THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

A COMMUNICATION FOR DR. AND MRS. ROBBINS.

Oh! mamma, papa, what shall "darling" say,
Upon the dawning of her natal day!
Six years of earth's fast-hasting sands have ran
Since my brief life, my breathing power began.
But "*Our* Dear *Father*," called thy lov'd one up,
To drink of joys from Heaven's unmeasured cup,
To wisdom progress, life, no words can tell,
To boundless raptures where sweet visions dwell;
Where thought comes charged with new and brilliant light;
Where the dark world stands forth redeemed from night.

Ah! how my bosom kindles from above,
As I oft hear the words—"My God is love."
Would that the world could know the power of prayer;
Could see the hosts that crowd that altar there;
Could hear the songs that happy spirits sing;
Could feel the glories floating from their wing,
As 'round the hearth-stone, consecrated *Home*,
The loved ones gather—oh! "Thy Kingdom come.

'Tis not thy darling hovering 'round alone,
But countless brilliants gather there as one,
From that bright sphere, where aspiration towers,
Where wisdom kindles and where virtue flowers;
All from the realm of thy advancing sphere,
By thy relation, thou can's't call them near
To breathe instruction,—whosoe'er may hear.

But when you come to morning's temple gate,
And see the spirits that around you wait,
Of countless dear ones,—with thy daughter share
The joys that kindle on the upper air,
'Tis then alone thy blessed one can tell
How sweetly true, "*God doeth all things well!*"
Until that hour she'll ever gladly strew
Thy path with flowers, with amaranthine dew,
Yes, bathe your heads from Flora's beauteous shrine,
Till the blest future 'round you laurels twine.

Oct. 1, 1859.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

BELIEVING.

Oh! my mother, dearest mother,
Thou hast gone from me forever;
And my heart asunder's breaking,
For my sorrow knows no waking.

Oh! my ever-faithful mother,
Thou art with my sainted father;
Knowest thou my bosom's sighing,
And my spirit's almost dying?

Time hangs heavy; I am lonely;
All are gone I loved so fondly;
Gone!—Oh, where? my soul is asking;
And the echo, where?'s responding.

In this wretched state of mourning,
Came a voice from Heaven, proclaiming—
"I am here—thy father—daughter,
I have come, sweet peace to offer.

"'m not dead—Oh! glorious issue,
My free spirit lives to bless you;
Hearest thou the angels' singing,
Coming to thy lone heart, soothing?

"All thy woes and bitter wailing,
Never in their mission failing—
Mourn not so! thy strength is going,
Caused by mental woe, depressing.

"Oh! my daughter, be believing,
Cease, oh cease, thy bitter grieving;
I will wipe thy tears of anguish,
And raise thy spirits when they languish."

d believe—received the blessing,
Light and joy my soul's possessing;
Oh, glorious hope! Oh, blessed meeting!
My spirit father, mother, greeting.

All was peace, and joy, and Heaven;
All my moaning was forgiven;
Light upon my soul is beaming,
Tears of melting joy are streaming.

Now I'm on my way rejoicing,
And my little hope's progressing,
The angel's song is onward, upward,
Cheering my lone spirit onward.

I. W. HUTCHINSON.

Athens Me, Oct. 10.

DEATH-BED OF HORACE MANN.

"How am I doctor? Do you think I shall recover soon? Are the symptoms favorable?" "We thought last night," replied the doctor, "that the disease *might*, perhaps, take a favorable turn; and indeed we have all the time thought your recovery possible; but—" Mr. Mann's eye carefully watched the face of the doctor while making the foregoing answer, and when he hesitated he sternly said, "But *what?*—Don't hesitate. Go on, doctor; say what you were going to." "I will leave Mrs. Mann to say the rest." No, doctor, say it yourself. If I am going to die, I would like to know it. I have a great many things to say, and it will take sometime to say them." He was told that he could live but a few hours more, and whatever he had to say must be said speedily. All then left the room but his wife and two younger sons, (the oldest one being absent,) with whom he conversed for nearly an hour. He was perfectly calm, perfectly free from all excitement. He scarcely even alluded to his own sufferings; betrayed no symptoms of fear—no misgivings for the future, nor any solicitude for the happiness of that future. He spoke not of himself—thought not for himself. His care was for others—his anxiety was for others. He spoke confidingly, but firmly; and with that same sweet voice, clear accent, and melodious cadence with which he so often charmed and thrilled the scholar and the multitude. After having given his parting advice to his family and three or four of his more intimate friends and attendants, he sent for all the students who were remaining in town. He spoke with each one from three to five or six minutes. With some few his interviews were private, but to most of them he spoke so as to be heard by several others. He gave to each one of them such advice as seemed appropriate.—One pale, slender student was advised to be more careful of his health—to bathe, to exercise, and to go into more lively company.

Another one, who was wearing himself away by too constant application, was advised to study with less intensity, and take more recreation. Another one, who was prone to lose time loitering, was admonished that, "as time is one of the most precious gifts bestowed upon mankind, it should always be industriously used, but never wasted." Another was cautioned against "allowing his appetites and passions to control him." To one he said, "hold your head closer. Let me see, once more before I die that mammoth brain—that brain *full* of electricity and fire! Oh! if I had possessed a head like that, I could have accomplished a far greater amount of good for the human race! That brain is capable of doing an immense amount of good, or an immense amount of evil. Consecrate it! Consecrate it!" To one poor student who had been working his way through college, and had borrowed some money of him, he said, "Mrs. Mann will return your note to you. You need never pay it." To another he said, "I have no special advice to you. You know it already. You *know* what is right, and have determined to *do* it. You have made a glorious beginning. Your future success is almost certain. A good, solid, honest, industrious heroic young man. "Perge atque cœpisti." "*Perge atque cœpisti!*" "PERGE ATQUE CŒPISTI!" This was quoted each time with greater emphasis! Afterwards he gave the translation three times and each time with additional force. "Go on as you have begun. *Go on as you have begun!*" "CONTINUE JUST AS YOU HAVE BEGUN!" Now give me a *good stout shake of the hand*—your *strong* hand! Good-bye; *good-bye!*" A student whom he had not seen for more than a year, was recognized and spoken to as if he had been an every-day companion.

In this manner he spoke with thirty-five or forty persons—recalling some points in their past history, and pointing out to each one the proper line of conduct for the future—praising where praise was due, and warning where warning was necessary.—He made many remarks that can never be forgotten by those who heard them. I shall always remember the following:—"Our object should always be Truth, Duty, God, Man!" "Great talents, without moral worth, are oftentimes a scourge, a pestilence, a plague to the race!" "Honesty is *cheaper* than dishonesty, even if we view it only as a matter of economy." "Follow Christ. He was a shining example." "Love and charity can accomplish more than power." He closed his remarks to each one by a mild and gentle "good-bye," and a vigorous grasp of the hand. The hand was cold and the nerve unsteady; but the grasp was firm and vigorous even to the last. His words were nicely chosen, glowing, earnest and fervent, and spoken with much emphasis. Several times his wordings were accompanied by the uplifted right hand and impressive gestures. Several times he half rose from his bed to embrace his friends and render his words more emphatic. A hymn was sung, after which Mr. Mann said, "Now let some one make a short prayer, a cheerful, grateful prayer." The prayer was made. It seemed to cheer and solace him. Oh, it is a sad, a joyous, a consoling, an impressive sight, to see a truly great man die! Sad, because the world is deprived of his worth; joyous, because he meets grim Death so bravely; consoling to hear such eulogies upon the good and the true; and solemn, to hear such noble advice coming from the verge of the tomb.

By this time it was near twelve o'clock. He was exhausted. But knowing that the other friends were waiting, and some, (his elder son among them,) were expected on the afternoon train he said: "Now let me rest awhile. Perhaps I may gather more strength, and see them all by-and-by."—Soon after this, one who had formerly been a professor with him in the college, arrived at the door, and asked of Mrs. Mann permission to speak with him. Mr. Mann replied, "Not now. I will rest a while, and then he may come and see me." For nearly five hours after this he remained speechless. His countenance was tranquil, but pale as the moon-beam. Perhaps recollection was culling choice flowers from the garden of the past. And we think so, because bright shadows passed over his face, and joy seemed to lighten his brow. A sweet smile played upon his lip. And when his eyes opened, there was that mild, angelic glow of conscious innocence in them which recalls to mind our own ideal of the chosen just.

But the last sun for him, was declining in the west. The last hours were wearing away. The last sands dropping from the dial. The dark flood was near at hand, and the ferryman was coming. His snowy sails are gleaming on the misty waves, and he will soon bear a bright spirit beyond the glowing billow. The sleeper turns quietly over, his lips move, the same sweet voice is heard faintly, and for the last time; and these are the words it speaks: "Now, I will bid you all good night." Soon the shades of the dark flood passed over his brow, the last breath was drawn, and that great heart forever ceased its beating.—[Letter from a Student of Antioch College.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

AUTHORITY—NO. 4.

"And finally, after he (the Shepherd) had confounded the magnates of the land, and sorely tried its priestly professors, and nearly subverted the state, we allowed him to pass through our wavering hosts to some higher sphere, so that we wot not what has become of him. And at a later period, a stone cutter, in a nation of artists, demanded a pass through our domain, professing at the same time to be attended by spirits and demons, and thereby turning the heads of many youths; and as he was always teaching a new philosophy, and spirit ballooning, we gave him a dose of hemlock to *quiet* his nerves; but it only lulled his outer form to sleep, while he himself, escaped from his prison home to his ethereal abode, stopping only a moment to regale himself with choice spirits on the top of Parnassus.

The next of any note that came along was a carpenter with a group of fishermen, who defied all the equanimities of our sphere, and taught that the human race was a unit, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and should therefore, individually, "do unto others whatsoever they would have others do unto them." But this rule found but little favor in our sphere, which has always in reality ignored it. The carpenter however, disregarding our remonstrances, constructed a highway through our domains, which was open to all who chose to ascend to a higher plane, even to the seventh heaven or sphere. But it was so narrow, and had such steep acclivities in it that few seemed inclined to travel it. So the commissioners of our realm granted liberty of way to several prominent individuals to build turnpikes which were broader than the king's highway, and which were generally entered by a plunge or shower-bath. They also endeavored to gain the highest plane by a series of steps called dogmas; and instead of self-denial, which was recommended by the carpenter, they had several places of entertainment on the way called sacraments or ordinances, and in lieu of the law of brotherhood and its obligations, they were allowed to buy and sell each other. They were also permitted to cheat and defraud each other according to law which was enacted in the earth sphere. I felt astonished at these revelations, and asked my guide why they allowed such incongruities to take place in their dominions, and, that, too, in the name of the carpenter. And he replied "that it was not their mission to form a code of morals, but to direct to a given end by the readiest means; and hence our office is to weigh, to find out, to compare, as our glorious Gall has demonstrated.

"With regard to the carpenter, himself, his material mission lasted only a few years, when one of his followers, a gentleman of the mercantile profession, whom he had incautiously chosen, and who, being in want of funds, sold him to some priests, who immediately, at the demand of the rabble, nailed him to a cross, which he had so often recommended to others. But his death, (if such it could be called, for he reappeared to his followers in three days) proved to be a bad business on our hands for some time, till the turnpike directors turned it to good account.

"First, his sale was proved to be necessary, and consequently right; because he was of low parentage and mean birth, and ignorant, not having learned to read; and being a mechanic and laborer, was therefore only fit for a chattel, and as such was the priest's money, and might be killed in hot blood without guilt. In the second place his sale has been declared by doctors of divinity and expounders of the constitution to be an excellent example, and good authority for the sale and purchase of other carpenters and working-men, to this day, particularly if like the Asiatics and Africans, they have dark skin.

"Thus you will perceive that the directors have greatly augmented the wealth and comfort of our realm; for to say nothing of the value of the chattels themselves, a delicate white fibre that they produce, is said to be stronger and more powerful than any king on the earth.

"And besides, these turnpikes lead off a vast number of fanatics, who would otherwise disturb our province and defy our AUTHORITY. But as they place great reliance on the authority of the carpenter, they readily bow to any mandates that are enforced in his name. So we have a mutual understanding with the turnpike directors, and render reciprocal aid in governing the masses, who are always harping on their inalienable rights; but by this policy we have made them believe that these vulgar notions are but a 'chain of glittering generalities,' and also to endorse the same by their most solemn voice or vote. Thus we have established a mutual AUTHORITY which they recognize, and to which they have given their allegiance, and have become our vassals without appeal. Respectfully,

M. W. HAMMOND.

(*To be Continued.*)

The New Bedford *Standard* reports a pumpkin vine in that city which is three hundred feet long and bore 115 pumpkins. They are of the variety known as "some pumpkins."

The Emperor Napoleon pays $300 per 1000 for his cigars, in Cuba. He is an inveterate smoker, and ought to have good cigars at that price.

A young man on his way to Chemical Bank, in New York, on Friday afternoon last, to deposite $4800, was robbed of the whole amount. The robber choked him and left him insensible.

The Assignees of the estate of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have completed the sale of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are the purchasers, and will continue its publication, commencing with the November number.

Gov. Banks of Mass., "the little iron man," has been on a western tour, occasioned by an engagement to deliver the Address before the Michigan State Fair. The Governor was quite a "lion" while there. He is a rising man, and will make his mark yet.

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 II.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

Ever since the mysterious phenomena of the pocket-book, we had from time to time observed unaccountable movements, and heard noises which appeared to be made without human agency. But amid the excitement attendant upon my arrest and trial, and the constant demands upon the time of Dr. Herder and myself, upon first being installed into our respective professorships, we had been unable to bestow farther attention to the subject than was necessary to quiet the fears of madame von Wieser and her daughter.

On Christmas eve we were all seated in the quiet little parlor at the cottage, and contrary to our usual custom, no one was reading. During a pause which occurred in conversation upon general topics, I availed myself of the opportunity to enquire of the Dr. upon what philosopical principle he explained the effect of his influence upon Minnie, at the time of his quieting her fears when she was ready to swoon, simply by taking her hands and commanding her not to be frightened.

"O, that is simple enough," he replied, "and I explain it in this way: The weaker force always yields to the stronger; the less fright to the greater. Minnie was more fearful of disobeying me, than of all the ghosts and witches in Germany.—Therefore when I took her hands and peremptorily commanded her not to be afraid, her fear of the ghost, or whatever the legerdermain might have been, was almost instantly overpowered by her fear of me."

"But I was *not* afraid of you, uncle," Minnie replied, "but on the contrary I experienced a desire for being close to you, because I was growing stronger every moment."

"It was natural for you to cling to me for protection when you felt yourself in danger, and equally natural that your strength should increase as your fear vanished."

