THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

TRIBUTE TO A WOMAN.

"What though spots are on the Sun? in fullness is his worth, in fullness be his praise."

O, thou ecstatic lover
Of sublimated things,
Not *all* God's angels hover
Above on golden wings!—
The true heart doth discover
His chosen Queens and Kings.

To one whose life is solely
Devoted to her friends,
Yet whose example, holy,
Assimilates and blends
The lofty and the lowly,
My muse this verse commends.

How just and even-handed
In every cause and case!
Thy judgments, kind as candid,
On others' works and ways,
Are to *thy own* remanded
With premiums of praise!

How kind and comfort-caring
Towards both friend and foe!
How, still a sweet smile wearing
Thy features truly show
(Without unwisely baring)
The heart that lies below.

The vulgar in thy presence
Scarce dare to start or stir;
Thy courteous obmutescence
To virtue they refer—
Thy cheerful acquiescence
To christian character.

In fellowship with folly
Though thou art never seen,
Thy temper, cheerful, jolly—
Not hasty, but serene,
'Twixt mirth and melancholy
Preserves the golden mean.

How tender and forbearing
Tow'rds the woe-begone,
How oft thy fearless daring,
Thy hopeful words, have drawn
The sting of my despairing
Or soothed a spirit worn!

Alas! this poor transcription
From tables of my heart,
Is yet a poor description
Of what to me thou art:
This incomplete ascription
Fits not thy better part.

C.***L.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

ELFLORA'S COURT.

BY FORCRYTHE WILLSON.

Wildly upwards aforetime,
Through dreamy metempsychosis,
Methought in a royal rapture that I was the royal,
Elfin Elflora Rosa Regina conceitedly crowned—
Rosa Regina!

And I reigned
In a far-off sphere of conceit and fancy,
Whose perpetual blossoming
Blent, interblent, and ordered,
To sensitive sympathy and thorough-bred uniformity,
Composed a world which was a wonderful blossom!

Numberless we
Who swam in its aromal hazes,
Holding our state in the petal palaces while our
Petit harpers
Twanged the fantasia light, and
The dancers flew along the floors of rose-leaf.

In the moonshine revel
We warbled five, fairy trebles,
And chirped sharp catches and glees,
Whilst bards long-bearded
Called from the wars of our history some wild achieve,
And poet-wise chanted the legend
With pompous abandon.

When the evening star shook
O'er the ebbing darkness;
And the sun florescent, blown of yore into splendor
By a loving Florist,
Flashed on our bird-like vision;
And the airs were loud with the hum of gigantic insects,
Rich-hued and essence-hoarding;
And jubilant gushes
Of strange star-nosed cories,
A hoary, quaint-habited, trumpeter quelled
The delirium of music;
And with a blast bade
Revelry be silent.

Quickly the court changed and a most august council,
Upon a high dais of blossoms,
Above the breathless myriads,
Arrayed in their long, white raiment;
Sate!

Again in the westering hours
We gathered in glens and grottos,
By the very close-clasping canopy
Fruit roofed and over-foided,
By the firmament supernal flowerily over-arbored;
And, Wellado, we exulted!

So gravely and giddily we up grew
Into jocund creatures of joyance,
"Yet to become great giants of truth and beauty,"
As our prophets chafed,
'And be loftily uplifted hereafter
To the light of Him whom the Elves serenely confide in,
The Father of Fairies,
And the spirit of Living Flowers!"

Wellado, list thou! Wellado, list thou!
Oft when a sensitive tendril
Of the overhanging forest
Was shocked of the elf wind's passion,
We inhaled an odorous mist of spray,
And the parasitic foliage,
And the pendulous cornucopiæ,
Balmily, bamily, bamily,
Rained, rained, rained!
And our fluttering lips were rosed with the charmed showers;
Until possessed of subtile, imperious emotions,
Of sudden, quick-shifting caprices,
And of startling ecstatic fancies;
Under the light of the rainbows arched
Of an hundred quick and varying hues,
All at once and all together
We sprang and clapped our hands and ran,
And kissed and kissed and kissed each other,
Whilst the passionate bugiers shouted and caught,
And swung by the hanging horns—
Ho! Ho!—
And exultingly pressing their lips mid-air, right fairily wound away!—
Away!

MY BOY.

My little boy lies sleeping Stillness now
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless lately,
And the blue eyes beneath his thoughtful brow
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float,
In careless grace, upon the yielding pillows,
The other on his breast rides like a boat
On summer billows.

About the couch, where they his waking bide,
His whilom playthings lie in rare confusion;
And underneath the shoes he thought to hide
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The winds moan at the door,
And in the room the firelight's fitful gleaming
Makes pleasant shadows on the crimson floor—
I sit a-dreaming.

I see afar the veiled, uncertain land,
That in the future waits his manhood's coming,
And strive to dissipate with love's strong hand,
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laureled kings,
The wearers of the purple of the Poet?
Or like the heroes of whom the Poet sings?
His life will show it.

And if he be a soul from falsehood free,
Though he should wear no laurel, sing no story,
To bear his part with honest men shall be
Enough of glory.

PROGRESS OF BANK NOTE FORGERY.—We have without exception, the best bank note engraving in the world, and we have, also, more counterfeit bank notes than any other country with a paper currency. The ingenuity of our engravers is tasked and tasked to produce bank notes which the counterfeiter cannot imitate, and yet forgeries are exceedingly flush. For example, as we learn from *Peterson's Counterfeit Detector* of yesterday, as many as fifty-eight new counterfeits have been put into circulation within the last fortnight. This would appear almost incredible, but it is true. The Bank of England notes, which are now very rarely imitated, are distinguished, in their execution, by the utmost simplicity of design and work. Yet, with all this simplicity and plainness, a forgery of it is seldom made, and when made is readily detected. The protection lies in the simplicity. Instead of being covered over with many and beautiful decorations and drawings, including gems of landscape by Darley, or portraits of individuals, or reminiscences of the Grecian mythology, the note of the Bank of England is little more than a promise to pay, duly dated and numbered, with signature of cashier, or one of his assistants, on right side, and he signature of an entering clerk on the left.

The chief peculiarity is a different ink employed on the mechanical numbering of each note, and a mathematical exactness and harmony on the whole engraving. There are a few secret marks—five in all—consisting of dots placed with apparent carelessness on various parts of the note, which bank clerks and other initiated persons can immediately ascertain. Above all, the paper, with its peculiar water-mark, is difficult to be made. To imitate it would be as felonious as to forge the hand-writings on the note itself. This paper is made by a process known only to a few confidential persons in the bank, and even were the mystery laid open, would require such a costly plant of intricate machinery, that persons possessed of the pecuniary means to establish it for this purpose, would be so far above the usual inducements to crime that they would scarcely be induced to run the risk. This paper possesses such remarkable toughness that if a Bank of England note be twisted, with a weight of two hundred and twenty-four pounds suspended to it, the twist will sustain it without yielding or breaking. It appears utterly improbable that counterfeiting cannot be prevented here, as it is in London and Paris. Suppose that some bank should try the experiment of issuing notes, the very perfection of cunning art employed to produce the most beautiful simplicity of design and execution.—[Philadelphia Press.

[From the Boston Journal.]

THE THOUGHTLESS SPRITE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Once upon a time, a mountain spirit said coaxingly to the streams which go leaping down the outer spurs and peaks of the Alps into the Adriatic, between the Piave and Adige, "Play with me. Play with me."—But they all answered, "No, we are too busy."

"Too busy," replied the little spirit. "Too busy, indeed! I should like to know what you are doing but dancing, and singing, and thundering—frolicking, in fact, the whole way from this to the great gulf. Yes, what indeed?"

"We are laying the foundation for a city which will be the wonder of the world," was the reply.

"Ha! Ha!" shouted the spirit, and though she was so small, her voice sounded through the glens, and was caught up and repeated by the tree-crested hill tops. "Ha! Ha!"

It was a mocking laugh, but the streams did not heed it. They went dilligently on, depositing far out in the Adriatic the earth, twigs, and pebbles, which they gathered in their course.

"Ha! Ha!" shouted the spirit once more "In a hundred years, or so, I will come again."

The hundred years passed by, and the merry trifler flew down to see what the streams had done. "Ha! ha! ho! ho!" she laughed even louder than before; for she found only a long narrow network of islands, and a few poor people who had escaped the sword of the conquerer, Attila, and who exchanged salt and fish for the most necessary articles of food and clothing. "Ha! ha! ho! ho! a great city indeed!" and she flitted back to her mossy caverns and shaded dells.

It was a long, long time before the heedless elf thought of the steady toil of her old acquaintances, or of the miserable exiles living in huts on the growing sandbanks. At last, however, it occurred to her it might be well to pay them another visit. What was her amazement upon beholding the change. Sitting by the sea, as if born of its sparkling waves, was a wilderness of churches and palaces, of great marts trodden by the feet of crowding strangers, of massive walls, fine domes, and stately towers, while the rosy sunset touched the Lagune, crimsoned the countless sails, and glowed on the green islands outlying toward the ocean. The gorgeous banner of the city, with its winged lion, symbolled the sovereignty of rich eastern territories, of Candia also, Cyprus and the Morea, and smiling provinces on either shore of the classic sea. Sixteen thousand men wrought in her arsenal; forty thousand manned her war ships. Her glass works furnished the world with crystal fabrics; velvets, and silks, and cloths of gold multiplied in her manufactories. Uncounted halls were gilded, and tapestried, and filled with lovely landscapes and speaking portraits. Exquisite sculpture invited to study, painted windows let in tinted light upon floors, and walls, and roofs dazzling with mosaics of precious stones; and columns of porphpry, alabaster, and serpentine upheld marble arches marvellous in their grace and beauty. Gates of brass inlaid with silver, pictured pavements, arcades, and cloisters, and galleries magical in their proportions, fairy like spires, and gossamer carving alike sought and satisfied the eye. The sun went down behind the Tyrol, draping in regal purple the Euanean hills, the Friulian mountains, the distant continent, and festive Venice, when suddenly the vast square of St. Mark with its cathedral and palaces burst into light along its myriad curves, and distances, and hoights, and points, a miracle of flaming architecture in honor of a foreign king.

Awed by the scene, the mountain spirit kept silence for a while, and then softly whispered: "Who shall read in the beginning of things the prophecy of their end."

Dear Children, you—like the far off streams—are, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, laying the foundation of Character; and your Future is the city which will be built thereon. Each of your thoughts however fleeting, each purpose however momentary, each word however trifling, each deed however apparently unimportant, has a voiceless and unseen influence which none can estimate, and whose result none can foresee. Be not, however, for this, moping and sad. Be gay and hopeful with the bright sunshine, the fragrant flowers, the melodious birds; but be also industrious, patient, obedient, loving, and true; so shall life be to you good if not great, and the light labor of your childhood and youth will sustain a noble superstructure raised by your maturer years.

PLAIN TALK.

In the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is a sharp article entitled "Massacre of the innocents," said to be from the pen of Rev. T. W. Higginson, upon the deplorable neglect of physical training in the education of girls. In the course of the article appears the following sensible and caustic allusion to the prize system competition in Sabbath Schools, of which we have spoken:

And the Sunday Schools co-operate with the week-day seminaries in the pious work of destruction. Dolorosus, are all your small neighbors hard at work in committing to memory Scripture texts for a wager—I have an impression, however, that they call it a prize—consisting of one Bible? In my circle of society, the excitement runs high. At any tea-drinking, you may hear the ladies discussing the comparative points and prospects of their various little Ellens and Harriets with shrill eagerness; while their husbands, on the other side of the room, are debating the merits of Ethan Allen and Flora Temple, the famous trotting horses, who are soon expected to try their speed on our "Agricultural Ground." Each horse and each girl appears to have enthusiastic backers, though the Sunday School excitement has the advantage of lasting longer. From inquiry, I find the state of the field to be about as follows: Fanny Hastings who won the prize last year, is not to be entered for it again; she damaged her memory by the process, her teacher tells me, so that she can now scarcely fix the simplest lesson in her mind.—Carry Blake had got up to five thousand verses, but had such dreadful head aches that her mother compelled her to stop, some weeks ago; the texts have all vanished from her brain, but the head ache, unfortunately, still lingers. Nelly Sanborn has reached six thousand, although her anxious father long since tried to buy her off by offering her a new Bible twice as handsome as the prize one; but what did she care for that? She said she had handsome Bibles already, but she had no intention of being beaten by Ella Prentiss. Poor child, we see no chance for her; for Ella has it her own way; she has made up a score of seven thousand texts, and it is only three days to the fatal Sunday. Between ourselves, I think Nelly does her work more fairly; for Ella has a marvelous ingenuity in picking out easy verses, like Jack Horner's plums, valuing every sacred sentence, not by its subject, but by its shortness. Still she is bound to win.

"How is her health this summer?" I asked her mother the other day.

"Well, her verses weigh upon her," said the good woman, solemnly.

And here I pledge my word, Dolorosus, that to every one of these statements I might append, as Miss Edgeworth does to every particular tough story—"*N. B. This is a fact.*" I will only add that our Sunday School Superintendent, who is a physician, told me he had as strong objections to the whole thing as I could have; but that it was no use talking; all the other schools did it, and ours must; emulation was the order of the day. "Besides," he added, with that sort of cheerful hopelessness peculiar to his profession, "the boys are not trying for the prize much, this year; and as for the girls, they would probably lose their health very soon, at any rate, and may as well devote it to a sacred cause."

A Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, of Winhall, Vt., died a few days since of consumption, and as a number of the family had previously died of the same disease, the family went through the superstitious farce of burning the lungs, heart and liver of the deceased, to prevent any more from dying of the same disease.

A tract of land, about 200 by 700 feet, in Baton Rouge parish, La., recently sank to the depth of 75 to 80 feet, swallowing up a barn, from which the people had barely time to escape. The catastrophe was produced by the action of subterraneous springs.

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.*)

At this period, the whole of Europe seemed ripe for revolution. The confidence of the people in their rulers was destroyed, and they in turn became suspicious of the people. Many of the German nobles believed that Francis II. was secretly leaguing with the enemies of our country, and already a counter league was organized for the purpose of thwarting him. Chief among them I found my brother-in-law, baron von Wieser, and I gave the movement my hearty co-operation. But before any active measures were taken we were betrayed by Baron von Ault, father of the treacherous Frederick.

"You already know the fate of Baron von Wieser. A few of the conspirators escaped from the country, but a vast majority were arrested and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, from which nearly all have since been released by death.

"Being personally known to but few in Germany, I managed to reach this place in the disguise of a monk, and after visiting this cottage, which I found tenantless, in the course of my rambles through the forest which lies to the north-east, I discovered a cavern, so dry and beautiful, that I at once determined to turn hermit and make it my future abode.

"Upon ascertaining that the cottage was for sale, I wrote my sister, advising her to purchase it and remove thither with her children, which she accordingly did. She has informed you of the loss of her little remaining money through the villany of her banker—all my available means were deposited with hers, in her name, and hence the same blow of misfortune fell upon both.

