THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

LIFE'S RECORD.

BY MAUD.

Lo mortal, mid thy care and strife!
An unsealed book, thine earthly life
Lies open still: weigh solemnly
The meaning of past destiny,
And ask thy soul, though wrung with pain,
What more thou would'st record therein.

Its leaves must Death forever close,
Delay not; soon, from all thy woes
And loves in this earth-sphere, thou torn
Away, shalt suddenly be borne
Unto the Land of souls. Then be
Prepared for this great mystery.

The haloed page of good, may still
That record all with radiance fill;
The reading, dimmed of evil, lose
Its sting, and conscience find repose.
What saintly works might follow thee
To rest, in thine eternity!

Haste not to register earth's joy,
Alas, what worse than vain employ!
Nor mourn the chapters of thy pain,
Thy martyrdom and love in vain,—
O man, the guileless woe ne'er heed,
It cannot haunt thy peace to read.

In far off spheres, thine innocence
Shall draw celestial sweetness, thence;
E'en here, when thou with anguish riven,
Hast well nigh lost thy faith in Heaven,
The loved o'erbend thy darkened ways,
And fold thee in unseen embrace.

One harm alone can thee befall,
Shield thee from this, and shielded all;
When life is e'en a tale long told,
Beware, lest written thou behold
Dark sin and folly's madness—woe,
The only, which the soul may know.

The Past shall grasp from Death's cold hands
The sealed book and wasted sands.
Then, all inscribed, its deeds on earth
Thy soul must only read; thenceforth,
The opened words of prophecy,
And judgment mayst thou boldly see.

For know, the spirit's newer morn
From this life's day is surely born;
The Past, its treasures sternly keeps,
Their likeness rises from its deeps;
Not strange, thine inner world shall seem
So like the lost and veiled dream!

Whose visions fraught with mystery
And shrouded meanings, dark to thee,
Thou, on the walls of thine own place,
In shadowy characters shalt trace,
With their interpretation. Even
On the threshold of its portals graven,

When death-awakened, thou thine eyes
Shalt lift, and all unchanged, arise
Immortal! fadeless! thou shalt see
This register of destiny,
Which ages may not quite again
Unravel, though a web of pain.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

BY THE SEA.

BY VINE.

We sat in the dusky gloaming—
Two rosy sisters and me,
Looking out into the twilight,
And over the misty sea.
"See! see!" they said, "through the gray light,
Those sails coming over the sea!
We will be wed in the morning,
And you a maiden will be!"

Then they laughed aloud and chatter'd
Like elfs in their merry glee—
"That bark is bearing our lovers
The gently heaving sea:—

We know that an angel hovers
O'er our lovers on the sea,
For their bark is still unshatter'd,
And hastens to you and me."

The merry girls swept their harp strings,
As their boat sail'd o'er the sea;—
I stood in the castle's gray walls,
And it floated back to me.
"We will be wed ere the dew falls
And you a maiden will be!"
Just before it dies the swan sings—
The foreboding came to me.

Their boat went out in the morning
To sail on the placid sea;—
The wave that swept it on the shore
Over the roaring sea,
Bore the forms of the youthful four
Lifeless and cold unto me!
Shatter'd and wreck'd ere the gloaming
The boat came on to the lea.

I weep in the dusky gloaming
Over their graves by the sea,
Happiest of wives and mothers,
In my castle by the sea,
Spirits of sisters and brothers,
Whisper ever to me,
"We will be wed in the morning,
And you a maiden will be!"

WHOM DO THE LAWS PUNISH.—It would be very easy for an enemy of our institutions to prove—plausibly, if not conclusively—that our criminal laws are made for the protection of scoundrels and the punishment of their innocent victims. We have already mentioned the case of the poor German who was swindled by emigrant-runners, and, on making complaint, was imprisoned as a witness. The villain who had robbed him was released on bail,—and the witness was kept in confinement for some months, until he had become *insane*, and of course his testimony is of no value.

We see mention of a still harder case of the same sort in our Brooklyn police reports. A boy named James Elliken, without father, mother, friends or money, found himself at night in the street with a valise containing all his clothing,—and asked a passer-by where he could find a lodging.—The man found out his destitute condition, robbed him of his valise, and left him to himself. He next met a policeman, through whose aid the villain was arrested and bound over for trial; but the boy was imprisoned to appear as a witness. Three months have since passed away,—the robber is still at large and the little boy is still in jail.

Instances of this sort are of constant occurrence,—and deeply as they must shock every sentiment of justice and humanity, they seem to attract but little public attention. We need imperatively some amendment of our code, so that this horrible anomaly of a law for punishing the innocent and screening the guilty need no longer be exhibited.—[N. Y. Times.

Of the three thousand voters of Washington Territory, two thousand are desirous of entering the matrimonial state, but there are no marriageable girls there. The Puget's Sound *Herald* plaintively calls for New England damsels to satsify the demand for a good "article."

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

Correspondence.

PHILIP SOMMERS, Springbrook, N. Y.—I am very much delighted with your new improvements. I have nothing but what I earn with my hands, but I shall always know how to spare so much money as will keep the AGE.—I shall never be "not able." Through it, I have become acquainted with Spiritualism, and I have since received much good from it; it being, out here in the woods, all my church, bible, teacher, minister, friend, and light.—— Naples, N. Y.—I have interested myself in the circulation of the AGE, from no other motive than the promptings of the truth-inspiring monitor within. I have felt—from my earliest acquaintance with the AGE—that the moral tone, and fraternal breathings that live in every line of its pages, must kindle an answering flame in the heart of every reader, and flash the flambeau of eternal truth, far through the murky vapors, that shroud the spiritual domain of flesh-bound immortals. With these convictions to incite, I have felt the inborn assurance, that whatever effort should contribute to the means of its proprietors, would eventually tell in the progressive unfoldment of the race; and I love to be the unknown instrument for good to my fellow travellers in the sinuous ways of mundane progression.—— Factory Point, Vt.—I find there is quite a sensation produced in consequence of a recommendation for Spiritualists. For one, I am favorably inclined to the proposition; by some it is urged thus, we are few in numbers in comparison with the prominent political parties of the day. True, we are; but is that any reason why we should shrink from showing ourselves and claiming an existence, distinct from the corruptions of the dominant parties that now are struggling for pre-eminence in the land. True, we cannot expect at once to change our general government, but we can do something. If we cannot elect a President, perhaps in many localities we may elect a School Committee. I do most earnestly hope that this proposition will meet the approbation of Spiritualists throughout the land, fully believing that aside from all selfish ambition in the cause, much good can and will come of it. A writer in the last AGE urges that instead of assuming a political position, that we as Spiritualists strive to perfect ourselves, &c. This last clause meets my warmest approbation; but in case we adopt the former, must that needs be a bar to self perfection? I trust not, but contrariwise as we view the subject, I am much pleased to see the subject agitated, and to see sentiments exchanged upon it.—— C. S. MIDDLEBROOK.—I like the idea of Spiritualists voting for a President. What we want is, a man we know above selling himself for office. I think it proved Judge Edmonds is such a man, and only wish I could vote for him. Some one seems afraid we shall only show our *weakness*. All a true Spiritualist *should fear* is the *wrong*.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Oct. 24th, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—Will you oblige me, by the publication in your valuable paper of my testimony in regard to Mr. J. V. Mansfield's mediumship? I have had occasion to speak of him before, and place before the many readers of the Banner of Light, the results of my application, and the convictions I entertained of his unswerving honesty and undeniable truthfulness. I would now call the attention of Spiritualists and investigators, to what was to me, a striking evidence of spiritual power as given through Mr. Mansfield's hand, in reply to a carefully sealed letter addressed to a spirit friend, and sent to No. 3, Winter street, (Mr. Mansfield's office,) by me, from Salem, Mass. Three days after sending I received a reply; my letter was returned as I had sent it, the answering communication signed by the friend I had addressed; several questions satisfactorily replied to; and in response to an enquiry respecting my spirit father, the following was given:—"Your dear father continues to rove from sphere to sphere, as did he from place to place below." And then was sketched rudely, but strikingly characteristic to me, a small figure, representing my father seemingly in the hurry of travel, carrying in one hand a box, which I recognized as the exact copy of a jewel box which he invariably carried himself, and by the handle in the manner represented. It may be a trivial affair, to me it was deeply, joyfully significant; for I do not remember having mentioned the circumstances of that jewel box, and the manner in which my father invariably carried it for years. It was not on my mind; Mr. Mansfield could not know the circumstances; who but a spirit could have given this, to me, overwhelming proof of my dear father's identity? Then too, my father had always been a traveller, and I am told he continues to rove.—I carefully guard that communication; it is precious and sacred to me; a proof of spirit power, and of the truth that can be given through a worthy medium. J. V. Mansfield has been to me, a most consoling messenger from the spirit worlds. May the fullest justice soon be rendered to this much enduring, honorable man, who has suffered what God and angels only are aware of, in the cause of truth. Spiritualism needs personal worth in the individual, as well as a fitting organization for mediumship, to fully recommend it to the world. *I know*, that Mr. Mansfield's life and conversation is fitted for his public usefulness; both are irreproachable; and true Spiritualism has in him a worthy exponent. With this short testimony to the merits of a good man, I am yours for truth. CORA WILBURN.

ASTORIA, Clatsop Co., Oregon.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—In looking over your excellent paper of July 30th, we noticed a letter over the signature of H. S. Jones, of Eleroy, Ill., in which he speaks very sensibly of the existence of the Supreme Being. Bro. Jones's position seems well taken, and we heartily concur with him in believing in a *veritable*, *real*, and *individual* God. No other hypothesis satisfies our mind; all the fine spun theories that we have seen advanced, however well written, whatever labor they may have cost, or whatever pleasure they may have given the writer, seem to us as pure conjecture. If our conclusions are liable to the same objection, they have at least the merit of being arrived at with less cost, and give equal satisfaction. Brother Jones's tests we consider excellent, and although the advanced Spiritualist may not need them, they are always welcome to the general reader, and to a certain class of minds invaluable; and indeed we know some, who because the daily occuring Spiritual phenomena are not more fully reported in papers, think that like Orthodoxy, Spiritualism has become all theory and no practice. Give us more "tests" gentlemen, they make a fine garnish for a good dish of theory. Bro. Jones speaking of organization inquires, if in union there is strength why not seek it there? So we say; surely the doctrines of Spiritualism are worth a united effort; error has been heralded to the four quarters of the globe by missionary labor, requiring not only men of great talent, energy, and self sacrifice, but vast sums of money. Should truth be less honored; should the freinds of truth be less vigilant; is not the cause infinitely superior to any which has heretofore engaged the mind of the missionary? We think so; and we think too that we have as talented and as earnest men in our ranks as ever engaged in any mission;—that we have abundant means if we were so organized as to command it, and that we have great fields for labor. We know that in Oregon the harvest is truly great and the laborers few;—we also agree with brother Jones that "all genuine Spiritualists may unite" so far as is necessary, to secure their co-operation in the erection of public buildings, the support of schools, and the supplying of destitute places with lectures, and in fact for all needful purposes.—Brother Jones speaks of a "good Creed;" we would like to ask him if he ever saw a white black-bird, or if he can conceive of a dry rain or wet drouth. If so, he may possibly conceive some idea of a good creed; but we cannot think of a creed without thinking also of the iron bed-stead of Procrustus. Think of iron-bands being placed round the body and limbs of a child at its birth, to remain there through life, and you have our idea of the best creed that has ever yet been coined. We are fully persuaded that history will bear us out, in asserting that creeds have always proved a firebrand to the church; a stepping-stone to strife, clamor and dissension; never a bond of peace but a sword; never a bond of Christian love and brotherhood, but a most fruitful source of prosecution, imprisonment, and bloodshed;—but we want no creed. Brother Jones, we may so organize as to secure union, and the co-operation necessary to the propogation of truth, without a creed. H. D. MILLARD.

LIGHT.