"Is it natural, uncle, when a person is the subject of two fears, that she should cling to the greater for protection?"

"As your uncle and friend, it was natural that you should look to me for protection."

"Which necessarily proves that I do not fear you."

"You would fear to disobey me?"

"Not half so much as I should fear some danger that threatened my life."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a dear, kind uncle, and were I to disobey you a thousand times, you would not harm even a hair of my head."

The doctor looked both pleased and puzzled. Pleased with his "logical little philosopher," as he called Minnie—puzzled, because she had so easily driven him from one of his philosophical conclusions, which he admitted he had "jumped at," instead of reaching by a course of deductions.

"Well, doctor," said I, "my question is still unanswered—do you give it up?"

"O, as for that, my little philosopher here can probably answer much more clearly than I can," he replied, glancing at Minnie with a look of pride and good natured irony.

"Probably I can," she replied mischievously, her usually pale countenance glowing with animation, "but uncle would no more believe my theory than I did his."

"And would probably annihilate it as easily," he replied in a bantering tone.

"Nevertheless, we should like to hear Minnie's explanation," I suggested, "and since she is the person who was influenced, her opinions are entitled to consideration.',

"O, certainly," replied the doctor, "let us have the explanation, by all means."

"And then laugh at her simplicity," she replied; "O, no, gentlemen—an inexperienced girl must not advance theories before two learned Professors, altnough she might afford to criticise *them*."

After much persuasion, and many assurances that we would not laugh at her, however unphilosophical her explanation might appear, she at length gave a reluctant consent.

"On account of your prejudices," she began, "and not my own doubts, I have hesitated. But after your kind assurances, and since you insist upon it, I will give you what I consider the only rational solution to the question. I look upon mind and spirit, not as synonymous, but the former as the product of the latter. The spirit has an existence—has action; the result of that existence and action is *mind*. The soul differs from either, inasmuch as there must be a union of spirit with body, in order to constitute a soul. The soul is a product of spirit and body; mind a product of spirit; knowledge a product of mind.

"The spirit is greater than the body.—Hence, the spirit can influence the body, more than the body can influence the spirit. Each spirit acts upon and influences other spirits, by some unseen power; but when the body influences another body, its action is always perceptible to the external senses. Both spirit and body are in greater awe of spirit, than of body."

"O, do stop, cried the doctor, "your deductions are so much superior to your premises, that it makes me nervous to hear you. If your facts were only right, you would make quite a logician. As it is, I must prescribe for you a preparation—one part bible; one part mental philosophy; two parts physiology, and five parts—"

He was interrupted by a repetion of the rumbling sound, apparently at a great distance, heard at intervals, each seeming nearer than the last, and similar to what was heard on the night we discovered the mysterious pocket-book. Minnie instinctively slid nearer her uncle, and putting her hand in his, said with a smile,

"Now, uncle, you need not threaten, nor speak, nor even look stern, and you shall see that I am neither frightened nor excited, as long as you hold my hand, which will prove that your theories and premises are not entitled to one particle of respect. But what were the five parts of your preparation to have been?"

"Metaphysics, Minnie—five parts metaphysics," he replied as he gazed wonderingly upon his loving neice, so child-like, yet so original—so independent in thought.

The rumbling noise continued, and involuntarily we had been narrowing the distance between each other until I suddenly found myself face to face with Minnie, her mother close by my side, and facing the doctor.

"Come, Minnie," resumed the doctor, this is a favorable moment for you to conclude your learned lecture upon mysterious influences."

"I fear making you nervous," she replied with an arch smile, the humorsomeness of which we all caught, in spite of the unaccountable noises which were every moment increasing.

"However," she resumed, "as I have but a few words to add, I may as well conclude now as at any time.

"The stronger influences the weaker—the strong spirit influences the weak or passive spirit. If the strong spirit is good, and noble, and pure, the effect upon the weak spirit is congenial, and soothing, and happifying. But if the strong spirit is unholy and impure, it will produce pain, or anxiety, or fear upon the weak spirit. My dear, kind uncle has a good spirit and when he holds my hand in his I experience a good influence, and feel that nothing can harm me. But when he is not here, and I am worried or unhappy, I go and put my arm about my mother's neck and soon feel that all my troubles have vanished. But if mother is weary and unhappy, then I get no pleasant influence from her until she revives and her spirit becomes stronger.—Perhaps you may not understand this, but I do, for I have experienced it many times."

While Minnie was speaking, the rumbling without was every moment increasing, yet she appeared totally unmindful of it. Her mother, however, appeared nervous, and her countenance expressed deep concern. When she could get no nearer to her brother, she took his other hand, and then appeared calmer. At the same time I felt so strong a desire to take the hand of Minnie and madame von Wieser, that I did it almost involuntarily. It was the first time that I ever sat with a lady's hand in mine, yet I experienced none of those "thrilling sensations" which I have so often heard described by others. My emotions were such as the strong experience when protecting the weak—calm, confident, self-sacrificing.

We continued sitting in the circle for several minutes without a word being spoken, and then we heard the same knock upon the outer door which startled us a few weeks previous. A heavy weight seemed to fall upon the floor inside—knocked three times, and then appeared to slide along about a pace—knocked three times—slid again, and in this manner approached the door of the parlor which it appeared to pass through and fall heavily upon the carpet in the room where we were sitting.

All eyes were anxiously turned in the direction of the sounds, but except a slight undulation or tremor of the carpet, nothing extraordinary was to be seen. Still we sat there in our little circle, and although there were no violent demonstrations of fear, yet it was evident that all were more or less agitated.

Here was a power—a force—which was not discernible to the eye. It approached our circle and finally paused at the feet of Minnie. I felt her grasp upon my hand tighten, and observed that she was a little paler than usual; otherwise she was much calmer than I could have possibly supposed.

The next moment we heard a movement of Minnie's dress, as though a cat was slowly climbing up, supporting her weight by her claws. Minnie shuddered and gave a quick, nervous start, but no sound escaped her lips. Both the doctor and myself were looking her calmly in the face, and we both experienced a strong desire that she should not be frightened.

Our silence had now become painful, and I resolved to break it. "Doctor," I said, "how is this mysterious visitation to be explained?"

"Did you know that it was easier to ask than answer questions?" he replied.

"Very true—but the disciple of Bichat, the most eminent surgeon and physiologist in Germany; and finally, the learned Professor of an eminent University, should not attempt to evade so simple a question, but answer it categorically."

"Especially when propounded by another learned Professor who is so profoundly ignorant of the subject enquired about, that he can see neither the substance nor shadow."

"O, brother," said madame von Wieser, deprecatingly, "how can you joke upon a subject so solemn!"

"Simply because the *subject* is so *light* as to be invisible, and cannot, therefore, be *dissected*. But being so *light* that no new *light* can be thrown upon it, it becomes a query whether it is justly entitled to our *grave* consideration."

This was said in such a vein of quiet humor, that we could not forbear smiling, notwithstanding our invisible intruder was still scratching away at Minnie's dress.

"Well, doctor," I resumed, "if you will not answer my simple question, please be kind enough to furnish me with a name for our mysterious visitor?"

"O, yes," he replied, "with all my heart. This little *unsightly* fellow is one of the PELLUCIDS."

"Pellucids!" I repeated in amazement, "pray what are the Pellucids?"

"Pellucids!" he replied with assumed astonishment, "I thought everybody understood the Pellucids! I begin to fear that your education has been sadly neglected after all. I dare say our little philosopher here knows all about them. Come, Minnie, please enlighten the poor Professor."

But Minnie *didn't* know all about the Pellucids, and confessed that she never even heard the name until now.

"Well, well, children," he resumed, "I will not keep you in suspense any longer. The Pellucids are a certain race of beings, imaginary or real, as the case may be, who are supposed to, or actually do inhabit the air. They are as much lighter than the atmosphere, as the atmosphere is lighter than platina; but in power and subtlety, they as much surpass electricity, as that invisible agent surpasses mud."

"A very happy comparison," exclaimed Minnie, "and it suggests that your explanation is just about as *clear* as mud. But how does it happen, if your Pellucids are so much lighter than the atmosphere, that they fall to the floor so *heavily*? Better try again, uncle."

"Not too fast," he replied, "I also said that their power and subtlety exceeded even that of electricity. Therefore, by concentrating their invisible particles into the least possible space, and then directing all their powers to move in a downward direction, they may appear to fall with the weight of several hundred pounds. Or if they wish to rise, they have only to expand their invisible particles, and the atmosphere instantly floats them. Wonder if the little philosopher will not have to try again?"

Minnie would have doubtless acknowledged that she had the worst of the argument upon this point, but at that moment the "Pellucid," as I shall continue to call it, for want of a more convenient name, succeeded in making a landing in Minnie's lap. I distinctly felt its weight as it passed over my hand, causing a numbing sensation, with a sort of "prickly chill," which lasted for several minutes.

"I cannot say that I was frightened, for I am possessed of that peculiar mental and physical organization which seldom knows fear of any kind, and *never* suffers to any extent from the effects of it. In this I closely resembled the doctor, who was even a greater stranger to the paralyzing effects of the cowardly passion. But both madame von Wieser and her daughter were highly nervous in their temperaments with quick, active brains, of the very finest quality. It was therefore not surprising that they manifested strong symptoms of alarm. But for the presence of the doctor and myself, they would doubtless have both fainted, when the Pellucid glided about, from the lap of one to the other. But our firmness, and the confident tone in which he assured them that they should not be harmed, inspired madame von Wieser and Minnie with so much self-possession that in a few minutes they ceased to shudder and became comparatively free from alarm.

"Well, doctor," said I in a bantering tone, when the ladies were once more composed, "we should like to hear a lecture from you upon the Natural History of the Pellucids. This one appears to be a queer sort of chap, and if you have no objections, be kind enough to tell us of his tastes, habits, mode of life and death, character, and means of livelihood?"

"Certainly—certainly. But how shall the lecture be? Brief—or at length?"

"Brief, by all means."

"Very well. Tastes—peculiar; habits—eccentric; mode of life and death—has none; character—suspicious; means of livelihood—unknown."

"Thank you," said Minnie, "your explanation is more than lucid—it is Pellucid."

"How *can* you, Minnie"—said her mother, "how *can* you speak so lightly in a time like this!"

"Simply because she is speaking upon a light subject," replied the doctor with a quiet smile.

By this time the Pellucid had left our circle and had resumed his travels about the room, alternately knocking three times, and sliding. He now approached a pile of wood, near the fire-place, and we distinctly heard a scratching, as if by some animal with sharp claws. We next observed a motion of the wood, as though the floor beneath was rising and falling—then one stick of wood rolled off—then another—and so on, until there was not left one stick upon another which had not rolled down.

"Well, Mr. Pellucid," exclaimed the doctor, "we don't thank you for this performance, nor in fact for your intrusion here—so please take yourself off, and not be so ungentlemanly as to remain where you are not wanted."

Madame von Wieser was very much shocked at her brother's levity of speech, and sought to interrupt him; but the doctor had but little reverence except for his Maker and for science, and being no believer in ghosts and witches, could not bring himself to fear an invisible agent which he had lightly christened a "Pellucid."

But if we were greatly astonished at the *appearance* of the Pellucid, we were no less astonished to hear it promptly retiring towards the door, in obedience to the doctor's wishes, knocking and sliding along, passing out and retiring, the rumbling noise becoming fainter and fainter, until it gradually ceased altogether.

(*To be continued*)

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

LEGEND OF THE FATAL RING.

A GERMAN STORY.

We were three friends—Ferdinand W——, a celebrated lawyer; Auerbach, the court-physician; and myself.

Having no particular calling, I spent most of my time in reading the various publications that issued from the German press. I became of opinion that there was hardly one that made an effort to raise the public taste. With the intention of fulfilling, in a more effectual manner the duties required of a journal, my friends and I established a periodical. Whether we ever realized our fond hopes, is not for me to say. Ferdinand was to contribute the learned leaves, Auerbach the elegant, and I, who could not boast of either learning or elegance, to attend to the minor departments.

We had our meetings as our more advanced contemporaries. As soon as my companions had finished their professional avocations—one in distracting the minds of his clients, while the other performed the same charitable function to their bodies, they usually met at my house; and with our tobacco-pipes, and over our glass of good Rhenish wine, we made our criticisms.

One evening, when Ferdinand was more than usually late, and had wearied our patience waiting, we resolved to commence proceedings without him. The two newest publications lay on the table. *Friedenker*, a favorite German periodical, and *Wochentliche Zeitung*, then in its zenith. With the uncut leaves of these before us, we had no time to lose. I seized *Die Wochentliche Zeitung*. The first few pages contained an unfavorable review of a story in the *Freidenker*, called the "Gray Room." I read it with pleasure, as this very subject had been the cause of more than one dispute between me and my friend Auerbach; and I now hoped, with this ally, to shake his firm-rooted belief in the appearance of spirits. I commenced with the remark, "That of all the periodicals, I had the greatest respect for the *Freidenker*, and could not imagine how they had given their pages to such incredible stories as the "Gray Room." I was curious to see how they answered the objections, to my mind most reasonably urged against them, by the *Wochentliche Zeitung*."

"How will they answer them?" cried Auerbach. "With contemptuous silence, as they deserve."

I can see him now, with his head resting on the back of his chair, his pipe in his hands, his hair thrown back, and his deep-loving eyes looking fixedly before him, as if he was then holding communion with the invisible. "But," said I, "who can believe the nonsense that is put forward in that paper about the appearance of Gertrude?"

"Only account, then, for all that is related," said my friend eagerly. "Either the facts have taken place, or the author is guilty of falsehood; and I think even you would be slow to acknowledge that Gualfredo would state a thing for a fact that had not occurred. Believe me, you cannot know, and have not the opportunity of knowing what we medical men learn, coming in contact as we do with the caprices of nature. What she can or can not do, is not for us to say."

"I never met with any one," said I, "who

had *himself* seen a spirit; and though, as you say I have every confidence in Gualfredo, still he does not say that Gertrude ever appeared to him. It seems, from the whole tenor of the story, to have been related to him; neither does he pledge himself for its veracity, except in the negative way of repeating the story.—Now, to be honest," I continued: "have you ever spoken, face to face, with any one who saw a spirit?"

He remained silent for a time; and at last, having taken a turn up and down the room, and drawn a whiff from his pipe, and a sip from his glass, he turned full upon me, and said: "I have seen a spirit. Mind, I don't pass for a Geisterseher; but I have indeed seen a spirit once—a time never to be forgotten, for it made a change in me that I have never recovered. And, strange enough, the room with which it was connected was called the 'black chamber.'"

