THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

"AND I WILL GIVE HIM THE MORNING STAR."—*Rev. ii, xvii.*

BY VINE.

I strove for lofty excellence; I placed my goal afar—
Prayed when I gained the summit, Thou would'st give me "The morning star."
With, O! such earnest longings for the cheering, golden light,
I have striven with the darkness, the darkness of bleak night

With feet all torn and bleeding, I have climbed toward the skies,
Only to see the gleaming peaks, higher, still higher rise.
When I've fancied for a moment the sunlight, day was found,
It has only made the darkness more painfully profound.

Often in my weakness I have o'erlooked the present joy,
In striving for the illusion of bliss without alloy;
In the bewildering distance the flowers looked so sweet,
That I did not see the violets dew-laden at my feet.

In the long and stilly hours when "His beloved sleep,",
In wrestling with temptation would my weary spirit weep.
But avoiding great transgressions I have led the evil in,
Through the ill-guarded portals by many an omissive sin.

And in loneliness of spirit, O, sadly weep, I must,
For I have fallen, Father, weak and fainting in the dust.
Clearly, and O! how beautiful, but ever from afar,
In its radiant glory gleams the "morning star."

Now when the bells of eternity their solemn warning toll,
Abject is my humility at the still, far off goal!
Without thy seal, Heavenly Father, there can be nothing whole;
One of thy many mansions make, to-night, within my soul.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

BY MIRA MOORE.

O'er the sweet flowery lea, and the bright sunny plain,
I come to the home of my boyhood again;
The wood-bine grew rank o'er the low cottage door,
And the dark dust lay thick on the old oaken floor;
Then I called, but in vain, on each dearly loved name,
But in Echo's weird voice were the answers that came.

O where are the loved ones I left, bathed in tears,
Whom I thought to have met in a few fleeting years?
They have "been in my dreams;" when my heart has been sad,
The thought of our meeting has oft made me glad:
"O where have they vanished?" I cried in despair,
And echo in mockery, answered, "O! where!"

Then I sat down and wept by the hearth-stone all gray,
And I wept till the mist told of swift-parting day;
Then in sorrow I turned from that desolate spot,
From the home of my father—that vine-covered cot—
When the crimson and gold left the dim western sky,
To the home of my boyhood I breathed a good bye.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE INQUIRY.

BY VINE.

In that wonderful, blooming land,
Will the Master of Alchemy
Restore the graces—that beautiful band—
The rosy cheek, and the faultless hand,
The step that was buoyant and free?

Will he restore the heart of erst,
That was kind, and gentle, and true,
Ere the stainless leaves that folded it, burst,
And it wandered forth, in the world immersed,
As swept off the beautiful dew

That bubbled up from that clear well,
At a cold or ungentle word,
And then in pearliest showers fell,
Upward forced by the heart's deep swell,
When a tone unloving was heard?

Will he give them back? Spirits bright
That rule o'er the realm of day,
From your wonderful land of wonderful light,
Bend to my ear this beautiful night,
And whisper the answers, I pray!

And then I'll ask, when thou comest here,
A question more heartfelt than this.
"Shall I meet them again, (dispel all fear)
Those beautiful ones that I held so dear,
Shall I meet them again in bliss?"

When the tempest of life is o'er,
O, this would be life divine!
To know, when my feet touch the golden shore,
They will clasp me close to their hearts once more,
As they press their warm lips to mine!

O! this great joy would bring to me,
All of my lost youth's graces:
So thrillingly sweet, so grand would it be,
That all care and sorrow would quickly flee,
Binding joy erase their traces.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

WHAT I SAW.

'Twas afternoon in the happy spirit-land;
Or thus it seemed to me, as forth I
Walked beneath a wood of forest trees,
Where shadows dark did lengthen o'er the path,
Which, winding, led along a streamlet fair,
That sang sweet songs of music's softest notes,
Till I approached where bank o'erhung the stream,
And flowers pensive drooped, or oped their lips
To catch a draught of spray thrown upward by
The stream, that at this place, with joyous leap,
Passed onward over rocks of moss-grown verdure—
And as I leaned against a tree, and watched
The water dance and play in silver light,
That shone around from unseen suns of Spirit
Brightness: I cast my eye across the stream,
And there the banks sloped gently down, from where
The woods grew dark on higher lands, blending
In darker green, till lost to view in the mellow light
That bounds the landscape 'round.

Across the stream no tangled undergrowth was there, but all
Around, the short green grass and modest flowers
Were spread beneath those trees that shaded them—
And as I gazed, I saw two forms emerge
From out the woods, and wander towards the stream.
A song I heard them singing, soft and low.
That murmured off among the trees in low,
Soft cadence; that with the streamlet's dashings
Chorded, and made sweet music for the soul.
I saw them pluck the flowers beneath their feet,
Till each an armful had, and there they sat
Them down on mossy seats beside the stream,
And culled their flowers, and braided wreaths of beauty—
When looking up, they beckoned me across
The stream: and on some stepping-stones I went,
And sat me down before them.

They, smiling, reached me forth a flower—a lily; not like
Those of earth I've seen. It's outward shape the same—
It's inward form was like that of the full-blown rose—
It's outward leaves were white, and pure, and spotless:
It's inner ones were tinged with pink and red,
Which seemed to change from darker tints to lighter
Shades, with ever varying change and motion—
They smiled, and said that "this's the heart's true flower;
In this you see it's outward form is ever
Changing: now 'tis light, and now 'tis dark,
In just the way the light that o'er it shines;
Then turn it not to shade, but ever try
And make it 'home"—and then they ceased to speak,
And hung a wreath of flowers on their arms,
And smiled, and passed away, adown the stream—
My heart grew light; I smiled: the vision changed—
A mist enshrouded me, which moved along
Through space, borne onward by a gentle breeze,
Which fanned my brow: my mind seemed locked
Within itself until it lived again in earthly form.

[Through A. D. BALLOU.]

Professor B——, the eminent electrician, was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked for his fare. "Who are you?" said B——. "I?" My name is Wood, and I am the conductor." "Oh," said the professor, very quietly, "that can't be, for wood is a non-conductor."

"Yes," said a kind mother of one of our City churches, helping her little son learn his Sunday school lesson, "Cain was a fugitive and vagabond on the earth; he was so bad he thought every man would slay him. Where could wicked Cain go to?" "Why, mother," replied thoughtful Johnny, "Cain could have gone to Baltimore."

A negro in Boston had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and swathed it——but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and shaking his head over it, exclaimed—"Ache away den, old feller—ache away. I shant do nuffin more for yer; *I ken stan it as long as you ken*, so ache away.

Old Brown, the leader in the Harper's Ferry war, is described as "a small man, with white head and beard, and cold-looking grey eyes. When not speaking, his lips are compressed, and he has the appearance of a most determined man." The Cleveland *Herald* says he is the father of twenty-two children.

The London *Telegraph* gravely states that in the United States, "among the candidates of the Democratic party for the Presidency, the most prominent is Stephen A. Douglas, a black man, who for many years has conducted an Abolition and emancipation paper with signal success."

Correspondence.

THE COLOR DOCTOR AGAIN.

Some time ago, (in your columns) I gave an account of an old eccentric Dr. Hotchkiss, professing to cure by the aid of colors, his theory being, that all disease was but an absorption of too much of one particular ray of light, and consequent departure of its opposite. I also stated that immense magnetic power, whether obtained by practice of his theory, or an inherent property, further experiments might determine, was shown.

During Miss Emma Hardinge's last sojourn amongst us, she had a great desire to witness these strange performances and accordingly on the 12th of Oct. we proceeded to his residence, which I have previously described as intensely dirty, but being so in accordance with his *philosophy*.

Emma had hardly got her bonnet off before she came under some influence and attributed it to some one who had been sitting in her chair, and was diseased. She removed from it, but had to return to it. She then passed into a state different from any that I have ever seen—her head was thrown back and her eyes fixed and vacant—as immovable as a statue. Then the Dr. commenced to show me the effect of colors; he placed (without speaking and out of her sight) a *red* ray upon the floor. Instantly her eyes came down to it and her body was bending, as if attracted to it, till her head came below the level, when a black displayed *above her vision* restored her to the upright but cringing with fear. (I have never seen that passion so intensely portrayed; I became alarmed for her, but she repeated "all is well.") A *blue* restored her to quiet and calmness; such an angelic expression as she then had, once seen is never to be forgotten. (Her *penchant* for *blue* which is known to all that know her, has its explanation here.)

She would be repelled from me as with an intense disgust by a *black* and cling to me as if I was her last hope by a *white*.—The changes were so rapid that I could hardly follow them and too numerous to remember. But their effect upon me was to demonstrate the Doctor's theory of colors; and if so marked in a sensitive nature like Emma's, must certainly to a great extent influence us all.

Near the close she was entranced by her spirit guides, and although I have heard her speak often, never before had she delivered herself with such force and power as in that short address. To me, she said, "this man possesses a power which may result in much good to the world or evil to himself." To him, "let it burn into your brain that (like Mesmer) you have stumbled upon *a great truth, which worked out, will cure the deaf and dumb.*" This was *repeated* with all the power and effect that she possessed; we both carried with us pleasant recollections of the *seance*, and neither of us are likely ever to forget it; and sorry am I that her guides found it necessary not to repeat, as it would interfere with her lectures.

I said that the power of colors was *proved* to me, and I repeat it, though the cautious might ask if this was not Psychology. I say, No, because, when the Doctor displayed his colors, he did *not* attract her *attention* to them in any way either by word or look, nor did he know what *effect* would be produced by the display of them; he was as much astonished and delighted with the results as I was, and I have yet to meet the operator, that *can* produce his Psychological effect by will alone, without contact or appeals to the senses.

I claim, then, that the influence of colors is proved, but it will require years of investigation to determine precisely what is the effect of each particular one; but a broad hint is given in the penchant that most persons have for a *particular color*, without knowing why. Calling it a fancy,—may it not be an instinct of the soul that attracts that which it most needs—and if it needs it—may not the want of it be *disease* and its cure, supply. He certainly does perform wonderful cures by something, and I have seen enough to induce me to look further, and if I can succeed in finding a sensitive person will follow these colors till I get more light.

But one suggestion more. May this man not be a *medium for colors*; we each must perform some part in the great oratorio of the whole; may not this doctor have the colors for his share.

A. MILTENBERGER.

St. LOUIS, Oct. 30th, 1859.

[From the Gospel (Me.) Banner.]

SAMPSON'S FOXES.

A short time since we published a brief paragraph stating that the reader of the Bible might with propriety substitute "wheat sheaves" for "foxes," in the story of Sampson setting fire to the grain fields of the Philistines. The Rev. J. C. Fletcher has felt called upon to criticise our paragraph, in an article two columns long in the Aroostook *Pioneer*.

Stripped of its verbiage the critique declares that the Hebrew word *shualim* means foxes, or jackals, while the word *shalim* means sheaves, and admits that no less an authority than Dr. Kennicott supposes *shalim* to be the word that was probably intended, though *shualim*, foxes, is the word actually found in the Hebrew Bible. Mr. Fletcher thinks that no one has a right to suppose that *shalim* should have been the word, inasmuch as *shualim is* the word.—He says:—

"*Shualim* and *shalim*, are very near alike. There is only the difference of that little letter *u*. *Calves* is a specific word; we know just what it means by referring to young cattle.—Now if our Lander down in Amity, who is great on grafted apples and large calves, has quite a number of the latter article (the fatted calves,) and some future historian should say, 'On the extensive farm of Mr. Lander, were some 'mammoth calves,' how easily some individual in a distant nation, imperfectly understanding our language, and puzzling over such a sentence, might make a satisfactory omission of the little letter *l* and thus make *mammoth caves* which should be very wide of the truth."

He also adds:

"You may look in the summer time upon the plains (in Judea) covered with the fields of grain; and so dry is that ungathered grain that a spark will do immense damage.

"But how could Sampson catch so many foxes? We will put aside the supposition of miraculous power and skill which he might have exercised in fox-hunting as well as in the slaying of men, and will merely state that he was a 'judge in Israel'—i. e. before the king such a man was as a chief and governor—and could command any number of foxes to be caught by others and brought to him at a given place. So that in the same sense that Solomon built the temple on which, perhaps, he never performed a minute's manual labor—Sampson caught the foxes."

We have always endeavored to apply rational principles to the Scriptures. There are many things in the Bible whose harmony—though we know of nothing contradicting reason—reason cannot see, and therefore we accept all the statements of the Bible exactly as we think their authors intended them. And when a miracle is announced, we receive the statement implicitly. But we never suppose a miracle where it is not absolutely necessary. Hence when we consider what kindling the hair of a fox would make, and how excellent a material for that purpose dry wheat would be; when we remember how difficult it must have been for even a "judge in Israel" to catch three hundred foxes, and tie their tails together, and how easy it would have been for him to set fire to 300 dry sheaves, and how much more sensible and feasible, every way, the latter plan would be than the former, and above all, take into account the fact that the ancient Hebrew was spelt entirely without vowels, so that really, previous to the invention of vowel points, the word stood *shlm* instead of either *shalim* or *shualim*, we should be glad to enquire of our critic, why in view of all this we have not a perfect right to read *shalim* or *shualim* as we please? The original writer of the book wrote neither *shalim* nor *shualim*. He wrote *shlm*. The letters *ua* were added years after, not by an inspired hand, but by some uninspired Jew. The Masorites invented the vowel points. The author of the story who wrote long before did not use vowel points, because they were not invented. He wrote *shlm* which may be spelled *shalim* or *shualim* according to the sense of the context. Mr. Fletcher flourishes considerably in his criticism about Hebrew Bibles, Jewish Rabbins, and the like. Did he know these facts, and if he did, of what force is his critique, and if he did not, had he not better keep out of such subjects?