Light is essential to physical health and spiritual development. Many physicians and nurses fail (partially, at least,) in their ministrations to the sick, in not properly ventilating and not admitting sufficient light into the apartments of the sick. All persons should breathe pure air freely and be exposed to natural light, during the day, and this is especially true of feeble, unhealthy or sick persons; and yet the rooms of these latter are too often darkened, and, consequently the patient languishes for want of light. This may be illustrated by placing a plant in the cellar, or other dark place. How eagerly it will chase the struggling rays of the sun, that may chance to find access to the place, and it will soon become pale and sickly for want of light and heat from his genial rays. We may have another evidence of the efficacy of the air and light upon our own systems, by going out in the morning before the sun has reached his meridian. We return with buoyant spirits and a healthy glow upon our cheeks:-but otherwise, if we go forth into the evening air after sunset, there will be a heaviness about the brain, and a loss of vitality. Our physical systems draw refined electricity from the air filled with the sun's rays, giving us health and vigor of body and buoyancy of spirits; hence, the necessity of having those rays emitted into the apartments of the sick.—True, there are some on a plane so low and gross that they cannot bear light, but they ever should receive it gradually; and there are many in these days, whether they be sick or well, who seek light, *more light*! not only from the sun, but from the "Sun of Righteousness". And I rejoice, Mr. Editor, that the "SPIRITUAL AGE" is disseminating so much light—the true light, which should light every man, and may it be liberally supported, and never be eclipsed by narrow creeds, bigotry or the recreancy of its friends. E. J. P.

Damariscotta, Me., Oct. 19, 1859.

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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 V.

LOVE AND EXPLANATIONS.

Reader, I have not inflicted any sickly sentimentality upon you, such as characterize the leading stories of the great "sensation" journals of this country, nor shall I do so in this chapter, notwithstanding its suggestive title. But perhaps your imagination has been so feasted with eloquent descriptions of the deathly despair of disappointed love, and the wild, maddening gladness of requited love and its fond realizations, that you will read these pages and pronounce the author dull and insipid.

I do not deny that young men and women have really acted in as silly and irrational a manner as has been ascribed to the imaginary heroes and heroines of the novelist; but I *do* deny that such manifestations are natural. In most instances I have found them to result from a sickly growth and developement of the affections, the proper cultivation of which is so sadly neglected by parents and teachers.

Pure and unselfish love, if such a feeling can possibly have an abiding place with all the frailties of human nature in its present perverted condition, is the noblest—the most elevating—the most God-like emotion permitted the spirit, whether in the form, or out of the form. It is the rich treasure which God has given us; and which He has given the power to preserve untarnished. But if we permit it to corrode by neglect, or under baneful influences, instead of appearing like a treasure, it becomes unsightly to the eye and its weight a wearisome burden.

Or, if we attempt to improve upon the brightness of this treasure, by constantly bringing it in contact with the coarse sands of human existence—or washing it over with every newly invented acid and honey of romance, the original gradually loses its identity beneath the coatings of a more brilliant, but a much baser metal.

I had one day been reflecting upon my life—and thinking of Minnie in connection with love, when, upon returning to the cottage, the doctor proposed a ride. We usually rode out together in my carriage, but on this evening I preferred remaining at home, and urged madame von Wieser and daughter to accompany the doctor. Minnie expressed a disinclination to riding, and it was finally arranged that we should remain at home, while her mother and uncle rode out by themselves.

The relation and other strange ties existing between us, had established an intimacy and confidence equalled only by members of the same family. Hence neither the doctor nor madame von Wieser thought more, or less, of leaving us together at the cottage, than if we had been brother and sister. But notwithstanding this familiarity and confidence, I always felt a diffidence when alone with Minnie, which I could neither explain nor understand.

"Minnie" said I, when they were gone, "your uncle thinks you quite a philosopher, and I wish you would tell me why I feel a restraint, and an inability to carry on conversation, as soon as we are left together?"

"Upon my word, Professor Indolence," she replied with assumed indignation, "you are not satisfied with calling upon me to explain my own sensations, but expect me to study into your mentality, and explain what you ought to have known long ago. But I will not be too hard upon you, since it will cost me so little to answer your question. The only difficulty is, you feel embarrassed."

"Begging your pardon," I replied, with difficulty restraining an impulse to laugh, "but I knew that."

"Of course you did," she coolly replied, "and only enquired by way of introducing a subject for conversation."

"True, that was my object in part, but I am also desirous of knowing why I should feel this diffidence when alone with you?"

"*I can tell you!*" replied a voice from the other side of the room.

Instantly our eyes were turned in that direction, but nothing resembling the human form was to be seen. Minnie gave a slight scream, and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. Raising her gently, I bore her almost lifeless form to the sofa. Seating myself beside her, with my right arm encircling her waist—both her hands clasped in mine, and her head resting upon my shoulder, I awaited the reaction from her fright, and the return of consciousness.

Bending forward so that I could gaze upon her white face, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing her eyes unclose, and the color return to her cheeks.

As I thus sat, supporting that pure being, I experienced such a proud, ennobling and elevating emotion, that it hardly seemed as though I belonged to earth. Whatever of grossness there was in my nature, seemed for the time annihilated, and with thoughts and desires as pure as an angel's, I folded the dear girl in my arms, as I would an infant entrusted to my care and protection.

Gently releasing herself, but permitting me to retain her hand, she said seriously,

"Charles, this seems very strange! Until since I first saw you, I never believed that the spirits of our departed friends could return to us. But now I believe it—*I know it!* I saw your mother when you lay sensele s upon the bed, and her spirit seemed to *breathe* into mine that you might be recovered to consciousness, even after my uncle had given you up as dead.—When he was called from the room, and when I was alone with you, I *felt* your mother saying to me 'we will now restore Charles to life.' Instantly a strange thrill shot through me, and the next moment, although conscious, yet my acts were all involuntary. My hands, for a long time, continued passing over you, from your head to your feet. Then I saw signs of returning life, and when fully assured that you breathed, the strange influence left me, and I hurried out to inform my uncle of what seemed to him like a miracle.—This is the first time I have ever mentioned the circumstance to any one, and for the present I should rather it would go no farther. But these strange noises—that voice—I am frightened in spite of myself, and yet I *know* it is all the work of spirits. I so dread my uncle's ridicule, and my mother's uneasiness, should I tell them my thoughts, that I continue silent in their presence. But I have long wanted to talk with you about it, and remained at home this evening on purpose to do so. Now tell me what you think of it?"

The anxiety with which she awaited my reply, was painful to behold. My first impulse was to treat the whole as a very clever trick at slight-of-hand, practised by some of my college friends, and thus attempt to overwhelm, perhaps satisfy her with reasons which were far from being satisfactory to myself. But as I gazed upon her truthful countenance, and read the perfect trust and confidence which she reposed in me, I could not find it my heart to practise one particle of deception upon her.

Then I remembered my vision on that fatal day, and so closely did her account agree with my recollection of it, that I resolved to deal fairly and candidly with her. But first I was anxious to test some other points in my vision, and requested her to relate the conversation which passed between her and her uncle while I lay unconscious. To this she readily complied, repeating it word for word, just as I remembered.

"And now Minnie," said I, "do you remember what your *thoughts* were when you laid your hand upon my forehead?"

Her countenance changed a little, but she replied promptly that she did.

"Did you ever knowingly communicate those thoughts to any one?"

"Why do you ask?" she replied slightly coloring.

"Not from any idle curiosity, but for the sake of arriving at a fact, which if true, is one of the utmost importance."

"But I cannot conceive what my *thoughts* have to do in explaining this phenomena?"

"Probably not, but I will enable you to comprehend hereafter. I most earnestly and sincerely desire that you should answer me a few questions, without enquiring as to my motive for asking them.—You have my assurance that I am actuated only by a worthy motive. Will you tell me?"

She was evidently embarrassed, but after a short pause, resumed,

"I do not comprehend your meaning, but as your question is a fair one, I will answer it. No, I never communicated these thoughts to any one, and what is more, probably never shall."

"Are you sure that you never communicated them to some one in your sleep—perhaps to me—or to your mother, who has since informed me what they were?"

"I am not sure of what I may have done in my sleep, nor am I responsible," she replied, recovering her accustomed ease of manner, "but I *am* sure, first, that I have not slept, nor *entirely* lost my consciousness, from that moment to this, except when asleep, alone with my mother.—In the next place, I feel sure that if I had communicated to my mother, either awake or asleep, what my thoughts were at that time, she would not have informed you or *any* person whatever."

"Do you feel so sure upon these points, that you are willing to pledge me your word, if I should now inform you just what your thoughts were, that you will tell me if I am correct?"

She was again embarrassed, and hesitated before replying. Finally, in the full assurance that by no possible human agency, could I come to know her thoughts, she gave me an unhesitating, affirmative answer.

"Minnie," said I, "I feel as *sure* that I know what your thoughts were, as you do that I do not. But the opportunity which has been afforded for you to become acquainted with me, and the recollection of the solemn and sacred promise which binds my honor to be the friend of your mother and yourself, to say nothing of the debt of gratitude which I owe you for your uniform kindness, must assure you that I shall not idly repeat your thoughts upon that gloomy occasion. No, my dear girl, it is only to afford you, as you have me, such a test of spirit power as shall forever silence all doubts."

Then drawing her nearer to me, while my arm again encircled her waist, I told her *verbatim*, just the shape her thoughts took, as they appeared to me in my vision. When I came to speak of her thoughts about loving me, which I reserved for the last, her head drooped, and she appeared painfully embarrassed.

"Charles," she at length said, again releasing herself and withdrawing her hands, "I believe in your sincerity, and in the worthiness of your motive; if I did not, I should certainly feel offended at your freedom. But I trust you will release me from my promise to explain more fully whether or not you are right, when I assure you that it affords me the highest possible test that intelligence may be communicated by some means hitherto unacknowledged. But you promised me an explanation which I am now anxious to hear."

"True, and hoping that you will forget the momentary pain which I have occasioned, I will now inform you of what I never communicated to any one, and should be unwilling to have repeated."

I then narrated my sensations while in what I have termed my "vision," and the information which I appeared to derive, omitting only what her thoughts had seemed to me, as I *felt* a cognizance of them.

"But the letter which you saw in the old castle," she enquired, "what of that?"

"It was directed to the father of Frederick, written by an obscure person who signed his name as 'Schram.' He appeared to be a sort of tool, or spy for the Baron, and at that time was engaged in a conspiracy against myself. It seemed that Baron von Ault and my uncle Ferdinand were fast friends, the latter of whom, aided by the former, was endeavoring to prove that the marriage of my parents was illegal, or that they were never married; and upon the establishing of either of these points, my uncle would inherit the title and estates of my father."

"Of course you have made enquiries and ascertained whether any such attempt is being made?"

"No, I have not given the subject the least attention. In the first place, nothing of the kind could be accomplished, even if tried; and finally, until now, I never had sufficient evidence that the facts obtained from my vision were not imaginary. True, I saw *you*, and learned your name; but I was not sure that Conrad had not described you to me, told your name, and that I had forgotten it. Then again, I did not discover that the surgeon was your uncle, which I should have done as easily as I ascertained any other fact."

"No, there *was* a reason why you should not discover this. We have long been cautious about betraying his relationship, and from habit, I often address him as doctor, even when we are alone. You remember, too, that he addressed me as 'My dear young lady.' This proves that our minds were repelling the idea of any relationship, and as the *thought* was not there, you could no more read it, even with your spirit separated from your body, than you could read words upon a piece of blank paper"

"Why, Minnie!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "where have you learned to reason so closely upon the operations of the mind, whether it be in, or separated from the human form?"

"I never *learned* my reasoning," she replied earnestly, I only *possess* it. The idea I have just advanced is as *new* to me as though I had just heard it from another, for the first time."

"Your answer only adds to the mystery. But if you possess this wonderful faculty of knowing by intuition, what others must learn by study, perhaps you may be able to give me a clearer idea respecting it?"

"I will to *you*, because I think you will believe me. What you term 'intuition,' I believe to be *impressions*, which are given me from spirit friends. Whatever knowledge they possess, under certain conditions, they can communicate to me by impression, whether the knowledge be to them the result of reflection, study, or communication from another."

"This all seems plausible enough—so much so that I feel no desire to argue against it, yet I am not prepared to admit its truth. I must have space for reflection. In the mean time I shall be anxious to renew the subject as a topic for conversation between us, whenever; and as often as opportunity occurs. But there is another subject which I am anxious to talk about now, if I have your permission. Early deprived of the softening influence of a most affectionate mother, from my father I learned only lessons of coldness. Inheiting a portion of his unsocial nature, habit almost confirmed me a misanthrope.—Save the servants, I never was thrown into the society of the ladies, until coming to this cottage. I had learned to think of them as inferior to man, and never supposed that any lady could inspire me with sufficient respect to make even her society desirable, much less her companionship—a companionship for life. But my whole nature seems to have been revolutionized, since coming here, and notwithstanding the diffidence I feel when we are by ourselves, your society is daily becoming more desirable to me.—Shall I proceed?"