Much as I had vaunted my disbelief of ghost stories, I must confess that as we were then sitting in the dim twilight in that still summer evening, with the shadows lengthening through the deep recesses of the window, my companion's enthusiastic nature quite carried me with him; and with rapt attention, and an undefined feeling of pleasure mingled with fear, I prepared to hear the horrors of the "black chamber," which I now relate in his own words.

"I had concluded my university education, and to finish my studies in medicine, became, for some years, the in-door pupil of the famous Dr. W——, who at that time enjoyed the most extensive practice in Blenheim. My progress in my profession was so great, that in a few years my old master made over a number of his remote country patients to my care, his advanced age rendering it impossible for him to take long journeys. One evening I was hastily summoned to the country residence of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein, who had lately returned from Italy, with his second wife, a beautiful young heiress, whom he had just married; his first, it was said, had died at Milan, only a few months before the second marriage. It was, however, to attend the Count's sister that I was summoned; she was dying of nervous fever. I could render but little assistance, as I saw she was beyond earthly help; but I ordered some sedatives, and left written directions, to be followed till my return next day. I was prepared to leave, when the Count rushed in, and begged of me, as I valued his friendship, not to leave the house that night. He was devotedly attached to his sister; and, as I had no particular engagement, I consented to remain. The Lady Von Silberstein gave orders to have a room prepared for me, and begged me to take rest while my patient slept, as she knew the Count would require my attendance the moment the Lady Theresa awoke. Saying this, she wished me good night, and left the room.

When left alone, I could not help reflecting on the aspect of that gloomy castle, with its dark heavy towers, frowning, as if in anger with its inmates. It had not even a cheerful prospect, situated as it was, in a barren flat country, more like the strong-hold of a tribe of banditti than what one would expect to see at the dwelling of a nobleman. The interior was not one whit more inviting or cheerful.—The room I was in was fearfully sombre; it was a long narrow chamber, only half lighted by the small loop-hole windows; the furniture and drapery old and faded.

What could have induced the Countess to marry that man, thought I—she so young and lovely, he so dark and gloomy. I also noticed, during the short time I saw them together, a shadow pass over her, whenever her husband addressed her, indicative more of fear or dislike than love. In the midst of my reflections I was interrupted by the servant, announcing that my apartment was ready. Conducted to it, I found it even more dismal than that which I had just left. It was spacious; the old fashioned heavy doors were of massive oak; the tables were covered with dark cloth; the hangings and curtains were black as ebony, as also all the wood-work in the room. I lighted two pairs of candles to chase the gloom; but it was like the mere illumination of a vault, the narrow circles of radiance only making the darkness more visible.

I sat down at a small table near the fire, and placed my candles upon it, to impart some air of comfort to my black palace—but even that failed. I had determined at once to write down the particulars of the case I was attending, and get to bed. I must mention that one peculiarity of Dr. W——'s was, that each one of his pupils should give him in writing, a most circumstantial account of every case they attended; to accomplish this now, and resign myself to sleep, was all my desire.

I had just finished my medical technicalities, when I was called to attend Lady Theresa; she had awakened much worse, and the Count sent to beg that I would go to her without delay. I dressed and hastened after my attendant. We arrived, through various winding passages, at the chamber of the young lady. Never shall I forget the scene that there presented itself.

No one could doubt the Count's affection for his sister; yet now he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of her bodily sufferings, and only stood near her bed to listen with eagerness to the words she occasionally uttered. She herself, wretched creature, was sitting upright, staring as if her eyes would start from their sockets. I approached her; she turned from me sheltering herself beside her brother, and pointing wildly at me, she whispered:

"Did *he* see it? Did he hear it cry? Did he see the ring?"

I sought to calm her, having often seen people affected by visions in similar circumstances, but there was no quieting her. She sprang from her bed, and clung to her brother, still uttering incoherent sentences till at length she cried out:

"I feel its little arms; there—there—it is clinging to save it. I cannot bear the glare of its eye. I can not—I dare not touch it. That fatal ring."

Then, exhausted, she fell senseless on the floor. I called the Count to assist me in replacing her in bed; but when I looked around he was leaning against the wall, pale and motionless.

I rang the bell violently. As footsteps approached, he started. "For Heaven's sake," cried he, "let not mortal enter here."

"I must have assistance," I said.

"I can do any thing you require," replied he, making an effort that I saw cost him a great deal. But his will seemed, nevertheless, so strong, that when he walked to the door and gave some orders, to account for the bell having been rung, I looked in astonishment.—Turning to me he said: "Doctor, it is so strange and fearful to hear the ravings of delirium. How invariably they lead the poor sufferer to imagine scenes they never witnessed. A medical man of great eminence told me that this was always the case."

After a short interval, Lady Theresa revived; but no longer in her former state of excitement. She lay quiet, with her eyes closed. I tried to smooth her pillow, and bathed her hands. On a sudden she looked up, with a bright smile, and said softly, two or three times, "Rudolph." Then wandering among scenes afar off, gently fell asleep, and from that passed into the sleep from which there is no awaking.

I turned to the Count and said: "Lady Theresa is dead."

"Dead!" he cried; "dead; she can not she must not die, and leave me. I had but her in the world; she would not leave me alone."

"It is no use," said I, drawing him from the body.

Sobbing like a child, he caught her beautiful golden tresses, in a vain attempt to sever a lock; but his trembling fingers refused their office, and again sinking beside her lifeless body, her fair hair covering him as a veil, he lay motionless. Much as I disliked the Count, this outburst of genuine feeling completely overcame me, and with tears I looked at the heart-broken man, all his hardness and repulsiveness quite forgotten. He seemed as if clinging to the fair angel whose bright spirit had fled.

After some little time he recovered himself, and rose to leave the room. I was only too glad to follow. I felt sick at heart. The wretched death bed I had witnessed, and the feeling of dislike I had felt for the Count, combined to make me long for a quiet hour in my own room.

We descended to the saloon; the Count making some apology that he had letters to write, left me. I hastened back to my own chamber, but not to sleep. I piled wood on the fire, and sat down in a large chair opposite to it, recalling minutely every word that Lady Theresa had uttered. I could think of nothing else—what could have befallen the young girl? That she was implicated in some dark deed there could be no doubt; the awful visions that haunted her were not raving fancies of delirium. Her brother—he too shared her secret. I had a dim recollection of a tale that I had heard when a child, of some heavy curse which hung over the Count's house. One of his ancestors had treated his wife with cruelty, and she on her death bed left their wedding ring, with a bitter curse attached to it, and that it should cling to the family till a dead bride claimed a husband with it; but what could that poor girl have to do with a child and a ring? It was all mystery, and the incoherent story furnished little solution to the problem. I thought again and again of all that I had ever heard about Lady Theresa, but that was not much. She was very young, had latterly not appeared abroad in the world.—Some said her engagement to an officer had been suddenly broken off; others that she had become ascetic. Be this as it may, she certainly shunned all society, even her sister's; her only companion was her brother.

I tried to turn my thoughts into other channels, but to no purpose. I felt a great wish to see her again, and yielding to the temptation, crept back to her room and gazed once more on those features which had made so deep an impression upon me. All was hushed; every thing had been arranged. Morning had just dawned, and the gray light streamed through the open casement. I turned to look on the beautiful creature before me. There she lay in the stillness of death; a smile seemed to rest on her features. It may be that the recollection of some happy hour of childhood had visited her wearied spirit before it went forth on its solitary journey. I felt I was polluting a sanctuary by harboring for a moment the thought that she could be implicated in any crime, and pressing a kiss on her cold cheek, I took away one of her bright curls.

The next day Lady Theresa was buried.—The Count asked me to stay that night which I gladly did, as I was worn out with my vigil of the night before. Just as I was about to consign myself to rest, I was interrupted by the jager, who knocked at my door to inquire if I had any commands. He was a lively, pleasant fellow, and inclined to be communicative. We sat talking for awhile, when he rose to leave the room, he looked around with a shudder and asked, "If I felt lonely, or would wish him to remain all night."

I smiled at the idea, for he seemed really afraid; and although I did not think the place cheerful, yet I had no fear. I was as skeptical then as you are now. My talkative companion related many stories connected with the chamber, to which I eagerly listened, in hopes I might find a clue to Lady Theresa's ravings, but all were connected with events that had occurred years before. However inclined I might have been to have kept this young man with me, I now determined to place no obstacle to my spending a night in a haunted chamber. The very idea gave me a thrill of pleasure. I left no portion of my apartment unsearched, so that I could not by possibility be played upon. I secured the door and the windows, and having made all my arrangements, with the view of practically overthrowing the theory of apparitions, I went to bed and much sooner than I expected fell asleep.

After some time I was aroused by hearing a sound like the dropping of a heavy weight, as it fell step by step. I could not account for the noise, for it seemed to proceed from the other side of the wall, which I knew was an outside wall, and there was neither room nor stairs beyond. I looked around, but all was dark.—Thinking I must have been mistaken, I settled to sleep again when the sound was repeated even more distinctly than before. I began now, indeed to feel nervous, and sat up. A slight wind, like a breath, passed over me, but still I saw nothing. I strained my eyes as though I could penetrate the darkness. The sound had greatly decreased, yet I was conscious there was something, be it mortal or spirit, in the room with me. After watching with a beating heart, I argued myself into the idea that the noise must have been at the other side of the *inside* wall, and that it was occasioned by some of the servants who had perhaps been up late, and so turning on my side, tried again to compose myself. I had not been settled many minutes however, when I perceived a faint light, coming from the same direction in which I had heard the sound. I looked up, when, to my horror, I saw a tall female figure advancing steadily towards me. She had long bright hair, falling over her shoulders, and her drapery was pure as snow. She stood still in the centre of the room, gazing about her. I was paralyzed with terror; I held my breath, dreading to make the least movement, lest I should attract her attention, but I could not for one moment withdraw my eyes from the figure. At last it perceived me, for it hastily advanced towards me, and extending its long arm seized my hand.

I fell back insensible. How long I remained in this state I don't know; but I awoke before it was light. I sprang from my bed, lighted a candle, and looked every where to see had my supernatural visitor left any trace behind, but I could find no clue to the mystery. I thought I must have a frightful dream, till my eye fell on a ring upon my finger that I had never seen before. What could this mean? Who could that mysterious being have been? I tried to recall the features.—They seemed familiar to me. I had seen them previously, but when or where? Yes—yes—I remembered they were none other than those of the Lady Theresa. Now it was too, that I recollected distinctly the same beautiful hair. The eyes, though wild, still had the same loving, melancholy expression. That look that none but she could have! Could her troubled spirit have come to reveal to me the secret of her dying agony? Perhaps it was to ask me to bear a message. Oh! that I had been able to question her! how I cursed my timidity, that had prevented me from speaking to her!

In this excited state of mind I sat down, listening intensely in fear of hearing her footsteps. I took off the ring to look at the gift of the dead, when oh! horror more terrible than words can express—too terrible even for imagination—I saw engraved upon it the heraldric bearings of Count Von Silberstein's family.

The Legend of the Fatal Ring burst, as it were, upon my mind; the whole thing seemed only too clear. It had been the Lady Theresa, but not come for sympathy—no. She had removed the fatal curse hanging over her brother's house—that brother she loved so dearly—and I was selected out of the whole world to carry the dreadful weight with me to the grave I clapsed my hand over my eyes, for it seemed to be written in blazing characters round the walls that I was wedded to a dead bride! I felt as if voices of thunder were shrieking the fearful secret into my ears. I flung myself on the floor, howling in the madness of despair, and calling down fearful imprecations on the head of the being whom a moment before I almost revered as an angel of light. At length nature exhausted itself, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awake till the bright beams of the sun showed me that morning was far advanced. I looked round in surprise at finding myself stretched on the ground, though an indescribable weight pressed me down. I could not at first recollect what had occured. By degrees the truth flashed across me. I sprang on my feet, examined the door to learn whether any one had entered the room and seen my delirious frenzy. All was as I had left it, doors and windows barred fast. My secret was my own. No mortal knew what had happened, and no one should ever know.

I dressed myself with scrupulous care, arranged the furniture, so that no trace was left of my impotent fury; and the ring—the hateful ring—should I fling it out of the window, or bury it deep in the earth? No. I dare not part with it; throw it where I would it would still come back to me, and perhaps in a way that would expose me to the whole world. It fixed itself on its possessor. Had I not but now seen the truth of this; for years, it may be for centuries, it had clung to Count Von Silbertstein's name; and now by *her* means, I dare not mention her name, fulfilling the prediction, it would cling, fasten, eat into my very life; and for how long? There was no second removal, no hope, no dawning of morning in that black *forever*.

I seized the ring and hid it in my bosom. Why should I indulge the feeling, it was a childish fancy? I would never think of it again. I ought to marry; I had no worldly cares, and my mind was liable to be infected with strange delusions. In this way I argued to myself, knowing, ay! feeling from the bottom of my heart, bound body and soul to a spirit. I hastened to the saloon—none of the family had made their appearance. Again I was alone; the solitude I had fled from above, pursued me here. I examined the pictures which I had seen many times before; wondered who they represented; had they a secret to hide; were they pursued by a specter, to whom they belonged without hope of release.—Again, at that terrible thought, I turned from them, and reckoned the panes of glass in each window. Did she, the Countess, who left that fearful legacy, ever stand here where I was standing. Perhaps it was in this spot that thought first presented itself to her mind.

I looked at the breakfast-table. It was laid for four, the Count, his wife, and myself; who could the fourth be? the Countess' sister? ah? here was a chance, I would marry her! I walked to the mirrors, thought I was good looking enough. I was in good practice, and very highly educated; many a girl would be only too glad to have me: but I had not money enough. In the midst of these reflections a pretty young woman with a child passed the window, just opposite to me; they stopped, and she gathered flowers and played with the little boy; I watched her for some time; oh! that I knew who she was—that I could get acquainted with her! She seemed an upper servant; what matter, I would marry her; yes, she should be my wife. I would protect her; she was poor, I would make her rich, I would make her a lady. She would never refuse me, and once married, I should be safe, and could defy the spirit. Without a moment's hesitation, I hurried along the corridor and down the terrace; a turn in the path suddenly brought me before the girl. I knelt at her feet, caught her dress, told her I adored her, would live but for her, would guard her as a tender flower, if she would but unite her fate with mine. The poor creature thought I was mad; she screamed, caught the child in her arms, and ran into the castle. I saw what I had done, she would give the alarm, they would all consider me insane; I should be shunned by every one, and left alone with my dreadful secret. Fearful of meeting any one, I left the terrace and hurried down the steps into the thicket. I saw servants out looking for me, and the young woman I had been speaking to pointing out to them the direction I must have taken. I lay hid under a bush, not moving a limb lest they should see me, and when they had returned I left my retreat and ran, almost flew home.—Those I met on the way looked at me with a vague glance that might have been sympathy. My first thought was to secrete the ring; this accomplished, I lay down and longed, oh! how earnestly, for death! From that hour I was ill three months of the same disease that Lady Theresa had died of. When I left my sick-bed I was another creature; I no longer strove to shut out the hateful truth from myself, but humbly submitted to my fate.