And now, does the context require us to add the vowel *u*, or the vowels *ua* in this word?—It was written *shlm*; shall we write it *shalim* or *shualim* and read foxes or sheaves? Let any one read the context, and he will not hesitate a moment. If we read foxes, we have an absurd story, impossible without a miracle, and of no value, then. If we read sheaves, we have a clear, credible account, with means adapted to the ends desired. No rational Christian can hesitate a moment between the two.

Suppose we adopt Mr. Fletcher's own illustration. Suppose a biography of "Mr. Lander" should be found a hundred years hence, and a passage in it should read, "On Mr. Lander's farm were two calves, each forty feet square, and capable of containing three hundred persons." Every intelligent reader would see that the *l* was a mistake, and that the word should read caves; especially if like the ancient Hebrew our language had no vowels in it, and the word was *cvs*, (the *l* being silent it of course would not be printed.) But if any one had previously made the mistake of writing it out calves instead of caves, we should find some future Fletcher—surely no one else would do it—insisting that Mr. Lander raised two calves, of this enormous size.

Let it be remembered then, that the author of the story did not say either *shalim*, or *shualim*. He said *shlm*. A subsequent and uninspired hand added the two vowels. Any reader of the Bible is therefore at liberty to understand the word as signifying either foxes or sheaves, and we must believe that those who exercise the common sense which God has given them, will prefer sheaves to foxes.

We have much respect for the received English version of the Bible, but we give it no blind acceptance. We endeavor to ascertain what the authors of the Bible meant, and when they clearly teach one thing, and the uninspired translators make them teach another we trust Mr. Fletcher will pardon us if we prefer the original meaning of the Bible to any uninspired additions, especially where they do no violence to common sense.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. H. CHANEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE MERTONS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PHENOMENA DISCUSSED—THE BLACK CAT.

The last chapter has disclosed the most remarkable phenomenon of what I have heard termed "Modern Spiritualism," since my arrival in this country, namely, "trance speaking." It has been suddenly, and perhaps some may think too abruptly introduced, in order to have the plot characterized by perfect harmony throughout. I will therefore briefly explain the reason which induced me to adopt this course, while planning the ground-work of my narrative.

Ordinarily, I might have approached the subject so gradually, that the reader would have been at a loss to draw the dividing line between what might be *natural* and *supernatural*, as these terms are understood. But to have accomplished this, in true artistic style, would have required several extra chapters, mainly deficient both in incident and information. This consideration alone, would have deterred me from adding to the bulk of a work which is likely to exceed the limits originally designed.

But there is still another reason why this abrupt transition was decided upon. I am treating upon matters connected with mortal life—also spirit life. Between these two lies a dark valley, even the valley of the shadow of death. The time has not yet arrived when this valley can be lighted by the lamp of truth and intelligence, and any attempt to throw a connecting line across it, would be forced and unnatural.

The sudden developement of Minnie as a trance medium, is by no means startling, nor is it more strange than what is constantly occurring at this time, if we can credit half the accounts which come to us from all parts of the country. Moreover, the spirits subsequently informed us that for a long time a band of them had been hovering about Minnie, establishing a harmony between her spirit and themselves.

This subject was discussed between us at the cottage a few nights subsequent to the events recorded in the last chapter, when Minnie frankly admitted that she had been conscious of the presence of some mysterious power for several months.

"But do you *really* believe that it was the spirits of the departed?" enquired the doctor.

"I have no reason to doubt it," she replied, "nor should I think that you have, *now*."

"Yet I do doubt it, most seriously."

"Why, you are more unbelieving than Thomas was," I remarked, "for he believed when he saw his Lord and Master, yet after seeing for yourself, you still doubt."

"The cases were very different, Charles. The apostles were inspired men—the chosen friends—the especial favorites of the Son of God. They received gifts not for common mortals—were highly favored above all others. No one can doubt that Jesus had the power to manifest himself after his crucifixion, and it was most natural that he should do so to his disciples. In reading that account, my greatest wonder has always been that Thomas should have doubted after the assurance of the others, and that he should have declared that he would not believe, except he 'saw in his hands the print of the nails, and put his finger into the print of the nails, and thrust his hand into his side.'"

"And yet when he *saw* Jesus he believed, without requiring any further test. But when *you* have seen and heard for yourself, you still disbelieve."

"I do not admit there is any parallel between the two cases, Charles. Therefore I cannot admit anything as argument, drawn form a comparison between them."

"Then how do you account for the strange phenomena which we have witnessed here for several weeks past? By what law of vision were you able to see the spirits of your friends, when in reality you did not see them?"

"I will answer your last question first—I did not see the spirit of any one. What I appeared to see was only the effect of an over-wrought imagination. I was never half so excited in my life—never so completely abandoned by reason—never so entirely subject to the guidance of impulse. The best evidence that I did *not* see what I supposed I did, may be found in the fact that there were three others in the room, each with opportunities for seeing as good as mine, and yet neither of you saw what I did. True, it was *real* to me, and had I been alone, I should probably have experienced great difficulty in coming to my present conclusions. But when I remember the circumstances—the intense excitement under which we all labored, and the fact that neither of you saw what I did, there is no doubt in my mind that what I appeared to see, was only a phantom of the imagination. Even you, Charles, in the prime and vigor of manhood, with an organization calculated to withstand fear of every description—even you, whom I thought nothing could frighten—so completely lost all control of your reasoning faculties as to imagine yourself in a horrid night-mare. The truth is, we were all paralyzed by fear—we had not even the power of motion."

"You reason well, doctor," I replied, "but I still entertain doubts as to the correctness of your conclusions. I do not comprehend the possibility of your seeing by the aid of the organs of sight, what really did not exist."

"The explanation is very simple; so much was my imagination excited—so vivid the pictures it presented that they *appeared* to me as though I saw them with my eyes. This deception was greatly assisted by the darkness of the room, for you will remember Minnie extinguished both lights, leaving us with only the flickering and unsteady light of the fire."

"But I remember you spoke of seeing your brother Godfrey," observed Minnie, "before I extinguished the lights."

"Yes," I rejoined triumphantly "I had forgotten that. The room was well lighted then, and what is more, it was the sight of your brother which caused your excitement; and not your excitement which led you to imagine that you saw a spirit; for up to that moment there had been no cause for excitement, beyond hearing the mysterious voice, which occurred at precisely the same instant of time with your excitement, and which might be easily accounted for upon the supposition that there was a ventriloquist in our immediate vicinity. I am much obliged to Minnie for the suggestion, and I think, between us, we shall get the best of the argument."

"Perhaps you may," he replied with a quiet smile, "but the arguments upon my side are not quite exhausted yet. I will give you an evidence of the power of imagination which came under my immediate observation, and to which I always refer when I hear people relating accounts of the strange sights they have seen."

"A few years before the death of my friend Bichat, during a period when he was greatly overtasking his powers, and which no doubt so weakened his constitution that he had not sufficient vitality remaining to recover from the slight injury that terminated his earthly existence, he became the subject of a singular hallucination.

"He was noted for his antipathy to cats—especially to black cats. One morning upon rising from his bed, to his infinite disgust he discovered a black cat in his room. He opened the door and drove her out; but before his toilet was completed, he was astonished to see her back again. He drove her out the second time, wondering where the secret entrance could be, by which she had returned to the room.

"On descending to the parlor, he lost all patience upon discovering that the same black cat was there before him.—Hastily ringing the bell, he ordered the servant who answered the summons, to drive that black cat from the room. After glancing around, the servant enquired where the cat was.

"There—right under your nose!" replied Bichat, impatiently, pointing down to the carpet.

"Still the servant insisted there was no cat in the room, and hurried away, firmly convinced that Bichat was insane. But Bichat drove the cat out himself, and shut the doors. Scarcely was he seated, before the cat returned. This was too much—seizing the bell-rope, he jerked it so violently that half a dozen servants rushed in, ready to obey his orders.

"'Drive out that black cat!' he thundered in their astonished ears. But there was no cat to be seen, and they so assured him. 'Am I a fool, or are you?' he demanded in great excitement.

"The servants tacitly agreed that *he* was the fool, and quietly withdrew. A few minutes after, being summoned to the breakfast-room, he astonished all present by turning round before seating himself at the table, and going through the pantomime, accompanied by several impatient 'scats,' of driving a cat from the room. As no one could discover the presence of a cat, and as Bichat never was known to practice any kind of buffoonery, we looked at each other in blank amazement, fearing that his intellect was unsettled.

"His seat was beside mine, and anxious to learn the true state of his mental disease, I immediately engaged him in conversation upon such subjects as I knew were occupying his mind. Failing to detect any shadow upon his intellect in that direction, it occurred to me that he might be the subject of a hallucination.

"Gradually I gave the conversation a turn, and we were soon discussing the theory of ghosts and haunted houses. He related several instances of ghost seeing, which he had traced directly to the effect of a disordered imagination. Upon my enquiring if he had ever been affected in that way himself, he replied that he had not, but had often been anxious that he might, as he wished to experience the sensation, in order to make some experiments upon it. I then abruptly enquired where that cat came from which he drove from the room.

"'I am as ignorant about it as you,' he replied, 'all that I know is, that she has haunted me ever since I waked this morning.'

"He then related the circumstances as I have told them to you, and looking round he suddenly exclaimed,

"'There she is again!'

"'No,' I replied, 'there is no cat in the room. Your brain is in some way disordered, and you imagine you see what in reality you do not.'

"'Is it possible,' he said in astonishment, rubbing his eyes and taking another look; 'why, I can see a black cat sitting there, just as distinctly as I ever saw any object in my life; and yet you assure me there is no cat in the room!'

"'I do assure you most solemnly,' I replied, 'and in order to convince you, if you do not object, we will refer the matter to the company present.'

"He had not the slightest objection, and then in the clear, ringing voice so natural to him, he explained aloud the peculiar hallucination of the mind, in which the patient appeared to see what did not exist.—He also related his experience with the black cat, and concluded by saying,

"'She is still in the room, gentlemen, as plainly visible to me as any other object, yet my friend Herder assures me that she is a myth—a phantom of my brain. Will you now be kind enough to look in the direction in which I point, and inform me if either of you can see anything resembling a black cat.?'

"All eyes were directed to one point, yet all assured him there was no object of any kind to be seen. 'Good!' he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes and looking again. 'Good!' she is still there! I never saw an object more real, and yet I must believe that I am mistaken. We must never ridicule a person who imagines he sees any strange sight, for believe me, were you all to assure me that yonder picture existed only in my imagination, it would seem no more improbable. But I will see if I can put my hand upon this cat, and if I can, you must pardon me, gentlemen, if I trust my own senses instead of yours, and conclude that there is some defect in your visual organs.'

"Moving cautiously from the table, he advanced his hand slowly towards the spot where he had pointed, until it rested upon the floor—then raised it and again put it down, repeating the experiment several times. 'This is strange,' he said, as if talking to himself, 'for I still see the cat—my hand apparently passes through her body—I lose sight of my hand—and yet I feel no contact until my hand touches the floor.'

All this time he had not moved his eyes from the particular point where he saw the cat, but now he glanced towards me for an instant, and upon looking again, the cat seemed to have changed her place, taking a position some six feet distant. He then proceeded to make several experiments, the result of which I will state as briefly as possible.

"When he advanced cautiously, the cat appeared to remain stationary, permitting him to pass his hand through her body to the floor, but if he removed his eyes from her even for the shortest possible space of time, on looking again, he would see her at a distance of about six feet. If he advanced rapidly towards her, she fled before him, always observing the same distance. She never appeared to move, unless disturbed. If his attention became wholly engrossed, as it sometimes did while answering a question, or explaining some physiological fact, she appeared to vanish; but re-appeared when he had concluded.

"The cat continued to haunt him for three days, her appearances becoming less frequent, and then ceased altogether. During this time, Bichat was in usual health, except an undue action of the nerves which caused an occasional involuntary motion of the muscles. Otherwise he could discover no difference in his health, either mental or physical, and continued his avocations as usual. His nervous system had received no shock—he had no cause for excitement, and upon the morning when he first saw the cat, he was not aware of any perturbation of mind. The cause of this singular hallucination was never satisfactorily settled, and probably never will be. Yet it presents an important fact to the student in physiology, because by it we can explain every marvelous story about seeing ghosts and phantoms, and robs superstition of its entire stock in trade.