She dropped her head and seemed greatly embarrassed, but gave me no answer.—I repeated my question,

"Dearest Minnie, shall I proceed?"

"*Proceed!*" replied the same voice from an invisible speaker.

One spring, and Minnie was in my arms almost fainting upon my bosom. O, how I yearned to press her still closer there; but my reason told me that to take such an advantage, would be cowardly in the extreme.

The next moment we heard the sound of carriage wheels, and by a masterly effort she recovered herself. Deeply mortified, she begged me to pardon her unmaidenly conduct, the result of her fright. I barely had time to assure that she was not misunderstood, and that her acts should not be misinterpreted, when her mother and uncle entered the room.

(*To be continued*)

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana.—I had gone out partly for my health, and partly to accommodate one who had always been a noble friend to me, and who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Logansport he was taken sick, and after watching with him for a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and as the physicians said that he would not probably be able to move under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort which money could procure, I left.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men, bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out with our luggage, and I soon found that I had lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Joseph, where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber for the season.

On the third day from Logansport, we reached Walton's settlement, on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough for the shelter—for ere we had fairly got under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly, too. And more still had I to be thankful for. My horse began to show lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle, I found that his foot pained him very much, as I could tell from the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the hostler to bathe it in cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper and comfortable quarters for the night—that is comfortable for that section and at that time.

About ten o'clock, soon after I had retired, and was just falling into a pleasant dose, I was startled by shouts of men and the barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose and threw on my clothes, and went down.

"What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry way.

"Ah—don't you know, stranger?" replied he. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

Who in the West, at that time had not heard of him?—the most reckless, daring and murderous robber that ever cursed the country. I told the host that I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him, but he's 'gin us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the banks, fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then run into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him.

"And you've come back horseless," I said.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added with a knowing shake of the head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these huntin's or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth, white face, and not very stout. But, Lord love ye, he's as quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. O ho! he's the very devil, I do believe!"

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the landlord had provided was all drank, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed, and this time I slept on uninterruptedly until morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself an animal all covered with mud. It had been raining [illegible] night. The first thing that the new comer d[illegible]

was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name; and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself.—"So young, so hopeful, with so many friends and fond relatives in his far off home—and taken down to die in a stranger land!" I told the man that I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate some breakfast, and then resumed his journey, being bound up as high as the Pottowattamie border.

I settled my bill and then went for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so that he could hardly step on it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud was deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot the night before by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look'e," said my host, as I began to despond, "can't ye manage a canoe?"

"Yes—very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and without the stroke of the paddle 'twould take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and you can sell it at Logansport for as much."

I caught at the proposition instantly, for I thought it was a good one.

"If ye daren't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe and pack it round. It is not far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dug-out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his price, ten dollars, and then had my luggage brought down. I gave direction about the treatment of my horse and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent; and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty; more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistol at some of the boldest "varmints;" but I had no time to waste, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to an abrupt basin, where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and I found myself going around instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the rotary current; but in doing so, I ran myself upon the low, sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes, when I was startled by hearing a footfall close to me, and on looking up I saw a man at the side of the boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and thirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf-skin skirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he said in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the second paddle and keeping you company?"

"I should like it," I told him frankly. "I've been wanting company."

"So have I" added the hunter; "and I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs through the deep forest."

'Come on," I said, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles, and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Allen, and his father lived in Columbus. He was out on a mere hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions, who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, had lost his horse into the bargain. He said he had a large amount of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affair to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business; and by a most quiet and unpresuming course of remark, he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny.—I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midships and facing me. He was not a large man, nor was he tall. His hair was of a light flaxen hue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome, and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age, I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash robber. For a few moments I feared my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now, and see how cunningly he had led me to confess my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon, when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in the breast pocket of my coat which pocket had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant.—Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were both together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss meeting my friend for worlds."

"Oh! you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

Ah—he spoke with too much meaning. I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone and that strange gleam of the eye meant, that he would put me on the road to see poor Kemp in another world. I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless—so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon me as he spoke, and then he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, not even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his nature led him thus.—At length night came on.

We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I tho't of objecting, but a few moments' reflection told me that I had better behave as though he was an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took a seat at the stern, and I moved further forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible, I drew out one of my pistols, and beneath the cover of a cough I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger upon the guard, drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me, the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell full upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams—I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long regular drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Aha—there was before one lingering thought in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man, but that was now gone. As the fellow stopped the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter—

"Oho, my dear, sleep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and I will take your traps to pay for your passage to Heaven!"

I think these were the very words. At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand, he had a huge bowie knife in it; I could see the blade gleam in the moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge and feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could contain myself, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch approached me—oh! his step could not have awakened a hound—and his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side, and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth. Every nerve in my body was now strong, and my heart stood still as death. Of course my snoring ceased; and at that instant the huge bowie knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not on me. I pulled the trigger, and the last fear was passed. I had thought the weapon might miss fire but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed, I heard a fierce yell, and at the same moment the robber came forward, his head striking my knee as it came down. Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more turned aright, I turned my eyes to the form in the bottom of the canoe, and I saw it quiver—only a spasmodic motion—and all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke, the form had not moved. I then stepped forward and found that Gus Karl was dead. He had fallen with the knife true to its aim, for he struck very near where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were clasped with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest, I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gus Karl at once, and when I told them my story they poured a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water! water! In God's name give me water!" he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows—sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it, when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me it would certainly kill the sick man.—But I forced him back, and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. Perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke his skin was moist and his fever turned. In eight days from that time, he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Walton's settlement, I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping, the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

Interesting Miscellany.

SKETCH OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, THE LEADER OF THE INSURRECTION.

Capt. John Brown emigrated to Kansas from Central New York, in the fall of 1855, and settled in the township of Ossawattomie. He was accompanied by seven sons, the youngest of whom, was able to earn his livelihood. The birth-place of Brown is not positively known to the writer, but the report has it that he was born in Kentucky. At the time of his capture he was about sixty years of age. He was about medium height, slim, muscular, and possessing an iron constitution. He had blue eyes, sharp features and long gray hair, wearing a full beard.

In December, 1855, during the "Shannon war," Brown first made his appearance among the free State men at Lawrence. His entrance into the place at once attracted the attention of the people towards him. He brought a wagon load of cavalry sabres, and was accompanied by twelve men, seven of whom were his own sons.

He first exhibited his qualities at the time the free State and pro-slavery parties, under the lead of Gov. Robinson on one side and Gov. Shannon on the other, met to make a treaty of peace. After Gov. Robinson had stated to the people who were gathered around the hotel the terms of peace, Brown took the stand, uninvited, and opposed the terms of the treaty. He was in favor of ignoring all treaties, and such leading men as Robinson, Lane and Lowry, and proceeding at once against the border ruffian invaders, drive them from the soil or hang them, if taken. Gen. Lowry, who was Chairman of the Committee of Safety, and also commander of the free State troops, ordered Brown under arrest. The latter made no physical resistance, but it was soon discovered that he was altogether too fiery a person to retain as a prisoner; and a compromise was made with him by the free State men, and he was released. He was informed by the leaders of that party that his remarks were intended to undo what they were trying to accomplish by means of the treaty; that he was a stranger in Lawrence and Kansas, and ought not by his rash remarks to compromise the people of Lawrence until he had known them longer and knew them better.

One of his sons, who was elected to the Legislature in February, 1856, was seized and taken from Ossawattomie to Lecompton in chains, a distance of thirty miles. His feet and hands were chained together with a large, heavy chain, the size of that used upon ox-teams. He was compelled to walk the whole distance beneath a burning sun. The irons wore the flesh from his ankles; he was attacked with the brain fever, was neglected, and died in two or three days. He was a companion of Governor Robinson, Jenkins, (since shot by Lane) and some eight or ten others.—Another son of Capt. Brown was shot at Ossawattomie by a marauding party from Missouri. After the death of his first son, occasioned by the tortures and fatigue of his forced march, Brown swore vengeance upon the pro-slavery party, and it was frequently observed by the more prudent of the free State men that he was evidently insane on the subject. He was always considered by them as a dangerous man, was never taken into their councils, and never consulted by them with reference either to their policy or movements.

The destruction of the Free State Hotel and presses at Lawrence, in May, 1856, incited him anew to action, and he organized a small company, composed chiefly of men who had been robbed, or whose relatives had been murdered by the pro-slavery party, and, at the head of this band, armed with Sharp's rifles, bowie knives and Colt's revolvers, he scoured Southern Kansas, and the name of "Old Brown" became a terror to all who opposed his will in that region. While he was thus marauding, five pro-slavery men were taken from their cabins at Pottawattomie Creek, in the night time, and shot dead. The pro-slavery party charged this deed upon Old Brown, while the Free State party asserted that they could prove him in Lawrence, forty miles distant, when it happened, and that the horrid deed was perpetrated by "Buford's Georgia Ruffians," supposing that the victims were Free State men.

The news of the massacre reached Wesport, Missouri, the place of rendezvous of the "border ruffians," the same evening that the Kansas Commission, sent out by the United States House of Representatives, arrived at that place The excitement was intense, and was induced almost as much by the appearance of the Commission as by the news of the massacre. The "ruffians" swore vengence upon the members and officers of the Commission, declaring that their blood should recompense for the slaughter at Pottawattomie Creek, and but for the intercession of Mr. Oliver, the pro-slavery member of the Commission, and others, it was believed that the Commission would have been attacked. It was at this time that the notorious H. Clay Pate organized a band of men in the streets of Westport, Mo., with the avowed purpose of entering the Territory and capturing "Old Brown." He raised about thirty men, and went into the Territory about twilight one evening, and was surprised at sunrise the next morning by "Old Brown," who was in command of nine men, armed as stated above.

Pate sent a flag of truce to Brown, who advanced some rods in front of his company, and ordered the flag bearer to remain with him, and sent one of his men to inform Pate to come himself. Pate obeyed, when Brown ordered him to lay down his arms. Pate refused to give the order to his men, when Brown, drawing a revolver, informed him that he must give the order or be shot on the spot. Pate immediately surrendered up himself and men, when they were disarmed and marched into a ravine near by, and kept until liberated and sent back to Missouri, by Col. Sumner, a few days subsequently, who also ordered "Old Brown" to disband and go home. The latter agreed to do so if the Colonel would also agree to protect the settlers in that region of the Territory. This was the celebrated "Battle of Jack Point," made famous by the "H. C. P." Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, who was the heroic commander of the surrendering party.

Capt. Brown was not much heard from again, until the notorious Capt. Hamilton made his incursions into Southern Kansas from Missouri in 1858, when he raised another company, and, with Capt. Montgomery, drove Hamilton and his companions back to Missouri, and marching his men into that State, took possession of one of the villages, shot one or two men, and liberated several slaves. This course of Brown was repudiated by Governor Robinson and the leaders of the Free State party, in and out of Kansas, which caused Brown to publish a letter explaining his position, in which he assumed the entire resposibility of his acts, and relieved the Free State men from any share therein. This letter was called the "Two Parallels," on account of the peculiar distinction made by the writer.

Captain Brown was a very strong believer in the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. He was fanatical on the subject of anti-slavery, and seemed to have the idea that he was specially deputed by the Almighty to liberate slaves and kill slaveholders. It was always conceded to him that he was a conscientious man, very modest in his demeanor, apparently inoffensive until the subject of slavery was introduced, when he would exhibit a degree of indignation unparalleled. After matters subsided in Kansas, Brown intimated to some of his anti-slavery friends that he contemplated organizing an insurrection amongst the slaves in Kentucky and Tenessee. This fact becoming known to some of the leading anti-slavery men of the country, they refused him means with which to go on, and discouraged his proposed undertaking. He spent a portion of the last summer in visiting different Northern cities, and was tendered sums of money, with the understanding that he wished to secure a little farm upon which to settle in his old age.—It is supposed that he employed this money thus obtained, to hire the farm near Harper's Ferry, which he used as a rendezvous for the insurrectionists.

[From the Boston Journal.]

SUBSTANTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.

Since Tuesday morning, we have had such a mass of excited dispatches relative to the Harper's Ferry affair pouring in upon us, for the most part extravagant and inconsistent, that we have thought a brief, connected statement of the open progress of the event, so far as it can be gathered from materials now before the public, will be of some service to our readers.