"Now what do you say to this; for I can testify on oath all I have stated?"

"I can but allow it is most strange," said I, "and had you not assured me you had examined every part of your room so carefully I should have had some doubts."

"As I stated," replied Auerbach, "deception here was impossible. I was as wide awake as you are now. And, besides, the fatal ring; what else could that mean?" And he relapsed into a state of abstraction.

"Well," said I, more with the idea of rousing him, than for any real obstacle it presented to my mind; "the ring is a stumbling-block to me. If the appearance was not a deception, it must have been a spirit; but I cannot understand a spirit having anything to do with the fading things of this world. It leaves all that behind."

He interrupted me:

"You first deny the existence of spirits; then you must define the exact way they ought to appear; such inconsistency! But perhaps you will not be so skeptical if I show you the ring. I have never worn it since that fatal night, now years gone by; but something urges me to look at it to-night. Who knows but it may be a warning that I am soon to join my spirit-bride?"

Saying this, he took from his breast a curious looking box, and handed it to me to open.

I can hardly describe the sensation with which I raised the lid, and took out a very old-fashioned ring, with strange characters engraved on it; and, true enough, the heraldric bearings of the Count Albrecht Von Silberstein's family. I felt a nervous, creeping sensation; the perspiration hung in drops on my forehead. As to Auerbach he seemed ready to fall.

Just then I heard a footstep; trembling, I let the ring fall on the floor, and ran to assist Auerbach, who who had fainted, crying out:

"I come—I come!"

Immediately I heard a voice, exclaiming:

"Where in the world are you? What is the matter?"

To my infinite relief I recognized Ferdinand's voice, and calling him to my aid, we got poor Auerbach to bed, where, after administering some remedies, we succeeded in restoring consciousness.

When I related to Ferdinand what had passed, he started convulsively.

"I have been," he broke forth, "kept at court all day, on account of that identical Black Chamber!"

I urged him to relate *his* story, and he began:

"You both know Fritag," said he. "Count Von Silberstein lately invited him to a large ball at the Castle of Silberstein. The night proved a tempestuous one; thunder and lightning, and torrents of rain; so they pressed Fritag to remain. He said he would willingly, save that he had an appointment early the next morning in town. The Count said that he had also an early engagement, and that they could go together.—Under these circumstances, Fritag was very glad to remain beneath so good a shelter. The next morning, it seems, the jager knocked at his door to tell him the Count was waiting for him; but receiving no answer, concluded he had left he Castle. So the Count departed without him. When the party assembled at breakfast, one of the domestics announced to the Countess that Herr Fritag had not gone with the Count. She immediately sent to let him know that they were waiting breakfast; but there was no answer. After a delay of a couple of hours, they broke open the door, when they found poor Fritag insensible, lying across the bed. They thought at first he was dead; but perceiving he still breathed, they used remedies, and he soon showed signs of returning consciousness. They then entreated him to say what had happened, when he stated that the night before he noticed the gloomy appearance of the room to his attendant, who said it had hardly been used since the late Countess' death. It was the room that she and the Count had occupied; and since her demise it had the reputation of being haunted.

Fritag was not afraid of spirits, and settled himself for the night without any apprehen-

(Continued on 6th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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A SUBJECT FOR THE "INDEPENDENT."

The New York *Independent* recently urged the necessity of a "serious and prayerful consideration" of the doctrines of endless misery by the pastors of the "evangelical" denominations. A most alarming state of unbelief—a general looseness—on this topic is rapidly taking hold of the public mind, and therefore something must be done to counteract it. We respectfully suggest to the *Independent* whether it will not be good policy for the churches to "declare the whole counsel of God," in this matter—to "hew to the line, no matter into whose faces the chips may fly." The reproduction, for instance, of the beautiful views of the earnest and eloquent Jonathan Edwards, would no doubt be very effective in bringing many souls to a knowledge of saving grace, and aid them to manfully "Stand up for Jesus!" Here are some gems from this celebrated divine:

"The sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever. It will not only make them more sensible of the greatness and freeness of the grace of God in their happiness, but it will really make their happiness the greater, as it will make them more sensible of their own happiness, it will give them a more lively relish of it; it will make them prize it more. When they see others, who were of the same nature, and born under the same circumstances, plunged in such misery, and they so distinguished, O, it will make them sensible how happy they are. A sense of the opposite misery, in all cases, greatly increases the relish of any joy or pleasure." * * *

"So that thus it is that *natural men* are held in the hands of God over the pit of hell; they have deserved the fiery pit, are already sentenced to it; and God is dreadfully provoked: his anger is as great toward them, as to those that are actually suffering the execution of the fierceness of his wrath in hell; o * the devil is waiting for them; the flames gather and flash about them and would fain lay on them and swallow them up." * * * * "They are now the objects of the very same anger and wrath of God, that is expressed in the torments of hell. And the reason why they do not go down to hell at each moment is not because God, in whose power they are, is not very angry with them; as angry as he is with any of those miserable creatures that he is now tormenting in hell, and do there feel and bear the fierceness of his wrath."

o o o o *

"The God who holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times as abominable in his eyes as the most hateful and venomous serpent is in ours."

There is no copy-right, we believe, upon the foregoing extracts, and we trust the *Independent* and its contemporaries will hasten to give them the benefit of their circulation! How many eloquent and effective sermons might be preached from the above pregnant texts! The public mind is ripe for just such teaching, and we cannot help saying that the "evangelical" churches have been guilty of very grave sins of omission in so long and carefully suppressing so important a topic from their people! Now that they are coming back to the old Christian (?) landmarks, we begin to feel sanguine of the near approach of the Millennium! If we can aid in presenting such beautiful truths before the world, our humble mite shall not be found wanting. △

☞ We have to apologize to those new subscribers to the AGE in Milford, N. H., who subscribed through Bro. H P. Fairfield. How we failed to get their names on our books we are at a loss to discover. However, the matter is rectified now, and we heartily beg pardon for the trouble we have occasioned.

A PRACTICABLE REFORM.

Many proposed Reforms require so great a change from the accustomed habits of people that their speedy adoption, however desirable, is quite impracticable. In the matter of woman's dress, for example, what is known as the "Bloomer costume," tho' preferable doubtless to the great majority of women, for its convenience and utility, if not for its elegance, yet meets with thus far unsurmountable obstacles to general adoption, mainly on account of the wideness of its departure from the prevalent custom. Few women have the courage, for mere personal convenience and comfort, to brave the curious stare, the vulgar jest and the more violent demonstrations by which foolish men and boys are wont to testify their displeasure at so wide an innovation. Much less can they endure without quailing the sneers and averted faces of the still more foolish of their own sex, who hug the chains of Fashion. However strongly they may feel their right to do that which is right and proper, and the obligation to do it *because* it is right and proper, yet "there is a great deal of human nature in" woman, as well as in man; and what Mrs. Grundy says is almost omnipotent, especially in matters of dress.

This obstacle is far less formidable in the way of the reformatory step we are about to propose.

Late advices from England state that a movement has been commenced in that country, and that too among the aristocracy, to induce women *to dress only in calico*, (with, we presume, other articles of apparel correspondingly plain,) *when attending public worship*. The object is to do away with those outside marks of rank, wealth and social distinction, which are so wholly out of place in the religious assembly and the house of worship, and which tend to keep the poor always painfully reminded of their poverty, and hence to give them a repugnance to such assemblies. Surely, such a movement must commend itself to the sensible and earnest of all classes; for if there is any place where the factitious distinctions of wealth and hereditary rank should be forgotten, and all stand on an equality, it is in meetings for religious worship and spiritual instruction. True gentility, or politeness, to say nothing of Christian love, leads those who possess it to abstain from needlessly annoying or wounding the feelings of others, especially the unfortunate

What we have to propose is, that the *Spiritualists* of this country should take hold of a similar reform, and make it a peculiarity of our religious assemblies. In no other way, we opine, can we so readily command public respect, and give proof of our earnestness in the great work of practical reform.

Let all rich and gaudy apparel, worn merely for the purpose of looking as well as our neighbors, or out-shining them, be banished from meetings of Spiritualists.—Let those who have the *means* to dress richly, set the example of dressing plainly, and so give courage and countenance to that other class who continually distress and harass themselves to *appear* as well as others, lest they shall be thought poor. By pursuing this course, almost any lady can so retrench her shopping bills, as to be able to present to some really needy person of the congregation a dress for the Sunday meetings, as good as that she will herself wear.

That there is need enough of such a reform, who will deny? Who does not know that the so-called "public worship" of most of our churches, is, to a large part of the attendants, little else than an occasion for showing off finery—for exhibiting the latest modes—in fact, for the worship of the fickle Goddess of Fashion! And who does not know that this most profitless of all idol-worship, is not only a stumbling-block and hindrance to the very poor, who are unable to join in such rivalry, but that it also keeps the middle class of community on a constant rack, lest they shall be outdone by their neighbors; and, moreover, that it has more than once plunged our whole country into bankruptcy and distress, and is on the eve of doing the same again, on account of the vast consumption of foreign manufactures to which it leads?

Spiritualists are by no means free from this folly of popular religionists. Though perhaps the largest portion of their congregations generally are from the poorer classes, or at least from those who are measurably regardless of the dictates of Fashion, yet evidence of the same love of rich and showy apparel, are observable to greater or less extent among them. And it is a matter of public comment that some who have taken the place of prominent teachers of Spiritualism—more particularly those female speakers, who have been most successful and popular—have set an example in this regard quite unworthy of imitation. While they have had the courage to confront bravely the ridicule and calumny which have attatched to their position as public advocates of an unpopular truth, yet they have failed to exhibit that higher nobility, which despises the flimsy aids of costly dress and tawdry ornament. The display of lustrous silks, and waving flowers, and fleecy laces, and sparkling jewelry, not to mention the unmeasured extension of "woman's sphere," not unfrequently exhibited on Spiritualistic platforms, is hardly out-done in the acknowledged temples of Fashion. Were the ancient Psalmist to witness some of these displays, and were he to concede that woman's "best estate" is to be an inspired speaker to admiring crowds, he would probably feel justified in saying that *woman*, as well as man, "in *her* best estate, is altogether vanity."

The better sense of every reader, we are confident, will testify to the desirableness of the reform proposed. And to whom can the community look for its inauguration, but to Spiritualists? They profess the great doctrine of universal brotherhood, and a common destiny. They profess to despise all shams and factitious distinctions. Their faith leads, or *should* lead them away from outside shows, and to value all things according to their internal qualities, and their spiritual realities.—They, if any body, should be able to withdraw their affections from the world of sense and of shadows, and to fix them on the unseen, the substantial, and the eternal. In avowing the unpopular truth of Spiritualism, and braving the odium thereto attached, they have acquired some degree of moral courage. There is, doubtless, more of real *back-bone* among them, than among any other class of the community. They can therefore, more readily free themselves from the trammels of fashion and of folly, than others can be expected to. Will they not then take hold of this matter in good earnest?

"Would you, then, have us come down to a Quaker-like uniformity of dress, and allow no ornament, and no exercise of individual taste or skill in the matter of apparel?" By no means. The exercise of taste in personal embellishment, is as natural as any other faculty, and is to be encouraged in its proper sphere. What we urge is, that *the assembly for public worship, or for spiritual instruction, is not the place for its exhibition.* There all should meet on a level, without these outside badges of distinction, which tend to enkindle vanity, pride, envy and jealousy, to enforce on the poor and unfortunate a sense of inferiority. Let ornament and display, if you must indulge them, be reserved for select social occasions, where only those who move on something like the same plane of life are expected to participate; or for public occasion of a more general character. But do not bring them into the assembly of worshippers or truth-seekers, to distract attention and humiliate the children of misfortune. Let the attire for such meetings be neat, tasteful and comfortable as you please, but simple, plain, and of such material that those having limited means may share it with you, and not feel that the best they can procure is but a badge of humiliation in your presence.

"All this is very desirable," you say; "we wish it were so; but who shall begin?" Would that our noble band of female lecturers had the moral courage to set the example. They have it in their power to revolutionize public sentiment and public practice, on this subject, in a short time, (as they have done in regard to woman's speaking in public,) if they would but undertake it in earnest. But perhaps it is too much to expect of them to initiate the movement. In the popular churches, *the pews lead;* and so, to a great extent is it among Spiritualists.

Let then half-a-dozen or so of sensible women in each of our assemblies (we trust there are at least *that* number of such in each,) who are tired of the silly round of fashionable display—as all sensible women are—and who feel the propriety of these suggestions, band together (that they may keep each other in countenance,) and resolve to appear hereafter in public religious or spiritual meetings in plain attire only—such as the humbler classes can also afford Their own good sense will dictate what it should be, better than we can suggest.—Let them carry out the resolution with true womanly steadfastness. The change required will be so slight, and withal so obviously within the sphere of womanly propriety, that no rude opposition will be excited. Mrs. Grundy may at first curl her haughty lip a trifle—and look the other way; and the silly apes of French fickleness may smirk and titter for a little. But the smiles of the angels, and the blessing of all the children of misfortune, will be upon them! Yea, and the approbation of of all the manly men and womanly women will be theirs! And, what is better than all, *their own self-respect* and strength in the right will be greatly increased. Not long will it take for the imitation of such a noble example to spread through the assembly, the community, and, indeed, the entire country—till it shall be deemed as much a mark of ill-taste, and a lack of true refinement, to appear in a *religious* meeting decked in finery and costly array, as it now is to enter the parlor in the garb of the work-shop or the farm-yard.

My dear lady reader, is there not truth and force in these recommendations? And will you not assert the true dignity of your womanhood, and prove the practical value of your spiritualism, by at once moving to put them in practice? By so doing, you will acquire strength for still further reforms in the future. A. E. N.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In reply to inquiries, the undersigned would state that the Committee entrusted with the calling of a National Convention of Spiritualists has not as yet come to a final determination in the matter; nor will the decision be made before the first of January next. It has, however, been decided that if a Convention is called, it will not be convened till about the first of June, 1860.

The principal cause of hesitancy is the lack of any general response from the friends of Spiritualism in the Middle and Western States. It is desirable that this should be a truly *National* movement, if it proceeds at all. It is hoped that, between this and January, the Spiritualists of all sections will express their sentiments, *pro* or *con*, on the question of holding a Convention, either through the papers or by letters to the undersigned.