"Reasoning also by parity, we are safe in concluding that if the brain can become so imperceptibly disordered, that in broad day-light an object can be made visible, which does not exist, then noises may be heard, when in truth there are no noises. Nor in fact is it at all improbable that the hallucination may become so general as to affect all our senses, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling. Yet if all are affected at one time, of course the patient would be insane.

"Every phenomena we have recently witnessed, can be accounted for upon this theory—which is to me perfectly rational—except the discourses which Minnie gave us in her sleep, the other evening. That I explain in this way:—The continued fatigue and anxiety of mind to which she has been subjected for some time past, has so excited her nervous system, that she acts involuntarily—even exercises her reasoning faculties, undirected by her *will*. In this state of mind she fell into an unnatural sleep, with her intellectual faculties in full power and play, and immediately passing into a somnambulic state, afforded us the finest specimen of that higher condition of consciousness I have ever witnessed.

"I have long entertained the opinion that there is really no such thing as supernatural power, save the power of God.—The spectres, clothed in white, which haunt grave-yards and old castles, are only the creatures of imagination, for I cannot believe that God would manifest himself to man in a way so utterly absurd and ridiculous."

"But doctor," I enquired, "how do you reconcile the various phenomena we have recently witnessed with your theory?—Here are four of us who have heard the same sounds, and seen the same sights, which, to say the least, are unnatural."

"I reconcile it this way—we have all suffered much from mental anxiety and excitement. Our nervous systems have become morbid in action, and from the harmony and sympathy between us, it would have seemed unnatural had there been a greater difference in what we appeared to see and hear."

"But you appeared very positive that you saw the spirit of your brother."

"No more so than I was that we were all upon the threshold of eternity—no more so than Bichat was that he saw the black cat."

"Do you remember how Godfrey wrote that verse in the song Minnie was singing?" enquired madame von Wieser.

"Very well—I was thinking of it at the time, and that it had been changed.—It was one of his earliest productions, and read,

> Love is like an angel's wing—
> Half seen and then withdrawn;
> 'Tis like the flick'ring of the star
> That ushers in the morn.'"

"But I did not know it," I remarked, nor was I thinking of it—yet I heard the voice as plainly as you did."

"This must have resulted from the strong sympathy existing between us," he replied, "which I cannot explain save upon the hypothesis of Mesmer, and that I do not fully admit. Some of his theories appear rational, and I intend now to devote especial attention to studying his works. In the meantime, I may as well explain to you that I have written to my old friend FRANZ ZAVER VON BAADER, at Munich, inviting him to spend a few days with us; to-night I received an answer, saying he would be here day after to-morrow. He was greatly afflicted with somnambulism in childhood, and even when not in that state, he displays the peculiar characteristics of thought which belong to a mystical temperament."

(To be Continued.)

SINGULAR RELATIONSHIP.—A few years ago a widower, a Mr. W., with two children, both boys, entered into a matrimonial union with a widow, Mrs. F., having two daughters. In the course of time the husband died, leaving two young children a little boy and a girl. The eldest son of Mr. W., entered into a matrimonial union with his step mother, Mrs. W. of course retaining the same name. A child was born, a fine, bouncing little female. This being the state of the case, who can tell the proper relation the parties have with each other. The step-son becomes the step-father to those who are by law his step-sisters, while the step-mother becomes the wife of her step-son. This is plain enough. But what is the *exact* relationship of the little babe to the eldest daughters of Mrs. F.? Can it be a step-sister, when its father, the husband of their own mother, is their step-brother. It would seem so.

But the sscond son of Mr. W. married his step-sister, Miss F., and they have been blessed with a couple of children, who would seem to be first cousins to the first offspring of Mrs W. But how can they be first cousins when Mrs W. is their grandmother, or how can they be grandcousins when they never had a grandfather? This seems to be a sort of perplexing riddle, that may puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to unravel. In all this intermarriage it will be seen that blood relations have been avoided, that the injunctions of the scriptures have not been violated.

A late account from Hayti says of the arrest of Timoleon Savon, before announced, that at a preliminary examination he confessed that the object of the conspirators in shooting the President's daughter was to attract the President to the spot and then murder him too. He gave the names of the parties who provided him with arms. One of these, Caniner Chocotte, by name, led him steadily to where he could see Geffrard's daughter, and whispered to him: "You do the little execution, I will do the great one." Savon was about to refuse to commit the crime, when Chocotte held a poniard over his breast and threatened him with instant death. Siezed with terror, Savon fired, and killed the girl.

A Fanciful Story.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "FLYING CLOUD."

"Through in four days to San Francisco," repeated I. "Marvellous age?"

I hastily computed the distance by an air-line, and placed the speed of the craft at some thirty miles an hour. That seemed reasonable enough. Indeed, the whole statement cohered marvellously well; all the parts harmonized with each other and looked plausible, even reasonable, as I have said, except the grand fact itself, which was too momentous for belief. But why should it not be true? What new achievement of the human mind ought to startle one in this nineteenth century, after having witnessed the wonders of steam and electre-magnetism? I determined to sift the matter, but immediately remembered that all the knowledge I had of it had been imparted to me in the strictest confidence. The ingenious inventors, as was clearly their right, had reserved it to themselves to choose the time and way of making their invention public, when it was to break on the world, some fine morning, like the discovery of a second moon performing its orbit round the earth. I sunk into a brown study.

In the evening, Mr. Bonflon called again, as he had promised. He brought with him a large roll of plans and drawings, for the purpose of illustrating more clearly the principles and method of construction and operation of his aerial ship.

They were projected on a large scale, and the workmanship was superb. Months of hard labor by a finished draughtsman must have been devoted to their execution.—"And what an additional outlay of time and brains," thought I, "must have been required, to devise the scheme and construct the machine itself, so as to elevate the ingenious ideal into an absolute working reality!" These drawings, Mr. Bonflon informed me, were duplicates of others which had been privately deposited in the Patent-Office at Washington.

The one which chiefly attracted my attention was that which represented the monster steamer complete, with all its appendages and complement of passengers, in its majestic flight through the air. Below it were drifting clouds. Its course lay quite above the storms and hurricanes and conflicting wind-currents which vex the lower strata of the atmosphere, where it comes in contact with the earth's uneven surface, and is kept in motion by the contractions and expansions of alternate cold and heat, and is broken and set whirling by the forests and gorges and mountain-tops among which it is compelled to force its way.—Above all this, Mr. Bonflon assured me, as aeronauts report, there is ever a smooth, quiet atmospheric sea.

"But how is life to be sustained for any considerable time in that rarefied medium?" inquired I, "when it is asserted that even in ascending high mountains, the texture of the soft parts of the human body becomes so loose and flabby from diminished atmospheric pressure as to cause one, so to speak, to sweat blood,—which oozes perceptibly from the mouth and nose and eyes, and even from under the finger-nails?"

Mr. Bonflon pointed to a long, narrow line which floated rearward at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the point of its attachment to his ship.

"That," said he, "is an India-rubber tube several thousand feet long, extending down in the respirable atmosphere, and keeping the cabins always supplied with fresh and wholesome air."

"But would the heavier nether air flow in that direction?" I asked.

"With a little help from the engine," he replied, "a constant current, whenever needed, is kept up; and the process of breathing is rendered as easy and agreeable in the cabins of the 'Flying Cloud' as in one's own parlors at home. On the upper deck, which is not inclosed, you see, it is different. In the first trial trip to California, Mr. M—— insisted on remaining above on this deck for six consecutive hours, and the result wss an attack of hemorrhage from the lungs. On his going below, however, it almost instantly ceased."

I must now endeavor to give the reader some definite idea of this extraordinary machine, as exhibited in the drawings. Its buoyant power was, of course, on the principle of the balloon. But the gas-chamber, or part to be inflated, instead of being globular in form, consisted of two horizontal cones joined at the base; or more accurately still, it resembled an immense barrel extended at both ends to a point, and resting on its side. This shape was given it, according to Mr. Bonflon, that it might offer the least resistance to the element in which it was intended to move. In structure it was composed of a strong flexible frame of whalebone and steel, covered with silk, strengthened and rendered air-tight and water-proof by a coating of India-rubber. Its size, of course, would depend upon the proposed tonnage of a particular ship. That of the working-model, as nearly as I remember, was about six hundred feet long, by some seventy or eighty in breadth in the middle, which was calculated to be amply sufficient to sustain the immense car beneath, with its engine, and fuel for a week, and three hundred passengers with their baggage; leaving still a considerable margin for freight.

Mr. Bonflon here pointed out, with great minuteness, the simple, but ingenious method devised for the inflation of this enormous machine, and the regulation of the gas; which I pass over, from an inability to render it intelligible by mere description.

The car or vessel suspended below, and to which the balloon part bore the relation of masts and sails, was fashioned after the best model of a clipper ship, but still farther elongated. Below deck it was divided into sitting and dining cabins, state-rooms, kitchen, engine-room, and so forth; and above was a long, railed, promenade-deck. The attachment between the two parts was by means of a network of ropes, extending from every quarter, and from the whole circumference of the ship, connecting with staples in the framework of the balloon, and finally embracing its entire body in its folds. Two enormous paddle-wheels, made of oiled silk stretched on delicate frames, and driven by a steam-engine of the lightest structure possible, furnished the propelling power; while at the stern, like a vast fin, played the helm, of a similar material and construction to the paddle-wheels.

All this was explained to me in much fuller detail than I can here repeat, by Mr. Bonflon, who added, that the material employed combined lightness with strength to a much greater degree than had ever before been achieved,—that the fuel used was of the fluid kind, a new combination of concentrated combustibles invented by himself,—and that the weight of the entire machine had been carefully calculated beforehand, together with its buoyant power, and the results had demonstrated the accuracy of the mathematics.

I turned on Mr. Bonflon and looked him squarely in the face. He was a modest man and blushed slightly, but did not shrink. There could be no dishonesty there. His countenance bore the unmistakable stamp of integrity, as well as intelligence; and his whole appearance and bearing were those of a true man.

Had he brought me the newspapers he promised, not yet eight days old, from San Francisco?

No. He had been detained down-town all day in the whirl of our New York Babel, and had not yet been home. He would hand it in to-morrow.

Mr. Bonflon had been introduced to me that morning by a friend on whose acuteness and judgment I felt I had many good reasons to rely. Without pretending any precise knowledge of the man, or, indeed, any knowledge at all, beyond what had been gathered from the individual himself in a very brief acquaintance of Mr. Bonflon's own seeking, he expressed a warm interest in him personally, as also in the startling discovery he professed to have made.

In that interview, Mr. Bonflon had informed us in brief, that, after ten years of patient and toilsome experiment, of disappointment, of perishing and reviving hope, he had at length achieved the grand object of his life. He had solved the problem of the navigation of the air. He had proved by actual results, that the great ocean of atmosphere above us could be ploughed as successfully and safely as the waters beneath, and with much greater facility and pleasure. He stated that the first trial trip, after the completion of the ship, had been made in the night from an obscure point in the State of Maryland, and extended north and northeast, along the Atlantic coast, to New York,—whose glow of light from a great height, like a phosphorescent mist, was plainly distinguishable,—and thence to the neighborhood of Boston, and back to the place of starting; and that a second, with equally favorable results, had been made from the same point by a more inland route, northwest to Buffalo and the Canada line; and he named several well-known persons who were on board at one or the other of these times, and related some little anecdotes illustrative of their states of mind and apprehensions while drifting above the earth on the occasion of these novel voyages.

He said, further, that the President and heads of departments at Washington were fully cognisant of the matter; and that a third grand trial-trip, in the interest of government, had been secretly made, with important dispatches to California, relating to the security of our rights in the Pacific. Four days had been consumed in the passage out, including a stoppage of a couple of hours on a fine plateau, near the head waters of the Missouri, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and the same in the return. They had landed in the night in a deep valley a few miles out of San Francisco, and remained two days in that city;—which gave a period of ten days to the entire voyage, out and back. Forty selected individuals, all bound to secresy, had participated in the risks and excitements of the extraordinary occasion. Mr. Bonflon was not of the number. An heroic daughter of his was. His partner, Mons. De Aery, a French gentleman of great mechanical skill, had managed the affair; and the craft, in the same hands, was now absent on her second expedition across the American continent.

Such was the sum of Mr. Bonflon's revelations of the morning. What a discovery! How the announcement would astonish the world, upset commerce, and transform the habits and relations of mankind! America, the pioneer in many valuable discoveries and reforms, was still ahead,—still destined to lead the van in the development of the powers and resources of Nature, and the onward march of nations.

Hurriedly recalling all these points to mind, I requested to know of Mr. Bonflon how it had been possible, with so many confidants and the prying propensities of the press, whose agents, like an invisible police, are everywhere, to keep the matter from becoming public,—at least, to cover the affair so completely that no hint of the existence of his machine should have been given in any quarter, or of the vast changes which its introduction as a power in the world could not fail to effect.

To this he replied, that the press had behaved very handsomely; that the principal papers of the country had *attaches* aboard on the first trip to the Pacific; but that all parties—the government, the editors, together with De Aery and himself—were agreed that the matter should be kept strictly private, until its practicability and value should be established beyond the possibility of question.