Passing by the preparatory movements of the insurrectionists, which are but faintly known at present, the first open demonstration at Harper's Ferry occurred on Sunday night last. At about half past ten on that night, the watchman at the Harper's Ferry bridge, Wm. Williamson, was seized by a number of men, and shortly afterwards carried to the Armory, which he then found was in possession of the insurgents. The man sent to relieve him at the bridge was also seized, but made his escape. Within an hour or two, some of the insurrectionists appeared at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, who lived four miles distant, took him and twelve of his negroes prisoners, proceeded to another gentleman's house, took him, his sons, and all the negroes at hand, and returned to the Armory. In the meantime (about 1 o'clock in.

(Continued on 6th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, EDITOR.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1859.

MR. FERNALD'S NEW BOOK.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.—A comprehensive view of the principles and particulars of an active Divine Providence over Man,—his fortunes, changes, trials, entire discipline as a spiritual being, from birth to eternity. By Woodbury M. Fernald. Boston: Otis Clapp, 3 Beacon St: Crosby, Nichols & Co., 117 Washington St.—New York: D. Appleton & Co.

M. Fernald has been long known to the religious world as an independent and fearless thinker and writer on theological subjects. Unable, from his constitional bent, to restrict himself within the limits of any one sectarian enclosure, but seeking the food his soul craved, sometimes in one, sometimes in another, and again outside the pale of any, he has obtained a reputation for fickleness of opinion. We are not aware, however, that any of his changes have been inconsistent with an earnest and persistent search for truth; though his mental peculiarities may have rendered it impossible to arrive at *fixity* so readily as many do. This volume may be supposed to give us the results of his explorations up to the present time; and though it might not be safe to regard the author as unalterably anchored at present, still, in our judgment, he has arrived at a position far more worthy to prove permanent in the main, than any he has before occupied. Mr. F. is now, we believe, in fellowship as a clergyman with the Swedenborgian or "New Jerusalem" church—though his book places him in the more liberal or progressive wing of that body.

The book discusses the following among other topics: Providence and Necessity, with Free-will—Nature and Origin of evil—absolute Divine Sovereignty—Connection of God with Nature—The Divine Essence in the Inmosts and Ultimates of all things—Connection of religion with Philosophy—General and Special Providences—Nature and Ministry of Angels—Designs and Permissions—A Heaven from the Human Race—Divine Providence in the Regenerate Life—Nature and Operation of the New Birth—Spiritual Warfare—Temptations—Final Rest—Divine Providence in the Moderation of the Human Will,—in Riches,—in Answer to Prayer,—in Sorrow and Affliction—in regard to Little Children,—in Marriages,—in the Time of One's Death,—Trust in Divine Providence, etc., etc.

While accepting for the most part the theological philosophy of the Swedish Seer, Mr. Fernald is not slavishly bound to him as a final authority. He thinks, for example, he discovers the end of Evil in the universe, while Swedenborg left it to continue forever. He finds it, however, not in the final restoration of all souls to purity and happiness, but in the extinction of the self-hood (proprium) of the incorrigibly wicked, by which they will cease to exist as conscious individuals—a "Divine germ" remaining to be re-incarnated in a new form. This is the idea of Mr. Harris.

The method of the book is not always logical—the author often giving his *results* without the processes by which he has arrived at them, and *assuming* premises very important to his conclusions. For this reason it is not quite so well adapted to the rationalizing tendency of the times as we could wish. Nevertheless, his conclusions, in relation to the more important topics discussed, are, for the most part, the same to which we have arrived; and no thoughtful mind, at all illuminated by spiritual truth, can read the work without obtaining valuable suggestions to aid its own thinking. The fact of spirit-intercourse, and the uses of Angelic Ministry, as a most important branch of the Divine Providence, are fully recognized.

The chapter on Marriage will be read with interest by many. The author, after Swedenborg, holds to the existence of souls as eternal mates,—*from* eternity as primal germs, and *to* eternity as conjugal partners. In the present life, however, they get sadly mixed up and mis-mated, owing to the lack of spiritual discernment and the prevalence of ignorance, sensuality, etc.,—from which result confusion, misery and untold evils. He is righteously severe upon the neglect with which the matter of proper adaptation to parentage is treated in our present marriage customs. We cannot forbear a brief quotation:

"What tremendous responsibilities are men and parents now incurring, and what inconsistencies are they guilty of! They will frequently send over a whole country, and to other continents, to procure good seed corn, fruit grafts, and other seeds, to improve and replenish their granaries and orchards, and take special pains to cull out the finest and fairest of the seed, while they will encourage the most pitiful and indiscriminate marriages of themselves and their children, thus producing a harvest of discord, extending indefinitely beyond the bounds of time. What they will do for a potato patch, or a field of corn, they will not do for their own eternal sons and daughters!"—p. 379.

Nevertheless, he considers the truly conjugal marriage as scarcely attainable on earth at present, but parties should approximate as nearly as they can to it—and he disapproves in toto of Divorce (except for adultery,) as leading to greater evils than it will remedy.

But we cannot in this notice go further into the peculiarities of the, book nor will we attempt to state exceptions. On the whole it is a timely and valuable production. It forms an elegantly printed volume of 437 pages. A. E. N.

ORTHODOXY ADVANCING.

Readers who have followed the course of our late articles on "Inspiration," will be interested in any indications of progress on the part of popular religious teachers, in their theories on this subject. Such indications are numerous. We will now call attention to but one, which is nevertheless worthy of note.

In a late number of the "Bibliotheca Sacra," the quarterly exponent of Andover Theology, we find an Essay on Inspiration by Rev. Prof. Torrey, D. D., of Burlington College which exhibits an utter abandonment of the old theory of exclusive Divine agency and entire verbal infallibilty in writing the Scriptures. After repudiating the idea that "God Himself wrote with the hands of the inspired penmen," without any active agency of their own minds in any case, Dr. Torrey defines Inspiration thus:—

"Inspiration may be shortly defined as that guidance from above, whereby the sacred penmen, in committing this divine revelation to writing, were preserved from *all such error as would interfere with the end* which God, in giving this revelation to man, proposed."—[*Bib. Sacra, April* 1858, p. 328.

Further on, after showing that any theory which makes of the ancient Scriptures an infallible rule encounters grave difficulties, and the impossibility of getting two reports of historical facts exactly alike from different witnesses, he says:

"A degree of uncertainty, therefore, necessarily attaches itself to the truest of historical records, *to sacred as well as to profane. We are not called upon to believe blindly, but thoughtfully;* ever remembering that the value of the history is to be measured, not so much by the minute accuracy of the details, as by the end of it all, which, in the Bible is to reveal God in his relations to man. We hold, then, that the facts of the Bible were reported by men *sufficiently enlightened* to secure the end intended by those facts." * * * "It was a supernatural guidance and assistance of the memory with reference to the one great end,—the sufficiently exact transmission of all those facts by which God directly revealed himself to mankind."—*Ib* pp. 333, 334.

According to this Divine, then, the Bible is not *plenarily* exact in its details, but only "*sufficiently* exact" for the purpose it was intended to subserve! We have little fault to find with this theory, especially as the same writer admits also the free conscious action of the individual minds of the writers, and the effect of this action upon what was written. We quote again:

"As our Saviour, who possessed the fullness of the Spirit, and at all times fully alike, still exhibits, in all that he says and does, the entire self-possession and self-consciousness of his human individuality,....so his disciples after him and so all the prophets before him were sober, self-possessed teachers, each fully conscious of his own personality, each judging, reasoning, feeling and speaking, even in the moment of inspiration, according to his own peculiar habits of thought and mode of expressing himself. The individual was still himself, and wrote out of the fullness of his heart, and in the entire consciousness of his freedom."....

"Finally, in these cases of direct revelation or inspiration, the truth was not only tinged, if we may so express it, with the personal peculiarities of the individual organ through whom it came, but it was also unavoidably fused with another earthly element, in the historical circumstances, the immediate occasions, whatever they might happen to be, which called it forth."—Ib. pp. 335, 336.

When "Orthodoxy" thus cuts loose from its ancient moorings, there is hope of the world's progress. A E. N

Correspondence.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. D. M. F. WALKER.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Having received your new paper, and noticing its reformatory cast of character, as well as the liberality of its spirit, permit me to present a few surface thoughts on the study of Human Physiology.

This science is one on which too little attention has been bestowed. The wisdom of the injunction, "Know thyself", has been acknowledged for ages, but denied and forgotten in practice so far as the knowledge of the human organism is concerned. The study of human physiology ought to be introduced into our schools, and the elements of it become as familiar to our children as are the first principles of arithmetic, or the location of the states of our Union.

Surely, if boys should be taught what they will need to know when they become men, few sciences can claim an equal importance with physiology. Is it not unaccountable, that while we direct our children to look abroad, over the surface of the earth, and survey its lofty mountains and extensive plains, its majestic rivers and beautiful cascades, its foaming cataracts and fathomless caves, its mighty continents and boundless oceans; while we point to them the starry firmament above, teach them to consult the moons of Herschel and Jupiter, to measure the rings of Saturn, trace out the windings of Eridanus, and follow with their eye the swift-winged Pegasus; while we direct their gaze to the brilliant beauty of Orion, and bid them revel in the sweet influences of the Pleiades; while we teach them to dissect and classify the petals of the flower, and analyze its perfume; to study the physiology of the microscopic animalcule in a drop of water,—we say, is it not unaccountable and inconsistent that while we teach our children all these and a thousand other things, *we should never teach them to look into themselves?*

Never teach them to consider this human machine, so "fearfully and wonderfully" made! Never teach them to play upon their "harp of a thousand strings," and *so* play that it shall keep in tune and discourse only sweet music and harmony! How an education can be regarded as liberal or complete without a knowledge of physiology, is more than we can conceive. What would we think of a person who should live in a house fifty, sixty or seventy years, and yet be unable to tell the number of its rooms, and the nature and properties of any of its materials; perhaps not even know how many stories high his house was, or the location, name or uses of any of its articles of furniture? Verily, we should think him a dull scholar, and most inexcusably ignorant. Yet we venture to say that with the exception of physicians, and here and there one who possesses an inquiring and investigating mind, that not one person in a hundred knows anything about the nature of the materials, the structure, or even the number of the apartments in the present habitation of his mind!

The study of Physiology is neither dull nor hard to be understood, nor is it, as some of our learned Professors have told us, "beyond the comprehension of the masses," on the contrary there is much mental pleasure and moral discipline in the study.

On no page of nature's great book is the wisdom, and design of God more clearly read than on the page of Physiology. Watts, we believe it was, who said "An undevout Astronomer is man," we would say an undevout Physician, an undevout Physiologists is man, and with more truth too!

Why then we ask has not physiology, been long ago introduced into our schools? We are happy to learn, Messrs. Editors, that some of the leading educational states have introduced it, and made it a *legal* study in their common schools, and among the number we are proud to recognize your own.

But the question recurs, why have not all the States introduced it? One reason, we think, is this, we have been taught to believe that it was the exclusive province of mathematics to invigorate and discipline the mental powers; hence while our sons and daughters have been taught to find the value of the Algebraic A B C'S and X Y Z'S, they have been left profusedly ignorant of the value of the A B C'S and X Y Z'S of the human algebra; profoundly ignorant of their great unknown quantities, their involutions, evolutions, and *souls.* In short, ignorant of the entire solutions of the great problem of the human organism, and ignorant of any of the preliminary principles which tend to its solutions.

The duller question, this mighty American dagon, has so eclipsed our eyes, that we ask ourselves when about to put our children on a certain course of study, "will it pay?" that is, can they make money? We have taught them to make sharp bargains," till profit and loss, and the interest table is indelibly stamped on the brow of every stripling who has seen a dozen summers, and illustrated in all his Jack-knife trades; yet we have neglected to teach them how to be healthier and happier; have neglected to teach them to look within to cast accounts in the great book of nature to strike the balance between the profit and loss of the house they live in. To compute the more than compound interest of wrong living, and the casting up of the final account of time wasted, life shortened, laws violated, and the penalty to be suffered!

If man is even to be elevated to the highest and happiest conditions of his nature, it must be, in a great measure through the redemption of his physical powers! But knowledge on any subject, must precede improvement, since the wisdom of the injunction "Know thyself." A knowledge of human physiology, will be to man, the Bethleham Star of the natural world, as were the tidings of "peace on earth, good will to man, to the Spiritual one!

A SINGULAR CASE OF HEALING BY SPIRIT POWER.

