I was enabled to stretch forth my right hand and once more clasp that of my friend. Long I held his cold hand in mine. Not a word was spoken, yet our minds communed with each other and we *felt* that we were understood.

The physician had strictly enjoined upon us both the necessity of our conversing as little as possible. But had he not done so, still we should have met in silence. Our feelings were too deep to be communicated by words.

The kind-hearted doctor stood between us, a silent spectator of our heart-communings. Madame von Wieser was standing at the head of the bed, her hand resting lovingly upon her son's forehead. The Minnie of my vision was there, too, beside her mother.

I comprehended the group at a glance; but I had no eyes for any object but Conrad. He alone occupied my thoughts. With what deep anxiety I gazed into his eyes to read whatever of life and hope his soul reflected there. Love and forgiveness were beaming there; but the glassy balls, the heavy and drooping lids, alike banished hope from my despairing heart. Death was hovering over my friend, waiting for the moment to arrive when the signet should be be placed upon his brow. All this I read, and yet no word was spoken.

For one moment my heart sank down like a dead weight, and I was near swooning.—The good doctor seemed to have anticipated this effect upon me, and suddenly presenting some spirits of ammonia so that I inhaled its odor, I revived. When the pulsations of my heart again became regular, he said to me,

"If you have a word for your friend, be as brief as possible, for you must return to your room."

"I would see him alone," I replied.

"No," said the doctor slowly, "you are liable to faint every moment from weakness and excess of feeling, and must not be left alone."

Madame von Wieser, with the ready intuitiveness of woman, beckoned to Minnie, and they both retired from the room.

"Conrad," I enquired, "do you suffer from extreme pain?'

"I am in no pain now, Charles," he said faintly, "I am past that."

"Past that!" I hurriedly exclaimed, "what do you mean, my poor friend? Has it really come to this—has mortification actually commenced?"

"Internally," he replied, and it will soon make its appearance on the surface."

I had conjectured this but I could not bear the doubt of an uncertainty. My very worst fear had been realized, yet I neither fainted nor shed a tear. But there was a pressure about my heart, cold and icy as the touch of death. Although I had come to Conrad's room, fully prepared to hear that he must die, still the shock was most overpowering. The kind surgeon was by my side, and applied restoratives until I was able to speak again.

"Conrad," I said hesitatingly at each respiration, "it would be hard to give you up at any time—but for you to leave me now—and I the cause—I cannot—I never can be reconciled!" After pausing a moment to renew my strength, I continued, "There is one thing I must tell you—when I reached that fatal grove, my first act was to tell Frederick that I would submit to any terms you might dictate, however humiliating, sooner than proceed to a hostile meeting."

I then recounted briefly all that had passed between Frederick and myself on that fatal morning.

His glazing eyes brightened as I proceeded, and at the conclusion he feebly raised his hands, and as a heavenly smile illumined his beautiful countenance he exclaimed as if speaking to himself,

"Thank God! There was no murder in his *heart!* Poor Charles, with all his wild and stormy passions, is still worthy to be my friend. Now, indeed, I can die in peace."

Then the fountains were unsealed, and my tears flowed like rain.

O, what a luxury is tears! They are the safety valves of the heart, which, when full of woe, must burst, but for the vent it finds in tears. When violent passions excite me, my brain seems on fire, and but for the relief I find in tears, I should go mad! Call it weakness—call it imbecility, if you will—neither sneers nor ridicule shall ever make me ashamed to weep. The cold and passionless may throw down this work, disgusted with the man who finds solace in tears. Be it so. It was not intended for such and I would rather their eyes had never rested upon this page.

But to such as believe with me in the sacredness of tears—who think it not unmanly to weep—who have mourned for the lost—to such I commit my thoughts without reserve, assured of an answering sympathy.

My tears were not *all* tears of despair.—I experienced an indescribable relief from the words of kindness uttered by my friend, and this feeling, rather than my deep despondency, opened the flood-gates of my soul, through which my burden of grief found egress with my tears.

When my weeping had subsided, a more than earthly calmness succeeded. The grossness of my nature was subdued—the gentle spirit of my mother was upon me, and the room seemed filled with glad visitors from the spirit world. In that moment I experienced a new birth to my soul, and from that moment I date a newness of life. I felt reconciled to my destiny, whatever it might be—whether to live or to die. Observing the quiet expression of my features, Conrad now addressed me.

"My dear Charles," he said, "the good doctor tells me that your wounds are not necessarily mortal, and that with proper care, you will soon be well again. You must *try* to live, Charles, for to you I commit a sacred trust. My poor mother and dear Minnie will soon be dependent upon you for support and protection. They have no other friend on earth to care for them, and I feel assured you will not refuse to act the part of a son and brother when I am gone."

His lips quivered, and the tears stood in his eyes, but he did not give way to the grief which stirred within his noble heart. By an effort I forced back my tears which were ready to flow again, and in a trembling voice replied,

"Refuse, Conrad! There is *nothing* that I would refuse. My life and everything I possess, shall be henceforth devoted to the happiness and comfort of your mother and sister; and should I ever forget this promise to my dying friend, may God forget me in his blessings, and forever remember me in his cursings!"

"Enough, Charles; I did not doubt your generosity, yet it is a pleasure to hear your pledge of fidelity to those dear ones from whom I am so soon to be separated."

"It is not enough, Conrad, that I *promise*, I must *act*. In coming years, my heart now so softened, may grow callous; the dark spirit of my nature may reign over me, and I shall then forget this solemn hour. O, Conrad, how many perjuries are committed around the bed of the dying. Perhaps not perjuries at the time, but made so by the

cold selfishness of the human heart, which outgrows the hallowed influences of the bed of death. O, may heaven shield me from this offence! And lest I might violate this, the most sacred of promises, I will at once place it beyond my power, by conveying to the good doctor here, my entire fortune, to be held in trust for their benefit, reserving only a small life annuity."

"No, Charles I would not have you do that. There are many very serious objections to such a course. I will mention but one. Should you ever outgrow the good influence which controls you now, the evil spirit might make you curse this hour; and then instead of a friend, the dear ones whom I am leaving would find in you an enemy. No, no; it must not be. Your voluntary promise—your word of honor is all that I ask. I know you *now*, Charles, even better than you know yourself. Force cannot subdue your proud nature—it might deprive you of life, but of freedom—never! Your stormy passions are to be controlled only by kindness—there should not be even the *semblance* of compulsion. I have explained all to my mother, and in her you will always find a gentle, though sorrowing spirit. Grief may embitter her words, or shade them with impatience; but her stricken heart will never utter a reproach. Dear Minnie is a delicate flower, and will yield only fragrance, whether warmed by the smile of affection, or chilled by the frowns of unkindness. She might droop and die for lack of kindness in others, yet the last throb of her gentle heart would be a prayer for her persecutors. With two such helpless, sorrowing beings, your wild passions will be purified—your desires elevated, and yourself made wiser and better. To your charge I commit them unconditionally, well assured that no deed or bond can bind you to the sacred discharge of this trust, half so securely as the voluntary promptings of your better nature. Now let my mother and sister return. Not a word, Charles; I know what you would say, but you must be guided by me. Had I anything to forgive, you must realize how perfect that forgiveness is, when I commit to your keeping the happiness—perhaps the lives, of two such precious beings. But there is nothing to be forgiven. I commiserate, but do not blame you. Chance made us the playthings of two wretches who did not live to enjoy their triumph. My mother will explain to you hereafter—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the surgeon, accompanied by the ladies. He had left the room for the purpose of recalling them, as soon as Conrad had expressed a desire for their return. My friend was evidently aware that his hour of dissolution drew near. With a heavenly smile of resignation, he greeted his mother and sister, and taking the hand of each, his eyes closed; but the tremor of his lips told that he was engaged in silent prayer. Having commended the loved ones to his Heavenly Father, he requested them to sing, "The Spirit World now dawns in sight!"

Stifling the sobs which welled up from their anguished hearts, the voices of mother and daughter joined in singing the following lines:—

When mortal life is almost spent,
And God reclaims what he has lent,
He lifts the veil, and 'mid the light,
The Spirit World now dawns in sight.

When love of earth begins to fade,
And hope grows dim in life's last shade,
Within a new and heavenly light,
The Spirit World now dawns in sight.

When worn-out nature prostrate falls
And every earthly passion palls,
Amid a never failing light,
The Spirit World now dawns in sight.

When whispering low the last "Good-bye,"
And darkness steals across the eye,
Within, a mellow, sacred light,
The Spirit World now dawns in sight.

With breath of earth—and breath of heaven,
One last fond kiss is softly given—
Then basking in eternal light,
The Spirit World is all in sight.

The life of Conrad seemed ebbing in time with each verse, and as they concluded, he had just sufficient strength to say,

"I see my father—he smiles and beckons me—mother—Minnie—a kiss for him!" Lovingly they pressed their lips to his, clinging to the earthly form as if they would fain detain a little longer the retiring spirit.

One glance, full of filial and fraternal love—and then with a smile of ineffable sweetness he slowly closed his eyes. A few gasps—without a struggle—without a groan—and the immortal part of Conrad von Wieser silently passed to the spirit world!

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

The Haunted and the Haunters;

OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

(*Concluded.*)

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus:—"On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J—— burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J—— had moved into the house, I paid him a visit. We were standing by the open window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which he was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory, that all those phenomena regarded as supermundane had emanated from a human brain; adducing the charm or rather curse we had found and destroyed in support of my philosophy.—Mr. J—— was observing in reply, "That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life;" Mr. J——, I say, was thus answering, when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered; it was the face of the portrait of the noble three centuries ago.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. J——, that is the face of de V——, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth!"