I now remembered, that, several years ago, a good deal of noise had been made about a flying machine which had been constructed in some of the suburbs of the city, and that a day had been advertised when it would make an ascent, but it failed. I mentioned the circumstances to Mr. Bonflon.

"Yes," he replied. "It was at Hoboken De Aery and myself spent three years in the construction of that machine, and a large amount of money. On the day when the trial of its power was to have taken place, the weather proved unfavorable, and we met with unexpected delays. The spectators who had congregated by thousands, became impatient; and the mob, breaking in upon us, destroyed in an hour property which had cost us five thousand dollars and the labor of years."

I felt obliged to sympathize with Mr. Bonflon. He had met with the usual fortune of public benefactors, and particularly of inventors. His success, however, should it prove real, in the unexampled brilliancy of its results, would more than compensate him for all his disappointments and losses, He would rank as the greatest of discoverers,—as the master mind of this master century.

Leading him off from this one topic into general conversation, I held him thus engaged for an hour. I was charmed with his comprehensive intelligence, and with the scope and liberality of his views. In everything relating to mechanics, his opinions were marked with originality. This had evidently been his favorite field, where his quick perceptions and powers of concentration and analysis had elevated him to an eminence where he stood almost alone. I had never met his equal. In plausible suggestions relative to the possibilities of the future, he took me quite above my level, and left me floating in a maze of glittering bewilderment. But I could discover no breaks, no confusion in his mind, on the themes he presented. His premises were apparantly well considered, and his conclusions the fair and natural sequences flowing from them.

On the following day, Mr. Bonflon called on me again. In the interval, my friend and myself had held extended consultations. My friend, while externally calm as the surface of a summer sea, as was his wont, it was plain for me to see, was internally deeply stirred and excited by theextraordinary nature of Mr. Bonflon's revelations. Acknowledging a mutual and increasing interest in the intelligent inventor, we nevertheles parted in a wilderness of doubt. There was a mystery in the matter,—a surprise for the world or a surprise for ourselves,—which time, it would seem, with its busy thumb and finger, must be left to unravel at its leisure.

Mr. Bonflon had not brought the Californian papers with him. Two or three copies only which had come into his possession had been handed around among his confidential friends, and he had not been able to lay his hand on one. He informed me that the "Flying Cloud" was expected to return in three days, and after remaining two days on the Atlantic side of the continent, would then start on her third experimental trip to the Pacific. At that time he expected to make one of the party himself, and he invited me to accompany him.

I accepted the invitation, and received from him particular instructions as to thes nature of my outfit. It was in the midst of the heat of summer. He advised, however, a full supply of thick clothing, on account of the increased chill and coldness of the atmosphere at high altitudes; and, indeed, recommended a mail of flannel next the skin. Everything else—the supply of the larder, with an excellent cook, beds, and so forth—would be amply provided by De Aery and himself for the comfort and accommodation of their guests. The station, or point of departure, Mr. Bonflon informed me, was a retired spot, but a few miles out of the city of Baltimore; and he promised to be at hand at the proper time to accompany me in person, and see me safely on board the "Flying Cloud."

I saw nothing more of Mr. Bonflon for several days. Meanwhile I arranged my affairs for a brief absence, and, as my family were all off in the country, prepared a special letter for use, if needed, to be dated and mailed at the last moment, notifying them of a probable gap in my correspondence, on account of some pressing business which would take me out of the city for a few days and keep me constantly employed.

In three or four days I received a note from Mr. Bonflon, advising me to hold myself in readiness; and at the proper time, he presented himself before me. But he came to apologize. The "Flying Cloud" had returned. The second trip had been as successfuly and safely performed as the first. Nothing had occurred to mar the pleasure of the voyage; but, unfortunately, before coming on to New York, De Aery had filled out the complement of guests for the third grand expedition. Even he (Mr. Bonflon) should remain behind; but he should see that seats were reserved for us both, without fail, for the next succeeding trip.

Mr. Bonflon took his leave; and I found myself more deeply involved in doubt and perplexity than ever. I could hardly say that I was disappointed, or that I was not. I had thrown myself on a wave, with no look-out or means of judging where I was to be cast, and had formed no opinions. As yet, everything looked fair with Mr. Bonflon. His face was as honest as the rising sun, and it was next to impossible to doubt him. He might be the prey of some strange phantasm, some monomania; but the evidences did not show it. The account he had given of himself was manly and coherent; his claims as a discoverer had been modestly presented, and were not wholly unsupported by circumstances, or unreasonable in themselves. Indeed, they must be regarded as coming within the range of probabilities fully as much as, to human seeing, had once the established, but ceaseless, wonders of steam locomotion, and and electric telegraphing.

Singularly enough,—and it illustrates the constantly shifting scenes in the kaleidoscope of life,—within an hour, Mr. Bonflon returned with a new message, and with the programme of the "Flying Cloud" changed, if not reversed. He had seen De Aery again. One or two of the expected passengers had telegraphed that untoward circumstances would compel them to remain behind, and there would be room for us.—But no time was to be lost; the air-steamer would weigh anchor before daylight of the following morning, and we must start for Baltimore by the next train. De Aery and several others were already flying over the rail on their way to Philadelphia.

I did not allow myself to hesitate. With an unusual degree of excitement, made up of the mingled emotions of wonder, doubt, and, I frankly confess, apprehension, I dated and superscribed the letter to my absent family; and, taking my carpet-bag in my hand, packed to plethora several days before in readiness for the occasion, set out on the strange and questionable adventure.

The run to Baltimore was made without accident or delay. Mr. Bonflon and myself conversed a good deal, and I found additional cause to admire the discriminating character of his miud and the curious and wonderful stores it contained. Some of the time we dozed, or sunk into a mental confusion like that to which the body was subjected by the motion of the cars, and called it sleep. My own most impressive visions, however, were those of silent wakefulness, and were connected with the morrow and the "Flying Cloud."

We stopped in the chief city of Maryland only long enough to obtain some slight refresements, such as could be furnished readily in the middle of the night, and proceeded at once to the wharf or station of our sky-sailer. Ah, how shall I describe my sensations on beholding this most wonderful achievement of the age, and thus satisfying myself that it was an actual existence, and not the mere chimera of a diseased brain? There she sat like a majestic swan, floating, as it were, in the pure empyrean, and crowned with a diadem of stars. The moon, Arcturus, and the Pleiades might well all make obesiance to her and the Milky Way invite her to extend her flight and plough her snowy fields. I was astonished at her size, the symmetry of her parts, and the harmony of her proportions, as she lay there at a great height, which I was quite unable to estimate, in bold relief against the sky.

(Continued on 6th page.)

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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OBJECTIONS AND INQUIRIES.

Before proceeding further with our illustrations of "Spiritualism in Religion," we will briefly notice several objections and inquiries from correspondents, relating to positions that have been taken in preceding articles.

THE HIGHEST CONDITION—SPIRITUAL INTUITION.

James Burroughs, of Lowell, Mich., takes exception to the opinion expressed under the head of "Regeneration," that the harmonious action or over balance of the various faculties of the human ("natural") mind is not the highest spiritual condition, and consequently not the best human condition. Mr. B. says:

"As I understand over balance, it is that knowledge shall hold the balance of power in all cases; and I understand the spiritual condition to mean that peculiarity in the human condition that recognizes spiritual beings. But few in comparison possess this peculiarity, and a large proportion of these are of the lowest order of people; consequently we must come to the conclusion that the spiritual has but little to do with human intelligence."

Our friend goes on to argue that, if this be so, it is useless to endeavor to diffuse intelligence or make efforts for human progress, except "by the manufacture of spiritual organisms," (i. e., mediums,) and adds:

"Now I ask the writer if it would not be better to teach people to be particularly careful how they allow their blind instincts to lead? How many thousands are injured by allowing their spiritual natures to lead, thereby neglecting the special wants of this life. I write not to gratify the combative, but to caution impressible persons against giving way to any impressions not founded on human knowledge and human experience. True action can be judged of only by the fruit it produces."

The same friend also criticises a statement by R. P. Ambler, that "Intuition is the light of the human soul; the flower and perfection of reason." This he thinks contains the same dangerous doctrine that is involved in our position, inasmuch as he regards "Intuition" as synonymous with blind instinct."

Our correspondent is right in the end he has in view; but he quite misunderstands our meaning, as well as that of Bro. Ambler. By "highest spiritual condition," we do *not* mean merely that peculiarity in some human organisms which makes them sensitive to spirit-presence, or conscious of spirit impressions, or mediums for spirit-manifestations. Persons may be all these, and yet be in a very *low* spiritual as well as intellectual condition. But we *do* mean that unfolded state of the interior or spiritual nature in which all its perceptions are clear and its impulses pure. In that state, the soul is so illuminated from within (i. e, from God) that it sees, feels and *knows* truth by direct perception (i. e., intuition,) without the necessity of learning from without, or arriving at truth by the slow processes of reasoning. It perceives intuitively the uses, relations, qualities and tendencies of things—distinguishes at once between right and wrong, good and evil, without waiting for "fruits"—discerns the characters and motive of persons—loves supremely the right and abhors the wrong.

Such powers we believe are inherent in the human spirit in its highest (regenerate) state; and they are as much above and superior to merely "natural" reason and externally derived knowledge, as these are above ignorance and blank nothingness.—Such intuition is not "blind instinct," but true spiritual enlightenment—the highest kind of "knowledge"—in fact "the light of the soul, the flower and perfection of reason." Hence it is the safest possible guide for man to follow. But it should not be mistaken for mere suggestions from spirits, or for blind animal impulses—neither of which are safe guides for human beings.

TESTING SPIRITS.

In our article on "The Christ," we said, "There are not wanting those among modern Spiritualists who claim to be in immediate personal communication with the Nazarene; but so far as we have tested these, their claims have usually seemed ridiculously groundless, and that in proportion to the confidence with which they are put forth."

"P. C. S." of Castle Grove, Iowa, writes in relation to this:

"In my experience of the spiritual, this claim is among my most cherished ideas. And to my clairvoyant vision the Saviour presents himself in the attitude of being nailed to the Cross. Others present themselves to me through their own peculiarities. It is often thus that I recognize them * * * * * * will the author of those articles *test* the writer of this. She wishes to be tested,—wishes to know whether she stands upon truth or fancy. She now feels as sure of the immediate presence of her Saviour as of any other Spirit-friend."

We cannot assume to test the identity of spirits for any one but ourself; others must do it for themselves. We would suggest, however, that it is a more difficult matter than many mediums and Spiritualists seem to suppose. To prove the identity of a spirit requires a concurrence of evidences of different kinds; and seldom is anything more than a *probability* arrived at. For example, in the case of clairvoyant perceptions, or spirit-sight, which some regard as proof positive—few if any spirit-seers can discriminate between *real persons* and merely *ideal images* which are projected before them from other minds—that is, they cannot distinguish between the *objective* and the *subjective*. The one seems equally real with the other. No doubt, to John, the revelator, the monstrous "beast with seven heads and ten horns," seen in his vision, appeared just as much a real entity as did the angel who showed it to him. Yet it was a mere *ideal* image presented by the angel's mind in order to symbolize a fact. So an *ideal* or *image* of a person, formed in one individual's mind, may be projected before the vision of a clairvoyant or impressible person with such vividness that the latter cannot or does not distinguish it from the real person.—Some further evidence, then, than mere clairvoyant sight is requsite to prove the actual personal presence of Jesus of Nazareth or any other individual spirit. If the spirit thus seen gives utterance to palpable nonsense, or to sentiments in any way unworthy of the Divine Man of Nazareth (as in the case of some communications we have seen purporting to come from him,) we are obliged to conclude there has been a mistake somewhere. In the case of our correspondent, the fact that the supposed Jusus appears "nailed to the cross" would seem to show beyond doubt that the appearance is *ideal* or *psychological*, not real. For who can suppose that Jesus still continues "hanging on the accursed tree," in the spirit-world?

PSEUDO-INSPIRATION.

Dr. C. Robbins, of Charlestown, Mass., writes:

"In connection with your last article [on Inspirational Phenomena,] I would call your attention to another fact that can scarcely have passed your notice. There is a state, simulating at least unconscious trance—a state marked by great flippancy of words but with a Zaharah of thought—which I regard as a mere exaltation of the organ of language. There have been instances of this in all time. I have known of discourses consisting of glittering *non sequiturs* on "Philosophy, Genius," etc., etc., which, with an alteration of twenty words, would be as appropriate to any other subject Speakers of this stamp are popular because they speak in an unconscious trance,—eyes shut, voices good, appearance favorable, etc.

"Now, sir, can such mere verbiage be supposed to come from the spirits? The organs of the brain can be so excited as to induce this, and it may be self-induced, and ought not, I think, to be recognized as either trance or spirit communication.

"The Goddess of Fortune is represented as having her eyes closed, from being ashamed of her votaries. Some of our Spiritualistic speakers could not suppress a blush to really listen to one of their own discourses."