Mr. Calvin Hall has been in the habit, for several years past, of healing diseases by what is commonly supposed to be spirit power.

On the second day of August, 1859, he sat in a circle, Mrs. Dwight of Stafford Ct., a writing medium being present, when the following communication was written, viz:

"Let me give you another test. You will have a patient come to you for assistance that has the diabetes and humbago combined, and at times a stricture of the bladder which is very painful. I shall not tell you where the person resides, but he will come to you within the present month; you can assist him but we had rather you would wait until September before you have the charge of him. Remember the date within one month.—Please write and inform this medium of the facts when they transpire that she may know that I can be trusted. I. HUNTINGDON.

August 2d, 1859."

On the 14th day of August, Mr. H. B. Storer a trance-speaker, had an appointment to speak in Tolland. I concluded to go and hear him, not knowing that Mr. Hall expected to be there; when I arrived at the grove I met Mr. Hall, and as the meeting was not organized I thought I would make some inquiries about some remarkable cures which I had heard of his performing. After hearing him relate several cases of extraordinary cures, I asked him what his fees were for doctoring. He said he did not ask pay. I then said I supposed he left it with his patients to give whatever they chose. He said he did not receive any thing if they offered it. I thought that was cheap doctoring. I then said to him that I had complaints which I should like to have cured, but I had not applied to any physician for assistance because I had not much faith in being cured on account of my diseases being of so long standing, having been upon me more than thirty years. He consulted the spirits a few moments and then said to me that I had better see him again at noon-time.—Mr. Storer immediately commenced speaking, and after the services were over Mr. Hall took from his pocket-book the test communication above refered to and asked me to read it. When I had read it he asked me if it suited my case. I told him it did. He said he should spend the month of September on Liberty Hill, in Lebanon, where I could see him if I chose. On account of the very singular circumstances above related I concluded to try the healing power of spirits, and on the fifteenth day of September I placed myself under the care of Mr. Hall who made passes and manipulations upon me once every other day for eighteen days, and I can truly say that I am more than three-fourths cured. It will be perceived by referring to the test communication that a perfect cure was not promised, but some assistance. I am satisfied that I have been well paid for my trouble and expenses which consist only in traveling about twenty-five miles and board eighteen days.

It may with propriety be asked, how did the spirit of I. Huntingdon know that I had the three diseases which he named? and how did he know that I should apply to Mr. Hall for assistance, seeing that I had no idea of doing so myself at the time the test communication was given?

The fact that Mr. Hall does not receive any compensation for his services is conclusive evidence that he is not an imposter going about the country pretending to heal diseases for the sake of getting money, and on account of the many extraordinary cures which he has performed, I earnestly recommend him as a suitable person to be employed by all who are suffering by disease.

ELI JOHNSON.

ROCKVILLE, Ct., Oct., 1859.

ALBANY, Oct. 21st, 1859.

EDITORS AGE:—Albany, as you are probably aware is an old Dutch city and most sadly conservative. Indeed, they are of the kind that would not believe though one rose from the dead. Still, for all its scepticism, there are a few good and true Spiritualists in the place, mostly behind the curtain; they *fear the laws* or opinions of the church. I wish some of the most able of the Lecturers would muster up courage and give Albany a trial. Perhaps there is leaven enough at work in the minds of the people to bring out good results. To me Spiritualism has been productive of good and I know nothing but the good of it.

I think any one whose aspirations are for the things that are pure and holy, whose desires are to get truth and to do good in this state of our existence, will find in Spiritualism much to help them. Is it not a consolation to be sure that those who have left the earth-life before us, still can and do at times make themselves known to us, and that it is their greatest pleasure to be near and encourage those who once loved them while in the form in their path through life's troubles and cares. Now you and I and thousands of reliable persons can testify to the truth of spirit manifestations, and one of the best facts is that all may know for themselves of the truth of what I state.—If they will but seek they will find. It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that if the course to pursue in seeking to find out the fact whether spirits can manifest themselves or not, was oftener made known to the world, there would be more investigation to find out about it. They want to know what to do. Now suppose it was told them that they could form a circle at home of two or more persons, sitting say once or twice a week, an hour or so at a time. I think there would be some of them engaging in the investigation. I should say, at least, four should sit at the circle at a time, though in my search we had but two most of the time, and I had the most convincing proofs of the facts of our spirit friends being present. Now where the truth comes to you at home, where there is no reason for deception or collusion, there is no other way than to believe. They will know the truth and the truth shall make them free. Now there is in being a Spiritualist a feeling of love and good will to all mankind, a feeling that prompts us to wish all to know of its truth and beauties; for no one can be a Spiritualist in the true sense of the term and not be a better man or woman than he or she was before they knew of its philoso-

phy. I hope the time will come soon when those who now scoff at the idea that spirits can come to us and make themselves known, will look at the reasonableness of the advice of those who have proved the thing whereof they speak, to investigate for themselves. and they will be surprised at their stupidity—as much surprised as was Thomas of old, who, when he had put his finger in the print of the nails, exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!"

Respectfully Yours,
WM. H. WILLIAMS.

POLITICAL ACTION.

In your columns I observe much agitation on the subject of "Political Action." I have a thought to utter and leave it at your disposal. Some protest because of our numerical weakness, others in view of unpleasant agitation; but how shall we know our strength till we test it; or how develop thought without agitation? As reformers, we must feel the necessity of governmental depuration; but how shall we enter upon so important a work? Can we do it by means of any party organization now known to this Republic? Doubtful, indeed. Can we further political reform, in any respect, while acting in conjunction with—and therefore in subjugation to—the demagoguism that weighs like an incubus, upon every party now extant? Very questionable. But shall we avail aught by separate action? If I reason correctly, we shall. Of course we cannot expect immediate triumph; but in every action there must be a beginning. A nucleus formed of the right materials, and the noblest affinities will cluster around, and strengthen it. What if Spiritualists—in the outset—had attempted reform by co-action with the Church? Could we have rallied the free forces that now answer to the roll-call of the Spheres? Impossible. But the bastions of church proscription are now fast giving away, and the pent-up souls in Spiritual slavery, are fast rallying to the white flag of freedom. But, it may be answered, "we have had no organization and this is the secret of success." Agreed. And we need none with creed lines of circumscription to *bind* us. But, *concert* of *action* is a natural result of agreement in faith; and it cannot be denied that the great body of Spiritualists are agreed as touching the great principles of radical reform; and hence, with no party creeds, but trust in the sovereignty of truth, with the choice of tried and trusty men for standard-bearers, we may hope for that agitation of thought, in the secular and political world, that will shake the great heart of the nation with Spiritual throbbings, and inaugurate an action that will cease only with victory and political reform.

L. C. HOWE.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 22d, 1859.

ED. SPIRITUAL AGE: You did not inform me in your letter in reply to mine whether Mr. Newton would probably publish his written articles, (which have appeared in the *Age* numbers) in book form or not; do so, if you please, and oblige a friend who is anxious to see them all together in the shape alluded to.

We have had Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch in our city during the present week, and she lectured twice to large and appreciative audiences, and, as I have reason to suppose, to the universal satisfaction of all those who had the good fortune to hear her, in our new and spacious hall.

We have also had the somewhat celebrated, (and sometimes styled, by way of courtesy) "Professor Grimes" here for about a month past; imported, as I have been told, for the express purpose of preaching down Spiritualism and kindred heresies. If what he says, be true; that is, if Mesmerism, Psycology, Animal Magnetism, Spiritualism and Clairvoyance, et cetera, and so forth, are *all one and the same thing*, then the hundreds and thousands who have listened to his remarks, and witnessed the unaccountable manifestations (save upon one *only* theory) from the developed MEDIUMS, whom he has been fortunate enough to find in our midst, have had food for reflection, which, when digested, and patience shall have had its thorough work, will produce different fruit from what was anticipated. Thought has been elicited, investigation is going on, and good is doubtless being done.

I shall be very much disappointed, myself, if he does not, upon this planet, build up the wall over against his own house, altogether too strong for the *little foxes* to break down, by merely running up and down upon it. The cause is progressing in our midst, without a doubt. Progression is our motto, Excelsior is our watchword; and we are listening for the call to duty, so that when it comes we shall "Hope," in accordance with our State Arms, to be up and doing! How is it with you?—"Watchman, what of the night?"

A public Conference has been established for Sunday mornings, with an unanimity seldom equalled, at which the doors are so widely thrown open as to enlarge the soul, and do the heart good; and when freedom of thought and speech are allowed to their widest extent, and where all may speak as they are moved by the Holy Ghost. Bretheren pray for us, and may peace be with you, and prosperity in all our borders.

ALGERNON SYDNEY.

[Mr. Newton has not yet decided whether or not he will publish his articles in book form. Eds.]

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS COMBINATIONS AMONG SPIRITUALISTS.

BOSTON, Oct. 26, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: I see that the subject of *political and religious* organization is being discussed in the AGE. If consistent with your object, you can use the following thoughts on that subject.

Men and women are social beings, and they will and must live and act in society, and continue together for the various purposes of life. As well protest against the earth's moving in its orbit, or the attraction of the needle to the pole, as against men and women forming and acting as social combinations. Society is a law or necessity of our being, as really as is air, food, or sleep. Of this law or necessity of our Nature, tyrants in all ages and nations, have availed themselves to establish their despotism and subject the human body and soul to arbitrary power. Slavery, War, Ecclesiastical and Governmental oppression, have been sustained and perpetuated by an abuse of man's social nature. Men have combined together, it may be for great and good objects; have selected individuals to manage the affairs of their combinations. When Organizations have been exalted above the Individual Man or Woman, and the interests of the Combination prefered to the interests of the Individual; the soundness and perpetuity of the body *politic*, or the body *ecclesiastic*, preferred to the soundness of the person, life and liberty of the Individual, and thus *Man* or *Woman* have been merged or lost in the Combinations. Respect and reverence for the rights and happiness, the bodies and souls, of Men and Women, have been last in an insane, puerile, useless devotion to soulless, godless, intangible Corporations. Priest and Politician, the Pulpit, the Press, and Platform: the School, College, Church and State, have exerted their power to inspire reverence for the Institutions, rather than for the Men, Women and Children, for whom they exist and whose welfare is the *only* justifying cause of their existence. Thus arises one of the great errors of Christendom; *i. e.*, the masses are taught to see and *worship* God in Institutions, rather than in living Men and Women; to associate the presence, the Sacredness, the Goodness, Justice, Wisdom, Love, Power and Majesty of God, with irresponsible, unprincipled, unsympathising, Corporations, that regard not God nor man.

The great desideratum in regard to said Combinations is this:—*A System of Social action that shall consist with the perfect and absolute freedom of the individual;* a *system* that shall not only consist with it, but whose entire *aim* and *influence* shall go to foster, strengthen and perpetuate it.' The doctrine that the true development, the life, liberty and happiness of the individual must be sacrificed to the good of the *Society*, the combination, the church, the town, city, county, state or nation, is most false and injurious, and one which every reformer—every philanthropist will ultimately discard. God deals with men and women as *individuals;* never as combinations, states or kingdoms. God never gave a *law* for the government of men, acting as Organizations, as churches, states or nations; he writes his laws for human beings on the body and soul of each individual man or woman, and *no where else*. God never holds human beings responsible, never calls them to account, never judges and convicts, and never punishes them as combinations or institutions, but only as distinct individual Men and Women.—God never *commissioned* an *individual* to act as an agent of a Church, state or nation, and on the responsibility of organizations. Kings and Queens, Presidents and Governors, Judges, Marshals, Sheriffs, and Constables, Rulers and Legislators, derive their sole power and authority, and their commissions, from human combinations. The combinations may be right and useful, and so may the offices, and those who hold them may be honest and just—but all human combinations—all Churches, States and Kingdoms—all religious and governmental Organizations—are MERE HUMAN CONTRIVANCES FOR HUMAN CONVENIENCE. There is nothing sacred, nothing worthy of respect or reverence about them—they are utterly worthless—*except* as they conduce to the elevation, perfection, and happiness of individual men and women, and enable them more wisely and truly to form their *natural* relations, and to be more true to themselves and to one another in those relations.