"A few words more, and I shall be done. Your grand-mother and mother both died while I was in France, and I have recently learned that upon this cottage coming into the possession of your father, he deeded it to his younger brother, your uncle Ferdinand, who subsequently leased it to Francis Bridolf, uncle to the cold-blooded villain, Gerbert. It was therefore your uncle Ferdinand from whom the cottage has just been purchased."

I was about to make some enquiries in reference to some points in this remarkable history, but was prevented by the return of madame von Wieser and her daughter. Conversation was resumed upgeneral topics; shortly afterwards madame von Wieser enquired of her brother if he had informed me of the trouble they had formerly experienced on account of Gerbert Bridolf. Upon his answering in the negative, she turned to me and said:

"In spite of the seclusion in which we have lived for ten years past, Gerbert Bridolf having probably learned something about us from his uncle, now a refugee from justice, made bold to visit often at the cottage, notwithstanding the cold reception he was sure to meet, and the care that was taken that he should not be invited to call again. At first his visits were only irksome; then they became annoying; and finally, his attentions to Minnie almost amounted to persecution.

"For a time Conrad knew nothing of Gerbert's visits, which were always made during his absence. But the time at length arrived when we could bear it no longer. I informed Conrad of the unhappiness it occasioned Minnie, and requested him to notify Gerbert that his visits were not desired at the cottage. Instead of doing this however, Conrad determined to conceal himself at the house for a few evenings, instead of remaining at the University as was usual, and await the appearance of Gerbert.

"On the evening of the second day, which was about three months ago, as Minnie was walking in the garden, she was suddenly confronted by Gerbert, who very familiarly extended his hand, as he wished her a pleasant evening. Startled by his unexpected appearance, she uttered a scream and fled towards the house. Gerbert followed, soon overtook her, and at the moment he was laying his hand upon her shoulder, Conrad, attracted by the scream of Minnie, rushed into the garden, riding whip in hand, and catching Gerbert by the throat, commenced laying it over his head and shoulders without stint or mercy.

"I was walking among the shrubbery upon the other side of the house, at the time, and knew nothing of what was going on in the garden, until Minnie, pale and breathless, came flying towards me. From her I learned something of the particulars, and at once hastened to the garden. Conrad was still holding Gerbert by the throat, beating him with the whip. Hurrying up to them, I caught Conrad's arm and earnestly besought him to stop. I never saw Conrad so excited as he was then; but he was ever prompt to obey my slightest wish, and as soon as he became aware that it was his mother who interposed, he released poor Gerbert from the severe whipping.

"Gerbert then attempted to explain, but Conrad refused to hear a single word in extenuation of conduct that appeared so mean and—"

While madame von Wieser had been speaking, we had noticed a sort of rumbling sound, which, at first seemed at a distance, but had been gradually growing louder and nearer, until she was interrupted by a noise upon the door, something between a knock and a slap, by a heavy body which appeared to have passed through and fallen upon the floor inside. Hastily springing to my feet, I was about to rush into the hall, when my steps were arrested by hearing the same sound repeated upon the inner door, by the falling of some weighty substance in the very room where we were.

Two lamps were burning brightly in the room, and notwithstanding all heard the noise, which appeared the same to each, yet neither one of us could see any object. While we stood staring at each other, wondering at the strange occurrence, we heard three distinct knocks upon the floor, followed by a sound which resembled the shuffling or sliding of a foot upon the carpet. Then the three knocks were repeated, and again the sliding, the knocks appearing to advance into the room, and towards us, about a pace at each slide.

In this manner it traversed the room, returned, approached the book-case and making a noise somewhat similar to that which a cat makes with her claws when scratching upon wood, ascended the wall to the books. Here it paused for a moment, and then the scratching was renewed behind the first tier of books, and to our increased astonishment, we distinctly saw them move. Stepping quickly forward, I removed the books and discovered there a pocket book, which, without the contact of any visible agent, was being violently agitated.

With some trepidation I raised the pocket-book. It fluttered and quivered in my hand like a struggling bird. My sensations at that moment were the most novel and thrilling of any that I had ever experienced. I not only felt the motion of the pocket-book, but a slight tremor ran up my arm, extending to all parts of my body, resembling very light and rapid shocks from a galvanic battery. I continued to hold it with a firm grasp, both mentally and physically resolved to stay its strange motion.

In five minutes, it lay passive in my hand. I then raised my eyes to the little group which had gathered about me. The doctor appeared calm, but his countenance expressed both anxiety and curiosity.—Madame von Wieser betrayed unmistakable symptoms of alarm, while Minnie stood clinging to her mother, apparently half unconscious. Her whole frame was spasmodically agitated, trembling and suddenly starting—exhibiting movements which were wholly involuntary.

As soon as the doctor observed her, he stepped forward, and gently disengaging her from her mother, took one of her hands in each of his, and looking calmly and earnestly into her eyes, he said kindly,

"Minnie, be quiet! There is nothing here that can harm you—compose yourself—do not yield to this idle fear."

Kindly, but with a firmness which amounted almost to severity, he continued his fixed gaze, and in a few moments Minnie became perfectly calm and composed.

I was deeply interested in watching this novel method of curing a fright, and begged the doctor to explain the philosophy of it.

"Some other time, my young friend," was his reply, "but now let us investigate the mystery of an inanimate body being moved without the contact of any visible agency."

"But first," rejoined his sister, "let us see what pocket-book that can be. I never saw it before."

"Shall I open it?" I enquired.

"By all means," replied the doctor.—"Perhaps it may enable us to discover the secret of its strange convulsions. I incline to the opinion that whatever it may contain, we shall find no money—perhaps the agony of the pocket-book arose from this cause," he said with a smile. "Or perhaps if we discover the secret of its spasms, it may afford a key to the ingenious construction of Memnon's statue, which each morning gave forth such sweet music at sunrise, and which has, for centuries, been a wonder and mystery."

While the doctor was making these observations, I had been undoing the fastenings and opening the mysterious pocket-book.

Two unsealed letters, folded and directed in the hand writing of Frederick Ault, were the first objects which met my gaze! Upon closer examination, we found unmistakable evidence that the pocket-book had formerly belonged to Frederick. "But how came it there?" we all asked.

"Call in the servants," said the doctor, "and we will question them as to their knowledge of it."

The servants were called, and upon being shown the pocket-book, and asked if they had ever seen it before, the old house keeper remembered having found it in the garden, on the morning of the day I was brought to the cottage, and supposing that it belonged to Conrad, and that he had lost it the evening before, while walking there with Minnie, she had put it in the case behind some books, and had not thought of it since.

This explanation being satisfactory, the servants were dismissed without being made aware that a still greater mystery remained unsolved.

"And now," continued the doctor, as soon as the servants had retired, "let us see what those letters contain."

"But those letters are not directed to any of us," suggested his sister, "and under the circumstances, would it be proper for us to read them?"

"*Under the circumstances*," replied the doctor, "I think it would."

He then took the letters from my hand and read them, as follows:—

—Oct. 14th, 1814.

"Give me joy, my dear Blixen, for I am upon the very eve of success. To-morrow witnesses the death of all my enemies. You will remember in my last I spoke of Conrad and the Baron—their long friendship, the fiery temper of the latter, and his skill in the use of the sword and pistol. It would profit me nothing to have Gerbert out of the way, as long as Conrad lived; and even Conrad's death would avail me nothing, as long as this wild Baron survived him.

"This Baron von Wydorf is a perfect devil. He hates every body in the college except Conrad. On more than one occasion this 'Old Gunpowder,' as we call the Baron, has called out and shot the students for having spoken sneeringly of his particular friend. Thus you see, I should stand but little chance for my life, even if I killed Conrad, for 'Old Gunpowder' would never rest until he had either shot or run me through.

"After revolving the matter over, and wondering what plan to adopt in order to get safe possession of my little angel, the pretty Minnie, I concluded that my best course would be to get rid of the fiery Baron first. But before I matured the scheme by which it could be accomplished, who should come to me on the same devil's errand but Gerbert himself. The poor fool had not the courage to challenge Conrad for the shameful whipping I wrote you about, until 'Old Gunpowder' was disposed of in some safe way, which errand he was anxious I should do for him.

"Finding that Gerbert had no suspicions of my intentions in reference to Minnie, I readly entered into all his plans. After several conferences, it was finally decided that I should quarrel with the Baron, provoke a challenge and then by a little *management*—well, no matter—I like my life too well to run too many risks.

"In furtherance of this scheme, I went up to 'Old Gunpowder's den' this morning, when it seems as though Satan himself was helping me, for there I found Conrad and the Baron engaged in high words, which finally ended in blows. I led Conrad out of the room, and never left him until he wrote a challenge for me to carry back. Before delivering it, I sought Gerbert, and making him acquainted with the affair, advised him to enter the Baron's room as soon as I came out, and volunteer his services as second

"Everything has succeeded as well as could be wished. The challenge is accepted—Gerbert and myself are to be the seconds—the affair comes off to-morrow morning, and as we shall place them but five paces apart, both are sure to die. This done—I shall soon dispose of Gerbert, and then, except an old hermit whom I shall take measures to have punished for treason, every obstacle will be removed.

"Now see that my cage is put in order for the receiving of the bird, for in less than a week from the reception of this, I shall be there with my little pet. I almost pity Minnie when I think of the suffering I must bring upon her, but as she never saw me, she cannot possibly know any thing of the affair, except that I shall carry her off out of pure devotion. She little thinks what a whirl wind of passion her bright eyes and sweet face have inspired within me.

But I must say you adieu. Even this night I will once more examine the fortress which I am to storm, that everything be in readiness. Attend closely to the instructions I gave you in my last, and soon expect Your

FRED.

P. S. Tell your little bird not to beat the bars of her cage too hard, and she shall soon have a sweet companion. F. A."

The second letter, directed to his father, was of the same date, and read as follows:

"I have unkenneled the old hound at last. The hermit, who has lived in the vicinity of this college, for several years past, I have just discovered to be none other than Dr. Herder, brother-in-law to the late Baron von Wieser. The widow of the Baron, (and sister to the doctor,) lives near, and having frequently seen the old hermit, entering and leaving her cottage, sometimes in a hermit dress, sometimes in the garb of a French surgeon, (both of which characters he sustains so well that no one has before detected their identity,) I became curious to watch his movements. Night before last I had the good luck to overhear some conversation between him and his sister, as they were walking in the garden, which assured me beyond a doubt that he is the veritable Herder. Now if you will see that he is properly *provided for by government*, you may be able to gratify your own feelings, and at the same time do me a particular favor, the nature of which I will more fully explain hereafter. I shall expect you here within four days at the farthest. Your dutiful

FRED."

The reading of the letters gave us an entirely new subject for conversation, and amid its discussion we for a time forgot the apparently supernatural means which had been employed to call our attention to the pocket-book.

Madame von Wieser informed me that Conrad received a note the evening before our fatal meeting, which he supposed be of little importance, and thrusting it into his pocket, had entirely forgotten it until after after he was brought home the next morning. At his request she then found it, and upon its perusal it was found to be anonymous, yet hinting very plainly at the baseness of our two seconds, and warning him not to allow either of them to come between him and myself, assuring Conrad that the writer was well informed upon the subject, and that nothing but prudential reasons, relating entirely to other matters, prevented him from signing his true name.

Here then was a full solution of the strange conduct of Frederick and Gerbert, and as the evening was well advanced, with friendly adieus we separated for the night.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION OF PART I.

As this narrative has now reached that period in my life when strange sounds, sights and visitations were of almost daily occurrence, it is proper that I should conclude the first part of this work, which is chifley historical, and enter upon the second part, which some may term supernatural; some, spiritual; some, a superstitious legend; but which I consider as *purely philosophical*.

Shortly after the events recorded in the last chapter, a Professorship, in the University from whence I graduated, having been tendered me, I concluded to accept.

I did this for two reasons; first, because I felt a repugnance at the thought of returning to my ancestral estate, and having no particular aim in life, I really felt grateful for any employment which would occupy my mind; secondly, both duty and inclination led me to remain near the mother and sister of Conrad, whom I had discovered to be my relatives. True, I was a Wydorf, and the last of the Barons; yet I was also a lineal descendent from the Herders; but instead of cherishing the animosity of my fathers, I was prouder of the little Herder blood in my veins, than I should have been as a pure Wydorf, with the whole of Germany at my feet.

The letters of Frederick occasioned the good doctor some anxiety, but when he remembered that Baron von Ault had been in the neighborhood for several days, arranging the affairs of his son—that he had met and conversed with him without being recognized, his fears gradually subsided. It became evident that no one but Frederick had penetrated the disguise, as the secret probably died with him, the doctor felt comparatively safe.

In his character of "French surgeon," he had acquired a great celebrity, so much so that a Professorship was tendered him from the University, at the same time with myself. After some deliberation he decided to abandon the life and character of a hermit, accept the place of Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, and make the cottage his future abode. To me this was doubly gratifying; it not only afforded me an opportunity of passing much of my time in his society, which had become almost indispensable to my happiness, but there no longer existed any impropriety to my becoming a permanent resident at the cottage. My duties as Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry would not require more than six hours in each day, and as even less of the doctor's time would be employed at the University, we should have ample leisure for study at home, conversation, and such amusements as might lighten the cares of madame von Wieser, and her daughter.

The doctor proposed sending the mysterious pocket-book to Baron von Ault, and burning the two letters. To this last proposition, Minnie entered an earnest objection, and although she could give no reason therefor, she *felt* that the letters should be preserved. Time soon proved the value of her presentiment, for I was arrested at the instance of Baron von Ault on charge of murdering his son. Had there been a suspicion that such a step would be taken, the doctor assured me that he should have procured the taking of Conrad's deposition, and although he thought of it, yet so improbable seemed the prospect of my arrest, he did not deem it of sufficient importance to justify the anxiety and distress it might occasion him.

Had I been an obscure person, with neither wealth nor influence at my command, I might have lain in jail for months, or even years, before being brought to trial. But situated as I was, I experienced but little difficulty in securing a speedy trial. The doctor was my principal witness, and although not strictly admissable to our German courts, he was allowed to testify to the statement of Conrad, made after an assurance that he could not survive. This, with Frederick's letter to Blixen, proved to be in his own hand-writing, so clearly exonerated me from all suspicion of murder, that the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," without leaving their seats.

About the time of this dreadful tragedy, it was a source of some excitement at the University, and throughout the surrounding neighborhood, but long before my arrest it had ceased to be a subject for conversation. The facts were generally understood, and I had become more an object of sympathan blame.

Yet if public opinion justified me, my own conscience did not. Even if Conrad had escaped with his life, in my then state of mind, the recollection of having killed Gerbert and Frederick would have been a never failing source of regret. But Conrad—my best—my only friend—whenever I suffered my mind to dwell upon the less of his young and noble life, I felt such a sickening sensation about my heart, that it seemed weighing me down to earth.

I am an old man—I have outlived friends, title, riches and hope—outlived everything calculated to make life an enjoyment, and now I only await the summons from the angel of death, to rejoin the loved ones of life in their spirit home; yet even at this distant day, as I recall the dark era of my life, my old heart grows young again, and I feel the tears flowing through their well worn channels upon my wrinkled face. Thank God for tears! The man or woman who cannot weep, is either greatly to be pitied, or more greatly to be feared.