Like our correspondent, we have heard much trance or inspirational speaking, which was to us mere verbiage—full of high-sounding words but barren of ideas. Yet other hearers would pronounce the same discourses "Beautiful!" "Wonderful!" "Splendid!" etc. These conflicting estimates of speakers are as difficult to account for as are the varieties of taste. We are usually most interested in that which comes near our grade of mind, and accords with our plane of thinking; so that what is mere verbiage and moonshine to one person seems solid and substantial food to another, and *vice versa*. So long as there are multitudes who can digest nothing but milk, and that very much diluted, it is probably well that there is an abundant supply of that article.

We cannot undertake to determine, by any general rule, whether such verbiage comes from the spirit-world or not—nor does it seem of much consequence to us where it does come from. But we see no reason why spirits disembodied should not be supposed to talk nonsense and *non-sequiturs*, as well as those in the body. Certainly, thousands who were accustomed to do this in their earth-lives, have passed into the other world. What reason have we to believe they drop their old habits at once? If they can find suitable mediums—that is, those having large loquacity, with few ideas, and a good share of vanity and self-conceit—why should not they continue to talk on in their accustomed ways? So far as we can learn, becoming a disembodied spirit does not of itself endow one with either wisdom, profundity, or modesty; and it does not appear that spirits always wait till they have acquired these qualities before putting themselves forth as teachers of mankind.

Again, it seems to us that when a general inspirational influence comes upon an impressible person, from whatever source, it must flow most largely into those organs which are most fully developed and active; hence such organs will be most excited or stimulated. If, then, the faculty of language is more fully developed or active in an impressible speaker than are the reasoning or the conceptive powers, (as is specially apt to be the case with females taken from the uncultivated classes), we must naturally expect more words than ideas—more fancy than logic. The world has yet to learn—Spiritualists as well as others—that nothing is intrinsically true or valuable, merely *because* spoken under inspiration, or from the spirit-world.

And we doubt if a state of mental exaltation, or of trance, can be "self-induced," in the strict sense of the phrase. It may be self-induced in the sense of putting one's self in passive or *receptive* conditions, to receive the influence which produces the state; as we open and expand our lungs to receive the in-rushing vital air. *The atmosphere of spirit-influence and inspiration surrounds us at all times and on every hand, and it rushes in, in special degrees, as we open ourselves to it.* It is this which stimulates and exalts our mental faculties. We might as properly talk of lifting ourselves to the top of the house by pulling at our boot-straps, as of inducing mental exaltation by the unaided efforts of our own wills.

AN ESPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"L. P. P.," of Weston, Mass., desires an expression of our faith in "an especial Providence." We would say that in No. 5, of the series on "Spiritualism in Religion," (April 9, 1859), we gave utterance to our convictions on this point, to the effect that Deity, being the inmost and Essential Life of all things, in whom and from whom all subsist, is an ever-present and active Providence, both general and special,—as our own spirits are a constant providence to every part and particle of our bodies; and that His providing care is exercised both immediately, in the influx of life and love into our inmosts, and mediately through the watchful care of ministering spirits, etc. Perhaps we may hereafter consider the subject more fully in a chapter upon angelic ministration.

A. E. N.

STARTLING MANIFESTATIONS.

Hitherto it has been a most triumphant objection urged by skeptics against the reality of the wonderful physical manifestations which have been performed in hundreds of circles throughout the country, that the demonstrations invariably required the condition of either total darkness or a very dim light. And it has alwyas been a very popular and convincing one, with all those who did not want to be convinced, as well as to a large proportion of those who *did* want to be convinced, and yet could see no tangible *reason* why these things should not be done in the light of open day, as well. We have always believed that the time would come, and at no distant day, either, when it would suit the purpose of the invisibles to so manifest their power and intelligence that even the most hard-headed of skeptics and bigots must relinquish the cry of imposture and deception. That day is now at hand. The *Spiritual Telegraph* gives an editorial report of some remarkable demonstrations, an account of which we condense for our readers:—

"At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of September last, we visited Mr. John Swain and his wife, 326 South Division street, Buffalo, in company with Judge Smith of New Albany, Ind., and Dr. and Mrs. Hallock of New York. We sat in their parlors with the shutters of the front and rear windows open, and thus in full daylight. A table with four legs, and cloth on it, stood in the room; we took off the cloth, turned over and examined the table, and found it to be a common one without drawer. We examined the floor and carpet, and discovered nothing unusual. Then we set the table where we chose in the room, and sat round it. We put a bell and a speaking trumpet under the table.—Very soon the bell began to ring, and the trumpet moved about, thumping against our legs.—The bell sometimes tingled gently, and as if muffled, and appeared to be far away; then it drew nearer and sounded louder, and finally it was thumped vigorously against the under side of the table."

The spirit of an Indian calling himself "Jim" appeared to be the intelligence producing those manifestations. The bell was rung and handed up into the hands of each of the party severally. Finally, the following communication was rapped out, by means of the alphabet:

"MR. PARTRIDGE: I am unknown to you, but you are not wholly unknown to me. I have often read your paper with interest. I wish you to excuse me for thus intruding; I wish you would bear a message to my husband for me.—He has no hope of immortality. O, tell him that his Hannah still lives! It was only the breaking of the casket, that the gem of immortality might go free. O, I wish he could understand these eternal truths! HANNAH FARNUM.

My husband's name is Newell Farnum. He lives a few miles from Lockport. If you will send him my desire, you can direct to Lockport, and you will greatly oblige your friend,

HANNAH FARNUM.

The undersigned were present when the foregoing communications were received as stated, and we are well satisfied there were no human means by which they could have been made.—We all certify we have neither of us any knowledge of the parties named, and that the communication of Hannah Farnum was wholly voluntary.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.	R. T. HALLOCK,
ELIZABETH N. HALLOCK,	THOS. L. SMITH,
JOHN SWAIN,	M. A. SWAIN.

The communication was sent to Mr. N. W. Bruce, at Lockport, N. Y., with the request to ascertain if there was such a person as Newell Farnum, and if so, if he had lost a wife named Hannah. The following is the result of Mr. Bruce's inquiries:—

LOCKPORT, October 16, 1859.

MR. T. L SMITH: *Dear Sir*—Yours of September 22d was duly received. My reason for not answering it before is, that two or three days prior to receiving it, Mr. Newell Farnum left home on a wedding tour, and was to be gone two or three weeks. Being personally acquainted with him, I thought I would wait and consult him on the subject. I have, since his return, conversed with him. It appears that his wife's name was Hannah, and that she departed this life some time in February last. But Mr. Farnum is a perfect skeptic, and does not believe in such communications. He says it is not her language, and does not contain her whole name, but did not tell me what letters constituted her name besides Hannah. I consider it a good communication, and it would be so considered by any unprejudiced mind. I hope you will excuse my long neglect in answering yours,

And believe me yours, etc.,

N. W. BRUCE."

The *Telegraph's* account concludes as follows:—

"The Spirit took hold of Dr. Hallock's hand; he said it felt like a natural hand. The trumpet was put up by the side of ourselves and the others. Dr. Hallock put his handkerchief on the floor, and asked the Spirit to put it in the trumpet and hand it up, and it was immediately done. The handle of the bell was put into Mr. Partridge's hand, and the tongue of the bell was kept from ringing, and it was pulled with considerable force. The trumpet was also handed us, and we pressed against a force which gave way and moved under hard pressure, and thrust back with considerable vigor."

We are on the eve of a new impetus to the cause of Spiritualism. We *know* that the Spirits are abundantly able to make known their existence and presence by the most overwhelming demonstrations, and when it shall seem necessary to them to hasten the work in which they are now engaged, they will pour out such a flood of light, knowledge, and power as shall comparatively dwarf even the present gigantic proportions of the movement. Gird up your loins, then, brethren, for much is soon to be required of you! △

☞E. Harback, of Baltimore, Md., a native of Holland, writes us a very earnest and eloquent letter. It always gives us pleasure to receive a letter from friends who are filled with such a spirit as our friend exhibits. We make the following extract:

"Spiritualism has done much in our family.—It has cast away the fears of hell and devils, and opened our minds to the corruptions as they exist in the creeds of the day. Not only that, but our loved departed have reunited with us, and when but a few months ago my loved mother left the tenement of clay, around her bed were standing a host of bright angels, and in the midst she recognized her loved husband waiting to convey her to the mansions of the Father. Truly it has made a happy home Where once the ministers of the day, teaching the doctrine of infant damnation, brought fear and terror, now angels robed in garments of immortality, come with their heavenly messages, giving strength to those who are left behind, opening the gates of heaven, uniting us who are yet in the form with the inhabitants of the spirit world. Truly we have been made happy by it. Pardon me; my feelings lead me to write more than I had expected. You will forgive the broken way in which the above has been written, as the writer is not thoroughly acquainted with the English language, being a native of Holland, though no doubt you would shake his hand as freely as one of the soil. God speed is my prayer, and with this I bid you farewell."

☞A subscriber in Ripon, Wis., manifests such a catholic spirit in such an off-hand, good-natured way, that we must make an extract from a private note:—

"Like *you* for the reason there is a *change* in the paper—like Newton, too—like *all* things and everybody—as they all work good in the *end*, to *those* who love truth. Change is rest, and change is progress. Don't care if you do advocate politics some—will not stop the paper on *that account*. Like the story—it shows up our *two sides*—so write on—particularly if you hear a voice *from Heaven*, saying unto you, *write*. Don't think you capable of writing much that will result *only* in evil."

☞We have now partially completed our arrangements for giving additional life, vigor and variety to the AGE. Next week we shall be assisted in the editorial department by a gentleman of much experience and ability in the editorial line. Matters are now so arranged that we can confidently assure our readers that the paper will ever continue to improve from week to week, both in manner and matter, until it shall stand in the foremost rank of journalism in this country. See if our prophecy does not come true!

☞L. Judd Pardee writes us from Cincinnati, "I speak again at this place (having just concluded a course of twelve lectures here,) the first three Sundays in January next—and, intermediately, I may be addressed to Box 2234. Mr. Wadsworth speaks this month.—Mr. E. V. Wilson next after, (in December.) Miss Hardinge part of January and February, and Mr. Stebbins during March. The cause here, in the way of public meetings, is looking up, and bids fair in time to show a *big face*, as formerly.

☞A friend from Dundas, Wis., writes that "Spiritualism, here, as elsewhere has power.—It is quietly but surely gaining in numbers and strength,—although I, in my short life time have seen and experienced most bitter sorrow, I have through its light, become a happier, better, and I trust a wiser man."

POLITICAL ACTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Under the above head, I noticed two articles in the AGE of Sept. 10th, in regard to the subject matter on which I desire to make a few remarks.

Although a radical thinker, yet when I look over the mass of humanity and consider the great means by which they are operated upon, I am inclined to believe that a moderate conservatism in human action is most effectual in accomplishing the desired end. Progression is necessarily slow. though inevitable, and all changes among the masses must be gradual. Persons who are constituted with progressive brains, feel that the whole world *ought* to be reformed speedily, and that if proper means could be employed, it *would* be; yet when we extend our views over the whole domain of human activities, and look at mankind as the naturalist would, we must unavoidably come to the ultimate conclusion that "all things are working for the greatest good."

All the political organizations of the day are exceptionable; but I regard them as an index to the condition of the mass of the population of our country—as perfect as they can be for the present, with the material of which they are made up. The great mass are "material," and people's ideas are of a very superficial character; consequently, they cannot comprehend the highest aims and aspirations of a highly spiritual and intellectual being, nor do they want the large freedom which an expanding mind necessarily seeks.

So when I look at what are termed the "Democratic" and "Republican" parties, I see the conflicting elements of this great country—one, the avowed propaganda of human slavery; the other, in opposition, in a moderate measure. I see the Administration of the country exerting all its power and patronage to carry out the schemes of the Southern fire-eaters, to convert all the Territories of the United States into Slave States. On the other hand, the Republicans of the Northern States, without interfering with Slavery in the States where it exists, have said it shall not be carried into the Territories, to curse coming generations who may settle in them. This will be the great issue of the Presidential election of 1860.

Now, will we, Spiritualists, stand by and idly look on the contest? I trust not but give our voice against the great reigning iniquity of this land. If we cannot accomplish all that we would, let us do what we can, *and that will be assuredly the best.*

Spiritualists should identify themselves with the political institutions of the day. Politics relate to all our external interests, and are as necessary as any other human interests, in their place. As we cannot have the *spiritual* without the *animal*, how necessary that we should attend to all the appurtenances of the latter, if we would attain a symmetrical development! When a Spiritualist (or liberalist) intimates to me that he is too refined to engage in politics, I feel he has much yet to learn, which would be both of profit and advantage to him in this earth-sphere.

Let liberalists sustain each other in positions of public importance and trust, if they would receive respect and consideration from those who slander and misrepresent them. All our local offices exert a great influence on the masses; and in the hands of truth-loving and truth-aspiring men, the cause of liberalism will maintain a position that will banish the disrespect attendant on the impracticalities identified with the cause of progression.

L. H. BIGAREL.

RICHMOND, Ind., Nov. 4. 1859.