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down stairs. I was first in the street; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye—the eye of the serpent—fixed and held me spellbound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride and station, and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say? what was it I would ask? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still, however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting with a servant out of livery dressed like a *valet-de-place* at the carriage-door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J—— was still at the street door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked, whom that house now belonged to."

The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orders one's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at table, conversing with an acquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G——, the man—the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of mien I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East—conveying the idea of supreme indifference and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G—— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G—— aside—"Who and what is that gentleman?"

"That? Oh, a very remarkable man, indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra—the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolness that saved our lives; afterwards he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus—a house buried amongst almond-blossoms and roses—the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very odd; by the by, a great mesmeriser. I have seen him with my own eyes produce an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honor 'tis true: I have seen him affect even the weather, disperse or collect clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly! He is English then?—What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."

"And what is his birth—his family?"

"How do I know? What does it signify?—no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G—— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous traveller. Travellers are in general constitutionally gifted with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not exactly of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis.—G—— then glanced off to the moral changes—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest. He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesman. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G—— asked him whether he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G—— left us to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said quietly—

"I have seen a miniature of you, Mr. Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in—— street. You passed by that house this morning."

Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added in a low whisper, "I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professors. I have the right to speak to you thus." And I uttered a certain pass-word.

"Well," said he dryly, "I concede the right—what would you ask?"

"To what extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?"

"To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you draw breath you are in China!"

"True. But my thought has no power in China!"

"Give it expression, and it may have: You may write down a thought which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is infinite—therefore thought has power; not in porportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one."

"Yes; what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those *were in life*—though the thought of the living cannot reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. Is it not so?"

"I decline to answer, if in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put."

"Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapport* and affinity,—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other hap-hazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantom sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world itself, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from his own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force;—just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible, takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted."

"You are not without glimpses of a verw mighty secret," said Mr. Richards, composedly. "According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being."

"If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil—though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it has established an affinity, or over whom it forces unresisted sway. I will now imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk.

"You will remember that Albertus Magnus, after describing minutely the process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only a few—that a *man must be born a magician!*—that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men within whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect;—usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object—the energic faculty that we call WILL. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, pre-eminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will suppose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is concentrated in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curse others, than to repent for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guide him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation, he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties,—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; he wills to live on. He cannot restore himself to youth, he cannot entirely stay the progress of death, he cannot make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest for a time so prolonged as to seem incredible, if I said it, that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tear of his own frame. He lives on. That he may not seem a portent and a miracle, he *dies* from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He re-appears in another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not visit the scenes of his former career till all who would remember his features are no more. He would be profoundly miserable if he had affections,—he has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no men, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such a man as I have described, I see now before me!—Duke of ——, in the court of ——, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards; again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew whither;—traveller once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets;—outlaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics;—execrable Image of Life in Death and Death in Life, I warn you back from the cities and homes of healthful men;—back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredeemed!"

There answered me a voice so musical, that it seemed to enter my whole being, and subdue me despite myself. Thus it said—

"I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour; never before, never to come again. The vision of no puling, fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man, with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!"

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air,—roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper,—"You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by Will and by Science I can retard the process of years: but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?"

(*Concluded on 7th page.*)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe

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New York Office.—At Ross & Tousey's, 121 Nassau Street.

Chicago Office.—No. 81 Dearborn St., opposite the Post Office.
McNALLY & Co., Agents.

Buffalo Agent, - - - - S. ALBRO.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1859.

POLITICAL SPIRITUALISM.

From a large number of our subscribers and correspondents, in different parts of the country, we have received warm and favorable responses to the articles which have lately appeared in relation to political action.

In approving the suggestions of our correspondent, C. H. H., we did so on the spur of the moment, believing that the action proposed was feasible and entirely unobjectionable. Such a union as we approved and proposed we then thought, and still think, would prove highly advantageous, in many respects, to our cause.—*One* of our correspondents, to whom we give place this week, has uttered a strong and energetic protest against the whole matter. While we respect his political *prejudices*, we can discover no reason or argument in that utterance which leads us to change our views on this matter. One other kind friend, in Illinois, has given us his *opinion*, and, as an opinion, we thank him for the interest he has frankly and kindly manifested towards us. Indirectly, we learn of one or two more of those whom we know to be our friends, who think we have made a mistake in broaching the subject at all.

With all due deference to the views of these gentlemen, we submit that, in admitting, as all of them do, the corruption and rottenness which exist in "our governmental and social institutions," it is time that an entering wedge be introduced nto their very core—a wedge to be driven home with mighty blows, as soon as we shall have obtained light, wisdom and strength enough to concert all our energies in the right direction. If these institutions be corrupt, why shall we not discuss the fact, expose the corruption, lay bare the rottenness, and prepare to apply the scalpel? Why confine our efforts to the breaking up of the *social* and *religious* organizations and institutions, and treat with tender respect the kindred political system, which is fast hurrying this Government towards the chaos of despotism, anarchy and bloodshed?

These systems are all leagued together and bound by common ties of interest and iniquity. "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Agitation is life, health, vigor. Agitation is our creed. We would stir up the old dry bones of the political charnel-house. We believe the age demands it. Spiritualism demands it. A new flood of light and wisdom *must* soon descend upon us from the fountains above. We all feel the need of such an influx, and we are daily looking for it. For, if Spiritualism be a verity, if it be not, as our enemies affirm, either a humbug or a delusion of the devil, the hour is near at hand when it must put on a new and more hopeful phase. "Light! More Light!" is the cry arising from all quarters, and our faith is strong that those who ask shall receive. Therefore *do* we desire to "put new wine into old bottles;" not that we have any wish to preserve and perpetuate those old receptacles of villainous compounds, but because we desire to induce a *fermentation* in them which shall rend them asunder, so that no future patching up shall avail them.

Still, let us say here, once for all, that we do not mean to introduce into the ranks of Spiritualism, any issues which are likely to create divisions and dissensions. Far be it from us to pursue such a course. On the contrary, we mean to labor for a better understanding and a closer union of all true believers, preparatory to the advent of that great movement, whose shadow we can even now dimly discern, and which must eventually draw us all into the fold of our common Lord and Master.

Let us, then, discuss this subject candidly and earnestly, and if it shall be found that the proposed plan is premature, unripe, uncalled for, why, then let us abandon it without more ado. In the mean time we invite an expression from *all* our friends who may deem the subject worthy of sufficient importance.

△

OBITUARY.

Translated to the Spirit-Land, from Newbury, (O.,) on the morning of the 5th of June,—the ourth anniversary of her bridal morn,—Lima S. H. Ober, daughter of Dea. Collins Hurd, of Lempster, N. H., and wife of Luke C. Ober, formerly of Boston, late of Kansas.

As the fierce winds shake the petals from the fruit-flower, leaving still the germ to develope and mature, so the hardships of pioneer life, together with the duties of maternity, were too severe for her physical constitution to withstand. The petals have fallen at the age of 26, but the spirit still lives to progress and mature.

To her "death had no sting," the grave "no victory." Calmly as the setting of a summer's sun, was the spirit released to roam untrammelled over the fields of space, and become a ministering angel to those whom she loved while in the body, feeling that she should be more able to do more for friends than ever before. She was an earnest advocate of all the great reforms of the day, believing that the only service acceptable to God was that which served to bless and ennoble man.

At her request, Henry C. Wright preached the funeral sermon, of which we send an abstract:

I am here to speak, on this occasion, in compliance with the last request of Mrs. Ober. We are met to-day, to lay her body in the earth, to mingle with its kindred dust. I will make a few remarks taking the following as my motto:

"Blessed are they that do his commandments."

Where shall we find those commandments of God, obedience to which is life, and disobedience is death? They are engraven on the body and soul of each man and woman, and nowhere else. Each one brings into being with him or her, a code of laws as a birth-right inheritance; compliance with which is heaven—non-compliance, hell. Man will experience no other heaven, no other hell, in the body or out of it, except that which consists in compliance or non-compliance with these fixed laws or conditions of life and health to body and soul.

All pain, all suffering, all disease, all premature dissolution between body and soul, result from violated laws of life and health. The body of our friend Mrs. Ober ought not to be dead; it ought to be alive, healthful, active, beside her husband in life's battle, to sustain and take care of her babe. It is all unnatural, all a violation of the just laws and commands of God that that body lies there.

When all the demands in our bodies and souls are fully and healthfully met, then, and only then, do we comply with the commands of God, and the conditions of life and health under which we exist. Through ignorance in herself, in her husband, in her teachers, in her friends, or through ignorance in them all, she did not comply with those conditions of life; the result is, death to her body.

Let no one attribute this result to God. It is solely the work of human agency. Let no one seek to comfort the bereaved husband by telling him it is God's work, and we must submit to his will. We have no right to submit to sickness and death, when they are produced and can be removed by human agency. As well exhort the slave to submit to the lash, by telling him it is God that whips him; or a man to submit to the assassin's dagger, because it is God's hand that thrusts it into his heart.

Reverence for dead bodies! Contempt for living bodies! How absurd—how monstrous—and yet how universal! When the body of the wife is dead, and can no more suffer, how tender of it is the husband! How reverential towards it! How careful to do it no injury! But while life is in it, while it is the habitation of a living soul, and delicately sensitive to the slightest injury, how indifferent, how reckless of its health and life! Often inflicting upon it the greatest possible wrongs and sufferings without compunction! But the moment that body is dead, instantly it becomes sacred! So when life is in them, the bodies of men and women are stabbed, shot, hung, hunted, and torn with bloodhounds; bought and sold, and exposed to every possible indignity and outrage; but the moment they are dead they become objects of tender reverence and solicitude.