END OF PART FIRST.

THE INVISIBLE ASSASSINS.

(Concluded.)

Although the kind of twilight, or rather "darkness visible," that prevailed in the sanctum they had just entered did not allow Wide-awake to distinguish the details of the place, still he guessed from the soft carpet that deadened the sound of his feet, and the thickness of the double curtains concealing the windows, and from various mirror accessories, that he was in her ladyship's boudoir, a surmise that was confirmed on her inviting him to sit down by her side on the downy cushions of a well-wadded sofa.

By this time the imprudent youth had so completely forgotten the part he was to play, that he seemed about to behave less like a police agent than a gallant, gay Lothario, when the shrill blast of a whistle from without startled the amorous pair from their billing and cooing. The well known signal produced upon our hero the effect of the magic shield on Rinaldo, in Armida's tales, and he sprang to his feet as if impelled by an electric shock.

"What is the matter?" asked Lady Guilford, no less uneasy than himself. Then, seeing him rush to the window, and endeavoring to remove the curtains, she added, in a husky voice, "Whoever you may be, whether a spy or traitor—you shall not stir from hence."

So saying, she had vanished before Wide-awake had thought of detaining her.

Being now thoroughly convinced there was not a moment to lose to save his life, he flew to the window and opened the shutters, when, to his despair, an iron grating precluded all hope of escape by that issue. He rushes towards the tapestried curtain; but he soon found that a sliding door, concealed in the thickness of the wall, had closed upon him the moment he had entered the treacherous boudoir.

The unfortunate young man was seized with terror on finding himself thus caught in a snare. A last and only hope remained. He seized his whistle and drew from it one long, shrill and piercing blast, that sounded like the agonized scream of some dying victim. Then came a sound of footsteps, and a clanking of swords; and he listened in breathless suspense, wondering whether it were deliverers or murderers. At this crisis, the light, which shone in through the open window, showed him a door, which seemed evidently to belong to a cupboard. Thinking he might conceal himself in it, if it were only to gain a few moments, he broke open the lock, with his dagger, and opened the door, when lo! he was scared by the ghastly sight of a number of heads in silver dishes, arranged along the shelves! Faint with horror, he felt his knees give way beneath him, and had not strength left to draw out his pistols, when a pannel in the wall opened, and four bandits entered, followed by the old crone and the treacherous Lady Guilford.

Poor Wide-awake was seized, manacled, and dragged away; and in another moment the ground seemed to give way beneath his feet, and on recovering from his momentary stupor, he found himself chained to the wall of an under-ground dungeon, and Lady Guilford stood before him, no longer the ever-smiling syren of an enchanted garden, but stern as an avenging Nemis, and accompanied by an armed satelite, to whom she pointed out the prisoner, saying, "His doom is sealed!"

But while she was speaking, a thundering noise above had nearly drowned her words.—The doors had been shivered to splinters, the window-bars wrenched off, Lecoq and his escort had penetrated into the citidel, and they rushed in and delivered the youth, more dead than alive, and took the culprits into custody.

That same evening, Lecoq and his son waited on M. de la Reynie, to whom the former made a respectful bow, saying—"Please your excellency, I have the honor to present to you a man to whom you owe the two hundred louis."

"How so?"

"Because to him is due the capture of the band of assassins who have decimated the youth of Paris," replied the proud father.

Somewhat later in the evening, M. de Reynie went to Versailles, where he was complimented by his majesty on this brilliant achievement. Nor did the lieutenant of police neglect this occasion of recommending Lecoq and his son to his majesty, who bestowed upon them solid marks of royal munificence.

Lady Guilford's associates were soon condemned and executed; but her ladyship being considered an ordinary criminal, had been placed in the Bastile to await his majesty's pleasure. So intense was the degree of curiosity this adventuress, as the chief and mainspring of the assassins, had awakened in the mind of Louis XIV and his court, that an inquest was set on foot, with a view to raise the veil that shrouded her former life. For nobody doubted but what the title of Lady Guilford was a mere assumption, and that the old crone's story was an artfully concoctgd romance.

Lady Guilford had vegetated but a few days in one of the dungeons of the Bastile, where she was strictly watched, vainly ruminating on some means of escaping the doom that inevitably awaited her, when one evening the governor entered her cell, followed by a military escort, and attended by an individual dressed in black, whom she at once recognized as a police officer. The wretched woman, whose long familiarity with scenes of bloodshed had not rendered her proof against the natural instinct of self-preservation, was now ready to faint at the conviction that her last hour had come. She was, however, led off by the man in black, and after crossing the draw-bridge, was helped into the coach by her silent companion, who took his seat beside her. The carriage then crossed through Paris, went along the quays, reached the Champ Elysees, and left town in the direction of Chaillot, and rolled along the road to Versailles.

Whither was she going? What could be the meaning of such a journey in the middle of the night, in company with this silent companion in sable clothes? These were so many enigmas she vainly strove to solve. However, at the end of a couple of hours after leaving the Bastile, the adventuress, who expected she was being led to execution, or at best, to some prison where she would be shut up for life, was pleasantly surprised, when the carriage stopped, at being handed out by a gentlemen usher, who showed her up a grand staircase, and led her through a suit of sumptuous apartments, till they reached a door richly ornamented with gilt mouldings, which was immediately thrown open to admit her. She now entered a splendid sitting-room, where burned a cheerful fire in a vast chimney, and which was furnished with a degree of luxury that precluded the possibility of its belonging to a State prison.

Lady Guilford thought she must be dreaming. Scarcely had the gentleman usher bid her take a seat by the fireside, when in walked three personages, dressed very simply,—two of them were disguised as monks,—but evidently belonging to the court; indeed, at the first glance, she recognized in one of them the Chevalier de Louraine, in another the Marquis D'Effiat, and in the third, monsieur, the king's own brother. How and why she was introduced into the presence of a prince of the blood royal, must now be briefly explained.

The romantic adventures of young Wide-awake had been related one evening by the king to a private circle at Madame de Montespan's, when some one inquired what could be the motives of the blood-thirsty heroine to allure so many young men to destruction? His majesty replied, that all that had hitherto been elicited from the strictest researches amounted to these few facts: that her ladyship (if such indeed she might be styled) was affiliated to a band of smugglers, who undertook to furnish German scientific men with the heads requisite for the study of a mysterious science, that was just struggling into notice, beyond the Rhine. The bodies were disposed of to medical students for the purpose of dissection.—The unhappy victims to this hideous traffic—to which the malefactors, of course, added the robbery of any valuable articles found on the bodies—were decoyed into this modern Tower of Nesle by the officious advances of the old duenna, and the allurements of Lady Guilford. Once within the meshes of this dangerous syren, they were irretrievably lost; her blandishments were the prelude to a secret and inglorious death, on which not even pity attended to soothe the dying agony of the victims, whose cries for help, deadened by the thickness of the walls, had never been heard from without,—which may explain the fact of the police having hitherto failed to penetrate the mysteries of the accursed den of murderers.

There is a strange perversity in the human heart, that leads many persons to take a deeper interest in a criminal whose enormities shock and startle a whole nation, than in mere vulgar criminals who rob and murder in the ordinary way—above all, when the monster of wickedness happens to belong to the fair sex. The reader will therefore not be surprised to hear that the description of Lady Guilford's heinous crimes and machinations awakened a strong desire in some of his majesty's listeners to behold so strange and superlatively depraved creature. Foremost among these were the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis D'Effiat; and the former being in high favor with the king's brother, soon persuaded monsieur to enter into their scheme. By dint of gold they procured a blank *lettre de cachet*, and bribed a police officer to carry the governor of the Basile, to whom they had written an order on the blank sheet, to deliver up Lady Guilford, "who was to be transferred to Pignerol," according to these mock directions. A friend of the Chevalier, the Marquis de la Fane, had lent his apartments at the palace of Versailles for the occasion, and it was into his drawing room that her ladyship had been ushered into.

Although certain of the indentity of the persons who accosted her, Lady Guilford affected not to recognize them, and brought the whole artillery of her wit and fascinations into the field in order to gain over such powerful allies to her cause. In less than an hour both M. de Lorraine and the Marquis D'Effiat were so completely bewitched, that they resisted most energetically monsieur's wish to send her back to the Bastile with an apology to the governor. The two gay gallants vowed that the lives of a few low-born fellows were not worth a single hair on the head of so delicious a creature, and that they would consent to nothing short of assisting Lady Guilford to reach the frontier.

Monsieur having already began to apprehend that this bold freak might displease his royal brother, now took the opportunity of washing his hands of the whole concern by leaving the gentlemen to do as they pleased. The conversation was held in whispers, in the embrasure of a window, but not a word of it escaped her ladyship's quick ear.

No sooner had monsieur left the room, than a delicate supper was served up, during which our adventuress played her cards so cleverly as to give each of her admirers cause to fancy that he was the happy man, while she took care to fill their glasses so frequently, that towards the end of the repast they were intoxicated with wine no less than with the fascinations.

Meanwhile the syren had taken care to remain cool. Towards midnight she took a candle, and whispering a tender assignation into the ear of each cavalier, while she pointed to the door of a bed-room she had understood had been prepared for her, she slipped into an adjoining sitting-room, on some slight pretext, during which interval the two intoxicated beaux had stumbled into the chamber, each wondering why the other persisted in intruding himself, when her ladyship glided back, shut the door upon them, locked them in, and having made a rope of the table-cloth and napkins in no time, she fastened it to the balcony, and let herself down into the garden. Once, free, she scaled the wall of the park, and with bleeding hands and torn garments, hastened towards Paris.

By the next day, Lady Guilford was safely lodged in the house of one of the band of assassins who had escaped the argus-eyes of the police, and resumed her adventurous career; only she deemed it prudent to renounce the dangerous traffic of heads and bodies, and stick to simple robbery, only occasionally attended by murder.

The one all-absorbing passion that now took possession of Lady Guilford was to take revenge on Wide-awake. The young scapegrace had found favor in her eyes in the first instance, and she could not forgive herself for having pitied him; she might have him killed at once without seeing him again, instead of coming down into the dungeon, secretly hoping he might sue for mercy, when she ordered him to be slain.

Young Lecoq, having become enriched by his father's influence and the king's generosity, led a very pleasant life in the intervals of his arduous vocation. Apparently exempt from the usual passions of his age, this young man's only vulnerable point was the passion of all others most generally to youth—namely, avarice. One day a stranger came to his house, and after a somewhat mysterious preamble, inquired whether it would be agreeable to him to surprise some smugglers, who were bringing Brussels lace and other prohibited goods into France; in which case, he could furnish him the means of seizing on the contraband articles. Wide-awake eagerly accepted, and ageed to give a certain sum, in return for which he would be designated to the smugglers as a safe agent, at whose house they might deposit their bales and chests of prohibited goods. Wide-awake was to retain the lion's share for himself, and deliver in the rest to the revenue officers.

About a week after the bargain was concluded, a carrier brought a couple of enormous oaken chests, each having seven or eight holes drilled in their sides, which struck Wide-awake as a strange circumstance, though he said nothing, and had them deposited in a large room on the ground floor. The carrier then observed he had left the keys by mistake at the inn at which he had slept the night before, but promised to bring them back the next morning.

No sooner was the man gone, than Wide-awake declined accompanying his father, who was going out with a friend, on the plea of indisposition; having taken the precaution, however, to retain as a companion a young man of his own age, of daring character, and on whom he could thoroughly rely. Having armed themselves with pistols, the two friends came back very softly, and lay in wait near the lower room, the door of which had been left open.

The elder Lecoq having left the house, there followed an interval of complete silence; and Wide-awake's friend was beginning to think it was nonsense to watch any longer, when a slight noise was heard in the room where stood the two chests, and on further investigation it turned out to proceed from the chests themselves.

"I say, Jean, are you there?" cried a scarcely audible voice.

"Yes—and we seem to be the masters of the house; so suppose we get out of these infernal boxes, and stretch our legs till the folks return home?"

"Do you think they suspect anything?" said the first speaker.

"Not a bit; young Locoq, Wide-awake as he may be, is eaten up with his love of self.—My lady was quite right there. So only let us wait till midnight, when we shall hear five taps out on the shutter, and then let her take her revenge by draining the last drop of the wretch's blood."

"Fire!" cried Wide-awake, letting off a couple of shots in the direction whence proceeded the voices, while his companion imitated his example. Then bringing out a lighted lamp they had concealed in a cupboard, and looking into the room, they perceived the two robbers lying each in a chest, one dead, and the other wounded in the thigh.

The sound of the pistol-shots alarmed the neighbors, and the night patrol soon made their appearance. Wide-awake now regretted his precipitancy, fearing that in less than an hour, the news of what had taken place would be known all over the neighborhood, where the bands of assassins had, no doubt, a number of spies, and that he had thus furnished them the means of escaping a second time.—Still, as Paris is a large place, there was a chance that the news might not transpire in all quarters of the town. Besides, nobody would stir from the house, and the police agreed to furnish him with a detachment of archers, which he posted in the lower room, where they awaited midnight in silence.

At the moment agreed upon, there was heard a tampering of feet in the street, and then the footsteps stopped beneath the shutters of the lower rooms of the house. Five raps were now heard against the window. The new comers could not be introduced that way, on account of the iron bars that secured the windows, but the two robbers that had been smuggled in by means of the chest, were to have opened the door, after taking possession of the house. Sure enough the door was opened, but not very wide, so that the person who acted as porter was not seen to be a strange face. The new comers were counted, and after the fifth, who was a woman, had entered, the door was shut with a loud crash. A whistle gave the signal, when torches and lanterns speedily lit up the hall, and, at the sight of thirty archers, the bandits let fall their weapons. They were at once seized and bound, while Wide-awake approached the woman, and lifting up the hood that concealed her features, beheld not Lady Guilford, but a countenance completely unknown to him.

Wide-awake was excessively surprised. On the following morning, however, he received a letter brought to him by a messenger, who said it had been given to him by a veiled lady. The letter ran thus:

"Tremble! for one of us shall perish; Yesterday I stood in front of your house, when impatience of my two messengers baffled my plans. The new chief of my band prefers a unworthy rival to myself, and I chose to punish them both together. I did not warn them of the snare into which our vanguard had fallen, and I allowed them to start on the expedition, well knowing that they would fall a prey to your machinations and those of the police. I have succeeded. Let them pay the penalty of having braved me! You see I know how to take revenge on those who tempt my displeasure. Your turn will come next, you young braggadocio, who thought yourself secure from my blows, and have only drawn them down all the more certainly on your devoted head."

The letter has been preserved in the archives of the police, but Lady Guilford's threats were never carried into execution. After this last adventure, the police lost sight of her, and the true history of this modern Margaret of Burgundy has remained, forever, a sealed chapter in the annals of crime.

This and That.

A letter from an American missionary at Ooroomiah, Persia, says they are at present (June 21) suffering there a greater famine than has been known within the last century, but the growing crops promise some relief. In one case a Mussulman sold his children in the Bazaar to preserve them from starvation.