Spiritualists must and will live and act *socially*. They will form themselves into social combinations, in some form. Social combination and action must result from a fixed, just and unchanging law of their being. WHAT FORM WILL THEY TAKE? It is a question of infinite import to the future of this world—so far as Spiritualism is destined to affect that future. And—MARK IT!—This World's Future will assuredly be most deeply influenced by the action of Spiritualists of this age and nation, in regard to this subject. Will Spiritualists take the forms of the soulless, godless Corporations, religious and political, of the dead Past? If they do, they will end where those have ended, and are ending, in the subjection of the masses to the few, or in the anarchy and blood of Revolution.

But I would not be tedious. Should you print this I should like to furnish two or three more on the same subject.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Summary of News.

A novel idea in connection with the lecture season is broached in New York. An association of gentlemen propose to get up a course of lectures on the politics of the country, the speakers to embrace men of all shades of opinion, from Jefferson Davis to Wendall Phillips. There will probably be some diversity of sentiment heard there during the winter.

Mr. Lowe has been quietly at work on his immense air-ship, ever since the description lately published, and it is now nearly ready for a voyage. The apparatus was collected from the places where the various parts of it have been constructed, and were transported to the Crystal Palace grounds in New York on Friday of last week. The globe will be partially inflated for the purpose of testing its tightness, and it will be kept in this condition for a week or more, during which time it will be open to the inspection of the public on payment of a moderate sum. The voyage will be undertaken on very short notice; whenever the weather promises fairly, and the atmosphere is calm, the remainder of the gas will be rushed into the balloon and the adventurers will start at once, without notice to the public. Six men will go, they having been selected from the hundreds who have made application for passage. The names of these will not be made public until the day of starting.

It is said that Queen Victoria's second daughter—now the first on the marriage roll—has expressed a wish to resign her "royal dowry" in order to become a professed Catholic. The Court papers insinuate that this is a step to court the young King of Portugal, who lately lost his wife. When Don Pedro was in England, a few years ago, the Princess Alice was "smitten," but religion was in the way, and there the affair was dropped.

It is reported that D. J. Browne, chief of the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office, is about to resign. There is trouble in regard to the distribution of seeds, and it is said no more will be sent out.

Some of our readers may have noticed an article in the New York *Tribune*, some time since, on the properties of African cotton. The treasurer of one of our large manufactories has lately imported some for the purpose of experimenting.—The staple is good; the color is not so clear and white as American, but its manufacture will undoubtedly prove a success. The African cotton grows wild, and is gathered with very little trouble. Some of the African chiefs have already accumulated handsome fortunes in the traffic, and if it is found by our manufacturers to be merchantable, its introduction, if it does not much affect the cotton trade, will do more to civilize that country and check the barbarities of the slave trade than legislation or philanthropy.

A despatch from Harper's Ferry says, last evening a detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house. The first visit was to the school house, and not to Brown's house, as stated yesterday. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and 1500 pikes, with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair—printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union. They also found letters from various individuals at the North; one from Fred Douglas, containing ten dollars from a lady for the cause; also a letter from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by him for $100, endorsed by the cashier of a New York bank, name not recollected. All these are in possession of Gov. Wise.

About a fortnight ago Mrs. Mary Welsh and her husband were stabbed at the "Old Church," in Eighty-seventh street, New York, by Moses Stafford, because they declined to assist him, he being already largely in their debt. A few days ago, she was prematurely delivered of a dead child. An inquest was held on the body yesterday by Coroner O'Keefe, when it was ascertained that the assassin's knife had not only wounded the mother, but had also deprived the child of life.—Mrs. Welsh is recovering from her wounds. The prisoner was committed to answer, not only for the felonious assault on Mrs. Welsh, but to stand his trial for the murder of the unborn babe.

The widow of Wm. H. Perkins of Rochester, N. Y., has recovered $5000 of the New York Central Railroad Company as damages for killing her husband at Sauquoit bridge, in 1858. The company resist the claim for damages, on the ground that Mr. Perkins was riding on a free pass, said pass having on the back of it the usual stipulation in regard to liability in case of accident. The Circuit Court awarded the above damages, and the case has been carried up to the Courts above.

The Buffalo papers state that seamen are very scarce there, and wages high. Vessels are paying $30 a month for men.

On Saturday, *two feet* of snow had fallen at Chateaguay, N. Y., since the previous morning—and it was still snowing. Drifts of three and four feet in depth had formed. Ugh! only think of two feet of snow in October! Where's our mittens!

A letter is published in the Buffalo papers, signed by Millard Fillmore, Hon. S. G. Havens, and a number of influential citiizens, addressed to Mr. Rollin Germain, requesting him to make an explanation of his principles of construction for steam navigation. He proposes to establish amongst others the following propositions:—That steamers may be constructed to run one hundred miles per hour, and so strong that the greatest oceanic force would not endanger their safety.—That the economy of their movements would be such as to reduce the cost of transportation to one-fifth of the present rates. That when loaded with a large freight and passengers and full enough for a voyage around the world, it would not draw over 22 feet. That as a war ship, one would be an over match to all existing navies. Mr. Germain has made the subject his study for 13 years, and now makes it public for the first time. Eminent engineers of the United States pronounce the plan practicable, and destined to work a complete revolution in steam navigation. All the above wonderful information is transmitted by telegraph. If Mr. Germain accomplishes the half of what he proposes, he will do more than any inventor that ever lived.

Circumstances have transpired which throw strong suspicion on the story of the lad who pretended to have been robbed of $4,800 on Broadway, N. Y., on the day of the Firemen's procession. He has since told different stories respecting the robbery, and it is now believed that he was a party to the whole transaction. Both he and an elder brother are under surveillance.

The funeral of Ex-Governor Robert P. Dunlap, took place at Brunswick, Me., on Monday 24th. The funeral procession was very imposing, including delegations of the Masonic bodies from various parts of the State. The Maine Commandery of Knights Templar acted as a body guard, and the Portland Commandery of Knights Templar acted as an escort. The funeral services were performed at the church of Rev. Dr. Adams, and the Masonic ceremonies at the grave by Dr. Winslow G. Lewis of Boston, Past Grand Master. The places of business in Brunswick were generally closed and draped in mourning.

The *Tribune* of Monday publishes the correspondence between Lieut. Washington Bartlett and Edmund C. Stedman, the author of the poem entitled the "Diamond Wedding," satirising the Oveido-Bartlett marriage, which was published in the *Tribune* last week. Mr. Stedman, in reply to a note from Lieutenant B. intimates that he is ready to receive a hostile invitation, and refers the Lieutenant to his friend A. C. Hills. Mr. Bartlett, however, finally concluded to commence an action for libel.

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

Foreign News.

The Anglo-Saxon, from Liverpool the 12th, arrived at Farther Point on the 23d.

The Great Eastern quitted Portland quarter before 4, P. M., on the 8th, and dropped anchor at Holyhead, quarter before four Monday afternoon, 10th, having accomplished the voyage round under favorable circumstances. The distance run during 48 hours is computed at something over 550 miles; the average rate of speed for whole trip is stated at little over 18 knots, though during the greater part of the time the engines did not go more than half speed. The paddles averaged 10 and the screw 38 revolutions per minute, working at a pressure of 20 pounds. The greatest speed attained was over 14½ knots, or nearly 17 miles an hour. This was accomplished without any special exertions on the part of the engines, but a considerable quantity of canvass spread. The weather during the trip was squally, and at times a long heavy ground swell was experienced, causing according to some authorities, a good deal of pitching and rolling on the part of the vessel, while others say the motion was at all times most slight, and that the ship was under the most perfect control. Rough attempts have been made to ascertain the greatest angle of the deck while under roll, and the worst calculation was said to fix it at 10, while vessels in the vicinity were pitching about in a very lively manner. The ship was tried, after some demur, by Scott Russell, both under screw and paddle engines united, and singly, and on both occasions with successful results. Experience showed that the ship had steered admirably, and that the compasses were exact to a marvellous degree. It is reported that the Great Eastern would remain at Holyhead 10 or 12 days, and then proceed round to Southampton, to have her boilers thoroughly repaired, in accordance with the requirements of the Board of Trade.

Rumors were current of considerable differences and even a split in the English Cabinet on the Chinese question.

Great hopes had been entertained that the Builders' strike in London was about to be terminated; but on the day preceding the steamer's departure, these hopes were dispelled, pending negotiations having terminated in an unsatisfactory manner.

There were no new developments concerning the Italian question of any great importance, up to the sailing of the Anglo-Saxon. The concentration and organization of the Italian army was rapidly progressing.

The steamship Ocean Queen brings London advices of the 13th. The ship Quebec, of New Orleans, was wrecked at the Eddystone Light House on the 11th inst. She was from Bordeaux for Shields.

The eminent engineer, Robert Stephenson, died on the 12th.

Numerous arrests have been made at Parma, and the principal authors and accomplices of the murder of Anviti are in the hands of justice The city was tranquil, and the disarming of the populace had been ordered. It was surrounded by Modenese and Tuscan troops.

Gen. Garibaldi had issued a proclamation to the army of Italy. He says: "Soldiers, the hour of a new struggle approaches. The enemy is threatening, and will, perhaps, attack us before many days are over. In addressing my old companions of Lombardy, I know I am not speaking to deaf men, and that it is enough to tell them that we are going to fight the enemy of Italy. I shall look to see you, then, firm in your ranks." Dated Bologna, Oct. 5.

The Pope was to have an interview with the King of Naples at Castle Gondolfo, where he will prolong his stay on account of the agitation reigning in Rome. After his departure, a demonstration took place in honor of the Sardinian Ambassador; and a crowd of visitors, estimated at ten thousand, called and left their cards at the Ambassador's residence. The Ambassador was to leave on the 10th, when another slight demonstration was expected.

LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.—It gives us pleasure to publish the letter of Mr. Wright, which will be found in another column. It discusses a topic which is speedily to be treated of at length in the AGE. There are but few individuals in this country, doubtless, who have a greater admiration for the ability, purity and straightforward honesty and boldness exhibited by Mr. Wright, than the writer of this paragraph; yet while Mr. W. has just struck one of the key-notes of the great social anthem of the future which Spiritualism is yet to reveal, there is still discord evinced in his article. The Master's hand has not yet swept the keys with the Master's touch.

We may have more to say on this subject in our next. △

☞Much of the matter of this week's AGE has been prepared and put in type during the necessary absence of the editors. Many errors have been doubtless committed, and the reader must make due allowance therefor.

[Concluded from 3d page.)

the morning) the passenger train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had been stopped, but was finally allowed to go on, with the understanding that it was to convey the announcement that no more trains would be suffered to pass through.

Of all this, the people of Harper's Ferry knew nothing. Their first knowledge came with the terror of discovering, or imagining, that armed men were guarding the bridge and all the avenues. But before the conviction that they were prisoners became general, the working men repairing to the Armory, as usual, were taken prisoners successfully, until at one time sixty were said to be confined. By this time it was broad daylight on Monday morning, when Cook, one of the leading insurgents, with two white men and several slaves, crossed the bridge and disappeared in the direction of Pennsylvania. They have not been heard from to the time of writing.

They left behind them an insurrectionary force comprising in all fourteen white men and four negroes. Thus it appears that *twenty-one* men had taken the U. S. Armory, captured over sixty prisoners, and held for a time undisputed possession of the town of Harper's Ferry. They were reported to the public on Monday as numbering "250 whites, aided by a gang of negroes," and before night reached to "between 500 and 700 in all." Luther Simpson, a baggage-master, states (which statement flies over the wires on Monday,) that he visited the insurgents in person, and "saw from 500 to 600 negroes, all having arms, and there were from 200 to 300 white men with them." But one of the latest accounts admits that no slaves joined the insurgents willingly, and says distinctly that "but *one instance* is related of slaves who made a public appearance with arms in their hands." The force, then, which was in the active service of Capt. Brown, was as we have stated above.

As the morning of Monday wore away, the true state of the case began to discover itself. People began to flock round the armory, and promiscuous firing set in. The insurgents who were outside, and who had killed two persons, one a colored man who had refused to join their movement, mostly withdrew to their confederates in the armory, choosing for defense a large brick building with dead walls on three sides, and large doors and high window sashes on the fourth. About noon the Charleston troops came on the ground, and were soon succeeded by another company.—Desultory firing was maintained the rest of that day, resulting in the loss of two insurgents and the wounding of a third. Nothing occurred on Monday night, except the arrival of the Baltimore military and other companies, who poured in thick and fast.