The *locality* at which the Convention shall meet will depend upon the responses from the Western States. Cleveland has been named as the most central point for the whole country. But if the west does not choose to participate, the conveniences of other sections will suggest a more eastern city.

Let none suppose that the establishment of a National Organization, of any kind, (much less one of an objectionable, sectarian character,) is to be the necessary result of the proposed Convention. On the contrary, if called, it will be *to consider* the question of organization, and others pertaining to the general interests of the Spiritualistic movement, and to take such action as shall be deemed expedient. It is designed therefore as much for the *opponents* as for the *friends* of organization; and it may be expected that the side which shall present the most cogent reasons for its faith, will prevail.

That a meeting of earnest friends of Spiritualism from all sections of our widely extended country, at which they can look each other in the face, compare notes and views, and take fraternal counsel as to the duties devolving upon them, *may* result in great good, hardly admits of question. If it shall then and there appear that fraternal co-operation for any common end is impracticable or undesirable, so let it be. Is the Convention wanted?

In behalf of the Committee,
A. E. NEWTON, Cor. Sec'y.

LECTURES ON SWEDENBORG.

We are pleased to observe that our esteemed friend, Mr. R. K. BROWNE, of New York, offers himself to the public as a lecturer on the writings of Swedenborg as viewed in the light of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Browne is an acute thinker and an able and conscientious essayist, as his contributions to the Spiritualistic press have abundantly shown. The writings of the great Swedish Seer, too, furnish ample materials for the interest and instruction of a Spiritualistic audience—as we know from our own readings. The following paragraphs will indicate the light in which the lecturer views these writings. Mr. Browne may be addressed at the Office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, or the *Banner of Light*, New York. A. E. N.

SWEDENBORG'S REVELATIONS IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—"In closely scanning the writings of Swedenborg—the literature under the appellation "Swedenborgian"—in the light of modern Spiritual manifestations, without any other purpose to serve than the best understanding of them, it was clear to me that they united in the closest combination, or conjunction, two series; 1st, the facts which he narrated; and, 2d, the more or less theoretical and inductive rationale of them—the former being intrinsically valid, the latter only conditionally or factitiously so. In intimate association with the latter were also the dogmas in which Swedenborg had been indoctrinated, and which (for him) found confirmation or support in the scenes he witnessed.

To see these two series apart, was to see that the *ensemble* of facts was in precise agreement with the later manifestations, while the doctrines were simply the growth of his early faiths, more or less modified at last, and of which his mental structure had not been eviscerated.

The *confusion* of the two series constitutes the view of Swedenborg's writings held by the "Swedenborgian;" yet of the dogmas above mentioned no *sensible* or experimental proof or *knowledge, could* be had, and in fact is not afforded by the Scenes of Spirit-Life Swedenborg witnessed.

The modern Spiritualist has taken for granted the views of Swedenborg held by "Swedenborgians"—being wholly unprepared by a perusal or study of his narrations to see the true view—and hence discredits Swedenborg; or, if not so, attempts no approach to an explanation of his facts. Yet these facts, as we have averred, are no more difficult of understanding than any of the modern phenomena."

SPIRITUALISM UNDER ORTHODOX INDICTMENT.

It is well known to our readers that in the city of Oswego, the friends of Spiritualism have secured by concerted action a course of lectures, to hear which one of the large halls has been crowded twice every Sunday, and indeed whenever a lecture has been announced during the week. The result has been a stir among some of the sectarian zealots—the star-chamber inquisitions and exclusions have been tried and industriously slanders have been circulated against those who would think for themselves on the vexed question of the times.

All this took no tangible form until an ecclesiastical body called the Oswego Baptist Association met in August, whose doings are now published, and from the published "Minutes" now before us, we extract an Indictment preferred before the body in the letter of the West Church in Oswego. These letters are usually the work of the pastors adopted by the vote of the churches, and in this case one Emerson W. Bliss, recently made an M. A. by Madison University, is the prosecuting attorney-priest.

From the printer's *digest of letters* we extract the following:

OSWEGO—WEST CHURCH, E. W. BLISS, Pastor.—Report large, attentive congregations, well sustained prayer meetings; union and harmony in the Church, and the relation of Pastor and people pleasant and profitable. Large and prosperous Sunday School.

They state that "we have been called upon in Oswego to contend with that Hydra-Headed Monster *Modern Spiritualism*, which came in upon us like a flood, making alarming encroachments upon all the Evangelical Churches of our City;

and, as a Church, believing that Modern Spiritualism, as promulgated in Conventions, as enunciated in lectures, as advocated in books and periodicals, leads to gross imposition, daring blasphemy, Rank infidelity, and tends to break up the most sacred domestic relations, and give unbounded scope to licentiousness; it became our duty to take *decided action*, and we not only excluded from our number several who had gone after seducing spirits, and had drunk in doctrines of Devils, but earnestly requested all our members to abstain from all meetings of Spiritualists, and from giving them, directly or indirectly, any countenance whatever."

We give this elegant extract entire, as a sample of the literary ability orthodoxy delights to honor—the author of this *Hydra* of Capitals and invectives was made a M. A. last fall! who will question now the attainments of the board conferring the degree?—probably of a valuable donation from the lucky parchment-holder or some of his friends!

As *gross imposition* is the first charge against Spiritualism, we would like to enquire what orthodoxy calls this conferring titles of literary eminence on a man who violates the simple rules of grammar in every public act.

One other charge is "*unbounded scope to licentiousness.*" Suppose the West Baptist Church of Oswego should be asked to explain its own doings—a few years ago Oswego was outraged by the presence of a man sustained by this same society, of whom they were notified beforehand that he was under a number of charges of libertinism and whom they finally shuffled off with clean papers, although the whole community knew him by his deeds as "*the Parson that kissed the Schoolma'am*"—was this not a practical loosening of all the bonds of licentiousness?

One other question and we have done—"*not only excluded, &c*," is the boast of this *Christian* body. We would like to know how much has been done to restore the wanderers—we fear those who are so powerful in slander are found powerless and doing nothing for reform.

DELTA PHI.

Summary of News.

The papers of last week bring us long, confused, blundering accounts of a serious insurrection of whites and negroes at Harper's Ferry. The cause of the trouble seems to be this, as near as we can get it from the facts before us:—The government contracted for the building of a dam at Harper's Ferry; when the contractor absconded without paying several hundred employees, and these employees have seized the U. S. Arsenal and Pay House, where a large amount of money was supposed to have been recently deposited, with the design of helping themselves to their pay. A despatch dated Baltimore, Oct. 17, 2, P. M., says—"Every light in the town was extinguished and the Hotels closed. All the streets were in the posession of the insurgents and every road and lane leading thereto barricaded and guarded. The insurgents were seen in every quarter with muskets and bayonets who arrested the citizens and pressed them into service, including many negroes. During the night the mob made a demand on the Wager Hotel for provisions and enforced the claim by a body of armed med. The citizens were in a dreadful state of alarm, the insurgents having threatened to burn the town. 2:30, P. M.—The western train on the Baltimore and and Ohio Railroad has just arrived here. Its officers confirm the statement first received touching the disturbances at Harper's Ferry. Their statement is to the effect that the bridge-keeper at Harper's Ferry perceiving that his lights had been extinguished, went to ascertain the cause, when he was fired upon by a gang of blacks and whites; subsequently the train came along when a colored man who acted as assistant to the baggage master was shot, receiving a mortal wound, and the conductor, Mr. Phelps, was threatened with violence if he attempted to proceed with the train. Feeling uncertain as to the condition of affairs, the conductor waited until after daylight before he ventured to proceed, having delayed the train six hours. Mr. Phelps says the insurrectionists number 200 blacks and whites, and they have full possession of the U. S. Armory. The party is commanded by a man named Anderson who had lately arrived at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Phelps confirms the statement that the insurrectionists had seized a wagon and loading it with muskets had despatched it into Maryland. The military of Frederick have been called out. Despatches have been received from President Buchanan ordering out the U. S. troops at this point, and a train is now being got ready to convey them to the scene of disturbance. He has also accepted the volunteered services of Capt. Senicks' company, of Frederick, and he has likewise ordered the Government troops at Old Point Comfort, to proceed immediately to Harper's Ferry. There was great excitement in Baltimore, and the military are moving. Several companies are ready to take the train which will start soon. 4 P. M.—An account from Frederick says that a letter has been received there from a merchant of Harper's Ferry, sent by a boy who had to cross the mountain and swim the river. The letter says that all the principal citizens are imprisoned, and many have been shot twice, and that the watchman at the depot had been shot dead. Monocacy Bridge, 10 P. M.—The train arrived here at 9 o'clock. Luther Simpson, baggage master of the mail train gives the following particulars:—I walked up to the bridge, was stopped, but was afterwards permitted to go up and see the captain of the insurrectionists. I was taken to the armory and saw the captain whose name is Bill Smith; I was kept prisoner more than an hour, and saw from 500 to 600 negroes all having arms. There were from 200 to 300 white men there with them. All the houses were closed; I went into a tavern kept by Mr. Chambers; 30 of the inhabitants were collected there with arms; they said most of the inhabitants had left, but they declined, preferring to defend themselves. It was reported that five or six persons had been shot. Mr. Simpson was escorted over the bridge by six negroes.

LATER.—The insurrection at Harper's Ferry has been quelled, with a loss on the part of the insurrectionists of 15 killed, and 2 mortally wounded. The original party consisted of 22, headed, strange as it now appears, by "Old Brown" of Ossawotomie, Kansas, who figured so extensively in the terrible scenes which at one time distracted that Territory. Brown made his first appearance in Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons—all three of them assuming the name of Smith. He enquired about lands in the vicinity, and made investigations as to the probability of finding ores. After an absence of some months, the elder Brown reappeared in the vicinity, and leased a farm on the Maryland side, four miles from the Ferry. They bought a large number of picks and spades, and thus confirmed the belief that they intended to mine for ores. They were very frequently seen in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that Bill Smith was Capt. Brown, or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate or extraordinary. Yet the developement of the plot leaves no doubt that his visits to the Ferry, and his lease of the farm, were all parts of his preparation for an insurrection which he supposed would be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and western Virginia. All of his men except two were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas. A despatch dated the 18th, says, the following is a list of the killed among the citizens and soldiers as far as ascertained: Fountain Barkham, Haywood, a negro porter at the railroad station, Jos. Barnly of Harper's Ferry, Evan Dorsey and George Richardson of Martinsburg.

8 A M. The armory has been stormed and taken after a determined resistance. Col. Shute approached with a flag of truce and demanded a surrender. After expostulating sometime the rioters refused to surrender. The Marines advanced to the charge and endeavored to break the door down with sledge hammers, but it resisted all their efforts. A large ladder was then used as a battering ram and the door gave way. The rioters fired briskly and shot three marines—the marines firing in turn through the partly broken door.

The marines then forced their way through the break and in a few minutes resistance was at an end. The rioters were brought out amidst the most intense excitement, many of the militia present trying to get an opportunity to shoot them. Capt Brown and his son were both shot; the latter is dead, and the former is in a dying state. He lies in the armory enclosure, talking freely. He says he is old Ossawotomie Brown, whose feats in Kansas have had such wide notice; that his whole object was to free the slaves, and justifies his action. He says that he had possession of the town, and could have murdered all the people and that he has been murdered in return. J. G. Anderson was also shot down in the assault.

An eye witness who has returned from Harper's Ferry, describes the scene there as follows: The first attack was made by a detachment of the Charleston Guards which crossed the Potomac river above Harper's Ferry, and reached a building where the insurgents were posted by the canal on the Maryland side. Smart firing occured and the rioters were driven from the bridge. One man was killed and another arrested.

A man ran out and tried to escape by swimming the river. A dozen shots were fired after him.—He partially fell, but rose again, threw away his gun, and drew his pistols; but both snapped. He drew his bowie-knife and cut his heavy accoutrements away, and plunged into the river. One of the soldiers was about ten feet behind. The man turned round, threw up his hands, and said, "Don't shoot." The soldier fired, and the man fell into the water with his face blown away. His coat skirts were cut from his person, and in the pockets was found a Captain's commission to Capt. E. H. Leeman, from the Provisional Government. The Commission was dated Oct. 15, 1859, and signed by A. W. Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Provisoinal Government of the United States.

A party of five insurgents, armed with Minnie rifles, and posted in the rifle armory were expelled by the Charleston Guards. They all ran for the river. One, who was unable to swim, was drowned; the other four swam out to the rocks in the middle of the Shenandoah, and fired upon the citizens and troops upon both banks. This drew upon them the muskets of between 200 and 300 men, and not less than 400 shots were fired at them from Harper's Ferry, about 200 yards distance. One was finally shot dead. The second, a negro, attempted to jump over the dam, but fell short, and was not seen afterwards. The third was badly wounded, and one was taken unharmed. The insurgent wounded and captured, died a few minutes after, in the arms of our informant. He declared that there were only 19 whites engaged in the insurrection.

For nearly an hour a running and random firing was kept up by the troops against the rioters. Several were shot down and many managed to jump away wounded. During the firing the women and children ran shrieking in every direction; but when they learned that the soldiers were their protectors, they took courage and did good service in the way of preparing refreshments and attending the wounded. Our informant, who was on the hill when the firing was going on, says all the terrible scenes of a battle passed in reality before his eyes. Soldiers could be seen pursuing singly and in couples, and the crack of a musket or a rifle was generally followed by one or more of the insurgents biting the dust. The dead lay in the streets where they fell. The wounded were cared for.

A despatch dated Baltimore 19th, from Harper's Ferry foots up the killed and wounded in yesterday's conflict as follows: killed, 6 citizens and 15 insurgents; wounded, 3 insurgents; prisoners 5.

It is said that the Rev. Dr. Chapin, (Universalist) has had a house presented to him, chiefly by the contribution of a few wealthy men of his congregation. It is situated in Thirty-fifth street, near Fifth avenue, and cost $24,000. The reverend gentleman, with his family, now occupies it, while his former residence in Eighth street, near Fifth avenue, has been advertised to let.

We see by the Chicago Democrat of Friday, that John A. Washington has "suspended." It was stated some time since that he had invested $175,000 of the money he had received for the bones of his great ancestor, and the canes taken from the estate after it had been sold to the American ladies, in corner lots in Chicago. The presumption was that he had paid over the cash for them. But it seems that he gave his notes, and the *Democrat* states that they have gone to protest in that city.