A little tool has been invented for threading a needle. It is made with two blades, which holds the needle with its eye opposite a little funnel-shaped opening, into which it is perfectly easy for a person of weak sight to pass the thread, and the thread inevitably passes through the eye.

A man and a boy who had started from Pottsville, Pa., for Pike's Peak, were recently found at one of the distant unoccupied stations on the plains, in a frightful condition. They had been subsisting on grasshoppers, young shoots of corn, and a buffalo head, several days, and were in the last stages of delirium and starvation.

On Saturday morning, about 1 o'clock, William H. Smith, Phillip Fitzsimmons and John Cole, all clerks in one drug store in New York, were passing down Broadway, when they were assailed by a party of "roughs." Smith was struck several heavy blows on the head by one James Wilson, when he drew a pistol and shot his assailant in the abdomen, inflicting, it is feared, a mortal wound.

The Aroostook *Pioneer* says that at the outlet of Alder Brook Lake, on Township 11, Range 3, was discovered the recent labors of a family of beavers. These animals are so rare in Maine that this discovery is a matter worthy of note.

The St. Paul *Times* says the crops of every sort in Minnesota this year are extraordinary in quantity and sound in quality. It says there will be a surplus of more than a million bushels of potatoes.

The Albany *Journal* states that by the recent decease of the Dean of Ripon, in England, the Hon. John Q. Wilson, of that city, becomes the last survivor of the party of cabin passengers who accompanied Robert Fulton in his first steamboat journey from New York to Albany.

The plate of the first engraving of the Declaration of Independence has recently been discovered and restored, and the parties possessing it will shortly publish copies in the form in which it first appeared.

A penny was deposited in the corner stone of a church at Jackson, Mich., last week, that had been taken from the cornor stone of a temple in Rome, built during the reign of the first Cæsar.

NARROW CHURCH.—A correspondent informs us that he is about to establish a new religious sect, to be called the "You-and-I tarians," consisting of himself and next friend.—[Saturday Press.

Different sounds will travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe

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☞ Our readers will please notice that the Agency of S. Albro, at Buffalo, N. Y., has been discontinued. Persons who may have contemplated subscribing, or renewing their subscriptions through him, are now requested to send directly to us in Boston. n5 3t.

THE BROAD CHURCH.

The noble utterance which the Rev. Dr. Bellows gave to the world so recently, in his "Suspense of Faith," has, as we predicted it would, stirred the religious elements to their greatest depths. That heroic, prophetic statement was the first heavy thunder-peal which issued from the threatening clouds which had begun to lower over the religious world, and from which only a gloomy stillness, occasionally broken by dismal moanings and mutterings, portended the fierceness and destructive power of the storm, when it should finally burst.

In the name of the Church of the Future, dimly, though really revealed to his spiritual vision, we thank Dr. Bellows for the noble work he has dared to inaugurate in obedience to his earnest convictions and aspirations. In the name of the doubting, toiling, struggling, half-despairing millions, ever repeating that agonizing cry—"What shall I do to be saved?" we thank him for pointing out the true direction in which Divine Wisdom is about to manifest itself. We thank him for concentrating the protest of the "weary, unchurched humanity" of the age, and thundering it into the ears of those gigantic, overgrown organizations which now "so bestride this narrow world," but from which the vital, energizing, Christian life has departed, never to return. We thank him even for propounding questions which he could not answer—for stating problems which he could not solve—for comprehending the necessity of a work he dared not, and could not if he dared, undertake.

Neither is the measure of our gratitude at all stinted because the Doctor has gone out of his way, for a second time, to strike a blow at Spiritualism. It is not at all surprising that a cause whose chief instruments, exponents and followers belonged originally, if indeed, they do not even now exclusively, outside of the very select, wealthy, patrician, intellectual and comparitively few who constitute modern Unitarianism, should be looked upon with considerable disfavor by a denomination of picked Christians, and withal very good members of Society. Of course, no "terms" could or would be made with a body whose expounders had not acquired their mental and religious pabulum in the classic shades of "Old Harvard," but ministered to the spiritual wants and needs of the "popular herd," as freely as to the scholar, the savan, or the millionaire. We are all creatures of education, and with all his evident learning, piety, sincerity, and real spiritual culture, the good Doctor's conservatism cannot help regarding these many teachers who are ever more and more crowding into the ranks of Spiritualism, as very irregular, unauthorized and uncanonical members of the Divine priesthood, to be given no countenance whatever in the Broad Church whereof the Doctor and his zealous and able co-laborers have prophesied the establishment. We cannot find it in our heart to utter one unkind, severe word in this connection. So sure are we that Dr. Bellows is sincere and earnest—so broad, catholic and spiritually elevated are most of his views—that we can freely overlook the slight spice of bigotry and pride with which his recent utterances are tinged.—And we can do this all the more readily because we are so confident that these little, unworthy ebullitions will, at no very distant day, be regarded by him with deep regret and mortification.

We are not of that number who do *not* feel themselves "so weak as to need the arms of a Church to hold them up, nor its head to feed them." We "prefer to hold on to nature's law," but also feel that we *cannot* "stand by our own strength." Oh! we do so feel the need of the Church Universal—the real New Jerusalem, the way to whose very gates Christ hath led us—the Church of the Future whose pillars Divine Wisdom is even now preparing to plant deeply and firmly on earth, through this new Dispensation! If there be a God in human history—if there be a God who has manifested Himself in the Past as well as in the Present—if we are to regard, as we should, the past history of the human race as the great plan of our Father for the education and development of His children—then are we again to see a reorganization and reconstitution of His visible Church on earth, into whose protecting arms we shall finally fall; and there with our weary head pillowed on the bosom of the Infinite, be reconciled forevermore to the Parent who yearns to clasp every repentant, returning prodigal in His all-embracing, all-shielding arms. Such a Church, and such alone, can solve once and forever, the mighty problems which are heaving and rocking and breaking up the foundations of Society and Church and State. In and through such a Church can only be wrought out the solution to the ever-recurring puzzle of the blending of absolute Divine Authority with the absolute Freedom of the Individual; of a harmonious union of Selfishness and Benevolence, ultimating in the establishment of Divine, Religious and Social order upon the earth. Such a Church must needs be possessed of a Visible, Infallible Head, a second Incarnation of the Christ-principle, through whom the Divine Wisdom shall manifest itself so clearly and unmistakably that every true Spiritualist—no matter whether calling himself by this technical name or not, (for there are thousands who are with us and of us who yet cannot recognize the beauty and truth of our faith as unfolded in its various *phenomenal* phases)—must believe and accept and love Him as the early Apostles accepted and loved Him "who spake as never man spake."

For eight long years it has been our blessed privilege to watch the gradual and steady unfolding of the ideas which we firmly believe are soon to be embodied in the Church of the Future. That unfolding has been accompanied by no erratic, impulsive or premature developments. It has been hid away from the public knowledge, and even Spiritualism itself, as represented by the popular outworkings of the day, knows naught of its inception or its progress.—But the hour when it must take its true position and attitude for the restoration of the Divine in Humanity to its original and proper relations with the Material, the perversion of which relations result in the gigantic evils which are crushing man beneath their weight, is even now at hand.

In the inception and developments of this grand movement has been manifested such consummate wisdom—so harmoniously interwoven are its plans of material and spiritual development—so wonderfully have events been shaped, and so mysteriously do they continue to be shaped, that faith has entered every pore of our being, and we long to be able to announce the "glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," which of old thrilled the hearts of the shepherds on the plains of Judea.

When this can be safely and properly done—when there can be no uncertainty in the matter—when the spirit of the Father shall have descended in its quickening power upon His chosen instrument beyond dispute and denial, we have the assurance that these columns shall herald the glorious reality to the world at large. And if, indeed, we be not the victim of a horrible delusion—if the last eight years of our life have not been made the sport of a horrible mockery, which must in the end unsettle our faith in God's omnipotence and beneficence, a few months more will bear us out in the faith we cherish, in the hopes we entertain, and the peace and joy and burning enthusiasm which irradiate and pervade our whole being.

Therefore, we clearly understand why Dr. Bellows *cannot* and *would not* attempt to lay the foundations of the "Broad Church." His spiritual intuition tells him convincingly that such a Church must come, and it tells him just as plainly that the work is not for him or his. Other and better instruments are entrusted with this work—instruments who have *lived out* by Divine direction the great problems of our Humanity *in their own experience*, and only thus can know the wants and needs of that Humanity.

△

THE TEST OF INSPIRATION.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION—NO. XXIV.

But an important practical question yet remains to be considered. How shall we determine the *value* of inspired communications? How distinguish between the false and the true?—between that which is Divine and authoritative, and that which is of finite, fallible or delusive origin?

If the *Philosophy* of Inspiration has been correctly set forth in the preceding articles—and who will venture to question the main positions therein taken?—then the following conclusions are inevitable:

1. Nothing is true or authoritative merely because it is written or spoken by a person who is *sometimes* inspired. All intelligent believers in Bible inspiration will probably agree with the learned Dr. Kitto in the following:

"The prophet was not always in a state of inspiration, or infallible in all his words and conduct. We may trace error in the merely human conduct and speech of most of the prophets. It was only when they received special intimations of the Divine will, and felt that they were authorized to speak *in the name of the Lord*, that they claimed to be, or were ever deemed to be, inspired."—*Kitto on Prophecy.*

2. Neither can any teaching be infallibly and plenarily true, merely because spoken or written under an *inspiring* influence.—All modern observation and experience show that the utterances of inspired persons are limited by their individual capacities and degree of culture; and are subject to modification from their own prejudices and mental and moral states. It requires an expanded mind to either *conceive* or *express*, in its fullness, a great truth. Niagara cannot be forced through an inch hose-pipe; no more can the thoughts of an archangel or the conceptions of a Deity be fully uttered through even the most capacious human organism, much less through narrow and uncultivated minds. The best that can be expected is a meagre and more or less distorted expression. That the utterances of ancient prophets and inspired writers were subject to individual limitations and modifications, is evident from the *personal peculiarities* which mark their several productions.—Every cultivated reader sees, even through the disguise of our common translations, the differences of style between Paul and James, John and Luke, Isaiah and Moses. Some Bible-writers wrote in prose, some in poetry; some with lingual accuracy and rhetorical eloquence,—others falling into grammatical blunders and unclassical provincialisms. No man in his senses can ascribe these details of expression to the immediate and designed dictation of the Infinite Mind,—they belong to the finite instrument. And if it were possible for Divine inspiration to communicate all truth through one mind as well as another, or through any one mind, according to the popular notion, why should more than *forty* different ones be employed? And why was not all necessary truth revealed to man at the onset of his career, instead of being parcelled out in driblets through four thousand years of darkness and sin?

The influence of *prejudice* or early instruction, on inspired minds, is illustrated in the case of Peter. This inspired apostle, notwithstanding the unsectarian and broadly philanthropic teachings he had received from his Master, and the inspiration of which he was himself a recipient, was not convinced that "God was no respecter of persons," and that Gentiles as well as Jews could be saved, until eight or ten years after the ascension of Jesus,—and then only by a special vision and revelation. (See Acts. x.)

Besides all this, persons who write or speak under inspirational influence, especially when in full possession of their own faculties—as is the case in the highest inspirational condition—are liable to interpolate, to some extent, their own thoughts into the message. Few, if any, are able to draw the line between what is of themselves, and what is *from beyond* themselves. They are, moreover, liable to be influenced by the action of minds around them in the body—since it is found that a strongly positive mind can by force of will sometimes project its own thoughts to some extent into the mind of a receptive and susceptible person.

3. Nor can any communication be regarded as infallible, even though really and unmistakably *inspired from the spirit-world*; for the plain reason that inspiration may come from a great variety of sources—from any mind, wise or unwise, angelic or demoniac, that can obtain access to us and establish the conditions of *rapport*.

4. Neither is any inspired message infallible and authoritative, merely because the prophet or medium speaks "in the name of the Lord," or claims to be inspired directly from Deity. False prophets and deceiving spirits, as well as fanatics and well-meaning enthusiasts, in all ages, have made this claim. In our own day, there are several who claim to be each, the sole mouth-piece of Jehovah on this planet. Usually this claim is attended by such exhibitions of egotism, ignorance, fanaticism and folly, if not downright insanity, that prophets of this class command little respect in our day. Let us then call attention to an ancient example, whose claims have been and still are very widely respected. Moses, some three thousand years ago, gave the Hebrews a code of laws "in the name of the Lord"—that is, claiming it to be of direct dictation from Jehovah himself. That code contains, among other statutes, doubtless for the most part wisely adapted to their condition, the law of retaliation—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—"love your neighbor but hate your enemy,"—and others equally objectionable. Jesus, fourteen hundred years later, speaks of these Mosaic statutes as the words of "them of old time," which he boldly repudiated, proclaiming in their stead the higher law of universal love and forgiveness as the will of THE FATHER. It would seem that either Moses was mistaken as to the source of his inspiration, or his "Jehovah" was not the same being with "the Father" taught by Jesus, or He had undergone an astonishing moral change during the intervening centuries.

5. Neither do *miracles* establish the truth or infallibility of accompanying words of inspiration. Miracles—from the Latin word *miror*, to wonder or admire—are merely wonderful things. Any unusual demonstration of power or skill, especially from the unseen world, is a *wonder*, until we have become accustomed to it.—And any spiritual beings, good or bad, who *know how* and can obtain the *right conditions*, can perform miracles of spiritual power along with their communications; but such works can never make falsehood truth, nor wrong, right. The Egyptian Magi, in Moses' time, according to the record, performed as *real*, and with one exception as *great* miracles with the aid of their "enchantments," as did Moses with the aid of Jehovah. (These "enchantments" or incantations were probably the methods, according to the laws of magic, of creating suitable conditions for spirits in rapport with the Magi to operate.)—The miracles, in either case, proved nothing as to the *truth* of *doctrines*—nor can they ever. They only showed superiority of *power* or *skill* on the one part. So we find Jesus giving special warning against false prophets who should come *in his name*, and perform "great signs and wonders" (miracles) to substantiate their claims. (Matt., XXIV. 24.)

It is clear, then, that the value, truth, or authority of any inspired production, ancient or modern, is not to be determined by an any such extrinsic test. What, then, remains? Where shall we look for the true test—the final standard of appeal?

Do any answer, "the Bible is that standard?"—They forget that the Bible, if a work of Inspiration, must be first tested itself. Why receive that book blindly and on trust, any more than the Koran, the Shasters, the Zend Avesta, or the productions of modern Inspiration? Surely, no *rational* mind can do this. Some means of going behind *all* books and *all* claims, is a demand of our rational natures, and one which Deity, if a *reasonable* Being, cannot have failed to supply.

Having thus exhibited the *negative* side of the argument, we reserve the *positive* to another article. A. E. N.

☞ By some strange *hocus pocus* of the types, the heading of our last serial article became changed from "Inspiration" to "Spiritualism." Doubtless our readers observed the incongruity, and suspected the cause. A. E. N.

CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL.