You lay the dead body of your friend in yonder grave; at the midnight hour I dig up and sell it to the surgeon. In one week you consign me to a dungeon, as unfit to live in society. But I steal a thousand *living* bodies of men and women and send them into the hell of American slavery, or tear ten thousand bodies of innocent men, women and children to pieces with cannon ball and bombshells, and you make a President of me!—What a fiendish morality is taught and practised by the churches and government of the United States.

The body of our friend lies there lifeless, and wholly insensible of pain; but where is the woman, the wife, the mother? Not in that coffin; nor will she be in yonder grave when the body is laid there. She lives, she loves, she thinks, and is here alive in our midst, seeing what we see, hearing what we hear, knowing what we do, and sympathizing in our joys and sorrows, and wondering that her husband and friends should feel sad and sorrowful that she is released from that incurably diseased and suffering body. She is an inhabitant of this earth, as are all men and women who were once embodied in the dead past. She will stand by her husband, and be the guardian angel of her babe. That babe is not motherless. Its mother lives, and lives to guard and guide its steps with maternal love.

Though she rejected the popular religion, as to its views of another life, and its conditions of salvation, she calmly, without a fear, met the change, and slept her last sleep gently as the innocent child sinks to rest in the fond mother's arms.—[Concord (N. H.) Congregational Journal.

Strange as it may appear to the reader, we *actually* clipt the foregoing from the aforesaid orthodox paper, of regular issue, Sept. 1, 1859. Its perusal has afforded us great pleasure, and the recollection of *where* we found it has inspired us with new hope. If the *professed* religious papers of the day would only publish a little such common sense as the foregoing, it would not be long before it would be found that the church members, even of the hardest hard-shell, would begin to enquire "What shall I do to be saved?'

ANOTHER GLEAM OF LIGHT.

All evidences that the Church of our day is making progress, or even recovering from the errors and perversions of mediæval darkness, are encouraging to the reformer. A distinguished physician of Edinburgh, Dr. David Brodie, has recently published a work entitled "The Healing Art the Right Hand of the Church," in which he maintains:—

"That the healing of the sick appears as the distinctive characteristic of the active labors sustained by the Lord Jesus Christ while declaring Himself as the Redeemer of men, the Deliverer from sin, and the Destroyer of the works of the devil. He gave commandment that this work should occupy an equally prominent place in the labors of his disciples, without any limitation as to time or circumstances. By all classes of His followers, whose doings are recorded in Scripture—the apostles, the seventy disciples, the deacons, the elders—this duty was accepted and discharged; and the example and commands of Christ in reference to this object, are enforced by direct precepts in the New Testament, as a duty devolving on all their successors. o o o

For many ages this holy work has been treated as altogether a secondary or subordinate feature in the Christian system. It has been grievously perverted from its original intention, and has been degraded from the honorable position so unequivocally assigned to it by the example and command of Christ, until in these days it stands wholly dissociated from His Church, as a purely secular occupation. It was cast out by the clergy of the middle ages from among their functions as an unclean thing; and their decisions stand yet unreversed, homologated universally by the Church of Christ." o o o o

"Thus the duty of ministering to the sick comes down to these later days, consecrated by the command and example of Jesus. His example and precept combine to give it nothing less than a first place in the Christian system. His command was received and acted on by all his followers, whose doings are recorded in Scripture; and it is continued onward, with all the attributes of a statute for perpetual observance."

The work is endorsed by the *Congregationalist* in the following language:

"We confess to having been very much interested in, and instructed by this volume, and to have yielded, essentially, our assent to its propositions. We have long felt that there was an element of power in the 'Sisters of Charity' and other appliances of the Romish Church, whereby the comfort and healing of the sick have been sought and promoted, which we lack in the practical working of our Protestant system. We have even felt rebuked by the circumstance that we have known young men to join some of the secret secular organizations now common among us, expressly to avail themselves of the resource of their sympathy and friendship in the day of sickness—a resource not visibly offered them by the Church of Christ. We are satisfied that something—especially in our thickly settled towns—is wanting to the church, in a direction which this volume indicates and which its provisions would supply."

This want, if there were no other, is sufficient to prove the practical apostacy of the modern Protestant church from the foundation of Christ and the apostles. It does not appear, however, that even Dr. Brodie has any faith in the perpetuity or revival of the "Gift of healing" by Spiritual power, through the apostolic method of the laying on of hands, which was promised without limitation to believers in Jesus. (His argument has reference only to the "*art* of healing.") The "gift" must be re-possessed by the Church, ere she can regain her pristine power, or make good her claim to Christian discipleship. This gift, in some degree, is enjoyed and largely exercised among modern Spiritualists; and by them alone, to any considerable extent.

The Church of the Future, whatever may be its other characteristics, must not only possess this gift, but must make its free use, together with all needed ministrations to the sick and suffering in general, a peculiar and indispensable feature. It must have its "Sisters of Charity," and its "Brotherhood of Mercy," who will love to perform such ministrations without money and without price. It is a great reproach to modern Spiritualists that they have thus far allowed the gift of healing to be employed so generally as it has been for merely private and mercenary ends—in consequence of which it is almost sure to deteriorate, and to merge into mere charlatanism and imposture. This state of things, we are confident, is merely incidental and temporary.—Those who are blessed with this gift should have faith to employ it as freely as it is received—trusting only to voluntary offerings of gratitude for a recompense. And there should be enough of fraternal and philanthropic feeling among Spiritualists, not only to see that those who freely give their services in this way suffer no lack, but also to organize systematic methods of co-operation in such labors of love.

A. E. N.

The Haunted House in Providence, R. I.—This strange and thrilling account, which we publish in another column, we give for what it is worth. Of one thing we feel assured—it is not *all* a fiction.—The gentleman who writes it, and who called upon us personally, gave us his name, and what is more, is connected with the daily press. He feels quite sure that the facts are as he narrates, although he utterly denies the doctrine of spirit communion.

Whether this ghost story is true or false, it is really very interesting, and if true, may yet afford a remarkable test of spirit communication. But the unreasonable part of the story is, that they did not continue the digging until a thorough search had been made. However, we will not speculate upon the subject, but content ourself by saying we don't believe it now, but will as soon as the necessary proof shall be adduced.

Convention of Christian Spiritualists.—In another column will be found a call for a Convention at Boston, for purposes quite novel among modern Spiritualists. We have no desire to interfere with the liberty of any who think that good can be accomplished in the way proposed; yet we are free to say that we have no faith in the scheme. And we think the number who sympathize with it will be found very small.

While the undersigned believes in the utility of association and organization for proper purposes, the idea of an ecclesiastical union for the sake of obtaining meretricious respectability, or privileges and immunities under the existing corrupt governmental and social institutions, has no charms for him. He would say the same of a *political* union, such as has been recommended in these columns. It is of little use to put new wine into old bottles.

A. E. N.

Exhausted.—We are sorry to say that our supply of No. 1 of the Quarto Series is entirely exhausted, and that consequently we cannot furnish the commencement of 'Minnie, the Medium" to future subscribers. We have, however, on hand a limited supply of Nos. 2, and 3, which can be had by subscribers if applied for soon. Send in your names!

Meetings in Boston.—Ordway Hall will be opened for Sunday services, by Dr. Gardner, the first Sabbath in October. Meetings will be continued in this place until the committee, who have in consideration the plan of free meetings, shall secure one at the two new halls which are now being built. Lizzie Doten is engaged during the month of October; it is expected that S. J. Finney will occupy the desk during the month of November, and Mrs. Spence will speak every Sabbath in December.

S. J. Finney.—Can you visit Boston and speak here the Sabbaths in November? Address Dr. H. F. Gardner, at the Fountain House, Boston. Answer immediately.

☞Nine is the average number of suicides per week in the Union.

VERMONT ANNUAL SPIRITUALIST'S CONVENTION.

South Royalton, Friday, Sept. 2d.

Editors Spiritual Age:—Convention met in informal Conference in the Church. The weather being somewhat unpropitious the attendance was small, and the permanent organization of the Convention was postponed until Saturday morning, Sept. 3d.—In Conference, short addresses were made by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, A. T. Foss, Esq., of Manchester, N. H., and others. The best of feeling prevailed, and that harmony which only comes when spirits both in and out of the body unite in love, seemed to be in store for the Convention.

Saturday morning, Sept. 3d, met in Conference at 8 o'clock. One hour was taken up with remarks from S. B. Nichols, John Landon, A. T. Foss, Charles Walker and others. 9 o'clock being the hour for organizing the Convention, the following Officers were chosen:—President, John Landon; Vice Presidents, Wm. Noble, A. T. Foss, Chas. Walker, J. Rogers, D. P. Wilder, Mrs. Mary Lamb, Mrs. Jane Hunter, Miss L. Raymond; Secretaries, S. B. Nichols, Newman Weeks.

The opening address was made by A. T. Foss, Esq., of Manchester, N. H. Subject, "The Authority of the Human Soul as developed in *Individual Reason*." He handled the subject in a *masterly* manner, and was listened to an hour and a half by a large and attentive audience.