☞A correspondent informs us that convincing demonstrations spirit of intercourse have been made in Manchester N. H., through the mediumship of S. Jennie Lord, of Portland, Me. The bass viol, tambarine, triangle, accordion, trumpet and bells were severally and unitedly played upon. Jennie's visit to Manchester was occasioned by her physical need of pure air, repose, and the society of loving friends, which, having obtained, our correspondent thinks she will recover her enfeebled strength.

[From the California Chronicle.]

SPIRITUALISM.

Carping at themes is easy; the most uncultivated intellect can overthrow the most stupendous fabric of the imagination. But grappling with facts is another and different thing. That portion of these essays which is theoretical, your readers may receive or not, just as they deem most consonant with reason and experience. I did not intend however, in writing them, to permit myself to be led off from the main design by side discussion with opponents, no matter how fairly they deal with my arguments. Your correspondent, therefore, who subscribes himself "Fair Dealer" must excuse me, if I should not deem his remarks of sufficient importance, to notice more particularly and at length.

Spiritualism is an experimental science. Facts prove conclusively that disembodied spirits can and do commune with human beings, through the medium of the mental fluid. How these facts are o be tested, each for himself, I now proceed to show. Before doing so, however, a word or two may not be out of place to those who are desirous of entering upon the examination. The spirit of each individual acts in two ways upon his organization, by volition and by involition. Hence a theory has sprung up, with John Bovee Dods at its head, that the human mind possesses voluntary and involuntary powers. It is not wise to dispute about terms, or definitions; nor is it worth my while at this stage of my argument, to show Professor John Bovee Dods' mistake, in confounding the operations of the spirit with these of the mind. Let us examine, then, the Professor's own account of the matter, and admit *the mind* to possess voluntary and involuntary power. It cannot be denied that much of the error connected with Spiritualism, is traceable directly to this source.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and many an ignoramus sits down to the "table," or joins the "circle," whose eagerness outwits itself, and who rises up the victim of self-delusion, and the fool of his own fancy. The greatest care, and the nicest discrimination are in all cases requisite, in order to determine between the involuntary operations of the mind of the experimenter, and those true spiritual acts, which proceed from influences beyond, and outside of the individual. And this from the very nature and necessity of the case: for when a table is charged with mental fluid, perfect passivity is indispensable amongst those whose hands are in connection with it, because it is *only* then that a disembodied spirit *can* act. Were this otherwise, Spiritualism could not be true. In each case, the mental fluid, is the conductor—so to speak—of the spiritual impressions, and the spirit in the body can operate upon that fluid, quite as perceptibly as one out of the body. This fact accounts for all those absurd, illegitimate freaks of the imagination, printed and published under the denomination of spiritual communications, and which are worthy only of the derision and contempt of every sensible man. No one can despise them more heartily than myself, and few, I think, can cherish feelings of such utter ineffable scorn for that band of male and female old women who nightly draw out the table, and set it a-tripping to the tune of folly and futurity. Let those, then, who are sincerely desirous of testing Spiritualism, select their own circle; let them chose no man who can be led by his nerves or his ears, to believe anything; let no dishonest person be admitted, and let the examination be conducted silently, solemnly and truthfully. Some patience, too, would not be out of place; but, above all, and beyond all, let each one avoid that state of mind called by a recent sceptic "expectant attention," that hurried *anticipation*, which just as surely leads into error, as it does into folly.

I have stated more than once that my design is not to philosophise and theorise. I deal with facts, and have no time to debate whys and wherefores. I shall not therefore attempt any explanation of the peculiar physical phenomena attending the sittings of a spiritual circle.

Let us suppose, then, that four persons, two gentlemen and as many ladies, have agreed to investigate Spiritualism, and they prepared to begin. A small table with a polished surface, and a parallelogram in form, is most convenient and proper. The sitters place themselves opposite each other and strive to maintain both silence and mental inactivity. At the expiration of three or four minutes let the hands be examined, and if they are all of the same temperature, the experiment must be abandoned for that evening. If, upon the next, the same result be observed, something radically wrong exists in the constituent elements of the circle, and it would be worse than useless to prolong the attempt. If, however, on trying the temparature of the hands upon the table, those of either of the sitters be unnaturally cold, that person must remain where he or she may be, and the rest of the party must range themselves opposite. Experience has shown that it required three positives—*i. e.*, persons having warm hands—to balance one negative, or a person having cold hands. If two negatives remain at the table, they must sit side by side, and at least three positives must be placed opposite.

When the circle is thus constituted, physical phenonena *invariably follow*. I have never yet known a failure, and I have witnessed hundreds of experiments both here and in the eastern States. It may then be regarded as axiomatic, that no results can follow—honestly, I mean—where no mental battery has been formed.

After the table becomes charged with mental fluid, it commences moving—*ex rei necessitate*—why, I am not called upon to explain. Many *Spiritualists* have supposed that the table then acquires polarity, and in the attempt to find equilibrium, it meanders like the magnetic needle when disturbed. The fact is undisputed, and that is all I now desire to impress.

As soon as the table moves readily, and without effort, having apparently lost the force of gravitation, it immediately becomes the medium of spiritual agency. The brain of each individual charges the nerves of the hand or arm, and an impulse from the will moves it; the table, by means of the mental battery, becomes saturated with the same fluid, which the hand and arm acquired from the brain, and an impulse of any spirit's will, either in or out of the body moves it. The spirit in either case comes in direct contact with the gross matter out of which the arm or the table is composed.

A table thus charged, if perfect passivity be preserved by those in the room, readily responds to spiritual agencies. The inference that the agency is spiritual depends upon the facts proven in each individual case. Many persons, after beholding a table, moved by some power other than that of the circle around it, immediately rush to the conclusion that it proceeds from spirits. As well might they argue that the needle traverses the card and settles due north by the same agency. With that class of minds I never did, nor do I now hold communion. The concatenation is wanting which enforces the reason. But there are others who have examined Spiritualism, not so easily duped by appearances; and who witnessing results coming in this "questionable form," have the manliness to "speak to them." I profess to be one of those; and before I consented to give in my adherence to THIS GREAT FACT OF THE AGE, I required tests, which would convince any *sane* mind. These tests may be attained by any one, and it is the part of fools only to deny the science before they have had an opportunity to witness the facts.

With those who declare that these things cannot be so *because they can't*, I will not stoop to argue; with those who deny them, because they are afraid of investigation, I hold no fellowship; but to all fair, open, and well-balanced minds, I have no hesitation in saying: Test Spiritualism, just as you would magnetism, or electricity, and you will be driven to the same conclusion which, after two years of honest investigation, has been embraced by myself—a thorough conviction of its truth.

CAXTON.

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PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Those of our "trial," or three months' subscribers, can have the SPIRITUAL AGE sent to their address for the remaining nine months, for the additional sum of *one dollar and twenty-five cents*, or for a less time in the same proportion. We trust they will nearly all decide to become permanent patrons.

☞We have sent a package of No. 9 of the AGE to friends in Foxboro', *twice*, and No. 10 *once*, but they are not received, so we are informed. After trying and failing two or three times more, we shall go and carry them *in person*—see if we don't!

☞We cannot find room for the documents of our friend "Kellse." We are obliged to reject much matter that we would otherwise publish, had we space.

☞F. L. H., Manchester—those communications are in type, but are necessarily deferred for want of room.

—O, Sympathy, what a curse when spent on those who have no appreciation of its life-giving influence. Thy life streams of feeling flow towards them like a genial stream flowing northward from some sunny clime; it becomes congealed at the base of some stern iceberg whose towering summit sends forth its chilling air, receiving in return the warm life breeze and being flattered thereby that itself is warm.

A. D. B.

The *Invalide Russe* announces that the Caucasian mountaineers have another chief, named Mohammed Amin, not less intrepid and fanatical than Schamyl, and who may still resist one or two winters. The Russian army in the Caucasus comprises 60,000.

[From the Telegraph and Preacher.]

FACTS CONCERNING SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

LETTER FROM EX-GOVERNOR TALLMADGE.

CHALES PARTRIDGE, ESQ: The result of the expedition sent out by Lady Franklin to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men, is gratifying to the civilized world. As long as uncertainty hung over it, the public mind was kept in a state of feverish anxiety. It will now settle down into a calm state of ascertained fact, and will dwell with peculiar interest upon the sublime qualities and the mighty daring of woman, so prominently exhibited in this enterprise. After England and America had exhausted their efforts in search of the lost *Navigator*; after the British *Admiralty* had peremptorily refused longer to prosecute the hopeless adventure, it was left to woman to consummate a triumph, which perseverance and determination could alone accomplish.—Lady Franklin fitted out the last expedition at her own expense; and it seems that Providence smiled upon the grand undertaking, as if to endorse the noble prowess and high-souled devotion of her sex. I am now about to call your attention to certain incidents relating to some of these Arctic expeditions, the publication of which seems peculiarly appropriate at the present time, and can not fail to be highly interesting to your readers.

Just before Dr. Kane left on his last expedition, he, with Gen. Waddy Thompson of South Carolina and myself, attended a sitting for spiritual manifestations the Misses Fox, then at Washington, being the mediums. Dr. Kane proceeded to ask the following questions, and received the following answers:

Q. Is there any Spirit present that wishes to communicate with me? A. Yes.

Q. What is your name? A. John Torrington.

Here Dr. Kane remarked that Torrington was one of Sir John Franklin's men, whose ave he found on his last expedition, and from what he could learn, he believed him, to be an educated man.

Q. Is there any one present who has seen your grave? A. Yes.

Q. Is it that gentleman? (pointing to Gen. Thompson.) A. No.

Q. Is it that gentleman? (pointing to myself.) A. No

Q. Is it this one? (pointing to himself.) A. Yes.

Q. Did I cut or carve anything on the board placed at the head of your grave? A. Yes.

Q. What was it? A. E. K. K.

Dr. Kane here remarked that he did cut the initials of his own name, Elisha Kent Kane, on the head-board of his grave.

Q. Was there any vegetable growth on your grave? A. Yes.

Q. Was it at the head? A. No.

Q. Was it at the foot? A. No.

Q. Was it in the middle? A. Yes.

Dr. Kane then said that there was, on the middle of the grave, a poppy growing out of the skull of a fox, and was the only spear of vegetation in that region.

Q. Was there an island discovered by one of these expeditions? A. Yes.

Q. Where was it situated? A. At the head waters of Smith's Sound.

Q. What was it named?

Supposing that the name of the island would have been simply given, I did not comprehend the answer as it was rapped out and taken down by me, letter by letter, at at the time. Not getting the idea, I could not divide the letters into words as they were taken down, and the answer to Dr. Kane's question appeared as follows:

Anislandnamedbythesubserviencyofuneducatedfalsehoodaftertheenemyofhisracelouis napolcon.

When the answer was about half given, Dr. Kane, with great impatience, said, "It is all nonsense—it spells nothing—means nothing—it is all a humbug."

I said to the Doctor, It often happens that we lose the idea in taking down these communications through a rapping medium, and cannot, therefore, divide them into words at the time; but my habit is to take the letters as long as the Spirit gives them, and then to see if I can divide them into words, so as to make an intelligent sentence. He consented that the communication should go on—it did so, till it was finished as above. I then commenced dissecting it, and found, when it was divided into words, it read as follows:

A. An island named by the subserviency of uneducated falsehood, after the enemy of his race, Loius Napoleon."

When I read the answer thus decyphered, Dr. Kane started from his chair, paced the room backward and forward several times, and appeared to be in a perfect frenzy. At length, becoming calmer, he said, "Is it possible? Can it be so? The most astonishing thing in the world! I am utterly astounded! Do tell me if a Spirit can communicate such information?" I asked him what all this meant? He then said that this island was discovered by Commander Inglefield—that he had once been acquainted with Louis Napoleon when in England, and, exercising the privilege of a discoverer, had named it after him. The name, said Dr. Kane, was not agreeable to the English people, and this Englishman even in his grave can not brook the insult! The Doctor then said that he had received from Lady Franklin, three days ago, the charts of that expedition, and found on one of them the small island at the head-waters of Smith's Sound, named Louis Napoleon, as the spirit of John Torrington had described it!

I then asked the Spirit the following question, and received the following answer:

Q. Is sir John Franklin still living? A. "Franklin is no more—thick-ribbed ice, sterner than warrior's steel, encases his form—the home of his triumphs is in his grave."

Here ended our sitting so far as this subject was concerned, and after other communications and manifestations, we adjourned. Before we parted, Dr. Kane said to me, "I would like to have you ask Calhoun's opinion about my expedition before I leave the country."

On a subsequent day, in the afternoon, several persons, with myself, were present at the rooms of the Misses Fox. We were not engaged in a circle; but in the course of conversation Dr. Kane came in and handed me a slip of paper, and told me to look at it at my leisure—said he had just time to reach the cars for Philadelphia—bid me "good-bye," and left. The moment he had gone the raps came calling for the alphabet, and the following communication directed to me was rapped out:

"Ask your question."