The rarity of this attribute is, we regret to perceive, illustrated among Spiritualists as among other people. There is a class of them who profess a great aversion for "creeds" and "confessions of faith." Especially, if two or more Spiritualists see alike on any given topic, and are disposed to say so, these anti-creedists become greatly exercised with fears of "sectarianism," "authority," "popery," etc., and cry out for "liberty," "no creeds," "no organizations," and so on. Yet no people seem more fond than these same individuals of setting forth their own creeds, or more anxious that all others should agree with them!

For example, a writer whose wisdom scintillates almost weekly from the pages of one of our Spiritualistic contemporaries, inveighs earnestly against the Declaration of Sentiments adopted by the Plymouth convention, as follows:

"I affirm that Spiritualism did not do this, [ie., adopt this Declaration] nor can it do any such thing. It was the 'orthodoxy' of the Convention that made this Declaration, which savors so strongly of a religious creed, that it differs but little, if any, from other religious creeds. Spiritualism has no religious creed, nor can it ever have."

We need not stop to comment on the mental obliquity which sees little or no difference between the Plymouth Declaration and popular religious creeds; and which can assert that this Declaration was adopted by the "orthodoxy" of the Convention, when the writer knows (for he was present) that not a single dissentient voice was raised against the almost unanimous "AYE," on the final vote. Such assertions speak for themselves.

But the curious part of the matter is that this same writer is most pertinaciously—in Conferences, in Conventions, and almost weekly, in the papers,—setting forth *his own* creed, and urging it upon Spiritualists, even *ad nauseam*,—a creed, too, so *intensely sectarian* and peculiar to himself, that he finds scarce any body to agree with him! In the article before us, a column and a half of fine type is occupied in stating and enforcing this singular creed. From it we cite the following extraordinary articles, italicizing a few words:

"Spiritualism teaches * * * that knowledge does not come down, but comes up; it is the offspring of spirit-development; that knowledge is developed out of the germ of the soul, and is never received by the soul from without; that the soul holds within itself the germ of all knowledge it shall ever possess. The unfolding of this knowledge is ever under the immediate laws of nature, influenced by the unseen reality of spirit power" * * * "by the action of which, men in science and in ignorance, in wealth and in poverty, in sin and in holiness, in whatever place or condition, are moved on *in the upward course of progression independent of any will or effort of their own.*"

"The excellencies of a virtuous life, when scanned, are only material; in real Spiritualism they are only the vapors of life."

"The clean outside and the virtuous life are Spiritualism *just the same as the habiliments*

crime, pollution and degradation. * * * Distinctions among men, to Spiritualism, are phantoms. * * * The greatest wickednesses are but the damps of life, that soften and prepare the soul sooner for the influx of spirit truth."

But enough of *such* a creed!—though we might cite much more equally repulsive. It is surely to be hoped that no Convention of Spiritualists will ever agree to anything like this as a Declaration of Sentiments. But there is no good reason why Spiritualists should not unitedly declare what they *do* believe, especially when they disclaim in so doing any desire to bind others, or to limit *themselves* even by such declaration.

It is deplorable that the Spiritualistic press will lend itself to the inculcation of this aptly styled "A. B. C. Philosophy," which so ignores moral distinctions, and shows an utter *obfuscation* of mental and spiritual perceptions. Let us hope that those who now "speak as a Child, and understand as a Child, and think as a Child," will be speedily "progressed" toward manhood, and "put away Child-ish things."

A. E. N.

OUR POSITION.

In relation to the subject of "Political Action," which has been advocated in these columns, and which is eliciting considerable agitation and discussion among our friends, as we foresaw and meant that it should, we have but very few words to say, in addition to the views already expressed; and even this addition would not have been called for, had it not have been our misfortune to be so widely and generally misunderstood.

One plain-spoken, manly friend, whose letter shall have place next week, asks—"What do you expect from a Spiritual President? What reforms?"

Plainly, then, we do not expect to elect such a President, in 1860, nor, even, is such a result probable in 1864. Neither do we expect any positive and direct results from any votes cast for such a candidate, in either of those years. Neither do we expect at any future period in the history of this country, to see the inauguration of any powerful and successful party, founded on Spiritualism as a basis, until Spiritualism has so to speak, become *crystalized*—until its multitude of facts, its wonderful phenomena, its myriad of diverse and hostile theories, and its crude conceptions, have ultimated in a compact, harmonious, sublime, all-embracing movement, which shall *demonstrate* its full capacity to evolve the philosophy of the true relations existing between Man and his Maker—between the Human and the Divine. And not only that, but shall be able to command the *means*, material or otherwise, which shall enable such a philosophy to *realize in the present, practical, every-day life of humanity*, that true progression, that real development, of which every human soul is capable, and for which every soul possesses an inextinguishable, intense and unutterable longing. Then shall Commerce, whose myriad messengers are rushing hither and thither over the mighty waters, at the bidding of Selfishness, Avarice and unhallowed Ambition, pour her riches into the great treasury which shall scatter them abroad with divinely-directed hand for the up-lifting of Humanity; then shall Trade with its now corroding and soul-destroying influences be made to minister effectively and powerfully to the better and holier impulses of our natures; then shall Science, illuminated and directed from the all pervading light above, give up the choicest secrets of Nature into our hands, to relieve us from the gross thraldom which our material necessities impose upon us; then shall each individual member of Society unselfishly labor for the good of the whole, and in such labor find his own exceeding great reward—his highest material and spiritual development—occupying that true relation towards his fellow man and towards his Maker, for which the Divine Architect expressly created him; then shall Politics really and truly become the Science of Government, in which not alone "the greatest good of the greatest number" shall be sought, but the greatest good of all, of each and every one—where oppression and corruption shall cease, and love and purity be all in all.

These are the results whose inauguration we are looking for, and which we have every reason to believe are speedily to be shown to the world. And, joyously and hopefully holding to this belief, if we could persuade those of our Spiritualist friends who have advanced far enough into the interior realities of their new faith, to throw aside their old political relations, and voluntarily confide in the future it is opening to mankind—if, we say, we could persuade a hundred thousand or more of the millions who are believers in this doctrine, to come together voluntarily in the manner we have proposed, we can see that such a nucleus would greatly aid and assist the progress of the true political organization, the day of whose coming may be delayed, but cannot be prevented altogether.

We are, however, not so visionary, or absurdly impracticable as to attempt to *enforce* such a step on the part of Spiritualists. If they cannot see it as we do, why then we must discuss the matter thoroughly, and wait till our views harmonize more nearly, when we can alone act harmoniously and effectively. We trust, therefore, that all our good friends will hereafter absolve us of all desire or expectation of establishing a new political party with definite aims and purposes to carry out, while there are hardly two Spiritualists who think alike or would act alike upon the details of its policy. All we would desire, and let us say, frankly, that is more than we expect, *now*, would be to see a sort of an *informal vote* of the Spiritualists, showing where their strength is, and consequently the latent power of the cause. This is our position, our whole position and nothing but our position, so help us all good angels! △

MEETING IN BOSTON IN BEHALF OF THE INDIAN.

An interest having been recently awakened in this city in behalf of the Indians, principally through the representation of Mr. John Beeson, for some years a resident them in Southern Oregon, after several public meetings, and the publication of a report by a committee appointed at the Old South Street Chapel, it was resolved by a company of fifty gentlemen representing the different religious bodies of this city, to convene a general mass meeting of the citizens and to prepare measures for a National Convention to be held before Congress shall again assemble, when the subject of Indian wrongs can be fully considered and presented for the action of that body. The hope is that in that case, our representations will designate some place where the scattered tribes in our Western and North Western Territories are threatened with extermination, may be safely congregated, and saved from lawless aggressions.

It seems but the dictate of justice that something of this kind should be done. It would be a disgrace to so great a people as we are, having taken the continent from its former owners, to save them no little spot where they may enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in common with ourselves.

Something has already been done for some of the tribes, but there are several large tribes and many remnants of tribes who are unprotected and at this time are exposed to the most cruel outrages of lawless men.

There ought to be a good fertile Territory which should be inviolibly sacred to them, and where benevolent christian families, instead of troops, be sustained in sufficient numbers to teach them our arts and sciences.

This plan being deemed feasible and just, the following gentlemen were selected as a committee to call a mass meeting, and to make the necessary arrangements: Rev. J. B. Felt, L. L. D.; Messrs. Spear and Boardman, Presidents of the Young Men's Association, and Wendell Phillips, W. H. Pillow, H. K. Perkins, Jr, Secretary of the Meeting.

☞Many complaints have been made in various places that the AGE has not been recieved. All we can say is, the papers have all been mailed, though somewhat later in the week than we could wish. We see no reason why the AGE should not be sent through the Post Office department, as well as any other paper in the country. It is to be hoped that in future all will recieve their papers in due time, for which end, we shall most earnestly strive.

THE PICNIC AT ABINGTON.

We should have noticed this gathering of Spiritualists in our last number, but inadvertently omitted to do so. This "good time" was developed into being by Dr. Gardner, the Napoleon of Spiritual Picnics, and who never fails in any of his enterprises in this line.

Owing to the coolness of the atmosphere, the number assembled did not exceed two thousand, and no doubt there was fully that number present. Arrived at the Grove, the meeting was called to order by Dr. Gardner, and upon his motion D. Dana was chosen chairman. Short and pithy discourses were given through trance speakers throughout the day, but as we took no notes, we cannot even remember the names of the speakers, much less recapitulate the substance of their remarks.

Suffice it to say, all appeared in the highest state of enjoyment, each seeming to say by looks, if not by words, "It is good for me to be here."

These social gatherings, when there is a relaxation of the sterner dignities practised by solemn, deliberative bodies, are just what Spiritualists need in aid of their development. And now that a season is before us when the picnic must be abandoned, why cannot a substitute be found in social gatherings at the houses of each other, or at some large building suitable for convening a goodly number?

La Porte, Ind., Sept. 22, 1859.

Editors Spiritual Age:—Dear sirs: I have disposed of the paintings of the late E. Rogers to the Hon. C. W. Cathcart of this county. He gives me $100. He will exhibit them in his Hall for a fee, and all he recieves thus, he agrees to hand over to the widows. I think he is very liberal. In the winter season his hall is crowded with visitors almost every night; so it will, I hope, be a constant revenue for him. Visitors from a distance can rely on a good exhibition at any time: he also has a medium for physical manifestations. On his part, Mr. Cathcart will not receieve anything for himself directly, or indirectly; all is free. He keeps his Hall open, lighted, and warmed, free to all by night or by day.

B. M. Newkirk.

P. S. Spiritual papers please copy a notice of the sale.

☞The Boston Spiritual *Age* proposes that the Spiritualists shall organize as a political party, nominate Gov. Tallmadge or Judge Edmonds for the Presidency, and make their influence felt in 1860. Upon this the Springfield *Republican* remarks.—"But what if the spirits should take it into their heads to elect their candidates by ballot-box stuffing? The most authentic accounts go to show that they could put the requisite number of ballots into the ballot boxes without the knowledge or the consent of the officers of election, and in a way to deny all scrutiny and detection. They may even change the names on the genuine ballots deposited, and so leave us no certainty at all of an honest vote, and that there are enough of them who would have no scruples of conscience as to such a trick, the history of spiritual peaformances for the last dozen years clearly establishes."—[Exchange.

☞It will be observed in our advertisements that Dr. Geo. Atkins has removed his office to No. 3 Winter street (rooms now occupied by J. V. Mansfield) where he continues to attend to the afflicted. And having been engaged as a Clairvoyant and Healing Medium for eight years with good success he feels confident of further success in curing those who may consult him. He heals by laying on of hands and other remedies.

Bohemia under Austrian Despotism. Being an Autobiography by Anthony M. Dignowity, M. D., of San Antonio, Texas. New York, published by the author. 1859.

This is an interesting work, upon an interesting subject, by an author of genius and great power. We are indebted to S. T. Munson, 143 Fulton street, New York, for a copy of the above, who has it on sale.

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 *vs.* Progressives. Boston: published by Bela Marsh, 14 Broomfield street.

The foregoing title explains more fully than anything that we can say, the character of a very interesting pamphlet. See advertisement in another column.

[From the Buffalo Daily Republic, Sept. 16.]

THE PHILANTHROPIC CONVENTION.

At 10 o'clock this morning, the time announced for the opening of the Philanthropic Convention at St. James' Hall, the audience was quite small, the majority being ladies.

The Convention was called to order at 20 minutes after 10 o'clock, by Andrew Jackson Davis.

He said, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, appointed at Utica, he called the Convention to order, and nominated Nelson W. Clark, of Clarksville, Michigan, as President of the Convention.

Mr. Clark took the Chair.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of ———, was nominated and elected as Secretary. Mrs. A. J. Davis nominated Mrs. Bond, of Lockport, as Assistant Secretary. Carried.

Mr. Lyman Curtis, of Utica, was nominated as Treasurer. Carried.

Report of the Business Committee called for.

Mr. C. O. Poole nominated a Business Committee, and named

Andrew Jackson Davis,	New York.
Mrs. R. T. Hallock,	"
" Amy Post,	"
William Denton,	Cleveland, O.
E. A. Maynard,	Buffalo, N. Y.

Moved that a committee of three be appointed to nominate a business committee, and that such committee be named by the Chair. Carried.

The Chair appointed as such committee, C. O. Poole, Stephen S. Foster, Dr. Hallock.

The committee then retired to nominate a Business Committee.

On the stage at the time were A. J. Davis and Lady, Henry C. Wright, and others.

The Committee returned, and announced the names of Mrs. Mary L. Davis as Chairman, C. O. Poole, Parker Pilsbury, Mrs. R. T. Hallock, and William Denton as the Business Committee.

The names were submitted to the Convention, and accepted unanimously.

The President then read the call of the Convention.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, as Chairman of the Business Committee, reported as follows, speaking freely and deliberately:

REPORT OF THE BUSINESS COMMITTEE.

1. The Philanthropic Convention will hold three sessions per day, to wit: commencing at half past 9 o'clock A. M., 2 o'clock, P. M., and 7 o'clock, evening.

2. Each session to open with music, by the Troy Harmonists, to be followed by a speech, limited in time only by the discretion of the speaker, each initial speaker to be engaged by the Business Committee.

3. After the delivery of the opening speech, each subsequent speaker will be regulated in time by twenty minutes rule. This will give every speaker an opportunity to be heard once, or more.

4. If the Convention wishes to extend any speaker's time beyond twenty minutes, it may be done through the Chairman.

5. In this Convention man's voice on all questions will be counted equal to woman's.

6. It is proposed to abolish the custom of drafting, and insisting upon the adoption of resolutions—instead whereof all the speakers are requested to *crystalize* the pith of their leading speech in the form of a resolution, and read it.

7. But all resolutions touching the necessary business of the Convention, will be offered for action and adoption.

8. All sessions will be perfectly free to the public, except the evening sessions, when the small fee of *one dime* will be taken at the door to cover the expenses of the Convention.

Adopted, unanimously.

The President then said;—

Friends of Progress:—I respond to your call, as Chairman of this Philanthropic Convention of American Reformers. But yet not withoutdistrusting my capacity to preside over your deliberations with that ability and dignified bearing, that some other members of this body might do. But, nevertheless, with your forbearance and kind regards, I will accept the position with which you have honored me, and shall expect and, no doubt, receive your co-operation in preserving good order which is the first law of God.