Afternoon Session—the Convention was addressed by Mrs. M. S. Townsend and Mrs. Pratt. Mrs. Townsend spoke upon these words, "It is not every one that cries Lord! Lord!! can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the *work* of the Father." She gave a sound, practical discourse, with much force, and I trust profit to all.—The Declaration of Sentiment adopted at Plymouth, Mass., having been presented to the Convention in the morning and laid upon the table for further consideration, was called up, discussed, and adopted with one amendment. The "Philosophy" of Dr. Hare was substituted for the "Deism" of Dr. Hare. At this point, one brother who was not present in the morning, and seemed not to understand the vote, rose to put in his *protest* against any *trap* being sprung upon the Convention, &c., &c. Another brother seemed to have much reverence for the time honored name of "old Plymouth," but protested against Vermont being merely the *echo* of Massachusetts. One more brother, endorsing every sentiment in the Declaration, but fearing that some *invisible organization* was secreted behind them, entered his protest. After a short discussion a motion to rescind the vote was carried. The Declaration was then laid upon the table until the last session of the Convention.

Evening Session—met in Conference.—Remarks were made by S. B. Nichols, John Landon, Charles Walker, D. Tarbell and others.

Sunday morning, Sept. 4th, Convention met in Conference at 8 o'clock. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer after singing an improvisatory song, gave a very interesting account of some experiences in her life-line journey up to a full belief and knowledge of Spirit communion. After a few more brief accounts of experiences by Dr. J. M. Holt and others, the Convention repaired to the Grove, where ample accomodations had been prepared by our good friend and host Mr. Woodward.—After the audience, numbering about one thousand, were seated beneath those lofty trees whose rustling leaves brought memories of other days, Mrs. M. S. Townsend offered up a prayer to the Great Fountain of all wisdom and truth. She then read the following letter from our much loved sister A. N. Sprague:

Oswego, N. Y., Aug. 24th, 1859.

Dear Green Mountain Friends:—You have met again for the Annual Convention, and for the *first* time I am not with you. During the last five years I have never before been absent, and the gathering of familiar faces, and the voices from our Spirit Friends have given me new strength to go forth again in the great field of labor appointed me. I am glad that others may meet and partake, though I am away; and may this Convention be one long to be remembered for its harmony, its strength of thought, and its new resolves for higher and nobler action for the future

Even now I seem to see the trees in that consecrated Grove wave their green leaves and bow their crowned heads, beckoning me to come and hear the wind stealing through their branches, seeming to say "Wanderer, return." And I see gathered around hundreds of familiar faces, that but to think upon makes my eyes grow dim here in this new home, and among friends who a few monthgs ago were strangers. But I will not dwell upon this, but farther tell you that my time thus far in my absence seems not all to have been spent in vain.

I found much interest in Oswego when I came here two months ago, and I can say at least, that I leave not less than I found. Next Sunday closes my engagement here; then I go to Odensburg, Binghampton and other places in this State, and then leave for the West, stopping at Terre Haute, Chicago, Milwaukie, St. Louis, &c. I think it doubtful if I see New England again until yet once more it is clothed in its robes of green. Till then may God's choicest blessings be with you all, and His angels keep and comfort you; and sometimes when the long hours of winter come, and you are gathered peacefully within your homes, whisper a prayer in your hearts for one who is wandering among strangers, striving to do the will of the Father; and when that work is done, will return like a weary bird to seek again the greenwood home. Once more, God be with you all; I am with you in spirit to-day; and though *invisible*, shall I not be remembered with the rest of the *invisible spirits* who meet you there?

With much love,

A. N. Sprague.

A. E. Simmons then addressed the Convention on the present and future of Spiritualism. It was one of his best efforts, and was listened to with marked attention by a large audience.

Afternoon Session:—At the Grove, Mrs. M. S. Townsend gave an address on the "Duties of Woman." She made some stirring appeals to her sisters to stand up nobly in their womanhood and boldly accept the *right*, and fearlessly oppose the wrong. At 3 o'clock the Convention repaired to the Church and listened to an address from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, upon true "Free Love," as defined by her. She spoke an hour and a half to a crowded house, about one hundred standing, not being able to find seats. She spoke earnestly and bravely, putting to *shame* those who without seeking the *true* and *pure* interpretation, had been frightened concerning her position. She would present her *life* to the world as a witness to her position on that subject. She was proud of her name, and hoped she might become worthy to wear it. All who can live up to *her* idea of Free Love, need not be frightened at the *name*, nor at the interpretations of "*Mrs. Grundy.*"

Evening Session Sept. 3d—Remarks were made by Mrs. Hyzer, John Landon, Mrs. Townsend and others. The Declaration of Sentiments was then taken up and adopted without discussion. A letter from John Beeson accompanied by two communications through Mr. Mansfield, in behalf of the American Indians, having been presented to the Convention at the opening, was then taken up, and two Resolutions adopted, extending sympathy to Mr. Beeson in his noble efforts to relieve the Indians from the wrongs imposed upon them by the Government and individual settlers—also to petition our members of Congress to use their influence in behalf of the Indians, that they may have a peaceful home and the Government cease to war against them.

The following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we rejoice in the movement made at Plymouth, Mass., to call a "National Convention of Spiritualists" the coming winter, at Cleveland, Ohio, and that we earnestly urge upon all Spiritualists who can, to attend and participate in such a Convention.

Austin E. Simmons, Charles G. Townsend, S. B. Nichols and D. P. Wilder were appointed a committee to locate the Quarterly Conventions, and make arrangements and issue the call for the next Annual Convention to be holden at So. Royalton, in 1860.

Fraternally Yours,

Newman Weeks.

Rutland, Sept. 8th, 1859.

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!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We have to record one of the most wonderful revelations of modern Spiritualism which this age has witnessed. The facts as set forth in the following narrative are substantially correct, and can be proved by abundant evidence. The relation will appear strange; but when it is remembered to what lengths modern mediums have gone in their expositions of spiritual phenomena, the reader can only be silent, while his cooler judgement may shrink from adopting what has been beholden by the spiritual eye alone. It might be added that such relations as the following have been credited by the strongest minds. Dr. Johnson was to the end of his life a disbeliever in the genuiness of Fingal, but believed the marvelous stories of the *second sight*. He gave the lie direct to the person who related to him the particulars of the great earthquake at Lisbon, but gave credence to the story of the Cock Lane ghost, averring that it was "something of a shadowy being." Thus has it been in all ages. Men distinguished by the extent of their acquirements, by the comprehensiveness of their minds, by their abilities as reasoners, and by their acuteness in detecting error, have been known also as the believers in stories, which, one would suppose, should not, in this enlightened age, impose on the most verdant spinster. But to the narrative:—

Near the base of "Federal Hill," in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, stands a small story and a half house, the external appearances indicating, at a distance, great antiquity; but on a nearer view it bears the evidences of recent improvement. It stood alone not many years since; and before the west side of Providence river was much settled, the house had a very deserted, a very lonely aspect. It had the reputation also, (with how much truth the reader of the following must judge,) of being a place where humanity had reason to blush. It was also said to be haunted, and many were the *grave* tales told of what had been seen there. One had seen a tall creature, much larger than Dante's Nimrod, dressed in purest white like the spirits in Addison's tale of Abdalla, its eyes emanating sparks of flame, gliding noiselessly about. Another had in terror beholden, at the "witching hour of night," a nondescript animal, black as Cyclops from the forge, and having the appearance of something between the harpy and the dragon.—These absurd romances served to while away the evenings of the long winter. They served also to terrify all the little children of the neighborhood, and kept them within proper domestic grounds after night-fall. The house was at last finally deserted, nor could the owner thereof find an occupant.

About a year since the property fell into other hands. The house was renovated within and without. In a short time it was ready for a tenant. About six months ago John Shields and his wife Priscilla took up their abode in the once deserted house. Shields is a Scotchman, about fifty years of age, of good understanding, rather sceptical and withal endowed with an unusual amount of native energy. He is a gentleman of the most undoubted veracity. His wife is what might be called a "delicate" female; that is, she is of the nervous sanguine temperament, is, or was, prone to be sceptical, and has till lately always been a thorough hater of spiritualism and all its disciples. One afternoon, however, ere removing to the new residence, she thought certain "raps" appeared to come from an adjoining room. Presently they were heard beneath the floor where she sat, then on the mantle shelf, anon in various positions. The lady was justly alarmed, and, being alone, came near fainting. While in a state of the utmost terror, a female friend fortunately called on a visit. Mrs. S. tremblingly related her recent experience. The visiting female had already become a convert to spiritualism. The raps were spirits, that was sure. The matter was discussed at length, until the arrival of Mr. S. *He* had heard strange noises. Something troubled him. He had come home to refresh himself and acquaint his wife with the state of his feelings. The three persons then conducted an animated conversation, in which spiritualism was the most prominent topic. Soon there were more raps. It was useless to add that Mr. and Mrs. Shields were that day converted to the new doctrine. The visiting friend departed, and the consequence was that all the believers were soon acquainted with what had so recently been manifested. A second consequence was that in the evening of the same day a "circle" was convened in the house of the converts. The usual manifestations were made, and general conviction in the "new doctrine" was securely strengthened.