An exciting event of the past week in New York was the marriage of Don Esteban Santa Cruz de Oveido, and Miss Frances Amelia Bartlett, whose nuptials were solemnized in the most imposing manner on Thursday, Oct. 13, at the hour of noon by the (in church parlance) Most Reverend Archbishop Hughes. The ceremony, which was performed at the Cathedral in Mott street, drew together a vast multitude of people and furnished a prolific theme for newspaper gossip. The preparations for the wedding were on a scale of oriental and princely magnificence. The bridegroom is said to possess an estate worth $4,000,000, and the police were required to keep constant watch about the residence of the bride's father where a fortune in bridal presents was deposited. It is to be presumed that Senor Oveido and his wife sleep no better than other people who do not require the police to protect their possessions.

RESIGNATION OF THEODORE PARKER.—A letter has been received from Rev. Theodore Parker, written at Montreuil, Switzerland, and read to his Society in Boston,—in which he says that he is advised by the most competent physicians that he will never again be able to address a large congregation, even should he, as he hopes, gain sufficient strength to enable him again to labor with his pen, or speak to small audiences. He urged upon the Society the importance of having a permanent minister; and sent his own resignation of his position as pastor.

Mr. Dudley expressed the desire that Mr. Parker should remain their pastor while he lived-under whatever circumstances, and moved that the Society should not accept the resignation.—This motion was carried, with but two or three votes in the negative.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—The Boston *Recorder* states that a new theory of the Atonement is gaining extensive favor in the orthodox churches, which approaches very closely to the Unitarian view. The peculiarities of the new view are, that God in the death of His Son did not execute justice, but only *expressed* it; that Christ's death was only a symbol of the eternal death of sinners; that He did not suffer the penalty of the law in their stead, but His death was only an act of sympathy with the sufferings of sinners, and satisfied the general benevolence, but not the justice of God. The *Recorder* finds in the prevalence of these new views the secret of the tendencies to Universalism now developed.

☞ Several questions from correspondents, relative to "Spiritualism in Religion," etc., will be attend d to speedily.

According o a despatch from Philadelphia, Mr John W. Forney has received a notification from the President of a suit for libel on account of an article in the *Press* in relation to the death of Mr. Broderick.

Foreign News.

The subscription started in France for the relief of the wounded in the late war, amounts to the handsome sum of 5,555,450 francs.

Mr. Mason, our late Minister to France died on the 3d of October, at Paris.

The latest news from Shanghae establish beyond doubt, the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American envoy, at Pekin. This diplomat ascended the Ki Tcheou Yan Ho, one of the branches of the Pei Ho, accompanied by all the members of the legation, and at Wingho Fou the American Corvette that had brought Mr. Ward, was retained in port. The members of the legation, under the guidance of a Mandarin, were placed in a huge box, about five meters long and two broad, which was closed everywhere but above, so as to prevent those in it from seeing the country. This box, or travelling chamber, containing all things necessary to the comfort of the travellers, was placed on a raft and taken first up the river and then up the imperial canal as far as the gate of the capitol; here it was placed on a large truck drawn by oxen, and in this way the minister of the U. S., and the members of his legation, entered the town of Pekin. They were perfectly well treated by the Chinese but were not allowed to see anything. The truck was drawn into a court yard of a large house which was to be the residence of the American Envoy but from which they were not allowed to go out. At the latest dates they were awaiting their interview with the Emperor. They had not been allowed to have any communication with the outer world; but were allowed to send a despatch to Mr. Fish, the American Consul at Shanghae, informing him of their safety. After the interview the American Minister was to be re-conducted to the frontier in the same way as that in which he came.

The foreign news by the North Briton is ominous for the peace of Italy.

It is said that the Pope, on hearing the answe, that the King of Sardinia gave to the deputation from the Romagna, ordered that the Sardinian minister at Rome be tendered his passport; and it is further reported that at the news of the cessation of all intercourse between Rome and Piedmont, a collision between the Swiss and Neutral stations took place at Cattolica.

The Sardinian journals speaks of an insurrectionary movement having shown itself at Palermo on the celebration of Naninis's death at Padua, which led to several arrests, and some priests are said to be in prison.

The Savoy Cross and Sardinian Standard had been hoisted on the old Palace at Florence, and also on all public puildinge.

Letters from Naples say that the King offered to lend troops to the Pope in consequence of the withdrawal of the French.

The reported insurrection in the Abruzzi is contradicted.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says Italian affairs approach a crisis; and after referring to the circular of the Sardinian Government, quotes an order just issued by Gen. Fanti, Commander-in-Chief of Central Italy, who promised that the tri-color of Italy, preceded by the old cross of Savoy, will precede them in the fresh battles that will forever free Italy from the rule of the stranger. Garribaldi has also issued an address, summoning the Italians of the Legations to arms. A collision is shortly expected, and some think will be produced by the Papal troops invading the Romagna.

The Directors of the steamship Great Eastern had finally decided that the ship shall not go to Southampton, but leave Portland for Holyhead on a trial trip October 8, arriving at Holyhead about the 11th. If the trial be successful, it is still intended to despatch the vessel to America Oct. 20. No passengers are to be taken on the trial trip.

The French army of observation in Italy will winter in the Peninsula.

The London *Herald*'s Paris correspondent says nothing was heard on every side but preparations for war. Not a single man in the French army has yet been sent home on renewable furlough, and only those entitled to a discharge in December next have obtained it. Not a single ship has been dismantled, and active measures of defence are progressing at the forts. He gives a similar picture of operations in Austria and Sardinia.—It is rumored in Paris that the Chinese anti-European movement had extended itself to Japan and Cochin China.

Marshal Niel, on joining the troops at Toulouse, issued an order of the day which was construed into an admission that peace was not likely to be long maintained.

The Europa, which left Liverpool on the 8th, brings three days later advices.

There was no further change in the programme of the Great Eastern. She would probably leave Portland the day the Europa sailed, and arrive at Holyhead 11th. Her departure for America depends entirely upon circumstances. Numerous steamers and excursion trains are advertised to leave Liverpool &c, to visit the big ship.

Paris *Constitutionnel* contains an article by its chief editor, stating that the preliminaries at Villa Franca had rescued Italy from every force in intervention, no matter under what name or from what power it might come. France confines herself to giving the Italians proper advice, which if followed by them, would have insured the prosperity of central Italy; but having in vain offered advice, she cannot go so far as to dictate terms to Italy.

A Telegram from Modena to *Daily News* says that on the 5th, Col. Anviti, late President of the Military commission of ex-Duke Parma was discovered to have arrived at Parma in disguise, having gone there to get up a conspiracy. He remained concealed for some time and when recognized by the populace great efforts were made to save him. He finally took refuge in a guard house where four or five carbineers were stationed but the door was forced and Col. Anviti was killed. Perfect tranquility subsequently prevailed. The *Daily News* says Anviti was one of the most detested men in the late government.

The report that Prince Carignano had been tendered and had accepted the Regency of Central Italy, for the King of Sardinia, is confirmed; and that the Sardinian Ambassador at Rome had received his passports.

Mazzini addressed a letter to the King of Sardinia, frankly renouncing his personal opinion, and promising the support of the democratic party if the King can and will make Italy free.

Naples letters say that great agitation continued to prevail there.

It was reported that Garibaldi had entered the marches, and the rumor had caused much sensation at Naples.

Reported that the Pope has notified the great Powers that he will not give up his temporal powers, and will call upon all Catholic Powers to support him.

This and That.

The editor who kissed his sweetheart saying "Please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

They have a giant in Ohio who, though but seventeen years of age, weighs three hundred and ninety-six pounds, and is seven and one-third feet high.

More than sixteen years ago a lady named Colgan, residing in Hyde Park terrace, London, "resolved never to see the light of day again," having been disappointed in her matrimonial views with Col. H. Ever since the year 1843 this eccentric maiden lady has lived and slept in a chamber from which all light is rigidly excluded save What is furnished to her by wax candles.

"When I was in Paris," says Lord Sandwich, "I had a dancing-master, to whose instructions I did small credit. The man was very civil, and, on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London." 'Then,' said he, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favor if your lordship would never tell any one of whom *you* have learned to dance.'"

A Yankee out in Fredonia N, Y., made a bet of $500 that he would hit a target of two and a quarter inches, ten rods distant, in fifty consecutive shots without missing a fire. He found no difficulty in getting "takers" and then, by means of a heavy boiler iron funnel tapering down to the target, found no difficulty in winning the money. It was a sharp trick, if not sharp shooting.

A Frenchman, by the name of Camborien, has announced his ability and his intention of producing steel types, the durabilty of which will be beyond calculation. He has already a machine for making type, which produces ten thousand at one stroke.

A fellow went into the Syracuse police office a few days ago, and asked if there was any penalty against suicide by drowning, adding that he contemplated such an act. "No," said the cheif, "there is no human law against it. Officer, show him the deepest place in the canal."

Several members of the Connecticut medical association have been recently dropped out, for imbibing a taint of the Homeopathic heresy.—"Calomel or quit—no salvation without salivation," is still the badge of the State Medical Association.

A surly bachelor remarks that the ladies' fashions for the ensuing season show a persistent determination in the dear creatures to crawl out of their dresses through the upper part.

The lighthouse keeper at Chicago, the father of seventeen children, has resigned his place because the new lighthouse is so dangerously located that he feared his children would get drowned faster than they "came to town."

Mr. J. Bartlett, of Lynn, Mass., while on a fishing and gunning excursion on Moosehead Lake, on Saturday week, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, in taking it out of the boat in which he and another were situated. The contents of the gun passed through the upper part of Mr. B.'s head, and he survived but a short time afterwards.

Some years since there was a great gathering of people at Augusta, Maine, to take into consideration the subject of building a dam across the Kennebec river at that place. The meeting was followed by a big dinner at the Mansion House, and the liquor law being then unthought of, the bottle circulated freely, and many of the guests were getting "jolly mellow," when Frank ———, a wag of a typo-editor, was called on for a toast.—He immediately staggered to his feet, and grasping the back of his chair with one hand, and holding aloft with the other a tumbler of "old Jamaica," responded somewhat emphatically:

"*Gentlemen, d———n the Kennebec!*"

—and improve its navigation," and sat down amid a roar of applause. The dam was built.

(Concluded from 3d page.)

sion. He had been in bed a couple of hours, when he was awakened by a noise proceeding rom the further extremity of the room; he sat up, and was terrified by seeing a tall female clad in white, with glaring eyes, and bright golden hair hanging over her shoulders. Stalking up to the bed she silently beckoned to him and he mechanically rose and followed her through a long narrow passage when she turned aside into a room, quite brightened by the moonlight streaming through the window, but so covered with dust that it seemed as if no mortal had been in it for years. She raised the lid of a chest, and with a wild scream, held towards him the skeleton of a child. At this moment he described all changing and becoming black as pitch. The next thing he was conscious of, was the buzz of voices round his bed.

All the listeners of this mysterious story were struck with amazement. The old housekeeper said the room was frequented by a spirit, and so said all the credulous. The skeptical portions of the household tried to persuade Fritag that he must have had a dream.

The Countess, a woman of strong mind, insisted on sending for the magistrate, and having a thorough inspection of the room. Accordingly a carriage was dispatched for that functionary without delay. It was some time before he arrived, as the distance from the castle to his residence is about ten miles. The Countess resolved not to leave the room for one moment till he came.

Herr Saltag was only too glad to undertake the commission of investigation. He had often pressed the Count to allow him to inspect the apartment, and to put a stop to the reports circulated about its being 'haunted;' but somehow the Count always contrived to put it off. His absence now prevented any further obstacle, and without delay Herr Saltag, accompanied by the Countess and Fritag, searched every part of the room, but without any result.—It was all in vain that they shifted the bed, took down the curtains, changed the position of the furniture—there was no trace. Fritag showed the exact position of the spirit's entrance and exit. The wall was next sounded—it was solid masonry. There was not a panel that would slide up or down. The Countess declared there was no passage connecting that room with any other in the tower. Still Fritag persisted in his story; and the magistrate said he would not leave the place till he accounted satisfactorily for it.

"Accordingly he ordered a ladder, and mounting it passed his hand carefully over the wall, if by chance he might discover a hidden spring. After about an hour spent in this way, he exclaimed suddenly, 'I have it, I have it!' and by pressing hard with his finger, he moved a heavy door sliding into the wall, so as not to be perceptible outside. This led to a flight of steps also made in the wall; then another spring-door opened into a set of rooms in the tower that belonged to a superannuated nurse of the family who lived in these apartments. The room into which Fritag had been led the night before was to the left of this narrow passage, before coming to the steps. Into this the magistrate went. It was as Fritag described, covered thick with dust; but they perceived the trace of a naked foot. Following this foot-print they came to the window-sill, but no chest was visible. After examining all around, the Countess suggested that the window-sill itself might be raised; but there neither seemed hinge or lock. However, the planks were lifted, and awful to relate, the skeelton was found there.

"Herr Saltag would not allow the Countess to proceed any further; and giving the body of the child to one of his attendants, he proceeded with Fritag. They descended the steps, and going to the door which was easily opened, there they saw the identical white figure crouched in a corner, her beautiful golden hair hanging disheveled over her; and the witch-like nurse, with her arm raised about to strike her wretched victim. Fritag caught the woman's arm before it fell, when, to his utter consternation, he beheld in the ghastly midness, the Count's first wife!"

This fearful tradegy is soon elucidated.

Count Von Silberstein and his wife, a beautiful but portionless girl, whom he had married, were traveling abroad, when they met with Mademoiselle Clara Durue, the daughter and only child of a wealthy merchant.

The Countess was near her confinement, and the Count saw, if he could only get her out of the way, he might easily obtain the hand and fortune of Mademoiselle Clara. The fiendish thought no sooner presented itself to his mind than he hastened to put it in execution. He traveled back in disguise to his Castle at Silberstein, near Blenheim, carrying his wife with him; but causing it to be reported in Rome, that they had gone to Milan. Shortly after the birth of his child, he himself strangled the new born babe in the mother's presence; the sight of her murdered infant deprived the poor Countess of reason. He then placed her under the care of the old hag with whom she was found, thinking, perhaps, she was as safe there as in her grave; and by this means tried to quiet his conscience by not having deprived her of life. The only being to whom he confided his secret was his sister, but she was in no way partaker of the deed, not having heard of it till after his second marriage. The weight of this dreadful secret broke her heart.

Count Von Silberstein hastened back after this foul deed to Rome, and there caused it to be circulated that his wife and child were dead. A few months after he sought from Monsieur Dugue the hand of his fair daughter; the ambitious old merchant was dazzled by a glittering coronet, which forced his reluctant child to marry the Count. The poor maniac had always occupied 'the Black Chamber.' The first night I have introduced her as making her appearance there, her nurse had gone to a feast in the lower stories, and thinking she had left her charge asleep, ventured down the private passage I have described, the existence of which was only known to herself. The wretched creature missing her guardian, and seeing the door open, hastened down the steps; pushing the other door back, she instantly recognized her own room; and thinking she saw her husband in bed, in the frenzy of the moment, put the fated ring on his finger, and then returned, before she was detected, into her own apartment. The next time she was not so fortunate. The second visit was when her nurse was engaged in a similar manner as before, and she gave as she thought, to her husband his murdered child. It was just then the woman discovered her, and bore her away.