With the many marked intelligences which I see depicted in the countenances of this audience, we have the best possible guarantee that your deliberations will be characterized with that unanimity and harmony which the importance of our position demands.

We claim to be reformers, and in order that we may be such in fact, it is, in my judgment, of the utmost importance that all your speeches and remarks be tempered with mildness and charity towards those who still adhere to their early erroneous teachings.

In order to reform the world we must take mankind first as they are, and lead them along by the tender chords of love step by step, just as the child must first learn his A B C's before he can comprehend the more profound sciences of mathematics and astronomy.

If we attempt to enforce the practical working of our reformatory ideas to act upon society, faster than they are prepared to receive and be benefitted by them, there will be a reaction that will defeat for a time the operation of the noble and elevating principles which we cherish.

That there is vast room and much need of a great reform among the inhabitants of earth, both physically, morally, and theologically, no one will pretend to deny, and that there should be a great diversity of opinions in reference to the best and most speedy means to be used to accomplish that end is not strange, when we consider the great diversity there is in the organism of man, which is the cause of such diversity of minds.

But the benefit to be derived from your efforts will undoubtedly be crowned with the most favorable results, by avoiding all extremes, and temper your deliberations with wisdom and forbearance.

With these few remarks allow me to offer a sentiment:

The First Anniversary of the Philanthopic Convention of American Reformers: convened in Buffalo, September 16th, 1859.

May its deliberations be so tempered with Truth, Love, and Wisdom, that all sects, and the universal World of Man will ever revert to its doings as a polar star to lead them onward and upward to a more harmonious and perfect brotherhood.

The Troy Harmonists, consisting of two gentlemen and two ladies, then came forward and sang "Now in smiles we meet again," in a very sweet and effective manner.

It was announced by the President that Andrew Jackson Davis would deliver the address.

[We have not room this week for the speech of Mr. Davis, which is reported in full by the *Republic*.]

[We clip the following from a new paper which has just sprung into existence, called the *Saturday Reporter*; and while we agree with it that Spiritualism is now rapidly upon the increase, notwithstanding the many obstacles which have been thrown in its way, we fail to discover any cause for "alarm."]

Messrs. Editors:—To what are we tending? What power has taken hold of the people? Is there a mental epidemic abroad in the land? The rapid and fearful strides which spiritualism has made for the past few years in our midst—more rapid than any ism that has taken hold of the public mind for years—has led me to ask these questions. Here in Boston—Puritanic Boston—the strides of this awful belief have been tr[illegible] frightful. No less than three or four mee[illegible]ngs are holden in different parts of this cit[illegible], every Sunday, and all well attended; and wha[illegible]t is more singular and astonishing, as any one [illegible] may see by attending them, they are support[illegible]d by men of all classes—professional men, busi[illegible]ness men, working men, artisans and mechan[illegible]cs—the rich and poor are alike affected by it. I am told by those who should be well informe[illegible] on the subject, that the believers in Spirituali[illegible]m already outnumber any single denomination of Christians in Boston. Indeed, it is even hi[illegible]nted that they will apply next summer to the City Fathers for a licence to hold meetings on the common—on *Sundays*. Could any thing be mo[illegible]re preposterous? Where is the City Father that would vote for such a thing?

After all it has been written against this belief, and the many exposures that have been made, it is truly alarming that it should grow and flourish to such an extent. What is to be done? Will not some one who has the soul's salvation of his fellow men at heart take hold of this subject, and try to stay its onward march?

Now, Messrs. Editors, as the ministers of the Gospel appear to be sleeping, while this belief is taking captive the unwary by hundreds, I hope you will feel it a duty you owe to the public to lay before the readers of your spicy little sheet the dangers such a belief must have upon mankind.

Q.

Mrs. Cora V. L. Hatch, as will be seen by consulting the "Announcements" in another column, speaks at the Melonaon, on the evenings of October 11th and 13th, the subject to be chosen by the audience, if desired. Admision 15 cents.

Dr. J. L. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Clarvoyant, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, is an authorized agent for the Spiritual Age, and is empowered to take subscriptions and recieve money in our behalf.

Lewis B. Monroe, late associate editor of the Spiritual Age, will receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism and kindred topics, wherever his services may be desired. Address care of the Spiritual Age.

Correspondence.

EAST BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 19, 1859.

EDITORS AGE:—Will you grant me a portion of your valuable paper, to announce, to my spiritual friends, in different parts of the country, my whereabouts and prospects? I was last spring attacked with a severe cough, the effect of a bad cold. For several weeks I kept laboring in the lecture field, hoping from week to week, by the use of simple remedies to find relief; but my cough continued obstinate, so I was obliged to stop lecturing, the first of June. Since that time I have retired to the holy precinct of home, sweet home! a name none know how to appreciate but those who have at some time been deprived of its sacred joys. But it is not merely a house that makes a home; Oh, no.—We have many fine dwellings in our land; but few of them are homes; where the central idea has been to prepare all things for the feast of love, instead of that of fashion, and outward show. Oh, that more would study a truer philosophy of life, and call their thoughts in from the cold and heartless pursuits of avarice and fashion,(those who have a competence) to the arranging for themselves pleasant and congenial homes, where children may receive the stamp of beauty and truth; for no child fails to make the most of the surroundings of childhood. They either drink in the joyous freshness of love and purity; or the dark, dull flow of avarice and hatred. But alas! the relations of life are such, that but few avail themselves of such necessary pleasures. Those who have sufficient means, too often prefer to put it out in some speculation, or where they can gather dust to dust; though their souls starve, and freeze for want of the home conveniences it would give them, and in nine cases out of ten, before they are ready to gather it up for the benefit of those who ought to be "loved ones at home," *they* are materially returned to mother Earth, "*dust to dust.*" And artful lawyers, and judges, dispose of their wealth, about to their taste. There is nothing left for them, then, but to look upon a *wronged*, and *homeless* family, and regret they did not prepare them a home when they could; and SECURE it to them. On the other hand, thousands, who would prepare for themselves thus, cannot, because of the heavy hand of monopoly, which the former lay upon them. But, let us labor patiently; all will be righted in time; and if *we* can but clairvoyantly catch glimpses of the *spirit* of right; our children may grasp the form and spirit too. The while we may enjoy the fruit of our labors in beholding them from our bright spiritual homes. But I will return to the object of my letter, (for I did not intend to preach a sermon.) We are at present making Bridgeport our home. I do not know how long we may remain, as I have some fears that the salt air does not agree with me. My cough, continues yet, but I am stronger, and my general health some better than last summer. I am much in hopes to control my cough soon. I do not expect to lecture any during the coming winter. Perhaps I need this respite, that I may practice in every day life, what I have been so often used to advise others to do. I hope to do so, and pray for more strength daily; but, I find it is easier to preach than to practice. There are some trials in this world which naturally chasten our spirits; while others chafe them.

Yours for progression in truth,

CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The idea of a political association of Spiritualists, for the double purpose of controlling government and commanding respect, has been put forth in your columns, and you invite your readers to give their opinions on the subject. This invitation is my apology for addressing you.

To my mind the arguments adduced in favor of this proposition decidedly lack might, for the following reasons:

1. Because political organization generates—in the present condition of humanity—corruption and fraud, as a matter of course. Ambitious men, who look not beyond the present, but find all their enjoyment in, and centre all their hopes upon, officies and salaries and *power*, are drawn into such associations for the purpose of obtaining their objects, and it would cost them no more to *profess* Spiritualism than it does to profess Christianity, or a love of freedom and hatred of slavery, and a disinterested love of country, or of anything else that will serve their purpose for the time being; so that a political organization of Spiritualists would only be a stepping-stone for the use of unprincipled, political aspirants, and tend to bring Spiritualism into disgrace. I know it is easy to say, we will give our votes only for well known Spiritualists, and in the outset that would not be difficult; but, should the demonstration be of sufficient magnitude to indicate a chance of success in the future, we should soon be joined by an abundance of false prophets, seeking for the loaves and fishes, who could not be distinguished from the true, and would outrun them in zeal for the purpose of becoming leaders.

2. Because the mission of Spiritualism is to lead men out of darkness into light; out of earth into heaven; to reform, not here and there one, but all of the human race, so far and so fast as men are sufficiently developed to comprehend it. The success hitherto has been wonderfully great, but the moment we begin to use—or try to exist—as a mortal power, a combination of men for reform in government or any other purpose, spirituality will leave it, and its mission be hindered and delayed. Whenever it is made a weapon of offence, no matter in how good a cause, it will excite fear, hatred, opposition, and—because the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light—*defeat*.

3. Because whether we act in combination or singly, the object aimed at, namely, governmental reform, can never be attained until we have a majority of votes to give, and when we have that majority the reform will follow as a matter of course, without any combination, for whenever Spiritualism has made such progress as to control the actions of a majority of men, no man can be elected to office who does not give evidence of its power over him *in his daily life and conversation*. When that time arrives—for arrive it will—men will be selected for office not because they are technically known as Spiritualists, but because they stand out before their fellows in the broadest sense as men; and when such men are selected as our senators and representatives all the reforms we desire will follow with as much certainty as fair weather succeeds a storm. "The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain,"—the mission of Spiritualism is to the fountain not to the stream.

Slowly, as we count time, but surely and quietly will the mission be performed if we do not seek to divert it from its course, and in our new-born wisdom attempt to use it for purposes to which it is not adapted. Its beautiful principles are finding their way into the great heart of humanity, and a revolution is silently going on, which will abolish the worship of fear and establish the religion of love; abolish selfishness and all the crimes resulting from it, and bring forth man in the true dignity of his nature. It is our part, each to seek for himself—to impart of the light we find—to guide our own lives by that light, and, for the rest, wait patiently and trustingly for the consummation which is to come.

B. F. C.

"DO GOOD ONE TO ANOTHER."

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—I have been reading your paper two years and am exceedingly delighted with it, and now as it comes in a new form and dress I cannot but like it more than ever. We have a number of newspapers in our family, yet there are none which meets with more close, fatherly attention than the AGE; it comes to our fireside a welcome messenger interspersed with good spiritual reading.

I am a Spiritualist and it ever has been my sincere desire to do good and to be a co-worker with God's children and His most noble spirits, and I feel it quite as much of a duty and pleasure for me to do to-day a good act as it would be, perhaps, for those pure ones who are permitted to come from their bright realms above.—Again, there is a vast deal of good to be done by going as Christ went and healing the sick "without money and without price," and those who are abundantly able, and desire to do a good act, could do it no more to their future happiness and interest than by lending a helping hand to those who are possessed of these gifts, which every day are becoming more extensively known and appreciated. Christ undoubtedly found it very pleasant to have been conducted in the manner that we suppose him to have been, and mediums at this day perhaps would and do find it equally pleasant; still, I find they should receive a liberal support.

I have met in some towns in my travels, mediums, possessed of gifts of a rare development, who were in the habit of sending to towns to ascertain whether there would be business or an opening for them, and if a good field presented itself they would go. Why not go forth and gird the armor on at once, and if they are coworkers and ambitious in the cause for which they go, they will succeed. I have often received directions to go to places, not knowing my object in going, until I had arrived, still I would never fail to meet friends. I have traveled through many of the Northern and many of the Southern States and as far south-west as Texas, and wherever I am, I stand always ready to do good and advocate the truths of this glorious revelation.

C. B.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1859.

AUTHORITY, (continued.)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23, 1859.

EDS. SPIRITUAL AGE: I asked for consolation of the seer—who bade me to follow him into the interior state, and put myself into rapport with the spirit of the past; which led me backto the embryotic ages of cellular life where things obscene, and loathsome to my touch were presented to my newly awakened perceptive powers. But still following my guide, I passed down through an infinity of periods till I beheld insects, fishes, monsters, birds and beasts produced; and from the amalgamation of all these was man evolved,

A feeble, roving, savage race,
With caves their only hiding-place.

My visual powers were now increased and I looked into and through these new-made beings; for each one was an individual entity involved in his own sphere; and each one exhibiting in his own character all the traits of his component parts. Thus, in his subsequent history I saw the indolence of the sloth, the imbecility of the hare, the voraciousness of the wolf, the filthiness of the swine, the treachery of the cat, the meanness of the hound, the lasciviousness of the goat, the subtilty of the serpent, the stupidity of the ass, the greed of the comorant, the savageness of the bear, the ferocity of the tiger, the destructiveness of the hyena, the servility of the jackal, and the vanity of the peacock. I raised my eyes and saw that I had been plucking fruit from the tree of knowledge; and I sank abashed into the valley of humility, and asked why this new science had been given to me. But now my guide kindly reversed my glass, (nature's optics) and I saw perspectively that the race also manifested the industry of the bee, the gentleness of the lamb, the frugality of the wren, the affection of the robin, the fidelity of the dog, the sagacity of the fox, the prudence of the ant, the constructiveness of the beaver, the constancy of the dove, the nobility of the lion, the genius of the eagle, the patience of the ox, and the heroism of the steed.

"Here," said my guide, "you behold the elements of your nature, the normal man." And I looked over the earth and saw that my vision was fulfilled—that what has been, is now, and will be again. That the race of man revolves around upon the bosom of the earth through circling ages, till cycle on cycle shall have been fulfilled—that *then* shall the earth and humanity resolve themselves again into their primitive elements. "Wherefore then," asked I, "hath man been created?"

"Have patience," said my guide, "and reflect. Did you not discover a law of progress as you traced the developement of matter through the different epochs till all of its subtle elements culminated in the mind of man?" I assented. "Well," said he, "that law will continue its functions throughout eternity and carry with it all that pertains to man."

"But I do not comprehend it," I replied; "my powers are limited to time and space; and cannot fathom infinity, nor cope with eternity; I do not know it, and must not rely upon authority." "Then quiet thine external senses and pass again into the interior state, and put thyself in rapport with the spirit of the future," was the demand of the seer. I obeyed—and my vision extended over the earth, and I saw disembodied spirits, clothed in habiliments according each to his own inherent condition.—Dark spirits with distorted countenances were around and in earth's deep caverns; those of more genial natures were promenading near its surface, and gathering a few withered flowers; others were scraping together bags of yellow dust; some were throwing up fortifications and marshalling squads of soldiers, composed of the spruce young recruit, the sad conscript, and the grim veteran first fallen in battle; the wounded and the maimed from the barracks, the wary scouts just reconnoitering their newly discovered encampment. Besides these there was a vast multitude who seemed to have no special calling but to yield themselves up as subservient instruments to the will or pleasure of the other classes. I began to remonstrate with my guide for psychologizing me me merely to behold the race in its normal state on the earth's material mold, when a new influence came over me and I began to ascend the air. Respectfully,

M. W. HAMMOND.

(To be Continued.)

MR EDITOR:—We have seen, with much regret, in the "SPIRITUAL AGE," the suggestion that it might be well for Spiritualists to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. We believe that the idea of making our religious principles a political affair, will appear disgusting to many who are somewhat favorably inclined towards spiritualism, and would have a tendency to discourage them from investigating it. We think it would be far better for us as Spiritualists, individually and collectively, to reform our *moral* characters, and thus increase ourmoral force and constrain our enemies to respect us for our moral excellencies, and induce them to investigate the subject so thoroughly as to become convinced of its truth and join us, rather than to intimidate them with a fear of our *political power*.