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

I said, I have no question to ask. It was hen rapped out, "Your written question." Not thinking that Dr. Kane's paper was referred to, I began to ask a question. It was immediately signified that this was wrong, and it was rapped out, "The written question in your pocket." I then took Dr. Kane's paper, read it to myself, and then propounded it mentally, so that neither the mediums nor any one present knew anything of its contents except myself. The question and answer were as follows:

Q. Will Dr. Kane discover Sir John Franklin? A. No; but he will penetrate farther than man has ever gone before—will discover vestiges of the missing ships—will cover himself with glory, and add to the science of the age.

I sent the above answer to Dr. Kane at Philadelphia just before his departure, and received his reply, saying, if he accomplished all that, he would be abundantly satisfied.

During Dr. Kane's long absence in the Arctic regions, and when at length the public mind had given him up for lost, the Fox family, who felt a peculiar interest in his return, never for one moment doubted it. Their Spirit-friends always gave them the strongest assurances. I have often in the presence of those mediums, put the question to Calhoun, and he has invariably answered, "Dr. Kane is alive and well, and will assuredly return home."

Messrs. Editors the above is a statement of facts—facts which philosophy and science should be proud to investigate. I make no comments, and will only add in conclusion,

"There are more things in heaven, and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Very respectfully yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

(Continued from page 3.)

But Mr Bonflon could afford me but a brief time for observation and the indulgence of my wonder. The stores and most of the passengers were already on board; and taking me by the arm he hurried me forward, and seated me in the small car or tender, by means of which, and the agency of ropes and pulleys, we were to reach her decks. Our upward movement immediately commenced. It was steady and gentle, not calculaed to create alarm; and still the notion of quitting Mother Earth for an indefinite number of days, to rove in the blue unknown of space, was attended with some apprehensions and regrets. I gazed anxiously at the receding objects below; but my feelings underwent a change as we approached the "Flying Cloud" herself, were pulled into her gangway, and I found myself standing on her solid decks. A brief further period intervened, and our anchor was loosed; the tremendous machine became instinct with life; she began to move; and, hurrah! we were under way.

The thoughts and emotions of this bewildering moment it is impossible to describe. Our craft moved off majestically, like some huge water-fowl rising from the sea. Her course was westward and upward, like the eagle with his face turned toward the palace of the sun. At first the lights in the city of Baltimore became more numerous and distinct, as intervening objects were surmounted and overlooked.—Next they began to fade, shrinking down into twinkling points like fire-flies, until they disappeared. Forests, hills, and mountains followed after, as our altitude was increased, blending together like a hazy landscape, until, on passing above the cloud region, and finding the level of our track, the earth was wholly lost to our view, and our course lay through the blue serene of space, without a lighthouse or a landmark, and nothing but the constant lamps of heaven to guide us in our progress.

What a sea! The ocean has its visible surface on which moves the ships; but we had none. The heavens were beneath us as well as above us. We were floating in the great circle of the systems of the sun.—We were of the universe; but were to be numbered with the constellations and the stars. We could compare ourselves to a company of immortals quitting the earth and traversing the electric seas which lead to brighter homes. Or we were voyagers to the sun, or to the nearer Venus, or to the far distant Centaurus. What a world of new thought was forced upon us by the fancies and realities, and charm and awe of our extraordinary condition, combined with the profound consciousness we could not fail to entertain of the effects which this crowning discovery of Messrs. Bonflon and De Aery must produce on travel, on commerce, on art, and the common destiny of mankind!

I found the atmosphere of the cabins, as my friend Bonflon had asserted, agreeable and healthful. I could also occupy the promenade deck for half an hour with little inconvenience, so far as the levity of the air was concerned; but the cold was severe; while the system, in consequence of an undue expansion of its particles, solid and fluid, from the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, was rendered doubly susceptible to its influence. The advice given by Mr. Bonflon to case myself in flannels, with an armament at hand of outer winter-clothing, proved well-timed; and yet a period of lassitude, verging on faintness, invariably followed every considerable exposure to the open air.

But the pleasure of gazing on those fields of space without obstruction, without the intervention of so much as a plate of crystal glass, repaid me for every risk and every ill. Though it might be said there was no scenery there, where nothing was visible but the stars, yet far beyond the power of mountain and valley, forest and lake, waterfall and ocean, did that scene, which was no scene, or next to none, bind me in the spell of its fascination. The motion of our craft, as we careered noiselessly through the shoreless and objectless void, without sense of effort or friction, was a charm of itself, bringing to a flower, crystallizing into refulgent stars, the dim, obscure, however glorious, poetry of life. Here were the wildest imaginations of the dreamer melted in a crucible, and reproduced in living forms of usefulness and beauty. In my own years of widely diversified experience, what had I met with to compare with this? Nothing. The force of steam was marvellous,—talking over a wire mysterious; but here I was in a great ship riding among the planets and the stars. I had likened Niagara to a vast mill-dam, because I could find no peer to set beside it; so now, in my weakness, the sublime pageant of the "Flying Cloud" could search out nothing higher in my recollection with which to compare it than a wild ride of my youth in a canoe, for a half-mile or so, down the rapids of a river.

But morning was at hand. The rich golden glow of night, to which the dwellers on the earth's surface are accustomed, as we passed to higher altitudes, had given place to a thin inky blue. This was obscured by no fleck or mist, and yet the stars shone through it faint and dim, despoiling the firmament of its glory. The same loss of power was manifest on the ushering in of day. The auroral flame, which ordinarily greets us in the east with such a ruddy laugh, was now nothing better than a wan and dismal smile; and even the sun, as he struggled up from what seemed a bed of leaden mist, brought with him only a pallid, lifeless twilight. It was not that his rays were impended by cloud or haze; he had lost his power to shine. He hung there in the heavens like a great white shield, and looked down on us as rayless and powerless and devoid of life as a dead man's eye.

Having at length wearied myself with gazing, and feeling chill and weak from the coldness and tenuity of the atmosphere, I subsided into the comfort and companionship of the cabins below. Among the passengers I recognized *attaches* of the press, besides several gentlemen of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, with whom I was somewhat acquainted. More circumspect, or less slaves to the imagination than myself, they had contented themselves with in-door observations. But their enthusiasm was none the less inflamed. In astonishment they looked at each other; in restless bewilderment they glanced out of the windows on the desert, trackless plane traversed by the "Flying Cloud," and spoke with a species of awe of the shock which the announcement of what they were then witnessing would give to sober men's minds; and suggested, in broken sentences, some of the consequences which would be likely to flow from the grand invention.

What with excitement and lack of sleep, we all found ourselves a little nervous. Coffee and Havanas failed to allay the feeling; and, in the absence of the morning papers, we resorted to whist, chess, and our pocket supplies of the "Atlantic Monthly," "Harper," and so forth, and to the very select library provided by Messrs. Bonflon and De Aery, the proprietors, for the use of the passengers,—and at last to our beds. It could not be denied that we were nervous. With all the smoothness and beauty of our running, there was a sensation, an uncertain quivering motion, not at first noticed and not at all definable, about our craft, that constantly suggested the idea that we were standing on nothing, or, at best, nothing better than dissolving quicksands, which were liable at any moment wholly to slide away and leave us; and it required some strength of mind to resist the vagary, and prevent it from effecting a troublesome lodgment in the imagination.

Thus passed the day, which fortunately, in my case, was succeeded by a night of repose. The restlessness of mind and body once subdued, Nature asserted her empire, and I slept profoundly until morning. Another day and night followed, with little variation from the first; and by this time, the strangeness and mystery of my situation had quite worn away, and the feeling of security was established.—I trod the upper deck with all the pride, and more than the composure, of a modern monarch on his throne.

But the sameness of the scenery of the vast aërial ocean, in which we were sailing alone, without consort, without ever descrying a sail, or even keeping a lookout, without so much as ever discovering a floating plank to remind us of a wreck, or a seaweed to tell us of the land, was already beginning to pall on the senses, when there appeared in the distance before us, and multiplying to the right and the left, a succession of white, sparkling pyramids and cones, resting on the clouds and flashing in the nether light, like crystal monuments set to mark the boundaries of space.—These were crests of the Rocky Mountains, covered with perpetual snow.

(To be continued)

Hon. Frank P. Blair, Jr., in order to illustrate the sincerity of his free labor preaching, says the St. Louis *Bulletin*, emancipated in the circuit court yesterday, five slaves, as follows: Sarah, wife of Dupre, aged about 42 or 43 years; also negro girl Courtenay, daughter of said Sarah, about 18 years old; also Caroline, daughter of said Sarah, about 12 years of age; Sallie, daughter of said Sarah, about 9 years of age; also Lewis Williams, aged 45 years. A very handsome day's work.

Correspondence.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE TRUE RIGHTEOUSNESS.

As a human family, with one common Father in Heaven, let us look at the ages of conflict and darkness past, and then at the true light that now shineth, and see how slow the races of man have been to learn the simple law of universal *right*. If any individual right conflicts with the universal right it is no permanent or proper right at all. Just so it is with *national* right. It is selfish still. Patriotism is altogether at war with philanthrophy. The true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world embraces, as a principle of universal divinity and humanity, the highest good of every single member of the human family. Though the true wisdom-principle, which is called Deity, whether manifest in every human soul or in Divine Revelation, tells us that *to do with all our might* for the highest interest of the family of man as a whole, is alone right; yet without exception, every single individual has denied this principle and yielded to the opposite principle, which deludes and persuades the senses of man, so as to make him think that the selfish policy is altogether the best for the whole world. For illustration: two individuals are placed in a newly prepared world; two opposite principles, the one from within and the other from without, impress their minds, as it were, with an audible voice. The one from within says, "I am the true God of righteousness; I command you both, as made in my likeness and image, never to indulge the least desire and thought to divide the world or property which I give you, but add to its productiveness and beauty of use in common, and enjoy free and equal access to every species of bounty, as made and accumulated for one common family, even though you increase in numbers through countless generations. Never divide your interests, however different your talents and capacities may be. I alone give you every power you exercise in the culture of mind and of earth; therefore let the strong help the weak, and feel no pride of superiority over the weak as if it was the gift of the stronger, requiring the servility and thanks of the weaker. For I am the author of all strength and use, and thanksgiving and worship are alone due to me." All this is the *voice* of the true God of righteousness.

The other principle from without, impressing the senses, speaks oppositely, persuading them that it would be better for them to act independently of that other principle and voice, and also independently of each other as individuals, saying: "for it will better develop your individuality to make a separate interest, to divide your property and see which is the strongest, and not let the stronger grant access to the weaker to enjoy the goods he has treasured to himself, unless by special restrictions. To this principle of selfishness they both submit. They have children who have still stronger inclinations to divide all property, and they build walls of separation; and some of them gain very much in property upon the others, which strengthens the lust of envy on the part of the small, and pride on the part of the great. At length they begin to trade upon the device of something (suggested to them by that serpent, or sensual principle) which they call money. Generation succeeds generation, and so contentious are the workings of competition and trade, that wars of serious character often break out. In this way, by the keen wit of secret contrivance, one-fifth of the population monopolize four-fifths of all the property; many on the other part lose all their property, and some of them are too wise and benevolent to increase to themselves selfish possession. But justice, love and benevolence are not strong enough to prevail; fortifications and prisons are erected on all sides; litigations and murders are multiplied continually. All this for not listening to the inner voice of the true God of righteousness. But the race of man is not yet wholly past the age of reform. Let us begin entirely anew, by no longer trusting the seductive and murderous tempter, but by placing implicit confidence in that just authority which commands us never to divide a single interest of the human family. Every man must, from the concentrated experience of all past ages, make a most uncompromising resolve to contribute every effort and result of his mental and physical life to the store-house of the human family. Unlike Annanias and Sapphira, keep nothing back. Let every man, woman and child show that there is a higher principle and motive of industry than the narrow-minded, selfish one. Let every one subdue his selfhood and subdue the earth, until both are the garden of the Lord. Find the mean level of the earth's surface, and fill up and smooth down to that. Take out the rich and decomposed marl of the valleys, and place it upon that medium level; and so bring down the loam of the mountains, and mix it with the marl in heaps, on that medium plain. Men fill up the valleys with the yellow and barren earth from the hills and mountains, till the common level is everywhere obtained. Next, spread the mixture of fertile soil equally all over the earth's surface, excepting sufficient reserve for buildings and necessary establishments. Be sure to preserve every rock for building purposes, and let both the foundation and superstructure be of solid or smelted rock and ore. It remains, then, to sow and plant the earth of perfect level. By clearing up the dismal and pestilential swamps, and the wilderness of woods, the climate will be equalized; violent storms and hurricanes will abate, and the over-wet and dry will blend in equal and productive temperature and moisture. The whole world may thus become a new, garden world. The time is at hand for the true nobility of purpose, for the magnificent plan and work of subduing all things to one eternal perfection. Such a new earth will be worthy the origin and destiny of man holding communication with the new heavens above. Man has hardly begun to learn the work of life yet.—We and our posterity want a home, where wars and fightings will never enter, nor even the fear of them. But this home will never be secured till man absolutely surrenders his false right to private and party property, and have no temptation to lay up treasures to self and party. The strength and individuality of man is not developed and proved till he contributes his all to the grand body of humanity, and in answer to the divinity of every soul. We are to entertain but one grand object in common, and that is, to make the whole earth and universal man *one perfect garden world*. The moment money and trade enters to prevail, man and the earth are alike ruined. No city, nation or country, leavened with merchandise, can ever endure. It is essentially the same with another destroyer, though a more radical evil, because the root of it, respecting which, it is a common saying, "Whatsoever is gained by the sword shall perish by the sword." So we have the universal principle, "Whatever is reared by the instrument of carnality shall be destroyed by the same." For it is suicidal.—There are but two grand opposite principles in our world: one is the mammon of unrighteousness, and the other is the true God of righteousness; one is merchandise in act, and the other is free gift in act; the one is divided property, the other is undivided property; the one is *of* contention and *to* contention, the other is of love and brotherhood and to love and brotherhood.