My poor friend Auerbach's improved only for a short time; the solution of the mystery came too late. The shock his constitution had received from that strange visitant, and the indissoluble contact by which he had supposed himself to be bound to a supernatural being, were too much for his strength, which gradually gave way, and in less than a year he died.

A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State, an before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River, an old hunter by the name of Slater. His hut was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years old. His elder children had gone South. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effects of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs.—He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had for several years been accumulating money, for civilization was rapidly approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to the frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not a man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper-table. They represented themselves as travellers bound further West, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after a little while the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the older of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly.—His fears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After supper was over the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather the night had fairly set in, for there was a moon two-thirds full, shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these men?"

"I'm afraid they are bad ones" returned the boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scarecrows."

"But we can watch them."

"Yes, we will watch em', but do not let 'em know it."

The boys then held some further consultation, and then going to the dog house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak to their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of doors to see the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in her chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed—we may want them. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pocket behind the great chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles; and when their father and the strangers returned, they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building, being the old woman's sleeping-room, and the other room in which the present company sat. Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the little sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up the scaffold, and on it, close up to the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of the scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travellers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The boys thought not of sleep, or if they did it was only to avoid it. Half an hour passed away, and then they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat, by the rays of the moon, and moving towards the window, he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boy thought this might be thrown out to the dogs to distract their attention; but when the man laid down, the idea flashed through Philip's mind, of poison. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boys' bed was a dark window, a small, square door, and as it was directly over the dogs' house, Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was hazardous, for the least noise would arouse the villians, and the consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined upon the trial. His father's life might be in his hands! This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving from his bed, and it swung on its hinges without noise. Then he threw off the sheet and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, but they drew back at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then quickly tied the meat in the sheet.—There was a light ladder standing near the dog house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there, he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it may appear, at which many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise and all was quiet. An hour passed away. It must have been near midnight when the men moved again, and the lad Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives, and he heard them whispering:

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them, "and then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there (pointing to the scaffold) wake up, we can take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another of the villians.

"Yes," returned the speaker, "but the old ones first."

Philips heart beat with horror.

"Down the ladder outside! quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down, and start up the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened. Oh, do let the dogs in the house as quick as you can! I'll look out for father while you go!"

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor, so that its light would fall into the bed-room as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the board. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy-hero uttered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and then pulled the trigger. The villain whose hand was on the latch uttered a sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for at that instant the outer door was flung open, and the hounds—four in number—sprang into the house.—With a deep, wild yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them to the floor just as the old hunter came from his room.

"Help us! help us father!" cried Philip, as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are murderers! robbers!—Hold 'em, hold 'em!" cried the boy, clapping his hands to the dogs.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men on the floor. The villains had both lost their knives and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and then the two men were lifted to a seat.—There was no need of binding them, for they needed some more restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then turned upon the boys. Philip told him all that had transpired. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind; but as he gradually comprehended it all, a soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys! he uttered, as he clasped them to his bosom, "God bless you for this! Oh, I never dreamed that you had such hearts!

For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence, while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed.—They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio river, I beg they would take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensboro.' Ask your captain who lives there, and he will tell you, "Philip Slater & Brother, retired flour merchants."—They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

A. B. C.

PRIZE ROMANCE.

[SKEWERED BY ELEVING KOPY-RIGHTS]

MOSES THE SASSY;
OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE.

A TALE OF BLOOD AND THINGS.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I.

MOSES.

My Story opens in the classic freestinks of Bosting. In the parler of a aristocratic manshun on Bacon street sits a lovely young lady whose hair is covered ore with the frosts of 17 summers. She has just sot down at the Piany & is singin the poplar peace called Smells of the Notion, in which she tells how with Pensiv Thawt she wondered by a C beet shore. The Sun is settin in its horrizon, and its gorjus life pores in a golden meller flud thro' the windersand makes the bootiful young lady twict as beautiful as she was bed, which is onnecessary. She is magnifisuntly dressed up in a Barege basque with Poplin trimmins, More Antique edges and 3 ply carpeting.—Her dress contanes 12 flounders, brilliantly ornamented with horn buttons, and her shoes are red morocker with gold spangles onto 'em. Presently she presses her hands to her buzzum and starts up in an excited manner. "Methinks," she whispers in clarion tones, "I see a voice!" A noble youth of 27 summers scrapes the mud from his butes in the hall and enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his butes, and his hat is bewitchingly cockt on one side of his classecul hed. In sooth he was a noble child. Grease, in its barmiest days, near projuced a more gallenter herow than Moses. The young lady gazes upon him for a few periods, clasps her hands together, strikes a position, and rollin her I's wildly like an expirin infantile cow, cries:

"Ha! Do my I's deceive my earsight?—That frame! them store clothes! *those* voice! it is—it is me own, me only Moses!" and he folded her to his hart. "Methinks I shall swoon," she sed, and pretty soon she swoon-did.

CHAPTER II.

Moses was foreman of Ingine Kumpany Number 40. The 40's had just bin havin a pleasant fite with the 50's on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers. He had his arms full of troffees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 I's, 3 fingers, 7 ears, which he had chawed off, &c., &c. When Elizy (for that was the lovely young lady's name) rekivered from her swoon, she asked:

"How has the battle gone? Tell me!"

"Elizy," said the brave young man, drawin hisself up to his full hite, "we chawed 'em up and smashed their old mersheen all ter peaces!"

"I thank the gods!" she cride. "Thou didst full well, and henceith I ware thee in my hart of harts! And Moses," she continued, layin her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think that thou wastest of noble birth?"

"No," sez he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself, "you don't say so?"

"Indeed do I," she sed. "Your ded grandfather's sperrit camest to me the other nite, and sez he, "Moses is a Disguised Juke!"

"You mean Duke," sed Moses.

"Dost not all the actors call it Juke?" she sed sternly.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," sed Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B—that air's the question! But no more of this now. Dry up. O, life—life, your *too many for me!*"—He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stamped on the floor wildly, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrowated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is sailin from France to Ameriky threw the Suffoke Canawl. A Pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary Jane. The capting of the S. J. looks fateeged and as tho he had lost all of his parunts. The Pirut is clost on to him, & he is about givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russit butes and a buffaler overcoat rushes forrerd, and sez to the capting, sez he:

"Old man, go down stares. Retire to the starberd bulkhed. He take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" sed the capting,—"away with thee, or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Scarcely," sez the noble feller, and he drew a diamond-hilted sword and cut the capting's hed off.

"O, that I shood liv to become a ded boddy!" sed the capting, as he fell to the deck. He expired shortly afterwards, being fatally killed.

"People!" sed the noble feller, "I'me the Juke de Moses!"

"Old hoss, methinks thou art blowin!" sed a youth of 49 summers, and the Juke cut off his hed likewise. "Don't print any verses on my deth in the noosepapers," screamed the unfortunate young man, as he fell ded on the deck, "fur if yer do, Ile haunt yer!"

"People!" continnered the Juke, "I alone kin save you from yon bluddy and onprincipled piruts! What hoe there! A peck of oats!" The oats was immejitly brawt. The Juke took them, and bravely mounting the jibpoop, he threw them into the towpath. In a minit the leading hoss hicht to the Pirut Bote cum along, stopt, and commenced fur to devour the oats! The driver swore and hollered at him terribly, but he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the clean jump, was fast leavin the Pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" sed the Juke, between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sassy. He had bin in France about sixteen years, and now he was home agin in Bosting. He had some trubble in gettin hisself acknowledged as Duke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were ferenst him, but he finally konkered, and now he had crossed the deep blue C to get his own Elizy. She knew him to onct, as one of his ears and a portion of his nose had been chawed off in his fites with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They were marrid and went to France to reside in their ducal Pallis, which was gut up regardlis of expense. They had several children, and lived to a green old age, beluved "by all, both grate and smal," as the Poick sez.

The Pirut Capting was captured, tride, convicted and sentenced to read all the letters that Messrs. Giddings and Wise shall write for the ensooin 4 years. His friends are endeverin to git his sentunce commuted to imprisonment for life, 1 hour in each day to be devoted to readin the Philadelphia papers.—He sez this sentunce is worser nor tother one was. Still he don't care much, as long as he gits his meals regular.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a tail, & it is far from being perfeck, but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyyous as a flower garding, my objeck will hav bin accomplished. Adoo.

PUTTING IN THE MUSIC.—A friend tells us a pleasing anecdote of a little fellow, some six years old, that shows what quaint conceits often originate in the busy minds of children. The boy was endeavoring to draw the figure of a bird upon his slate, and after several trials and as many answers to his questions as to his success that his picture did not at all resemble a bird, he laid by his pencil and wandered out into the yard. While there, a bird lit in the tree over his head, and poured forth a most melodious strain.—The boy stood absorbed in contemplation of the sweet singer for some minutes, then, returning to the room and making another attempt at the unfinished sketch, his inquiry was met by an exclamation of astonishment at the likeness of his picture, and being asked how he had drawn it so much better than at either of the other trials, he replied, "*O, I put the music in!*"

Are there not many essays of more mature skill and experience that would be infinitely improved by "putting in the music?"

WASN'T ACQUAINTED.—Two drunken fellows were walking along in the rain. The drunkest one then asked:

'Dick (hic) does-er rain (hic)?'

'In course it rains,' said Dick.

The answer was apparently satisfactory, and they proceeded several rods farther, when the question was again propounded by the anxious searcher after truth under difficulties:

"Dick, I say, D (hic) tell me, does-er rain?'

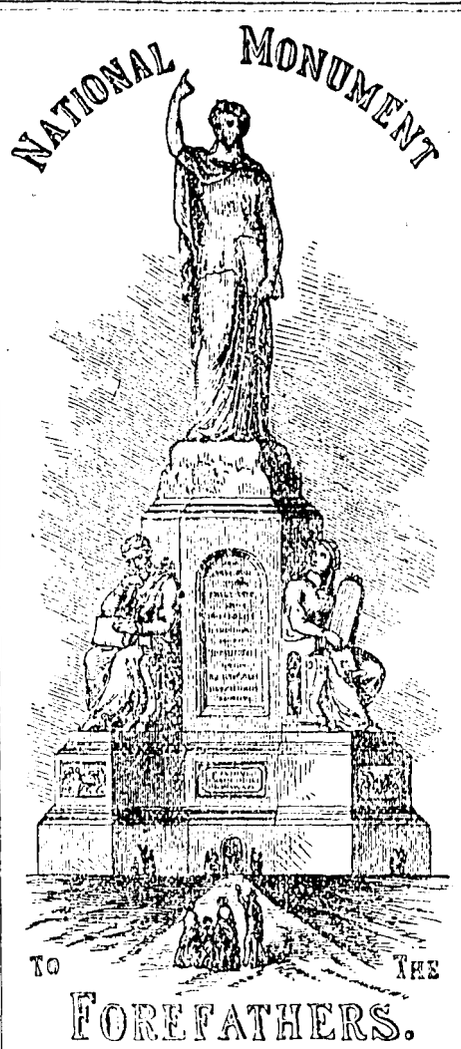
'Johnny,' said Dick solemnly, 'I'm afraid yer drunk; in course it's raining.'

In a few moments Johnny was again troubled with doubts, and sought to solve them.

'Dick, seems-er me (hic) ser-goin (hic) er-rain (hic!)

Dick exasperated—'Johnny, yer a fool. Don't yer see it is a rainin. Can't yer feel it rainin, Johnny?'

Johnny—'Scuse me D (hic) I ain't much acquainted in this town!'



FOREFATHERS.

We do the reader a service by commending to his notice "THE ILLUSTRATED PILGRIM ALMANAC," issued annually in aid of the Monument Fund, commencing with the year 1860.

It should be understood that this publication is somewhat more than an ordinary Almanac. Its pages contain a great amount of Historical matter, mostly connected with the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, a description of the principal colossal monuments of the world accompanied with elegantly engraved views,—and the Almanac throughout is beautifully and most profusely illustrated with engravings. The price, twenty-five cents, is cheap when the character and quantity of the work in its pages are taken into consideration. It is sold at all the customary places, and should be found on every centre table throughout the land. The publishers send it by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price. Published by A. Williams & Co, Boston.

It is proposed to make the work a permanent annual contribution to the History, Chronology, and Social Customs of the early settlers of our country, and of those illustrious successors whose efforts in the cause of freedom and self-government have made the United States the home of liberty, and the refuge for the oppressed of every nation and of every creed.

The issue for the year 1860 will be filled with original matter relating to our national history, and illustrated and printed in the best possible style. Records and illustrations of all the early discoveries and settlements, of pioneer life, routes, and voyages,—of the Indian struggles,—of the War of Independence,—and other specialities of national interest and importance, carefully collected from the original documents and the best authorities, will make the Pilgrim Almanac a valuable volume for reference and preservation.

We copy from the present issue of the Almanac, for the year 1860, the following description of the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth:

"The design for the National Monument to the Fore-fathers, now erecting at Plymouth, consists of an octagon pedestal, on which stands a statue of Faith. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Below them, in panels, are alto-reliefs of 'The Departure from Delft-haven,' 'The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the May-flower,' 'The Landing at Plymouth,' and 'The First Treaty with the Indians.' Upon the four large faces of the main pedestal are large panels, to contain records of the principal events in the history of the Pilgrims, with the names of those who came over in the May-Flower, and below are smaller panels for records connected with the society and the building of the monument.

A chamber within the pedestal, 26 feet in diameter, and well lighted, is to be a depository for all documents, &c., relating to the pilgrims, and the society, including an accurate record of the receipts and expenditures for the monument, and a list of the names of subscribers of $1 and over, arranged by states, counties, and towns, and alphabetically, so as to be easily referred to. In this chamber will be a stairway leading to the platform upon which stands the figure of Faith, from which may be seen all the places of interest connected with the history of the forefathers. The whole monument will be about 150 feet high, and 80 feet at the base. The statue of Faith rests her foot upon the Forefather's Rock; in her left hand she holds an open Bible, with the right uplifted she points to heaven. Looking downward, as to those she is addressing, she seems to call them to trust in a higher power.