For the reasons above specified we hope the Spiritualists of the United States will make no effort to nominate a presidential candidate.

MANY SPIRITUALISTS.

NORWAY, Sept. 23., 1859.

MY DEAR AGE:—You no doubt will be glad to hear how the work goes on in Maine, and particularly in this place. I left the good city of Boston on Thursday Sept. 15th, and lectured on that night to a small yet attentive audience. On the next night my audience was much increased. Sunday afternoon I had a goodly number and apparently gave good satisfaction. I read many persons under the nervo-magnetic law of my spiritual nature and guides from the spirit-world.—One character is worth referring to—Capt. Small—who was concerned in the mutiny of the Brig Glen, South Pacific Ocean,giving him all the particulars, describing the ringleaders of the mutiny—and many other facts in his history. I next lectured in New Gloucester to full houses, for two nights;—from there to this place; here I have lectured twice to crowded houses, and there is seemingly much interest in the subject and facts of Spiritualism, and I shall lecture twice more here. I have read several persons here with marked success. They called Dr. D——, an old and much esteemed citizen, to the stand and my delineation was received with much approval and declared to be correct. I have found many facts, where spirits have communicated with their friends, and shall commit them to paper for the benefit of your readers. You may look for a continuation of my reasons why I am Spiritualist, ere long.

You will please notice in your paper that I shall remain in Maine up to the 25th of Oct. next. After that at Worcester, Mass., on the 3d and 4th Sundays of October; I shall be in South Milford, Woonsocket, Upton, Pawtucket and Providence, during the week-day evenings, between the 16th and 30th, and such other places as may wish me during that time.

Friends wishing me to lecture in the towns around Worcester will please address me at Worcester, Mass., until further notice; prior to the 16th of Oct., at Bridgewater, Mass. E. V. WILSON.

Interesting Miscellany.

BRAVE GIRLS.—Two little children, ALICE and MARY WELSH, aged respectively nine and twelve years, arrived at Hannibal, Mo., a few days ago, having accomplished the whole long journey from Ireland, without any other protection than their helplessness and their own brave hearts. Their father had preceded them by a year or more, and having acquired a home here, wrote to the old country for his family. On the eve of their departure the mother fell sick and died, and the little girls, nothing disheartened, set out alone on their long and perilous journey half round the world.

A TOUGH STORY.—The following story is told by that renowned wag, John Phœnix of the *California Pioneer*. The reader will see that it records the verdict of a "Coroner's Inquest," and in other particulars bears a strong resemblance to some of the tough stories which have been circulated in this state and generally believed.

Dr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius, and a fine appetite, and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of the inhabitants in good order, than in any other way, so he became a dentist.

He was the man that first invented the method of placing small cog wheels in the back teeth. for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty—which becoming hard directly causes the tooth to ache so grievously, that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office in the city of Boston, Mass., when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn.

The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture, and opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth on the right-hand side, about as large, as he afterwards expressed it, 'as a small Polyglot Bible.' I shall have trouble with this tooth, thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turnscrew, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir.

'Go away from here,' said Tushmaker to Byles, 'and return in a week, and I will draw that tooth out for you, or will know the reason why.'

Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw, and put forth.

The dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made, and the machine put up in the office, over an iron chair, rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Byles returned; he was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet long.

He turned it slightly—old Byles gave a groan, and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and higher went old Byles' right leg again.

'What do you raise your leg for?' asked the doctor.

'I can't help it,' said the patient.

'Well,' said Tushmaker, 'the tooth is bound to come now.'

He turned the lever clear round, with a sudden jerk, and snapped old Byles' head clean and clear from the shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts!

They had a post mortem examination—the roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg, and turned up in two prongs directly under the sole of the right foot.

'No wonder,' said Tushmaker, 'that he raised his leg.'

The jury thought so too, but they found the roots much decayed, and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of 'justifiable homicide.'

He was a little shy of that instrument afterwards; but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and thinking it would come very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine.

He did so, and at the first turn, drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in the chair!

Tushmaker took her home in a pillow case. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the 'India Rubber Woman.' She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Custom House, and it was found that a child three years of age could by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-five tons.

Smaller ones were made on the same principle, and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were advantageously used for boning turkeys.

There is no moral at all to this story, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated, Of course, there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.

SALT LAKE.

Mr. Greely in one of his letters to the *Tribune*, from Utah, gives the following concerning this remarkable body of water:

"That this lake should be salt is no anomoly. All large bodies of water into which streams discharge themselves, while they have severally no outlet, are, or should be, salt. If one such is fresh, that is an anomoly indeed. Lake Utah probably receives as much saline as Salt Lake, but she discharges it through the Jordan, and remains herself fresh; while Salt Lake, having no issue save by evaporation, is the saltest body of water on earth. The ocean is comparatively fresh; even the Mediteranean at Leghorn is not half so salt.

I am told that three barrels of this water yields a barrel of salt.; that seems rather strong, yet its saltness, no one who has not had it in his eyes, his mouth, his nostrils, can realize. You can no more sink in it than in a clay bank, but a very little of it in your lungs would suffice to strangle you. You make your way in from a hot, rocky beach, over a chaos of volcanic basalt that is trying to the feet but at the depth of a yard or more you have a fine sandy bottom, and here the bathing is delightful.

The water is of a light, green color for ten or twenty rods; then "deeply, darkly, beautifuliy blue." No fish can live in it; no frog abides in it; few birds are ever seen dipping into it. The rugged mountains in and about it—just such scraped and seamed and gullied precipices as I have been describing ever since I reached Denver—have a little fir and cottonwood, or quaking asp, in their deeper ravines or behind their taller cliffs, but looked bare and desolate to the casual observer; and these cut the lake into sections, and hide most of it from view.—Probably less than a third of it is visible from any single point. But this suffices.

A Manuscript Copy of the New Testament Discovered.—The theologians of Germany are alive with a discussion of a remarkable discovery of a manuscript copy of the New Testament, by Prof. Tischendorf. The Professor was employed by the Governments of Russia and Saxony to make scientific explorations in the East. During his wanderings in Egypt, he found what is claimed to be an ancient manuscript of the New Testament, corresponding in almost every particular with the famous Vatican manuscript. The age of it is not determine, though it is claimed to be Alexandrian, and of the days of Constantine and Eusebius of Cesarea, say of the fourth centu-

The parchment, letters, punctuation, riptions, initials, ink, everything agrees with its Catholic brotner at Rome.

Prof. Tischendorf communicated his marvellous discovery to the minister of the King of Saxony, in a letter from Cairo, dated March the 12th. It was published as a "Scientific Supplement" to the *Leipsic Gazette*, on the 17th of April, and has produced quite a stir among the wise men of Deutschland. The Professor concludes thus. —"The existence of the Vatican manuscript was known three hundred years before it was decided to publish it. I hope instead of three centuries, three years will suffice me to enrich the Christian literature with one of its most precious monuments."

A LIVING HEAD ON A DEAD BODY.

The *Newbury Index* gives the following curious but melancholy particulars of a respectable farmer in that neighborhood:

Mr. Archibald Campbell, a respectable farmer in the township of Camden, East, while engaged in finishing a new dwelling on his premises, the scaffold gave away, and he was precipitated head foremost, to the ground, and dislocated his neck, but very fortunately and mysteriously did not kill him. When his head was brought to its proper position, the vertebræ of the neck returned to their place with a dull but distinct snap. The whole body is paralyzed and dead from the neck downwards. He is not capable of moving a muscle or experiencing the slightest pain. Fortunately the nerves supplying the muscles used in respiration were not paralyzed, and he can breathe and live. Had the injury of the spinal cord been a little higher he would have died immediately. The senses of sight, hearing, smelling, &c., are unimpaired. Mr. Campbell has been for a number of years the victim of a series of misfortunes. But the last misfortune is more intolerable than any of its predecessors. There he lies a strange and remarkable specimen of a living head on a dead body, with a full consciousness of his unenviable position. When last heard from however, there were some indications of a return of sensation, and the power of motion, and it is just possible that he may partially recover.

The above fact seems to demonstrate that the human body is a mere instrument for the soul to work with; that the seat of the mind is in the head, from whence the remaining portion of the body derives all its consciousness; and, as the man preserved his entire faculties, it would seem logically to follow that they are separate from, and may exist without, the adjunct of blood, flesh and bones;—in other words that the spirit is the man and not the 'natural body,' and the latter dissevered from its connection with the former, becomes and forever remains *mere* 'dust' of the earth, the 'spiritual body' alone remaining intact.

The Wonderful Leg.—Wedgwood had a cork leg, a wonderful imitation of the leg he had lost. It is told of him that on one occasion, when discussing the effects of boiling water on the nervous system, he laid a bait with one of his guests that he would hold his leg longer in boiling water than any man in the kingdom. Tubs were produced, watches were drawn out, stockings pulled off, and legs dipped in. Wedgwood quietly set his cork leg firmly into the smoking tubful. His guest followed his example. Wedgwood did not wince; his guest howled and wriggled, his leg grew redder. The potter looked on with a smile, amazing the company with his calm composure. At last the scalded leg was drawn out in agony, and Wedgwood remained master of the match. Five minutes, ten, a quarter of an hour, and still Mr. Wedgwood smiled and looked composed. "Feel it, pinch it, do what you will with it," quoth he; "It's the best leg I have, though only of cork."—[Titan

Boys, Help your Mothers.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meathouse to cut a frozen steak for dinner; this is not as it should be. There is much work about house too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough, at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.—[Morning Star.

Women in the Garden.—Much in thes days is said about the sphere of woman. O the vexed question we have nothing to say.—The culture of the soil, the body and the soul are our themes. Rich soils, healthy bodies, pure, cultivated souls, those are what we are aiming at. And to this end we recommend that every country woman have a garden that she keep and dress with her own hands, or that she supervise and manage. The culture of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and garden produce is as delightful and profitable as anything which a woman can engage in. She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers. All the better for that. A snow-ball in this corner, a rose in that, a dahlia bed here, and a moss border there will not be out of place. Only let the substantial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not the least objectionable. In all the schools the girls study botany. In all families the women ought to practice botany. It is healthful, pleasing and useful. The principles of horticulture are the principles of botany put into practice. Farmers study agriculture, why should not their wives and daughters study horticulture? If any employment is feminine, it would seem that this is.—If any is healthy, this must be. If any is pleasurable, none can be more so than this. A rich bed of strawberries, a bush of blackberries or currants, a border of flowers produced by one's own hand, what can well afford a more rational satisfaction? We say to all our country sisters, have a garden, if only a small one, and do your best with it. Plant it with what you think best, with a good variety, and see what you can do with it. What woman cannot raise beets, tomatoes, melons, onions, lettuce, and furnish her own table with them? What woman cannot plant a raspbrrry bush, or current, or gooseberry, and tend it well?—Come, good women, study your health, your usefulness and happiness, and your children also.—[*Valley Farmer.*

Advertisements.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering sealed letters, will visit the principle cities South and West, during the fall and winter. Letters addressed to him at No. 3 Winter street, Boston, will receive his attention as heretofore.

TERMS.—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*

☞Mr. Mansfield will act as Agent for the Spiritual Age.

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium; also, Writing, Developing and Test Medium and Spirit-Seer. Circles, Sunday, and Friday evenings.

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

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

Terms—For examination of patient, $1,00
1—2 tf. " a communication, 50 cts.

Mrs. M. H. Coles, Trance Speaking Medium, may be addressed to the care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

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

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

SUFFOLK DYE HOUSE,
CORNER OF COURT AND HOWARD STS. BOSTON.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.
(For pupils of both sexes) 69 W. 19th st., N. Y., reopened Monday, September 5th. Two boarders can be accommodated in the family of the Principal,
3—2t, A. T. DEANE.

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

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Merely your address and one dime will ensure you by return of mail a little book on Healthful Cooking and How to Make Light Bread with Flour and Water only. Persons interested are invited to call and see this delicious bread Temperance House, Nos. 18 and 20 Lagrange place, Boston.

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.
Meetings at No 14 Bromfield St.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3. Conference in the evening at 8.
A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 3-4 o'clock.
The Brotherhood hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Persons sympathising with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

THE REFORMER'S HOME,
For the accommodation of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, at moderate charges, is centrally located at 109 Lake St., Cleveland, Ohio. Office of the *Vanguard* and *Gem.* 22

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

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

THE SICK ARE HEALED
WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.
Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.

Medical Cards.

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.

SINCE THE REMARKABLE TEST
at the sitting of a circle a short time since, where Dr. Charles Main was present and inquired of the spirit intelligence what medicine should be used in a certain case, and a reply was given to use Dr. Cheever's "Life Root Mucilage!" Five cases have occurred where individuals have called and reported the prescription as being given by mediums.
This invaluable medicine has long been used as an infallible remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Cough, Disease of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Canker, Mercurial Disease, Piles and all gross acrid humors.
A letter enclosing one dollar will procure a bottle; or five dollars for six bottles. Will be sent to any part of the Union. All orders directed to Dr. J. Cheever, No. Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. 18.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,
NO. 15 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

A Book of Thrilling Interest for the Young!
THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH!
Just published by Dr. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of self abuse, and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Spinal Debility, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.
The above work is one of the most thrilling interest to the Young of both Sexes; detailing some of the most thrilling cases and incidents, in the practice of the Author, pointing out the great causes for such decline and decay of American Youth.
The Book is written in chaste language and should be read by every Parent and Guardian that has the least solicitude for the well-being of offspring and youth. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to ony part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two (3 cent) stamps for postage.
☞In view of the awful destruction of human life and health, by marasmus or premature exhaustion and decay of the nervous system, caused by sexual diseases, such as the vice of Self-abuse, Seminal weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Syphilis and virulent affections, Gleet, Impotence, Leucorrhœr and Sterility, and organic diseases of the Kidneys, and in view of the deceptions which are practiced upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by quacks and base pretenders, the Directors of the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute have instructed their attending physician to treat this all-pervading class of modern maladies so productive of Pulmonary Consumption. The Institution is provided with the aids of the most improved practice of France, England, and the Oriental countries in order to insure the utmost and speedy success. The most scrupulous regard to confidence and fidelity will be guaranteed every patient and applicant. The medicines used by the Institution are guaranteed free from Mercury, Minerals and Poisons of every nature. The most approved medicines, of recent discovery, imported from India and Japan—and concentrated in the form of Extracts and Alkaloids, are alone used—our remedies will not expose, nor sicken nor debilitate under any circumstance. The Institution has the honor of treating as patients some of the most distinguished men in the United States. Patients can at all times be treated by letter and cured at home, on receiving a full statement of their symptoms, and medicines can be sent by mail or express to any part of the United States and the Canadas.
YOUNG MEN suffering from these direful ills, will receive for $5 a series of Health Rules and perfect Charts of cure, which will be to them a true Polar Star through life
To FEMALES.—The Monthly Pills, prepared by the Institution, are a never-failing remedy for Suppresions of every nature, will be sent by mail to any part of the country on the receipt of $1, with ample instructions for the use, under all circumstances.
Address Dr. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for the diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 90, Fifth st., Troy, New York. n5 1y

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,
WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., 7 doors from Kilby st., Boston, where may be found a large stock of Botanic Medicines, embracing every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid and Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Preparations; together with a full assortment of
ALL OTHER KINDS OF MEDICINES,
Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Syringes, Medical Books; Liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes; and a great variety of Miscellaneous Articles, including *almost everything wanted by the Apothecary or Physician.*
Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly filled and forwarded to any part of the country. 18—y.