It was not a great while subsequent to the occurrence recorded above, that Mr. Shields became an occupant of the house, formerly supposed to be haunted. His worldly effects were conveyed thither, and he with his wife and little daughter imparted vitality to what before appeared to have been a scene of desolation. It is curious to remark that on first crossing the threshold Mrs. Shields experienced a sudden and peculiar chill, which startled her. It was at the moment attributed to the fact that the house had been so long deserted that the damps had not yet been entirely dispirted. Nothing unusual occurred for nearly a week. As Mrs. S. was one evening reposing upon the lounge, she was suddenly siezed with chilling sensations, the prespiration started from her forehead, and fear pressed her so entirely that she could hardly command herself. The child was asleep in an adjoining apartment. The mother arose and gently opened the door of the chamber she thought she heard very faint raps upon the opposite wall. Then there was a stillness, as when ancient Chaos was himself alone. Not the slightest sound escaped from the innocent sleeper. The anxious mother approaced the bed, and *found the child dead!* Horror stricken, she fell against the door. She remained in a state of utter unconsciousness a long while. Her husband found her on his return at 10 o'clock in the evening. Grief for the loss of his darling daughter well nigh overwhelmed him, but being a man of nerve and something of a philosodher, he bore up under the distressing calamity. It is useless to relate the circumstances which followed the sudden death of the girl. The body was attended to the final resting place by numerous relatives and friends; an impressive discourse upon the mutability of all things earthly was pronounced; and the last act of paternal affection was the placing over the remains a neat white headstone, bearing the simple inscription;

"Little Priscilla."

The period of mourning had passed. The grave had been covered thirty days, and was already sprinkled over with delicate flowers.—One morning Mrs. Shields had occasion to enter an obscure part of the cellar in quest of some vegetables there stored. She had no sooner entered the dark apartment than loud and frequent raps upon timbers overhead, the rafters, and against the walls greeted her. Impressed with a feeling of indescribable terror she ascended the stairs. The raps were continued at intervals during the forenoon. She old her husband of the circumstances at the dinner hour. They determined to investigate farther. Descending the stairs together, they approached the place. Loud and vigorous raps were heard as before. Mrs. S. swooned into the arms of her husband who conveyed her again to the parlor. Upon recovering from the state of torpor, or *trance*, she could recollect nothing of what had transpired. She determined however to leave the house. She could not live in it she said. Mr. S. disuaded her from this determination, at least until further investigations might be made. A horrible suspicion seemed for the first time to cross his mind, but of that he said nothing. He remained at home in the afternoon. The clock of the First Baptist bell gave out the hour of three. Mrs. S. was engaged in sewing. The cambric fell from her hands, the needle drooped upon the floor, and she passed gently into the trance state. She talked incoherently. The husband thought now was a good time to question the medium, for such she undoubtedly was, relative to the mysteries of the cellar. She answered his questions very readily. He conducted her to the door leading to the lower regions of the house.—Upon reaching it she uttered a loud groan and shuddered. She then proceeded, in a deliberate manner, to relate what she saw. There was blood upon the stairs, the spots were large and distinct. The medium was slowly conducted down the steps. The evidences of blood, she said, grew more palpable. No raps were heard. They passed along, towards the dark part of the cellar. The medium seemed very reluctant to go. Her husband had to use some force to get her up to the door. Arrived at the threshold she began to tremble violently. The rapping now commenced in earnest,—long, loud and frequent. Passing across the threshold of the door, the trembling of the medium became more violent. Upon gaining the centre of the earthy floor, the medium gave vent to an unearthly scream and shrank back. This whole series of circumstances seemed to Mr. S. more like a dream than a reality. He confesses that, but for the honor of manhood, he also would have sunk down helpless. It reminded him of one of the scenes in Faust. All the stories of hobgoblins that he ever heard or read about, crowded thick upon his heated imagination. He felt every moment that the clammy grasp of some headless ghost would be round his throat. He however shook off such fears and proceeded very philosophically to make more enquiries. He questioned the medium. She saw deep buried in the earth beneath them the bones of a human male skeleton. There was a large and horrible gash upon the back part of the head. The face was mutilated. The lower limbs had been doubled up so as to consume less space. One of the eyes had been put out. A ghastly wound had been made in the side.—Beside the figure, the medium averred she saw an axe. There was a piece broke out of the steel. The handle was *marked with initials which she could not decipher*. There was hair and blood and brains upon the steel, and large clumps of clotted gore, rendered hoary and horrid by age, were scattered about. Like a second Eneas the hair of Mr. S. stood on end, his voice stuck in his throat, and his organ of speech cleaved to the roof of his mouth. He was almost stupified, but rallied again while the infernal narrative proceeded. It was revealed to the medium that a murder had been committed in the house. The skeleton which she saw was that of a pedlar. He was a Frenchman. His father was a native of the rich district around Picardy; his mother spoke the language learned in the city of Virgil.—They died while he was yet a youth. He shipped for America on board of a merchant vessel, and, after being tossed like Ulysess upon unknown seas, finally landed in Boston, U. S. He was a stranger. He had no friends, no home, none to smile kindly upon him. In a moment of melancholy despair on the confines of madness, he sat him down upon a log and resolved to end the fleeting miseries of the world. His purpose was arrested by the approach of a stranger. Conversation ensued.—The young and forlorn Frenchman told his story. Distress is never passed by the true Yankee. He took the stranger home, kept him until he became familiar with the language, and behaved like a son unto him. Jean soon began to shift for himself, and took up the business of an itinerant pedlar of fancy articles. He put money in his purse. He visited Rhode Island, and resided a while in Providence. The "haunted house" was then inhabitad by a Frenchman named Lacy. The place had a bad name. Abandoned females congregated there. They performed the part of a female in one of Shakespeare's plays. The pedlar must needs go there. He had plenty of money. He expected to meet a brother in the French housekeeper. He visited the place one stormy night. He was well received. After retiring for the night his quick ear detected footsteps stealthily ascending the stairs. The door of his room was gently opened. It was the Frenchman, with a cut-throat associate. The supposed sleeper sprang from his couch and confronted the assassins. It was useless.—They were bent upon a hellish design, and after securing their victim, he received a death blow from an axe, the handle of which was marked with the name and birth-place of the owner *in French*—which accounts for the mediums not understanding it. All the money was taken from the murdered man's pockets. The body was then dragged and buried deep in the cellar, with the bloody axe. As he had no relation in Boston, no particular anxiety was felt for him, as, from the nature of his vocation, it was supposed he had taken up his residence in some distant city. Such is the narrative which the medium gave. The raps had ceased while she was communicating with the spirit. She stopped the relation, nor could any more answers be obtained. She was then taken to the upper part of the house, and after the lapse of half an hour, she gradually awoke and *enquired for her needle!* She had an indistinct dream, she said, but could recal none of the circumstances thereof. The husband smiled, but uttered not a word.—Nor did he let her know till long afterwards what an awful scene transpired in the cellar. He saw the Mayor of the city on the morrow. He truthfully and circumstantially related what had taken place. The whole affair was kept a profound secret. In a day or two a couple of Irishmen were employed to dig over the cellar in question, while Mr. L. was absent from home. They heard raps as soon as they commenced their labors, and fled from the house in mortal terror. Mr. Shields himself then determined to dig. He worked for three days steadily but found nothing. On th fourth day towards noon he came to a lot of rubbish but could find no bones. Nor did he find any. Probably he did not go deep enough, nor in the exact spot. He gave the matter up, intending to renew the investigation at some future day. Nothing was said of this matter to any person, save only the Mayor and the writer of this narrative. Mr. Shields' family removed to another part of the city. It was soon whispered round among the neighbors that the repose of the inmates had been disturbed by strange sounds and horrid sights. These things, it was asserted, were the causes of their removal. When questioned upon the point Mr. L. refused to communicate anything. There were only two persons who knew in regard to the matter as he did, and he resolved to keep the secret. The present writer after the lapse of a certain time obtained permission to make the matter public. The particulars as related to him in calm, deliberately uttered sentences are now presented for the first time. The facts may be relied upon. The writer himself has no more confidence spiritualism than he has in James Buchanan: But the circumstances attending the above case were so singular that it was thought a detailed account might be interesting not only to the general reader but to all who are interested in the investigation of spiritual phenomena.

How it Strikes Them.

Below are extracts from some of the responses to the proposed political action for Spiritualists. We shall publish them briefly as fast as we receive them:

"The publisher will please discontinue sending this paper to the subscriber—L. G. Bigelow. He thinks that he cannot endorse 'Political Action for Spiritualists,' just *now*, and must certainly be excused from supporting either Gov. Tallmadge, or Judge Edmonds for the Presidency in 1860, although both honorable men. The fact is, gentlemen, you are very good, very honest, are helping forward in your own way, the cause of Humanity. But this recommending political action of Spiritualists as an independent party, in this America, groaning as it is under the terrible incubus of a Slave Administration, diverting us from a united Opposition, wasting our thought in miserable division, is a mark of such fanatical views on this subject, that I must insist on requiring of you to *save my feelings*."

The following is from a subscriber in Mount Vernon, N. H.:—

"I noticed a suggestion in the last Spiritual Age, and also your response to the same, that Spiritualists unite in political action in the coming Presidential election. If some of our leading and talented Spiritualists would make a resolute effort in this direction, I have no doubt that every Spiritualist within our borders, to a man, would rouse up and gird himself for the work, and would go to the ballot box more hopefully and cheerfully than ever before; and many who do not call themselves Spiritualists, would vote with us rather than trust the result in the hands of a horde of selfish, political demagogues any longer; let us keep the ball moving."

From Oregon, Ill.:

"Its effect, if persisted in, will be to inaugurate into the spiritual ranks, a wild and ungovernable fanaticism; subject the cause to still greater contempt, and destroy the influence, if not the circulation of the Age."

From Hullsport, N. Y.:

"Your correspondent C. H. H. presents an idea that seems to me to be of importance the most vital. * * * * A party that could be headed by J. W. Edmonds or Tallmadge or Chase, or even many others in the ranks of Spiritual believers, would be hailed with joy. I believe and *feel* that the time has come for such a movement. I have talked with many about it and I find they are ready for the effort. * * * * My dear Sirs, this is worthy the consideration of all good people. Let it be agitated and the onward march of Progression will tell of its good results.