The sitting figures are emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their Commonwealth.—The first of these is Morality. She holds the Decalogue in her left, and the Scroll of Revelation in her right hand. Her look is upward, towards the impersonation of the Spirit of Religion above. In a niche, on one side of her throne, is a Prophet, and in the other, one of the Evangelists. The second of these figures is Law. On one side of his seat is Justice; on the other, Mercy. The third is Education.—In the niche on one side of her seat is Wisdom, ripe with years; on the other, Youth led by experience. The fourth figure is Freedom. On one side, Peace rests under his protection; on the other, Tyranny is overthrown by his prowess.

The Statue of Faith will be 70 feet high, and the sitting figures 38 feet high—,thus making it in magnitude the greatest work of the kind in the world. The foundation alone, which is now laid, has consumed some fifteen hundred tons of granite, and it will require between eleven and twelve thousand tons more to complete this great work.

Every person contributing five dollars to the Monument Fund becomes, by a special vote, a member of the Pilgrim Society, which now numbers about three thousand members, resident in every portion of the Union.

The corner-stone of the Monument to the Forefathers was laid with imposing ceremonies on the 2d of August, 1859.

A few remarks upon the nature, extent, and cost of the work, will complete all that is necessary to be said in the present place. The Pilgrim Society, in determining to erect a Monument to the Forefathers, intended to make a structure which should bear upon its face the avowed intention of its founders, and transmit to future generations not merely the facts that the Pilgrims landed upon the Rock of Plymouth, and there commenced the foundation of this nation,—which might well be left to the records of history,—but the regard in which their memory and sufferings were held by their descendants and heirs of the nineteenth century, who look back to them from an eminence of national prosperity, which shows a vast empire extending across a continent from ocean to ocean, and presenting to the imagination a future, to which the wealth and prosperity and power and resources of the present are as trivial as the possessions of that strong-souled band of adventurous emigrants compared with our own.

It was naturally concluded that the memorial of such a nation to its founders should bear some proportion to its means, and to the grandeur of the event which was to be commemorated. It was thought that the expenditure of a sum representing one cent for each inhabitant might not be regarded as an extent of National Self Sacrifice.—if that be the term,—too enormous to be borne, nor the amount altogether too magnificent to be expended; and, in view of the fact that the monument is to stand for centuries, ten years (the term of one-fourth of the existence of one generation) was not accounted too long a period to be occupied with the work. It should be borne in mind, that, travel with what success we may the career of national glory and progress, the landing upon these shores of that hundred of self-exiled lovers of freedom will still be the starting-point of our history,—and that, grand as may be the events with which it is crowded, nothing will overshadow in pure, grand solemnity of thought and action, their determination to leave forever the scenes of civilized life, to settle in a savage wilderness,—and there to plant the seeds of a pure faith and of universal religious, social, and civil freedom. History will look in vain for a greater event to chronicle,—art will never again for us have the opportunity or the occasion to embody themes so simply grand, so peculiarly significant.

Nor will the generations which succeed us think greatly of our veneration for our forefathers, if, sounding it as we do from the extreme boundaries of the Republic, in our speeches and addresses, we stint with paltry pecuniary saving, the stones which we raise to their memory,—and deny to their virtues, their sufferings, their labors, their wise forethought, the sum which we cheerfully give (and should cheerfully give) to rescue the dwelling and tomb of Washington from destruction,—or to build (as we should build) on spots made famous by the shock of battle, shafts which, meeting "the sun in his coming," proclaim that we owe our national glory in other directions to the sacrifice of those who have passed away.

Contributions to the Monument may be forwarded by mail to Rev. Willard M. Harding, General and Financial Agent, 289 Washington Street, Boston.

Medical Cards.

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 any 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.

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Or, Spiritual Experiences of Dr G. A. REDMAN. Containing the more remarkable manifestations and communications that have been given through him, with names of witnesses, &c. Price $1.25. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., who will mail it to order, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles, free of postage. Orders solicited. 25tf

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

For sale by Bela Marsh, publisher 14 Bromfield street.

A SINGULAR STORY.—Mr. Hector M'Donald, of Canada, was recently on a visit to Boston. When he left home his family were enjoying good health, and he anticipated a pleasant journey. The second morning after his arrival in Boston, when leaving his bed to dress for breakfast, he saw reflected in a mirror the corpse of a woman lying in the bed from which he had just risen. Spell-bound, he gazed with intense feeling, and tried to recognize the features of the corpse, but in vain; he could not even move his eyelids; he felt deprived of action, for how long he knew not. He was at last startled by the ringing of the bell for breakfast, and sprang to the bed to satisfy himself if what he had seen reflected in the mirror was real, or an illusion. He found the bed as he had left it, he looked again into the mirror, but only saw the bed truly reflected. During the day he thought much upon the illusion, and determined next morning to rub his eyes and feel perfectly sure that he was wide awake before he left the bed. But, nothwithstanding these precautions, the vision was repeated with this addition, that he thought he recognized in the corpse some resemblance to the features of his wife.

In the course of the second day he received a letter from his wife, in which she stated she was quite well, and hoped he was enjoying himself among his friends. As he was devotedly attached to her, and always anxious for her safety, he supposed that his morbid fears had conjured up the vision he had seen reflected in the glass; and went about his business as cheerfully as usual. On the morning of the third day, after he had dressed, he found himself in thought in his own house, leaning over the coffin of his wife. His friends were assembled, the minister was performing the funeral services, his children wept—he was in the house of death. He followed the corpse to the grave; he heard the earth rumble upon the coffin, he saw the grave filled, and the green sods covered over it; yet, by some strange power, he could see through the ground the entire form of his wife as she lay in her coffin.

He looked in the faces of those around him, but no one seemed to notice him; he tried to weep, but the tears refused to flow; his very heart felt hard as a rock. Enraged at his own want of feeling, he determined to throw himself upon the grave and lie there till his heart should break, when he was recalled to consciousness by a friend, who entered the room to inform him breakfast was ready. He started as if awoke from a profound sleep, though he was standing before the mirror with a hair-brush in his hand.

After composing himself, he related to his friend what he had seen, and both concluded that a good breakfast only was wanted to dissipate his unpleasant impressions. A few days afterwards, however, he received the melancholy intelligence that his wife had died suddenly, and the time corresponded with the day he had been startled by the first vision in the mirror. When he returned home he described minutely all the details of the funeral he had seen in his vision, and they corresponded with the facts. This is probably one of the most vivid instances of clairvoyance on record. Mr. M'Donald knows nothing of moden spiritualism or clairvoyance, as most of his life has been passed upon a farm and among forests. It may not be amiss to state that his father, who was a Scotch Highlander, had the gift of "second sight."—[Boston Traveller.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

SPIRITUALISM.

Your paper of this morning states, as an item of news, that "the Spiritualists are organizing into a religious sect." This item originated with the Springfield *Republican*, the same paper that invented and circulated a false and scandulous report, that some of the Spiritualists in Boston held promiscuous circles in a state of nudity. It is not true that the Spiritualists are about to organize into a religious sect. There is not, so far as I know or believe, any Spiritual paper or any prominent Spiritualist in the United States that advocates any such course. I wish the error corrected, because a large portion of our community are very little informed on the subject of Spiritualism.

The only ground the *Republican* had for starting such a story, so far as I can see, was that an *advertisement* proposing such an organization, purporting to have been signed by Benjamin Danforth and 13 others, was printed in the *Spiritual Age*. No name was published but that of Benjamin Danforth. The printing of that advertisement gave the *Republican* no better occasion for saying that "the Spiritualists are organizing into a religious sect," than the publication of one of Gerrit Smith's speeches as an advertisement in the New York *Tribune*, for $500, gives it occasion to say that Horace Greeley will support Mr. Smith for the next President.

The New York *Tribune* published Mr. Smith's speeches for the money. The *Spiritual Age* published Mr. Danforth's advertisement for the money; but it has distinctly repudiated the idea of organizing the Spiritualists into a religious sect.

The Spiritualists cannot organize into a religious sect for various and obvious reasons:

1. They have no leaders to follow.

2. They hold that all men and women are spiritual and moral beings—children of God—brothers and sisters.

3. They hold that God is a spiritual and moral being, and the Father of all men and women.

4. In their opinion, theoretical Spiritualism embraces all spiritual and moral truth.

5. In their view, Spiritualism, as practica system, embraces every system of reform—every thing calculated to elevate man and woman.

6. Spiritualists are aware that they have not been able to discover all spiritual and moral truths; nor have all Spiritualists been able to agree as to how much and what spiritual truths have been discovered.

7. Spiritualists are all agreed, that God has given to every man and woman the faculties of reason and conscience for the discovery of new truths; and that when we discover a new truth it is our duty to embrace it.

8. Spiritualists are all agreed, that every thing which is presented, claiming to be a truth, must be tested by reason and conscience, and passed upon by the individual soul.

9. Spiritualists all hold to an unlimited toleration of others in matters of faith and opinion.

For these reasons, Spiritualists cannot organize into a religious sect, which shall exclude any one of the human family.

JABEZ C. WOODMAN.

October 17th, 1859.

A young Prince of the illustrious House of Monaco was asked why he had married a rich old woman. "*Ma foi*," was the gay young Prince's reply; "let me ask you, what poor man in a hurry to get an enormous bank note cashed troubles himself to look at the date of it?"—[Punch.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe's new novel, The Minister's Wooing, was issued on Saturday last, Oct. 15th by Messrs. Brown, Taggard, & Chase, the New England publishers.

Spiritual 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.

N. FRANK WHITE, Inspiration Speaker and Poetic Improvisatere, will speak in Ordway Hall on Sunday, Oct. 30th, at 2.45 and 3.15 o'clock, P. M.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE. Uriah Clark, Editor of the *Spiritual Clarion*, Auburn, N. Y., will lecture on the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism, and close with the tests of Spiritual Illumination, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, on Friday Evening, Oct. 28, at 7 o'clock.

"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 heir 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.

S. T. MUNSON,

Having removed from No. 5 Great Jones street, is now located at 143 Fulton street, where he will continue to receive orders for Books, Pamphlets, &c. He is also prepared to do a general Agency business and solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. S. T M. is the sole agent in New York City for Mrs. METTLER'S invaluable medicines. Restorative Syrup--Qts. $2.—Pints $1,00.—Pulmonance $1,00 per Bottle.—Neutralizing Mixture 50 cts.—Dysentery Cordial 50 cts.—Elixir 50 cts —Liniment $1,50.—Healing Ointment per Box, 25 cts. These medicines will be carefully packed and shipped to any part of the country.

General Agent.—S. T. MUNSON, 143 Fulton street, N Y.

n7tf

DR. J. ESTES,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN and HEALING MEDIUM, No. 7 Elliot street, Boston.

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.]

Mr. S. J. FINNEY, of Ohio, will lecture in Ordway Hall, Boston, the four Sundays of November, and will also speak three evenings each week in this vicinity, should the friends desire it.—Those wishing his services will address him to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, 46 Essex street Boston. Mr. Finney is an earnest, eloquent and logical speaker, occupying much the same position in the point of eloquence and power as an advocate of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism, as is occupied by John B. Gough, as an advocate of Temperance.

CHRISTIAN LINDA, Trance-Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture in any part of this western country. Address Christian Linda, care of Benj. Teasdale, Box 221, Alton, Ill.

JOHN C. CLUER, and his daughter SUSIE, will answer calls to lecture and give Readings on Sunday or other evenings. Address No. 5 Bay street, or at this Office.—Mr. C. will act as agent for the AGE.

M. P. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture in Putnam, Conn, the 23d and 30th of October.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture at Willimantic, Oct. 23d & 30th; in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 13th, 20th & 27th; in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be attended to. She will visit Memphis, Tenn., in Feb. and St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at her Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Boston, Oct. 30th; in Lowell Nov. 6th & 13th, Portland, Me., Nov. 20th & 27th. As we have only the month of December to spare for Maine there should be no delay in application. Address as above.

Dr. ATKINS will speak in Plymouth, Oct. 30th.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Foxboro, Mass., Oct. 30th; Marblehead, Nov. 6th.

JAMES H. SHEPARD, Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to lecture whenever the Friends may desire. Post Office address, South Acworth, N. H.

F L WADSWORTH will speak in Milan, Ohio, Nov 6th. He can be addressed at the above named place at the time designated.

N S GREENLEEF 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 in Newburyport, Nov 13th; Marblehead, 20th; Plymouth, 27th; in Providence, R I, Dec 4th & 11th, and may be addressed as above.

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

Mrs M S TOWNSEND will lecture in the vicinity of Boston Nov & Dec—Jan,, Philadelphia.

Mrs FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Providence, R I, the four Sundays of Nov. She will receive calls to lecture week evenings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Sundays. Address until November 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Lowell, Mass.

Miss A W SPRAGUE will speak at Fon Du Lac, 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 New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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

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

G B STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the yea 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 recive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address West Medford, Mass.

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

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representative 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 mentioned in the 2nd 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 judgment of said Committees,) for the propagation 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

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, 14 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. G. L. BEAN will give her attention to clairvoyant medical examinations. Rooms 30 Eliot street.

21—tf.

Mrs. ELLEN E. RICHARDS, Clairvoyant Medium, No 18 South Russell street, Boston. Terms 50 cents for communication or examination of disease. 9tf

Mrs. BEMAN, 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.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER,

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

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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

LIGHT BREAD,

WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

☞ How to make *light* delicious Bread with simple Flour and Water *only*.

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.

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

Mr. Rand's Pamphlet, giving an account of the Davenport boys and his liberation from jail by the spirits, is for sale at the Spiritual Book Store of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

BOSTON SPIRIEUAL CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Friday evening, commencing at 7 o'clock, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with Spiritualism and reform. n8tf

Cash Received on Subscription.

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

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

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

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

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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.

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

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

Russell Severence, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium.

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

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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.

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 invalubale 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

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.

Now opening from the recent New York Auction Sales,

100 pieces Brussels Tapestry for	87½ cts.
60 rolls Kidderminster,	55 cts.
75 rolls Velvet Tapestry,	112½ cts.
80 rolls Extra Heavy Superfine,	75 cts.
40 rolls Union,	37½ cts.
5 bales Hemp Carpets,	25 cts.
300 rolls Oil Cloths,	35 to 50 cts.
20 rolls Stair Carpets,	12½ to 50 cts.

Also late productions of elegant Willon, Brussels, Tapestry, Kidderminster and 3-Ply Carpets of English manufacture, suited to city retail sales.

As the name of our establishment has been closely imitated by others in our neighborhood, it will be well for purchasers to mark the location of our Warehouse.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

75 Hanover Street, (opposite American House.)

Boston, Oct. 1859. n8 3t.

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 2m

The Reformer's Home,

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

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

A. B. CHILD, M. D., Dentist,

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.