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT,
OFFICE, NO. 196 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT, CT.
A true diagnosis of the disease of the person is guaranteed, or no fee will be taken. Chronic diseases scientifically treated. Strict attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Cancers removed, and cure warranted. The Electro Chemical Baths will be applied when necessary, for the removal of poisonous minerals from the system. Persons from a distance can be accommodated with good board at a reasonable rate, near the Doctor's office. Office hours from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M. No patients received Sundays.
46—tf

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.
HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.
☞Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.
Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED.
Dr. Ammi Brown, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platina, with Athelode Gums, from $15 to $65. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8—tf

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
NO. 36 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.
Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. ☞All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A M. to 5 P.M.. 47

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,
CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 654 Washington street, under Pine St. Church, Boston.
All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above.

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



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

DR. J. ESTES,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,
No. 7 Eliot Street, Boston.

[From the Boston Journal]

DR. BELLOWS' EXPLANATION.

The N. Y. *Herald* has reports of two sermons delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of All Souls Church, on the occasion of its re-opening last Sunday. Instead of taking up some devotional theme, most in accordance with his feelings, the preacher said to his hearers, he proposed to meet, directly and frankly, their expectations and desires, by attempting an explanation of whatever might have seemed extraordinary in his recent address at Cambridge. He had no apology for that discourse; it was a deliberate performance, the result of years of observations and study, and not now, therefore, a subject of repentance. He would consider his audience as representing four tribunals: first, the independent congregation and church over which he was set to minister; second, the Unitarian denomination; third, the Protestant world; fourth, the nineteenth century and our own country. Under the first head, he remarked:

"It had been asserted, and perhaps feared, that he had a private purpose or secret design of changing the forms of worship, if not the creed of this congregation; that, having changed his own faith, he was going to smuggle upon his congregation a new creed, and a Romish or Episcopal ritual. No one in their own ranks would for a moment imagine that such a change could be effected by a *coup d'etat*, in opposition to their wishes, and he would hold himself just as accountable for the unfair or oppressive exercise of any influence he might possess, as for a tangible seizure of power; and he added, 'I solemnly declare unto you that if to-day despotic powers were in my hands, or what would be more, a full, free and affectionate request from you to prepare a litany and creed for this congregation, I could not and would not do it.'"

He added that already they had had a committee on a liturgy for three years, which had accomplished nothing, because it was not united and because the want of a change was not generally felt. In his own opinion, important changes in statement of creed and form of worship were in store for the next generation, but just what it would be in respect to external ritual, he could not foretell. Certainly he was not disposed to organize or forestall it. He said Christendom would never revive the Romish mummeries of the past, nor make general use of the admirable service of the English churches. Still, a want was to be met, namely, the union of immortal truths with ever appropriate ritual and symbols. This was the glorious vision that had haunted his soul. This was the new Catholic or universal church which he predicted, but without the mad folly of offering to inaugurate it.

With regard to his denominational relations, he said it had been alleged by well-wishers, that he had wounded Unitarianism, that he had announced its decease, and spoken at its funeral. That would be strange work indeed for one who had borne its banner for twenty years. He was devoted to its principles, identified with its good name, and knew of no one less likely to prove a traitor to its cause. But he regarded Unitarianism as a part of a great movement of humanity, the leading off an advanced guard into larger fields of action. But its origin and its allied forces should not be forgotten. He continued:

"The services of liberal Christianity to Christendom are widely felt and acknowledged, but they must remember that they are tributary, not independent reformers, and bring whatever of precious truth they have found to the mint of the Church Universal, there to be accepted and stamped before it can freely enter into the circulation of Christendom. The time had arrived when Unitarianism has the option either to lapse into rationalism or turn more decidedly into the body of the Church of Christ, finding there its home, and communicating of the joy of a son supposed to have been lost, returning strong and happy to his father's house. He wished to be explicit and unmistakable in what he now affirmed, knowing well the use likely to be made of it, and that he would be made to say precisely what he did not say. Let it be understood, then, that in respect to what is either positive or negative in Unitarianism, he had no disclaimers to make, nothing to surrender, no views to change, no past opinions to disown, and that, so far as he knew, the Unitarian body had none."

He considered abuse of private judgment as the rock on which modern society had driven. "Under this cry of strict individuality, the French *sans culotte*, the modern Calvinist, the American abolitionist and the Southern fillibuster were all ranged together, seeking to put down public amusements with a text, to overturn law and order with a scruple of conscience, to dissolve the Union with a phrase from Isaiah, or to read the Chief Justice of Massachusetts, or the President of Harvard College, into the pillory with a little chopped logic." This system of private judgment was little better than blasphemy. Philosophy was of no avail to the world without a church as a reservoir of spiritual life.

With regard to the third point, Dr. Bellows said he was himself a Protestant of the Protestants, repudiating all faith in Apostolic succession and other Romish dogmas. The church was a tradition, as was society—an hereditary thing. It came down in the blood of sucessive believers. Of its usages and customs, he considered baptism and the Lord's Supper essential; and yet the neglect of even these should not exclude a sincere Christian heart from the church. Debate did not properly pertain to some things now. Some vices, like polygamy, spiritualism, socialism, &c., were entitled to no terms, as, if a man claimed the liberty of scuttling the ship he and his family sailed in, he would not stop to reason with him.

Addressing his audience as the representatives of the nineteenth century, he said this age was not the child of the devil, but the son of God. Our peril was in our continental breadth and newness, and yet the past must ere long resume its reign. He said vaccination and the Atlantic telegraph were the two grand and memorable symbolic events of this century, and added that while the former saved America from decimation by a loathsome and deforming disease, the Atlantic telegraph saves it from the moral and spiritual barrenness of disconnection with that Europe that owns and is the past. He expanded this train of thought in a mystical sort of way.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Harmonial Colony Association Meeting, held at Worcester, Sept. 21st, 1859.

Pursuant to a call for a Harmonial Colony Association meeting, to be held at Worcester, Sept. 21st, 1859, a few friends, members of the Association in Conference, met at the house of Albion Carpenter. After a desultory and general consideration of the subject, which occupied most of the evening, whereupon the following Resolves were passed:

1st, *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to make, alter, and amend the Constitution of the *Harmonial Colony Association* so as to make a grand *Christian Harmonial* and *National Brotherhood*, giving said Brotherhood the power to organize Branch-Brotherhoods in every Town, City, State, and throughout all the Nations of the Earth.

2. *Resolved*, That we proceed forthwith to the choice of such a Committee as are immediately requisite. The following were elected:—Reuben Barron, Albion Carpenter, Ann M. Carpenter, D. C. Gates, Earl Joslyn.

3. *Resolved*. That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at Albion Carpenter's, Oct. 26th, 1859.

4. *R solved*, That the Directory be instructed to ascertain as rapidly as practicable who are desirous of becoming members of the Association.

5. *Resolved*, That the Directory do invite all friends of the movement from various parts of the Country to be present at our next meeting, Oct. 26th, for the purpose of signing the Constitution and becoming co-workers with us.

6. *Resolved*, That in consequence of the unpropitious state of the weather, and members being necessarily absent, we do appoint Oct. 26th, 1859, the day to choose Officers for the Harmonial Colony Association for the current year, and it is hoped that all of the members and friends of our movement will be present and take part in the meeting.

7. *Resolved*, That until otherwise ordered, it be considered the rule of this Association to notify its regular members by advertising the same in the *Banner of Light*, *Spiritual Age*, and *Practical Christian*.

Given at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 21st, 1859.

Per Order of the Directory,

D. C. GATES, Recorder.

MEDIUMS IN MAINE.

Mrs. Leach, Brewer, Writing and Trance Medium.

Mr. Bremhall, Belfast, powerful Healing Medium.

Mr. A. B. Pierce, Belfast, Trance-Speaking Medium.

Gibson Smith, Camden, Trance-Speaking, Healing and Lecturing Medium.

Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.

John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium.

Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

G. B. Hopkins, Oldtown, Trance Speaking Medium.

Rosan M. Smith, Hampden, Trance-Speaking Medium.

Susan W. Jackson, Hampden, Rapping, Tipping and Healing Medium.

Russell Severance, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium.

Miss Emeline Cunningham, Bradford, Trance-Speaking and Prescribing Medium.

Mrs. Keen, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium.

J. L. Lovell, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Mrs. Haskell, Buckfield, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Miss A. C Cram, Stevens' Plains, Writing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.

Benj. Colson, Monroe, Prescribing and Trance Medium.

THE REFORMER'S HOME,

For the accommodation of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, at moderate charges, is centrally located at 109 Lake St., Cleveland, Ohio. Office of the *Vanguard* and *Gem*. 22

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.]

MELONAON—TREMONT TEMPLE.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch of N. Y., will lecture at the Melonaon Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, Oct. 11th & 13th, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Subject to be chosen by the audience if desired. Admission 15 cts.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS CONVENTION will meet Oct. 6th, 1859, at 9 A. M., in Opera Hall, No. 13, School st.

B. DANFORTH.

n6 1t.

E. V. WILSON, Medium and Lecturer, will lecture in Worcester Oct. 16th & 23d; at South Milford 17th; at Upton 18th; at Pawtucket 19th, 20th & 21st. Friends in these places will please secure halls for me on those evenings, and much oblige. Address, Bridgewater, Mass.

DEXTER DANA, of E. Boston, will speak in Plymouth, Sunday, Oct. 23d.

MRS. J W. CURRIER will lecture in Bristol, Ct., Oct. 9th; Chickopee, Mass., Oct. 16th & 23d; Foxboro, Mass. Oct. 30th; Marblehed, Nov. 6th.

A. B. WHITING will come East this Fall, and will lecture in Willimantic, Conn., Sunday October 9th; in Providence, R. I., 16th, 23d & 30th. He will attend calls to lecture week evenings. Address to either of the above places.

JAMES H. SHEPARD Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to Lecture wherever the Friends may desire.—Post Office Address, South Acworth, N. H.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., October 9th; in Geneva, Ohio, 16th; in Cleveland, Ohio 23d & 30th; Milan, Ohio, Nov. 6th. He can be addressed at the above named places at the times designated.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., October 9th; in Willimantic, 16th, 23d & 30th; in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st & 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. She will visit St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

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.

WARREN CHASE will lecture the second Sunday in Oct., 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 Plymouth, Mass., Oct 9th & 16th. Calls for week evenings in the vicinity of this place, 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 Oct. in Taunton, Mass. Nov. & Dec., Vicinity of Boston.—Jan., Philadelphia.

Dr. MAYHEW will speak 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, their several wishes shall be attended.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Lowell, 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 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.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture 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.

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 in Natic, Sunday, Oct. 9th; and on intermediate weekday evenings in neighboring towns or villeges. 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.

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.

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.

GEORGE ATKINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, No. 3, Winter Street, Boston, at the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, Writing Medium. Examination when the patient is present, $1; by a lock of hair when absent, $3. Also, healing by laying on of hands. n6 3m

"Freely give and freely receive."

As the above has been strongly advocated by Spiritualists, as the only basis for mediumistic compensation, I have resolved to test its practicability. The readers of the AGE may send me such compensation as they choose, and shall receive in return a corresponding amount of my time and effort in writing such psychometric and intuitive impressions as may be had from their handwriting, relating to their looks, parentage, mental and physical condition, mediumship, conjugal influences, business, or whatever may come up. Office No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays.

Address H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

The Regular Spiritualists Meetings, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, are held every Sunday in Ordway Hall, Washington street, entrance nearly opposite Milk street. Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, trance-speaking medium, will occupy the desk next Sunday.

Bela Marsh's Advertisements.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM DISSECTED AND SPIRITUALISM VINDICATED, BY DIXON L. DAVIS, M. D.

When man is taught that his spiritual is, as his physical nature, governed by fixed laws, then superstition will die, and a rational system of mental philosophy prevail instead. Price in paper covers, 35 cents; in cloth 50 cents.

18—tf.

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages 8vo. Price $1.50. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston 6—tf

JUST PUBLISHED.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!

The subscriber has just issued a new work, written a few weeks since by Mr. Davis. In preparing his matter for the Philanthropic Convention at Utica, he wrote out several suggestive ideas respecting the Cause and Cure of Evil, or how to "overcome evil with good," which was the great question before that memorable gathering of thinkers and philanthropists. This new production is entitled

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

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.

Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 41—t.

THE GREAT HARMONIA, (BY A. J. DAVIS,) IN 4 VOLS.

Vol. I.—THE PHYSICIAN, price $1. Vol. II.—THE TEACHER, price $1. Vol. III.—THE SEER, price $1 Vol. IV.—THE REFORMER, price $1.

The publisher has recently issued the Fifth Edition of the above popular works of Mr. Davis, and is ready to supply all orders promptly, either at wholesale or retail.

Address BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

B. M. has also published new editions of the following excellent works of Mr. Davis, viz:—

The Philosophy of Special Providences—A Vision, Price 15 cts.

The Harmonial Man; or, Thoughts for the Age, 30 cts.

Free Thoughts concerning Religion, 15 cts.

The Penetralia; being Harmonial Answers to Important Questions, $1 00.

The History and Philosophy of Evil, 30 cts. and 50 cts.

A liberal discount will be made when taken in quantities. 18tf

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.

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

MYSTIC HOURS,

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To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, committees of the towns of Hanson and Hanover, hereto duly authorized by the votes of said towns, respectfully represent, that by the Special Laws of 1792, passed Feb. 22nd of that year, and amended in 1859, relating to the "taking the fish called Alewives," in their passage up Indian Head River (so called) &c.," that the time named in the 21 Section of said Act, for opening, and keeping open the sluice ways through or passage ways round the several dams across said stream is too early in the season for said fish; We therefore pray that said act may be so modified and amended as shall confer upon the committees of the said towns, or a major part of them, the power to control the time for opening and keeping open the said sluice or passage ways, the time not to exceed 40 days, for the passage of said fish up said stream; And also, that no fish shall be taken for sale, until a sufficient supply, (in the judgement of said committees,) for the propogation of said fish, shall have gone into the ponds above, after which, said ways may be closed; and that such other acts may be passed as may be deemed necessary for the purposes above named.

EBENEZER B. K. GURNEY, ELIJAH CUSHING, WILLIAM BOURNE, } Committee of Hanson.

BENJ. F. BURGESS, WILLIAM WHITING, MARTIN T. BATES, } Committee of Hanover.

I hereby approve of the publication of the above petition in the Spiritual Age and the Abington Standard.

OLIVER WARNER, Sec'y of the Committee.

Secretary's office, Boston, Sept. 20, 1859.

Hanson, Sept. 10, 1859. n5 4w