The essential doctrines of Spiritualism are finding their way to the understandings of the people hereabouts, although we have had to encounter the most bitter opposition. I now believe that every tenth voter would vote the Spiritual ticket in 1860, if the subject could be properly understood in this vicinity. And further, *if* the females over twenty-one could vote I believe that every fifth one would vote, the spiritual ticket."

From Aurora, N. Y.:

"The suggestion of C. H. H. in regard to 'political action of Spiritualists,' is to my mind of vital importance. Either of the names proposed—Tallmadge or Edmonds—would command an enormous vote in this State."

SPIRITUAL AGE!

Lowell, Sept. 12, '59

Welcome, in your new form and new style to the arena of active reform!—may you be the bearer of good tidings of great joy to many families—a welcome weekly visitor to thousands. The harvest is great, the laborers few—the pay in coin meagre, but in thankful hearts your reward will be found ever abundant—Trusting you will be better sustained in the new form than in the old, and that the hungering thousands who will be fed by you will at least return thanks, and send dollars to sustain you, I bid you again a hearty welcome from a heart devoted to the same great work of setting up the kingdom of Heaven on earth, in the lives of men and women.

Warren Chase.

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.

☞Mr. E. V. Wilson is our authorized agent for receiving subscriptions for the Age.

Correspondence.

EMMA HARDINGE AT NEW BRIGHTON.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—We have just been favored with two lectures from this eminent female apostle of the Spiritual Gospel, which were numerously attended, and by most attentive audiences. The first was in answer to the question "What is Spiritualism?"

This, in the language of a very intelligent and learned elergyman of Pittsburg, who was present, was "splendid in elocution, and a lawyer-like and logical chain of argument from beginning to end." It was shown that spiritual manifestations and ministrations had existed in all ages—that the Bible was full of proof to this fact—that Inspiration was a continous stream through all time, and that Spiritualism was the vital element of all Religion—the permeating principle that gives life to Christianity, and to all truth.

The second lecture, which was "The Religion of Spiritualism," was still more transcendent in point of eloquence and oratorical power. I have listened to some of the most distinguished orators of the nation; but, such thrilling eloquence—such pleading earnestness—such pathos and tenderness, combined with logic, argument, facts and philosophy, as characterized this lecture of Miss Hardinge, it has never before been my happy privilege to hear. Of a truth, it seemed as if a glorified angel had spoken through her lips.—The audience was spell-bound. A deep religious fervor—a reverent devotion—a strong sense of Justice, and an unswerving faith in "Him who doeth all things well," seemed to inspire the speaker's soul, as she poured forth words of startling power, in explanation and advocacy of the Religion of Spiritualism—which was the Religion of Jesus revived and re-illuminated; and, *demonstrating* withal, the soul's Immortality. The voice of the Holy One of Nazareth had been ringing down through eighteen centuries, "Feed my sheep!"—But it was still unheeded. Within the shadow of great church edifices, were little children crying for bread. In the great cities and along the broad thoroughfares of the world, thousands of worthy fathers and tender mothers and sorrowing orphans were suffering and starving; and the voice "*Feed my sheep!*" was still unnoticed—still unheeded by too many of those who profess so loudly to be followers of the Good Shepherd. How could men love God, while they continue to wrong God's children? It could not be. The Religion of the Great Master which teaches to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to act the part of the Good Samaritan, and to do unto others as ye would have others do unto you, was scarcely to be found in any living, perfect instance on the earth. Spiritualism came to *revive* this Religion, and to establish and perfect a communication with the inhabitants of the angel-world. It was the second Coming of Christ—the advent of that Era, when "the spirit of the Lord should be poured out on all flesh; when your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions;" and when none shall say, "Know ye the Lord, but all shall know him from the least unto the greatest."

We feel assured that great good will follow the ministrations through this earnest, faithful Herald of the great Spiritual Morning now dawning upon the earth.

"Blessed are they who turn many to righteousness, for they shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Faithfully yours,
MILO A. TOWNSEND.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa., Sept. 3d, 1859.

EDITORS OF SPIRITUAL AGE:—In your last I read with much interest, an article on "Political Action for Spiritualists," and with more interest your notice of said article signed △

That such ideas have found expression through your columns is not at all unlooked for by every observing Spiritualist; because the very tendency of our movement, is to harmonize mankind in his individual, social and political developement, and as fast as man becomes free as an individual, he will necessarily affect the social and political atmosphere in which he moves,—the Spiritualism out-working itself in all the organization in which he is. Thus in the end it not only frees man mentally, but materially from all fetters as well of body as mind. But the labor to be performed in freeing the body is of a material nature, while that of the mind is mental or psychological, which results in making the mind free long before the body is—thus we become free mentally, before our physical bodies, and social and political organizations can possibly be in a condition to receive the great boon of complete *freedom*.

How to facilitate the emancipation of the body, is the question propounded by your correspondent, and he strikes upon the key of political organization, while you chime in on the same key. I was most happy in reading the freedom in which you noticed the subject, though I cannot subscribe to all that either of you suggest. Before we can successfully organize politically, we must establish a platform upon which to stand ourselves; for, Spiritualism, is yet, to a very great extent, an undefined theory, no two Spiritualists believing exactly alike even in their psychological perceptions, much less in their social and material organizations.—And as a political organization is the outflow of material development, which developement will be in exact proportion to the spiritual, therefore we should be sure, in the first place, that we have a right understanding of our own spiritual stamina and standpoint, before we attempt to manifest the harmonial out-flow of Spiritualism in a mutual organization.

I certainly should be most happy in making an expression, politically, for Spiritualism, but Spiritualism as *I* understand it, may be quite different from what you understand it to be; for the very reason that it is yet in its incipient state—true, gigantic in proportion to anything else of the same age and conditions—but how much there is to learn and comprehend before we can put the system into complete political operation.

These are but random ideas poorly expressed, but I should not be true to my convictions of duty if I did not speak them; and I hope that Spiritualists throughout the country, will send in and publish their thoughts upon this most important and material subject. More anon.

ELLSWORTH, Me. M.

[From the papers of the Duke of Landerdale.]

OLDEN SPIRITUALISM.

SELECTED FOR THE AGE BY L. M. L.

About thirty years ago, when I was a boy at school, there was a poor woman who lived near the town of Duns in the mers.—Mr. J. Weems, then minister of the place, was told of her being possessed. I have heard him speak with my father about it. Mr. Weems visited her often. The report spread in the country. Mr. Forbes came from Edinburg, a minister, wishing to see the woman; they went with my father.—They found her an ignorant creature; but nothing extraordinary. The minister said to Mr. Forbes, "Nondum audivimus spiritum loquentem." Presently a voice came out of the woman's mouth, saying, "Audis loquentem, audis loquentem." This startled the minister; he took off his hat, and said, "Misereatur Deus peccatoris." The voice answered from the old woman, "die peccatricis, die peccatricis;" whereupon they both left her house fully satisfied.—Many particulars might be related, but the Latin criticism in an illiterate, ignorant woman, is evidence enough of spirit teaching. Within four miles of Edinburg there lived a minister. His house was troubled with extraordinary noises; the family and neighbors used to hear them mostly on Saturday night. The locks of all the doors would fly open, their clothes which were locked up would be taken from the drawers or chests, and be found hanging up in different rooms. Once the best linen was used to cover a table, and glasses and napkins seemed to have been used by the invisibles; the noises were loud and long. The good minister called his family to prayer when most troublesome, then it changed to the soft beating as of a finger, but as soon as he finished, the excessive knocking was renewed. A servant maid said that if the devil troubled them that night she would brain him; she took a cannon ball up to bed with her; when the noise commenced she threw the cannon ball as she thought on the floor; but it was never seen any more. All this was told me by the minister. My father's steward often went there and heard the noises.

In the northern part of England, the minister, before he began to read prayers at church, saw a paper lying in his book which he supposed to be banns of marriage. He opened it and saw written, in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purport: "That J. P. and J. D. had murdered a traveller and robbed him and buried him in such an orchard." The minister was startled, and asked the clerk hastily if he had placed any paper in the prayer book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were the names of the clerk and sexton of the church. The minister went to the magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it, when to his great surprise nothing appeared but a piece of white paper! The Justice accused the minister of whims, and said his head must be distempered when he imagined such strange contents on a blank paper.—But the pious clergyman saw the hand of God in this matter, and by entreaties prevailed on the Justice to grant warrants against the clerk and sexton, who were taken up and separately confined, but no positive proof of their guilt could be made out, till the minister recollecting the writing mentioned the dead body buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory. The place was searched, the body found; on hearing which the sexton confessed the fact, accusing the clerk as his accomplice. They were executed.

EXTRACTS FROM DREAMS AND VISIONS.—A child ten years of age was sent to Portugal. A servant slept with her. One night the child waked up screaming, "My papa is drowned! my papa is drowned!—The servant tried to pacify her in vain, she cried, "I saw the boat turn over, and papa in it!" The family made a memorandum of it; the event proved that the child's father was drowned at that time. He, with several gentlemen, had dined on board of a vessel; early in the morning he hailed a fishing boat to take him on shore, which was upset, and he met his death.

W. A. sent his eldest son to the East Indies in the rank of midshipman. When the ship had sailed from Liverpool about five months, Mr. A. dreamed that he saw his son thrown over the side of the ship, and it passed over him. He awoke much agitated and told his wife the dream. She used every argument to make it seem a vision of the night, but he was strongly prepossessed with a belief of his son's death. The next news he heard was that the young man had died of a fever, and been interred in the sea sewed up in a sheet, the same night his father dreamed he saw him thrown over the side of the vessel.