At 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning the first operations began with a parley with the beseiged, which was fruitless. An attack was ordered, as further regular firing was thought to be more dangerous to the prisoners within. It was promptly executed, with the loss of two or three marines, for the accounts differ. The doors were demolished, the building entered, and all resistance was at once extinguished.—The prisoners were found unharmed. Capt. John Brown, the instigator of this singular tragedy, was badly wounded, and his son shot dead. There were in all twenty-one killed during the trouble—fifteen insurgents and six citizens—and three wounded, all insurgents.

The surviving insurgents are now in jail, awaiting legal proceedings. Such is the brief record of the prominent events at Harper's Ferry from Sunday night to Tuesday morning, without reference to motives, antecedents, or collateral circumstances.

PAYING OFF A NEW YORK HACK DRIVER.

We see by the New York papers that a hackman in that city was recently arrested and fined for an exhorbitant charge of $6, for conveying a lady from a steamboat landing to her hotel. Many of these fellows consider strangers in the city their lawful game, plundering them without mercy, and too often without fear of detection, as the trouble and detention necessary to lodge a complaint is such, that travelers often submit to an imposition, preferring to pay for the knowledge thus gained by experience, rather than acknowledge that they have been overreached.

The present regulations, by which all carriages are numbered, however, affords more security to strangers than formerly existed. Once in a while, however, one of these swindlers catches a Tarter, or encounters an individual who does not wait the tardy process of the law, but takes it upon himself to obtain redress, and admipister justice in the most summary manner. Two instances of this kind we have been an eye-witness of, where justice was thus dispensed by the intended victims in the most prompt and decided manner.

A few years ago we were just about leaving New York for Boston, by one of the Fall River boats, and was seated with a few friends upon the promenade deck of the steamer, looking down upon the pier, watching the last arrivals and preparations for departure: when just as the last bell was ringing a carriage dashed down the wharf, the driver leaped from his box and opened the door, and a nicely dressed, gentlemanly looking man, rather under the medium size, leaped out grasping a leathern valise in one hand, while the other, encased in a yellow kid glove, extended a half-dollar to the driver. Coachy, however, refused the coin, and demanded a dollar for his services.

"A dollar" said the passenger, "why you have only driven me from the head of Courtland street, it is not five minutes' drive."

"Can't help that, sir," replied the driver, seeing that time was precious. "We always charges a dollar when a gen'leman takes his valise inside."

"Take the half dollar or nothing," said the passenger hastily, his eyes sparkling with anger as he observed that preparations were going on to take in the steamer's gang planks.

The driver made a spring forward, and rudely seizing hold of the handles of his valise, saying as he did so, "no yer don't—yer don't take that 'ere baggage away till yer pays a dollar."

The yellow-kidded palm that was outstretched with the proffered half dollar closed over it, and in a second the closed fist was delivered in the hack driver's face with a force that dropped him like a shot. The next instant he was on his feet, with clenched fists and eyes of dire intent—a strong, rough-looking customer, much heavier than his plucky little antagonist, who had set down his recovered valise, jerked off the short cloak he wore, and who, with his shining beaver hat and kid gloves, as he struck an attitude, rather excited a laugh at his facing such an adversary with an idea of anything except annihilation at the first onset. The knight of the whip sprang forward and aimed a blow which would have "settled his fare," had it taken effect. A slight movement of the head to one side, a quick horizontal extension of the passenger's arm, and down went coachy again, amid the shouts of the spectators on the promenade deck, and the delighted exclamation of one that "that was a devilish good hit!"

But jarvey wasn't satisfied—up again—more cautious—he still looked upon his little antagonist with contempt, and was determined to repay with interest the damage he sustained. Another rush, with the intention of getting in a smashing blow, was encountered in quite a different style. The left foot was slipped aside, a slight dodge to the left, and the hackman's fist went far past its destination, while the arm of his opponent came down directly across the lower part of his neck, whirling him half way round, and bringing his back close up to the little man's left thigh.—There was a momentary struggle, the next, up went the hack driver's heels in the air, and down he came for the third time, bang, upon the pier, thrown by a movement known among the fancy as the "cross buttock."

All this passed in less time than it has taken to tell it, and during this performance the steamer's ropes were cast off, and as the driver fell, the gang planks were drawn in, preparatory to starting. The passenger noticed this; so seizing his cloak and valise, he threw them upon the boat, and with a run and a jump alighted on board amid the outstretched arms of the deck hands, to whom he handed the half dollar which he had kept clenched in his hand during the encounter, while, as we steamed away, his late adversary, with his face sadly battered, was seen standing upon the pier, shaking his fist in impotent rage, at the fast receding steamboat.

"Were you not afraid of so large a man?" asked a gentleman, as the little game-cock made his appearance on the promenade deck among the passengers.

"O no, sir," said he quietly, cocking his new hat a little more jauntily, and tightening his gloves that had been somewhat disarranged, "Not at all; I've been to school, gentlemen."

A citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., bought an old clock at auction a few days ago for ten dollars. On taking it home he discovered that a looking-glass which was on the back of the clock was cracked. He took it with the intention of having a new one put in, when to his astonishment he discovered notes of the Bank of England behind it amounting to about $3000.

A teacher's convention has been assembled in Norfolk, and the Winstead *Herald* in announcing the fact, thinks those gatherings have much to do with the after-life of the young attendants of both sexes. Tom Clark says that he once knew twenty-three "pleasant acquaintances," nineteen fascinations, eleven engagements, five aggravated mittens, three weddings and two misfortunes, as the result of a single one of these institutions.

Correspondence.

POLITICAL ACTION.

The rights of the people ought to be respected. What I conceive to be the rights of the people is that which is not conceded constitutionally to the States and to the United States, in order to protect those rights.

Our government, theoretically, is a combination of thirds, a triune principle, which, if acted upon by any other number practically, is as likely to be thrown out of balance as regards disseminating the principle of "equal and exact justice to all," as it is difficult to make a stool stand steadily on even or uneven ground with any less number than three legs; the consequence is, that in trying to support our government through the medium of two dominant parties in politics, instead of three as it should be, we fall short in practice of that which would truly result to the benefit of the general whole, were the theory met upon equal terms. Hence, the discord, corruption, and political jugglery of the present, that we have to complain of, is all for the want of a third party to carry out our principles.

I conceive it as necessary that we have three parties in politics, as it was when the animal man become progressed sufficiently to receive the third principle that made him an intelligent being; that we have already progressed since our government was formed with the two dominant parties, in trying to disseminate its principles, to make it necessary to constitute the third, and thereby substitute, where practical political anarchy and confusion has been the order of the day, that which is the more substantial, that which will produce not only religiously but politically the principle of peace and good will to man. Shall Spiritualists then refuse, when called upon to form this third party? Where are those that have the confidence in each other that the Spiritualists have, and for one plain, simple reason, if no more; and that is, they have no "theological insolvent law" to saddle their delinquencies on another person's back, but otherwise know positively that if they commit error, they must sooner or later suffer the consequence; hence, they are not only intuitively but necessarily honest. There would not be the vague misrepresentations and billingsgate in our Spiritual papers that there is in our secular press respecting our political interests, but that which is written or communicated through this source might be depended upon. Again as regards the capability; I believe there are those among us that are as capable to officiate in the different public functions as any other class of people in the community. But waiving this consideration, I don't know of any Spiritualist that cares for any office or the emoluments thereof; however this is, I believe there is none that would accept that which he is incompetent to fill; and on this principle, they would hold those that did officiate to the closest scrutiny, as also in the nomination for official honors, they would give their suffrages only for the person or persons duly qualified to the trust; or in legislation or debate, they would be dictated by the principles of light and truth in contradistinction to preconceived opinions, unless said opinions truly harmonize with that which is obtained by the further investigation of the subject. In a word, they would be bound down to no sect or party rules or regulations otherwise than to act as a party of independents, acting in concert with their intuitive faculties and reasoning powers to the intent that law and order shall prevail, and that our government shall be construed practically and impartially, in accordance with its design theoretically, that the whole community may participate equally in that which is at present carried out in many cases, but partially through the want of a third party organization, and this generally to the prejudice of the people's just rights. Again I would ask, who is better calculated to take hold of this important work than the Spiritualists, distributed throughout the country,—advantageously posted as we are, for gaining and imparting all the useful knowledge necessary to carry out the design of this third political or regulating party?. If we have the means why not improve it? The sins of omission are sometimes as great as those of commission. To those that would back out in this, as I consider, very important political movement, I would ask them the plain, simple question. Suppose we had a garden of excellent vegetables full of weeds, which would be the most conducive to our prosperity, to hold up and let them grow spontaneously, or go to work with a will, with the hoe? I think in this, that the latter will be considered the greatest *prayer*. It may be thought by some, that I am selfish in contributing to this third party in politics. To this I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I am selfish so far as my interest is concerned, I am not however so selfish but that I wish all to have their rights as I wish to have my own. But this I will say, that it is doubtful whether there is one to be found whose grievances are greater in consequence of the maladministration of government than my own; and that my own grievances in the abstract, are our country's grievances. If it should be deemed expedient, I will write more particular of this in a further communication.

McKELLSE.

MAN'S DEMANDS, ARE GOD'S ONLY COMMANDS.

To have a correct idea of God, is to understand the laws of God; and, as we comprehend and understand His laws just in that proportion do we see their beauty and harmony. Thus we see that His laws are all perfect in their nature and righteous in their administration, and therefore, the observance of them produces, necessarily, nothing but beauty and harmony—and as man is a creature of law, the same as all things else, so his greatest good and highest development *demand* the observance of these laws, which observance produces beauty and harmony, which are the only results of the observance of God's commands.

Man's nature, his very being, demands happiness, and the demand is inexorable and will be satisfied with nothing short of complete happiness. It reaches out instinctively after the pearl of great price. It may be mistaken again and again in the road to happiness, yet it never falters, it still looks up, and *demands* happiness; and just in the proportion that it sees its remove from true happiness, just in that proportion is it miserable. Thus, an individual may be apparently happy while in a most wretched condition, simply because the individual does not see the happiness which he is losing on for egoing; but he sees and knows that he is unhappy and there is something better than what he enjoys, but his misery is not so acute as his who sees more clearly the happiness ahead. A perfect man is the highest representative we can have of God, because the laws of God culminate in that individual, producing the highest state of beauty and harmony; and who disputes that *man's demands* do not produce, when fully carried out, the highest ideal we can have of happiness.

Now, then, if *man's demands* complied with produce complete happiness, what will *God's commands* complied with produce? Certainly nothing but happiness. This, I need not argue—all will admit it; because it is clearly proved to every observer of *God's commands* that they produce the best good and happiness to the observer.

Thus far I have treated the subject philosophically; I will now consider it more in detail and analogically. First, man's physical organization demands food, sleep, rest—God's laws, which are his commands, complied with satisfy these demands.—Second; man's mental organization requires knowledge, development, virtue. God's commands complied with produce all these. Third; man's relation to others, physically and mentally requires, demands, love, peace, good will. God's commands complied with produce these things.—Fourth; man's nature demands social and family relations. God's commands are in harmony with these demands. Fifth; man's nature demands freedom of body and mind—God's commands are in unison with these demands—and sixth, not to enumerate, for you can go on through the whole catalogue, man's nature demands progression, in thought and action—God's commands all conspire to this end.

But the objector may say, does not our nature often demand what is wrong and antagonistic to the laws of God? I answer no; simple nature never does, but perverted nature does; and as our natures are so completely perverted we seldom get a pure manifestation of nature. Thus the tobacco user finds it in his nature to demand its use, but who says that the appetite is purely natural. So with the inebriate, he hankers for the intoxicating cup, and will forego everything, and do everything, even to the ruin of his body and soul, for the gratification of this appetite, but no one will pretend to say that God made that appetite, for God is not the author of *evil*, but the very opposite—*good*. But I am answered, the man is not responsible, for he inherited the appetite. True, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," and if your child inherits that appetite you are the author and you are responsible.

If man was not perverted in his nature, he would not be avaricious, oppressive and cruel, but would act out an unperverted nature, be in harmony with the great law of love, conspiring to make all others happy which is really the way to make himself happy. So all man has to do is to learn, and do what is for his own interest, which will necessarily be for the interests of all; for our interests, when fully understood, are not antagonistic, but one and the same. In the good time coming, man will have learned this most important lesson, that selfishness and wrong injures ourselves as much as others, and that it is not for our happiness to live at dagger's ends. In that good time, and God hasten the day when it shall be, man will study and understand the true *demands* of his nature, and not spend his time and talents in trying to understand perverted, man-made statute laws. He will not spend his time in pouring over and explaining what is unexplicable in the *Bible*, but will turn to the great *Bible* within, the law of his nature written upon his own soul.