Mrs. R. lost a little son, and during the death and funeral, she sent another of her sons, five years old, in the country, and used every precaution to keep him ignorant of his brother's death. On returning home he asked for his play-fellow; the nurse told him his brother was gone into the country.—"But why did you let him go without you?" The nurse pacified him and he asked no more questions concerning him. A few days after, the child came to the bedroom of his parents, begging to be let in. His father told him to go back to the nursery. "No," said the child, "I will come in." Upon this the door was opened, and in he went in his night dress. Surprised to see the child in that situation, they told him to go to bed, but he would not. His father then asked him to come to him; this he refused to do, but said to his father "No, papa, I will not come to you, nor to my mamma neither, no, never! for you have put my brother Billy in a box, and put him in the pit hole, you have; and you will put me there by and by, you will." All this time he wept bitterly. His father tried every method to divert the child from this idea. When quiet, they inquired who had told him such stories?—This question made him weep again. He repiied, however, that his brother Billy had told him so himself. "How could your brother tell you so," said his father, "you know that he cannot talk." "Yes, papa," said the child, "but he can, and walk, too, for he came into my room and said, 'Brother Tommy, papa and mamma have put me in a box into the pit hole, and they will put you there by and by.'" "Why, you talk nonsense," said his father; and then offered him a bribe to inform him who had told him such stuff. But the child kept to his story and added that his brother was grown very tall, and could walk as well as any person, and talk, too, and wore a white dress with a train to it. When his parents went down stairs they strictly interrogated the servants whether they had any of them told the child of his brother's death; but they all made the most solemn declarations that they had never even heard him mention his brother, but the first night when he questioned the nurse, nor had anything been said to him on the subject.—He lived just seventeen months after his brother, and then took a sudden illness and died in two days.

A BIRTH IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

When one whose life has prepared his soul for the change, lays aside the body and the corruptions of earth and passes from the gaze of worldly eyes into the spirit world, it is proper for those who have known and loved such an one, to lay some tribute of respect upon the altar of their affections and show the world how calmly and serenely life may join eternity. Therefore do I now speak of the last moments of DWIGHT KELLOGG, who passed into the other life on the morning of the 19th ultimo, aged 61.

Mr. Kellogg was born in Marcellus in this State (New York) and soon after, his parents removed to a place called Kelloggsville in Cayuga County. While yet a young man, Mr. Kellogg removed with his family to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he passed fifteen years of his life. But not meeting with that success which gives to many an abundance of worldly goods, and having been compelled to see the spirit of his companion and wife leave Earth for a Heavenly Home, he subsequently removed to the city of New York where he was engaged in business until prostrated by his last sickness, when he went to the home of his brother, John Q. Kellogg, Esq., at Yonkers, on the Hudson, and there surrounded by two of his children and many of his brothers and sisters he was tenderly cared for until his spirit passed beyond their care into the presence and embrace of the loving ones awaiting it.

Always willing to receive any new truth Mr. Kellogg was among the first to investigate the truth of Spiritualism, and having become convinced that it *was* a truth, he embraced it as such and continued firm in the belief until the last. In a conversation he had with his sister, only a few days before his release, he spoke of his faith; said it was as strong as ever; that he knew, for him to die was gain, and that his only fear was that he should get well; that being so near home it was hard to think he could not go; that when he had passed over into the other life, he should often return and join the circle of his earthly friends, and whenever he could, would talk to them as in other days.

Thus do we see how a Christian can die. Let the world give thanks that a truth has been given them, which thus smooths the path to Heaven and gives courage to the children of earth in that hour which has been so long held up as one of dread and terror. May we all so live that when our time shall come, we may thankfully and willingly place our feet upon that path, confident that it will lead us into a better and purer life.

September, 1859. C. A. W.

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.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7th, 1859.

"One man builds a house and consecrates it to folly; another pulls it down, and of the same materials erects a temple and dedicates it to the same Goddess."—[Dialogues of the Dead.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—I have often been astonished at the strange vagaries so often exhibited by the devotees of the fantastic Nymph alluded to in the above quotation: and have as often been admonished not to be led astray by her ethereal flights through the spheres, or misdirected by her sinuous course on this mundane planet.

But unfortunately for myself and others, her soarings aloft are only discernible by the spiritual clairvoyant; and her tracks on earth are made in quicksand, so as immediately to be obliterated from the yielding mass. Hence, the sad mishaps of former pilgrims can afford no warning to present travellers, who still eagerly pursue their course; blindly supposing that as there are no foot prints, so therefore the way must be entirely new.

These suggestions have been presented to my mind by the declaration so often made by skeptics, and Spiritualists, that we should never give heed to any authority on matters concerning religion, or philosophy. Very good—but let us see how the proposition is demonstrated when applied practically to the world's every day experience. First, I go to the skeptic, who says—"my friend you should take nothing on trust, nor rely on any authority whatever; but depend upon facts, and science." Very well, I respond, and take his advice (for we must still confide in somebody,) and go and purchase Comte's Positive Philosophy. What a treasure? the clear mind of Martineau circumlineates every page with a golden light!—I shall soon be a philosopher! I open the book—but more than a Sampson's riddle awaits my solution before I can perceive wherein my master's strength lieth. In fact the book is filled with problems and expositions of the most abstruse science; which my limited education compels me not to understand. Yet upon this preliminary knowledge the whole philosophy is predicated. But I am not alone; for nine-tenths, or ninety-nine hundreths are in the same unfortunate circumstances. I, however, wade through the vast profound, admiring, coveting, and almost adoring a knowledge of science which I cannot attain; for wealth, health and youth are not mine! So I close the book dissatisfied with an object so elevated, so serene, and so cold, that it seems to mock at the yearnings of my very heart!—And yet, upon the attainment of that object depends the salvation of my race! of all those that live but to toil, to suffer, and to die! I go to my friend again and ask his advice—"O, (says he) you need an expounder,"—(for Positive Philosophy, like all other revelations, requires a medium as an *interpreter*.) So I go and present myself before the High Priest of his sect, while in his official capacity of public exponent of the negative faith! When lo! behold! what do I hear?

Mark ye well: it was—That the great law of the universe—the Keystone of the Social Arch—the Golden Rule to do unto another as you would have another do unto you—a rule revered alike in all ages, and among all nations, by saint and sinner, by sage and serf, as the pivot on which revolves all the social forces of a trembling world, "that that rule was not fitting to direct man's action to man!"

The critic, the skeptic, and the scoffer had spent his wit, his satire, and his jeers, upon the superstructure of the Christian faith; but this corner stone was deemed too holy to be desecrated by mortal hand, and was left as an altar around which a sorrowing world might kneel with its bleeding heart, and offer up prayers to the symbol of a unitary faith, and hope, for our common humanity! but that, alas! was stricken down!!! I turned away from the altar of egotism, a "sadder, if not a wiser man;" and asked consolation from the seer.—Sequel next week.

N. W. HAMMOND.

It is estimated that there are one hundred and fifty D. D.s in the Northern Methodist Church, while ten years ago there were less than a dozen. When, some forty or fifty years ago, a Presbyterian divine inquired of a Methodist elder with whom he was travelling: "why the Methodist Church had no doctors of divinity?" the Methodist promptly replied, "because our divinity is never sick." It would seem, however, from the above statement, that its health has declined rapidly during the past ten years.

On Sunday morning last, says the Belfast Journal, one of our citizens, a conscientious and exact observer of the Sabbath, arose and went to work at his job of repairing the sidewalk on Church Street. The unwonted sound of labor aroused from his morning nap a resident, who informed the astonished man of his mistake. There was a hasty gathering up of tools about that time.

"No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will."

"Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?"

"By a cause you call accident.

"Is not the end still remote?" asked the whisper with a slight tremor.

"Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote."

"And shall I, before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their trouble—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?"

"You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze.—For wondrous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses—all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations, will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into a whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked to the deep, and again tossed about by the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!"

"And that date, too, is far off?"

"Far off; when it comes think your end in this world is at hand!"

"How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north."

"In the north, where you never yet trod—towards the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. 'Tis Death! I see a ship—it is haunted—'tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-rocks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though so slowly they come, have then snatched you. There is the coming of age on your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you, though the will you live on, gnawed with famine: And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region;—the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps and the ice-rocks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans. Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. And a man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and the two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror; and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock, grey grisly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries through which you have passed. And heed this,—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity."

"Hush," said the whisper; "but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus!—sleep!"

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G—— holding my hand and smiling. He said, "You who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism, have succumbed at last to my friend Richards."

"Where is Mr. Richards?"

"Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me, 'Your friend will not wake for an hour.'"

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

"At the Trafalgar Hotel."

"Give me your arm," said I to G——, "let us call on him; I have something to say."

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighborhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton in time for that steamer; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr. Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows:—"I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed.—I have therefore established power over you.—For three months from this day you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you cannot even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on you this command?—try to disobey me. At the end of the third month, the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you."

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show to G——, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas lamp by his side.

Interesting Miscellany.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN MICHIGAN.

While legislation for the protection of married women against the brutality and scoundrelism of husbands, makes but little progress in some States, in others it begins to show its power.

An occurrence, unfortunately for the reputation of the stronger sex, common among the profligate and drunken, in which the operation of a wise and just law is illustrated, we find, in the papers of the day.

A wretch, tied with bonds he cannot sever to a woman whom the law calls his wife, took advantage of her temporary absence from her home in Detroit, and sent all the furniture to the store of an auctioneer by whom it was sold. His children, turned out of doors by their inhuman father, sought refuge with a neighbor.

On the return of the wife she found her empty house locked and her children gone.—She was not long in finding out the true state of affairs, nor in commencing legal proceedings.

The brute of a nuisance, meanwhile, had made away with the proceeds of the sale in a lengthened debauch; but she, left him to his bestiality and betook herself to the auctioneer, who was compelled to make restitution to the full value of all that he had sold—the statute governing the matter, expressly declaring that in no event, has the husband a right to dispose of household effects, the joint earnings of both, without the wife's consent; and if a sale is made, the wife is entitled, not as in sales of real estate, to her dower, but to the full value of the property.

The statute of Michigan might be beneficially copied in every other State.

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extrication the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains or droughts.

But what is more remarkable in this operation is the layers of the earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the remains of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, doors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables; at twenty-eight feet, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shell; and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetation is found again.

A NEW METHOD OF CONVERTING IRON INTO STEEL.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times says that over £450,000 has been raised in England for the purpose of purchasing the patent for an American process for manufacturing steel, and that this amount falls short of the sum asked. The inventor, Mr. J. D. Farrar, has gone to Paris to introduce the invention to the French people.

NO SWEETENING ALLOWED.—It is custom for many parents to take their entire family to camp meeting, and to prevent confusion, the little people have tickets pinned to their dresses, with the number of the tent they occupy written thereon. At the recent camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard a bright little lad was observed among the throng of visitors who was ticketed thus: "Tent No. 14—Do not give this boy any candy."—[Transcript.

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.'

THE MICROSCOPE AND THE TELESCOPE COMPARED.—Dr. Chalmers thus contrasts the relative powers of these two instruments:—

"The one reveals to me a system in every star; the other, a world in every atom. By the one I am led to believe that this great globe itself, with all the mighty burdens of its oceans and continents, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor the tribes and families of a busy population. The one tells me the insignificance of the world I tread upon, the other redeems it from all insignificance, for it tells me that on the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one suggests that far and beyond all that the telescope has yet revealed, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest shores of the universe. The other intimates that within and beneath all that minuteness disclosed by the microscope there may be a region of invisibles, that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain that shrouds it from our senses, we should see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded; a universe within the compass of a point, where the wonder-working God could raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them with all the evidences of his glory."

THE DISTANCE OF THE SUN INCREASING.—A German publication has given the calculations to prove that the distance between the earth and the sun is annually increasing, and attributes to this fact the increasing humidity of our summers, and the loss of fertility in the soil of the formerly most favored region of the earth. The vegetable and animal remains found even in the recent strata within the Arctic circle, show that a degree of heat formerly prevailed there which equalled that of the equatorial regions at the present time, and although many ingenious theories have been started to account for this desolation of a once sunny region, none seems so rational as the very obvious one of a gradual withdrawal of the great source of light and heat.—The Egyptians, Chinese and other nations have traditions that at a very early period of their history the apparent diameter of the sun was double what it now is, and according to the tables of the German savant, in the course of six thousand years more the disc of that luminary will have diminished so that we shall receive but one eighth part of the solar influence which we at present enjoy, the whole earth being covered with eternal ice. It is now admitted by the most orthodox school of science, that the earth and other planets were thrown off from the sun, so that our globe has confessedly travelled already, one hundred millions of miles from its birth place, and no absurdity exists in the supposition that it has not yet ceased receding, though at a constantly diminished rate, which may or may not reach the 0 point before it arrives at such a distance as to be uninhabitable, when, following the analogy of all other known perturbations and eccentricities among the different bodies of the universe, it will undoubtedly retrace its steps, to a point much nearer than any it has occupied during the historic period, and so move back and forth, like a mighty pendulum forever, measuring off perhaps thousands of ages at each beat. Or perchance, having run its course it will fall back into the sun—as man, who springs from the dust, returns to dust again—to be again involved in the form of nebulous matter, and again condensed into a habitable globe.

A NOVEL POSSESSION.—Mr. Merriam, in a letter to the Daily Times, says that he *"once obtained a piece of the auroral light, which he preserved,"* and that it was composed of threads, like the silken warp of a web! Mr. M. does not say whether he still possesses that remarkable specimen of what he calls "the silkery of the skies." If it is still in his cabinet, no wonder that he is *enlightened* beyond most men; and if the piece was of sufficient length and breadth, might he not exhibit it nightly on Brooklyn Heights?

Advertisements.

"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:

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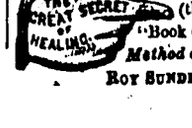
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Announcements.

[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. S GREENLEAF is ready to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address Lowell, Mass.

H. F. GARDINER of Boston, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week day evenings.

M. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, Sept. 25th, and Oct. 2nd.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Lowell the four Sundays of Sept.; first Sunday in Oct., in Lawrence, Mass.; second Sunday, in Lebanon, N. H.; third, in Bethel, Vt.; fourth, in Montpelier, Vt.; fifth, in Marlboro', Mass.; Nov. 13th, in Newburyport; Nov. 20th, Marblehead; Nov. 27th, Plymouth; Dec. 4th and 11th, in Providence, R. I., and may be addressed as above.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Willimantic, Conn, Sept. 4th & 11th. In Taunton, Mass., Sept. 18th & 25th. Marblehead, Mass., Oct 2nd; Plymouth, Oct 9th & 16th. 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. 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; in Lyons, Mich., Sept. 23d; in St. Louis during October; and New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

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.

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

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18—tf.

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Single copies at retail, 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. On receipt of price, the book will be sent by mail, postage free. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent per order to all parts of the Union.

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18tf

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A Discourse delivered under spirit-influence, by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the Melodeon Boston, Sunday evening, March 20, 1859. Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton. Price 8 cents each, or $5 per hundred. This discourse contains much good advice, and was listened to with very general satisfaction. BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 15—tf

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE CONVENTION,

HELD AT RUTLAND, Vt., June 25th, 26th, 27th, 1858.

Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents; in cloth 67 cts. The work contains Debates on the Bible, Government, Marriage, Spiritualism, Slavery, Woman's Rights, Free Trade, &c. 33—tf

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD IN HISTORY.

By L. Judd Pardee. Price 10 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH No 14 Bromfield street. 52 tf

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.

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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.

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Jas S Barker,	Chicago, Ill	25	1	14
Florinda F Balding,	Moretown, Vt	25	1	14

Deaths.

Died in Cambridge, Vt, Aug. 29th, Brother Jonas Safford, in his sixty-second year. He has long been a consistent believer in Spiritualism, having investigated ever since the Rochester rappings became known. He has not sparred time nor expense to get light, and has ever strove to impart it to others. He has endeared himself to a large circle of friends by his honest, upright life in all things. In dealing with his brother he understood that to be a Christian he must be Christ like, and to be a Spiritualist he must be spiritual-minded. It was through his instrumentality that I visited his town last fall, where I have since given some twenty lectures, which I trust have resulted in good.

August 31st the friends met to pay their last respects to his remains. A large and attentive audience was present, and were addressed by the writer, from the text: "Be ye, therefore, also ready;" (with appropriate singing.) After which a few thoughts given on death, as generally understood, showing the difference between theology and spirituality. When his body was being lowered into the grave, the friends sang, "Thou art gone to the grave," which left a deep impression on those present.

In the evening he made himself known at the circle held at his house to the satisfaction of those present.

A. P. THOMPSON.

Call for Christian Spiritualists' Organization.

As spiritually enlightened members of the great family of God, and of the universal brotherhood of man, we acknowledge the propriety of some external rites, which may give outward expressions of internal religious convictions. Believing as we do in the existing and ruling power of God manifested through Jesus Christ, and the ministration of Angels to our world, still continued—illuminating, inspiring, purifying and ripening the souls of the children of earth for higher life here in earth and in the heavenly spheres, we here make this call for a Public Declaration of our faith by which we may enjoy the rights and privileges which are legally granted to all who avail themselves of being protected by the Laws of this our blessed country. By so doing our ministers when ordained will have the right of consecrating members, of celebrating matrimony, and all other privileges granted to the ministry. We hereby request those sympathizing with the above call to meet in convention at Boston, on Thursday, Oct. the 6th, 1859, for organization and examination of those candidates to be ordained on the following Sunday, Oct. 9th. Notice of the house where we shall meet will be given in the Banner of Light, Spiritual Age and Spirit Guardian in the last week of Sept. Those who wish to become members of the association, and wish to be ordained for the ministry, must bring letters of recommendation, certifying to their good moral character and ability to teach christian principles. Those female Lecturers who desire to be consecrated at this time will write and let us know so as to provide for their entertainment during the sessions, by giving notice of their intentions to B. Danforth, 19 Green st., Boston, Mass.

Per order of B. Danforth and 13 others.

Boston, Sept. 8, 1859. 1t

Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial; being a Detailed Account of Overwhelming Testimony, given by Sectarians against all leading Reform and Reformers; with the Summary Proceedings on the part of the Prosecution, aided by several Respectable Citizens, after an Irregular Rendition of the Verdict.—Conservatives versus Progressives.—Photographically Reported and Prepared for Publication by Philo Hermes. Price 15 cents per copy, and sent to any part of the United States free of postage. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent to order. Address the Publisher, Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

All the Books and Pamphlets of Theodore Parker, the works of A. J. Davis, and all other Reform Publications, for sale as above.

Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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