When will the teacher, who sets himself up as the "daysman" between God and the people, learn to teach the laws of God as written in the *demands* of our nature, instead of teaching dead forms and ceremonies, creeds and statutes, books and theology, (man's) doctrines and Bibles.—When he shall do this he will see that man's demands are God's only commands.

Ellsworth, Me. M.

JONAH'S BOOT;

Minds of small intelligence can be so moulded by education that they will believe the most absurd falsehoods, and dispute the most demonstrable truths. Such minds take the sanction of past ages, as sufficient evidence for their belief in a thing; without ever looking into the real principles of it, to see whether it be true or not. The truth of these remarks may be seen from the following relation:

A traveller once, by accident, fell into a conversation with a Deacon at a road-side inn, while stopping at noon, near where the Deacon resided. It was summer time and the Deacon remarked: "The days are getting very long now."

"Yes," replied the traveller, "they are now about at their longest in this latitude; but this time last year, I was where the days are sometimes several months long."

"What's that, stranger?" demanded the Deacon in astonishment, "you say you were where the days were several months long, do you?"

"Oh yes, sir," continued the traveller blandly, "in the Arctic regions they are, sometimes, several months long, as you may learn from any geography."

The Deacon shook his head, and with a profound look replied, "I don't know nothing about your *geography*; but I do know very well that the word of God says you shall rest every Sabbath day, and keep it holy. Now, how would folks go about that down there where you say you have been? Work for three or four years at a time before they get to a Sunday to rest and hear preaching? The thing is onheard of and can't be so!"

The traveler seeing that he had caught a creed-bound bigot, now determined to bait his hook with an Orthodox lie for his amusement; and then he turned the conversation thus: "Well, my good friend we travellers must joke sometimes; but now I'll tell you something that will please you. Once when I was crossing the ocean in a whaling vessel, a large whale was captured. When they had opened its bowels, there, in one corner, they found a very old fashioned boot marked with the Hebrew letter J. The captain and all said at once that no doubt it was one of the boots of Jonah.!"

"That looks rather reasonable," said the reverend Deacon, brightening up, "for you know that the word of God says that a whale did swallow Jonah, and no doubt in spewing him up the boot got hung in the bowels, and couldn't be heaved up! How wonderfully everything proves God's word to be true!"

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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. e5 4w

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

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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.

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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

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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 SPIRITUAL 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

Interesting Miscellany.

REWARD OF HONESTY.

A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Johnny Moore is the name of a bright-eyed, jolly-faced lad, twelve or fourteen years of age, whose invalid and widowed mother, living on Morgan street, he helps to support by the sale of newspapers, and by such errands and small jobs as he may chance to fall in with. Johnny, who is the hero of the pleasant and truthful incident we are about to record, is extremely neat in his attire, though his clothes have not always been of the best, and showed in sundry patches and mended rents, the results of both poverty and frugal care. In short, just such a boy as we used to "read about" in Sunday school books. Yesterday morning, bright and early, he was trudging along Broadway, between Franklin Avenue and Washington street, when he stumbled against a large pocket-book, which he picked up and found to contain a large number of bank notes and papers. While he was meditating on the sudden riches he had amassed, and which he had slid into his capacious pocket, or perhaps racking his youthful mind whether to seek for the owner or conceal his good fortune, a gentleman rushed by him in an anxious, hurried, nervous manner, which convinced the boy that he was looking for *something*, and he thought he knew what.

"Have you lost anything?" demanded Johnny.

"Yes, my pocket-book," was the gentleman's reply; "have you seen it?"

The little fellow expected he had; he didn't know, though. "What kind of a pocket-book was it?"

This led to an adjournment to a neighboring store, where the flushed individual "of the first part" proceeded to say that the pocket-book was a large black one, containing $1200 in bank bills, and some accounts, a strip of red morocco binding underneath the flap being inscribed "Robert Thomas, Covington, Ky."—The description tallied, and Johnny's eyes snapped with cheerfulness as he placed the treasure just as he had found it, into the stranger's hands; and we opine there was greater joy in that one act than $10,000 could have purchased at the expense of a guilty conscience.

Mr. Thomas hardly seemed to know which to feel most—relief on the recovery of his money and papers, or gratitude to the lad, and admiration of his honesty. Taking Johnny by the hand, whose bounding heart (he knew not why) had by this time "splashed tears into his eyes," the gentleman took him into a clothing store, and dressed him out from top to toe, in a bran new suit. Then proceeding to a new jewelry store he purchased a good silver watch, upon which he directed to be engraved these words: "Robert Thomas to little Johnny Moore. St. Louis, September 3, 1859. Honesty is the best policy." Not even content with this, the generous stranger placed in a neat bead purse, five twenty dollar gold pieces, which he directed should be given to his mother.

We shall not attempt to portray the emotions of the boy. If his quivering lips, and choked utterance, and the smile that strove hard to get through the watery globes that trembled in his eyes failed to tell what was going on in his heart, how shall we tell it?

SINGULAR DEATH INCIDENT.—The Waverly (Iowa) *Republican* relates the following strange incident attending the death of G. L. Nightingale of Dubuque:

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

A COLD WINTER PREDICTED.—About ten days ago a tremendous drove of gray squirrels, numbering hundreds of thousands, suddenly made their appearance on the Meramac, covering the trees and waters like a pall. Thousands of them were afterwards found dead in the river and on the ground. They crossed the Mississippi at that point, and worked their way down the river until on Wednesday they reached Cape Girardeau, crossing the river at that point in countless myriads. The citizens turned out *en masse* and killed them by hundreds. Every tree and bush in that vicinity swarmed with them until night, when they all disappeared, and have not been heard of since. This route was marked as by a devastating storm. Trese were girdled and fields destroyed. Old French settlers predict a very severe winter, as it was noticed in 1834 and 1852 that immense droves of squirrels suddenly made their appearance, followed by intensely severe weather.—[St. Louis Express, 24th ult.

NEW TYPE SETTING MACHINE.—A new type setting machine has been invented in England, of which the English journal speaks favorably. The machine includes a regular composing stick, and as the type approaches the end of the line, a bell gives warning, the stick is detached with a touch, and the sole compositor spaces the line, returns the stick, and assumes his rapid task. The instrument works by the supply of keys, which through levers discharge the type as wanted down grooves direct in the stick. The keys which are arranged like those of a concertina, lie in a space of thirteen inches in length by seven in depth, and closely imitate the movements by which type is set by hand. The economy claimed to be effected by the employment of this machine may be judged of by the following calculation: The composition of the advertisement sheet of the London Times, of eight pages, costs about $217; by the new invention it is stated that the same amount of work can be done for about $74, making a yearly saving of $45,225. Similar results have been claimed for the type setting machines invented in this country, but as yet none of them have been found to stand the test of practical application.

REMARKABLE.—There was developed in the recent trial of Champ, in Lexington, for committing a rape on his sister-in-law, Mrs. Champ, some curious and remarkable facts, which partake somewhat of the supernatural.

It seems that a short time preceding the commision of the crime, a strolling Gipsy had stopped at the residence of Mrs. Champ and had told her fortune. The Gipsy warned her of imminent peril, and pointed out her brother-in-law as the one by whom she would be most deeply injured. The facts subsequently disclosed in the trial fully corroborated the Gipsy prophecy. Mrs. Champ, also, only a few hours before the occurrence, had a most singular dream. She dreamed that she was arrayed in a beautiful robe of spotless white, that a man approached and stabbed her, and that she distinctly saw the blood trickling down and despoiling her dress. She looked up and saw it was her brother-in-law, Champ, who had committed the unnatural deed. This dream was but too typical of the horrid crime which Champ subsequently perpetrated.

The counsel for the defense seems to have relied on the circumstances above detailed to prove the insanity of Mrs. Champ. The counsel for the lady, however, contended that they were premonitions from Heaven of impending danger.—[Louisville Courier.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

One of the surest methods of attaching a boy to a farm, is to let him have something upon it *for his own*. Give him a small plot of ground to cultivate, allowing him the proceeds for his own use. Let him have his steers to break, or his sheep to care for. The ownership of even a fruit tree, planted, pruned, and brought to bearing by his own hands, will inspire him with an interest that no mere reward or wages can give. In addition to the cultivation of a taste for farm life, which such a course will cultivate, the practical knowledge gained by the boy will be of the highest value. Being interested, he will be more observant and will thoroughly learn whatever is necessary for his success. Another and equally important advantage will be the accustoming him to feel responsibility. Many young men, though well acquainted with all the manual operations of the farm, fail utterly when entrusted with the management of an estate, from want of experience in planning for themselves. It is much better that responsibility should be gradually assumed, than that a young man should be first thrown upon himself on attaining his majority.—[American Agriculturist.

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.]

MRS FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Providence, R I, the four Sundays of Nov.; in Putnam, Conn. the first two of December; in New York the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December, and two first of January. Address until December 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in Worcester, Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

J S LOVELAND, will lecture in Oswego. N. Y., during the months of Nov & Feb; and in Bos on the three first Sundays in Jan. Will lecture week evenings in the vicinity of the above named places.

Address at 14 Bromfield st., care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Memphis during, November. Address care of J E Chadwick. Esq., Memphis, Tenn—December in New Orleans, part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnatti in March 1860. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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. T. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture 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 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. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Marblehead, Mass., 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.

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 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 year at Ann Arbor, Mich; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

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

Rev JOHN PIERPONT will 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.

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. S. J. FINNEY, Inspirational speaker, of Ohio, will occupy the desk during the month of Nov.

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.

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

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*.

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THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four setts of reeds, eleven registers or (stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Æolian harp. The Performer, at his option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Hautboy, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listning to either of the above instruments separately, or combine the whole, and thus give the effect of GRAND ORGAN.—In an elegant rosewood case for $250.

THE PEDAL BASS HARMONIUM is arranged with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set running an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub-Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a house that seats from 1000 to 1500 persons.

THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of Keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church instrument, when used without the Pedals.

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Purchasers may rely upon instruments from our manufactory being made in the most complete and thorough manner. Having resumed the spacious Buildings, 511 Washington Street, we have every facility for manufacturing purposes, and employ none but the most experienced workmen. In short, we will promise our customers an instrument equal if not superior to any manufacturer, and guarantee entire and perfect satisfaction.

Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of Boston, who have examined our Instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:

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Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

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Scroll leg, 1 1-2 octave, $60; Scroll leg, 5 octave, $75; Piano style, 5 octave, $100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, $110; Piano style, carved leg, $125;, Piano style, 2 sets of reeds, 150; Piano style, 6 octave, $130; Organ Melodeon, $200; Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Harmonium, $275.

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Mr. Caleb Thomas, Camden, powerful Prescribing, Describing and Healing Medium, by the laying on of hands.
John P. Cotton, Searsport, Rapping and Physical Medium.
Joseph N. Hodges, Monroe, Prescribing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
G. B. Hopkins, Oldtown, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Rosan M. Smith, Hampden, Trance-Speaking Medium.
Susan W. Jackson, Hampden, Rapping, Tipping and Healing Medium.
Russell Severence, Bradford, powerful Healing and Trance Medium.
Miss Emeline Cunningham, Bradford, Trance-Speaking and Prescribing Medium.
Mrs. Keen, Augusta, Writing and Trance Medium.
J. L. Lovell, Yarmouth, Clairvoyant, Healing, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
Mrs. Haskell, Buckfield, Trance-Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
Miss A. C. Cram, Stevens' Plains, Writing, Trance Speaking and Lecturing Medium.
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Since the Romarkable 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

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Now opening from the recent New York Auction Sales,

100 pieces Brussels Tapestry for	87½ cts.
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300 rolls Oil Cloths,	35 to 50 cts.
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Also late productions of elegant Wilton, 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.

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A B. CHILD. M. D., Dentist,
NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Deaths.

In Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 10th, of consumption, Aphia B. Crawford, wife of James Crawford, formerly of Newburyport, aged 42 yrs.

Jesus has made my dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
And on His breast I lean'd my head,
And breathed my life out freely there.

The subject of the above notice died in the triumphs of christian faith, and although a believer from 10 to 12 years in the unconscious state of the dead from death to a literal resurrection of the dead, declared on the morning of her death that her mother, who died three years ago, was present and waiting for her departure.—On being questioned she said she was positive of her presence. JAMES CRAWFORD, Roxbury.

I am not a believer in Spiritualism.

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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P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n10tf



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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