Which shall be our God in the future? say, one and all! say quickly! For every sermon for hire, and every "legal" deed and bequeathment of party property, and every medical drug for money is calculated only to deepen the "root of all evil." The spell-bound charm is sure to end in most maddening delusion.—Is not the momentum of all past, human tragedy sufficiently accumulated to demonstrate the awful end of the murderous and suicidal rope of monied "*losses* and gains?" Then fellow-immortal, be up and doing; and let the resolve to begin the world anew be as universal and quick as the news of *telegraph*.

WM. H. PORTER.

Roxbury, Mass, Oct. 31st, 1859.

HOPEDALE, Mass., Oct. 27th, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—I have just read your article in the SPIRITUAL AGE entitled "A Practical Reform," and am much pleased with its progressive spirit. There is great need of some change in woman's dress.

I am glad to see that you have given expression to ideas which are timely and to the point,—particularly in regard to prominent female spiritualistic teachers. That there is wisdom in your well spoken words, every thinking mind must admit. I have seen mediums go upon the stand to address an audience, when it was really oppressive to behold them. Did the audience not know what the occasion was which called them together, they might well suppose that the speaker was an actress, and that she had, judging from her style of dress, attired herself for a dramatic performance. I have sometimes felt almost disgusted with the display of silks, satins, and jewelry, which must have been burdensome to the wearer, whose waist was compressed, and who seemed in breathless haste to honor the "goddess fashion," who seemed to hold her powerful dominion over "spirits" as well as mortals. I have wondered, sometimes, how higher intelligences could, for a moment, condescend to come from their lofty hights to influence those, whose highest ambition seemed to be for worldly honor and display.

I know that there are many pure and heavenly minded mediums; and there would be many more, were they not *flattered* and caressed by many whom they may deem their friends. I have no more reverence for the "mission" of a trance speaker, than I have for the toiling seamstress, who labors not only till the going down of the sun, but often till the midnight hour, that she may earn a scanty pittance to keep her little ones from starving. I honor the trance medium no more than I do the faithful female teacher of a common school, who has by dint of hard labor acquired an education, and while slowly ascending the hill of science, patiently spent many months teaching young minds the first rudiments of knowledge. I look upon the mass of popular trance mediums as privileged characters. They are passive in the hands of some disembodied spirit. They express without painful thought on their part, ideas that are given them. They do not study, commit to memory, think till their brain is almost wild, upon the subjects that they are to present to their audiences. It is all studied out for them. They go and express the spirit's thought. Of course I do not hold them responsible for others' ideas. How different the lot of the drudging, laboring classes! Let us think of these things, and give honor where honor is due. Let those who occupy the favorable spiritual plane of life, see that "they walk worthy of the vocation whereunto they are called." Let them be spiritually minded, humble in dress, meek in deportment, but independent in conviction, and show to the world that they have indeed communed with angels. Let them restrict their expenditures, so that the poor may have the gospel oftener preached to them.

I would not be understood as depreciating the office of trance speakers. I know that theirs is a great and holy mission, and that it has its advantages and its disadvantages,—its aspirations and its privations. I only say that in reverencing them, we also remember the poor and lonely ones,—that we forget not the toiling, starving multitudes, that grope along this toilsome world without one sunbeam of love or glad spirit communion to gild their darkened pathway. I would say to those who reach up into the spirit heavens to pluck the bright immortal flowers, scatter the fragrance which ye received upon the lowly ones around you. Freely as ye have received, as freely give. Oh! when shall we all learn to drink from that clear fountain whose gentle ripple is heard in the paradise of God. Yours for progress, H. N. GREEN.

AUTHORITY.—NO. 5.

"Our equanimity was next disturbed by the tent maker, who immediately followed in the footsteps of the Carpenter, and who was led thither by a bright light that blinded his external vision, and who, in his subsequent career, turned the world upside down by his fanatical vagaries: and then in the melee ascended into the third heaven, where he heard things unlawful to be uttered." Nor has our sphere recovered from the commotion into which it was thrown quite recently, by a stay-maker and a printer, who put their noddles together and under the lead of a land surveyer, actually revolutionized a mighty empire, and overturned all the precedents of rights, and endeavored to practically establish the Carpenter's theory of the unity of the race, and the glorious, but transcendental idea of brotherhood. And at this time it is believed that they would have succeeded had it not been for the adroit policy of the turnpike directors, aided by our own conservative powers.

By this time I began to entertain some respect for their political maneuvers, and the organic powers of this sphere, bound up like icebergs, as huge, as brilliant and as cold; and I felt the warmth of my system diminishing, and a ligature around my heart imperceptibly tightening, so as to paralyze its native impulses. But on a sudden I felt a shock from the magnetic rod which still attached me to the sorrowing ones of earth; and the effects of the chloroform were dissipated and I stood again in my normal condition, and saw that the apparent harmony of this sphere was only produced by the law of physical necessity, and not by the law of sympathy and mutual kindness.

So I besought my guide to convey me to a higher sphere where I could enjoy the more genial instincts of my nature. But he replied that he could not do it, but would summon one from the next sphere. So he raised a telegraphic signal, which was a cross standing upon a globe, surmounted by a crescent, and covered with garlands of flowers; the whole encircled by a rainbow. And immediately there stood before me a supernal spirit clothed in a robe of sky blue; he held a wand in his right hand composed of all the elements of our native earth, its tip being of diamond, and its haft of gold and emerald. In his left hand he bore a tablet on which was engraved the anvil, the plough, the loom, the square, the compass, the trowel, the telescope, the cruicible, the painter's easel, the sculptor's block, and the printer's press. I touched my forehead, when a dewy perspiration came upon me, with a genial warmth, and my pulse was sound, gen-

tle and even. He waved his wand gently over my head and I began to ascend as in a fairy trance; and as I went up I looked for the turnpikes, but found that they were not elevated enough in their plane to reach the fourth sphere, and hence when they had reached a certain altitude they were drawn into an inferior orbit, to their primitive, or earth's sphere again, and where their travellers awaited for some earthquake to send them up to the new heavens. I felt sorry for their misdirected efforts, but was soon enveloped in clouds far surpassing in beauty those of earth's autumnal evenings, and immediately found myself in the abode of artists, cultivators, musicians, artizans, poets, navigators, philosophers, philanthropists, and a host of those who had lived but to toil, to suffer and to die while on the earth's sphere. And those in this sphere could behold the throne of the Most High, on which was seated Divine Love and Divine Wisdom, and from whom Glory and Beauty were radiated upon its happy inhabitants.

And I bowed myself down in adoration and worshiped the real personification of that, which on earth I had only deemed to be an ideal abstraction. And while thus engaged, a young nymph came forward and cast a garland of flowers over my neck; and I raised myself up and found her to be my infant daughter who had passed into the spirit land many years before. When I had regained my feet she introduced me to my guide, who was her infant brother, and who had passed on to his spirit home a year or two before herself.—After our humanitary emotions had subsided they led me to a charming green knoll shaded by holly trees, with a stream of pure water flowing around its base.

Phila., Oct. 1859. M. W. HAMMOND.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR SCHOOL-MASTER.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—Since my return from boarding-school our neighborhood have employed a new teacher; and, it being the fact that he is a representative of what in common parlance is termed "a modern school-master," I propose, Messrs. Editors, to give a brief outline of some of his many peculiarities, so that people can form some sort of an idea of the sort of people who are engaged at the present day to *mould and direct* the youthful mind. Hoping that you are agreeable, and will lend me a column for that purpose, I will proceed:

Be it known to begin with that I am somewhat above the mediocrity in my judgment of human character, being a young woman of some experience with mankind; and also let it for a moment not be supposed that all the neighbors of our District have the same impressions in regard to our teacher that I have. My relation to him (and no living being but him and myself can understand it), is somewhat peculiar. The truth is there is a sort of telegraphing between us, and I verily believe that I am learning more from him, mornings and evenings, than any of his pupils, who are with him all day; though I would not in any manner depreciate his merits as a teacher; but what I mean is, that when we are in conversation, our minds are so happily blended that I am enabled to perceive his every thought—that is, as a certain class of modern publicans are pleased to term it, we are in "rapport" with each other.

In the first place, then, our teacher is an Eastern gentleman; and it would be useless to say that he brings with him many of the "peculiarities" of people who come from that part of the world; and as far as that is concerned, it is known to be proverbial that oddity takes well "out west." To most of our neighbors, then, he appears in the manner of a good teacher, though a person of some "peculiarities." He seems to practice what he has a mind to, and believe what he has a mind to; though it would be impossible for a common mind to determine his belief from what he practices, or *vice versa*. If he goes to hear the circuit preacher, he will sit as though he had something else in his mind besides sermons; and if he is questioned as to the merits of the discourse, his answer is universally that "it is as good as could be expected under the circumstances,"—empty benches and an enthusiastic preacher!

In the second place, he don't eat as people commonly do: some days he will eat one thing, and some days another; then again I have known him to go without eating several meals in succession, saying he was not well, when he appeared in good health. At table, if he drinks anything, it is a small draught of water, and that after he has entirely finished his meal. He never eats flesh; and though he eats nothing but vegetable food, he says he is not, strictly speaking, "a vegetarian," as he prefers to have the liberty of leaping the bounds of "sects" and "isms"—saying, at the same time, that "he chooses the broadest platform, and always likes to live in an atmosphere that is not *fetid!*" I presume he knows well enough what he is talking about, as I heard him say that "every living thing, plant or animal, has an atmosphere; and whenever we come in contact with it, we receive its impress upon us;—if we are with a person we feel an impression in regard to the state of his or her mind, which we are brought in contact with by the spherical aroma which surrounds that person." He always chooses his food after he sits down to the table; and as a reason for not eating flesh, he says he is trying to get rid of some of his "old sins," and animal food has a tendency to nourish the animal passions, of which he says God knows he has enough already. Such discourse sounds well enough to the old folks, as they only see it on the face of it, and think he talks that way "just to be odd;" but I receive something more than a superficial idea of what he says when he speaks—everything has a double meaning to it—it comes from a *positive fountain*; and if there is a negative fountain near by, the two unite, forming a battery—thus our two minds are on electrical terms; and he says it is his happiness to find a person with whom he can converse. He is not a person of any habits, either good or bad—he acts according to the inspiration of the moment. As Emerson would express it, "he is a unique."

I verily believe, yea, I am quite certain, that he is an apostle of some new fangled ideas; and when he talks of "bringing about a better state of things," I then have an assurance that my impression is a true one.—Apostleship means representation; if Webster don't say so, then I must deviate from the "old path,' that is, *see the thing with my light*—at any rate I will pronounce our schoolmaster to be an apostle of something lately brought to light, and something which he is fully convinced is true; though what that "something" is, I shall not at this point undertake to determine; but I am satisfied that he will reveal it to me on further acquaintance.

One more observation in regard to our teacher, and I shall close this already long epistle. Last Saturday week, as he returned from the city, he brought with him several copies of the "Atlantic Monthly," (which, by the way, I became a reader of while at a boarding-school) together with several secular newspapers, which he told me he cared nothing about; if the fact was known, he rarely read any of the newspaper trash that is so freely circulated about the country; but he brought these here, saying that they would answer as a "bait" for the old folks; and indeed, they were well-selected for that purpose; for now, the "Atlantic" is read with avidity in almost every family in the neighborhood. Though the "Professor" is not yet fully appreciated, still they regard him as one of the "funniest" of men, and his writings at least as "attractive." But the articles that have drawn out the most conversation thus far are "The Murder of the Innocents," and "Daily Beauty," which have convinced the women of the propriety of dressing "modestly," at least; and brought the men to the conviction that the present system of education is absolutely "wrong," and that measures should be taken toward "bringing about a better state of things."

With this graphic description of a western school-master and his doings, I will close.

Yours Respectfully,

POLLY JONES.

SHELBY, ORLEANS CO., N. Y.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—Enclosed you find one dollar for half a year's subscription commencing with number 8, (which has been published the week past,) inclusive.

I am a believer in the personal coming of Christ Jesus as king of the righteous only. I do not believe in Spiritualism as a manifestation of truth; but a manifestation of error, and as such, it is not more a matter of faith, but a matter of fact; and as I regard spiritualism as the last lighthouse on the ocean of time, or the last mile stone on the road to the real Christian's Kingdom on this earth; and as its highest developements will be the sign of the last pace or step of all mortality, and strife and wickedness in time, with spiritualism itself, all will come to an end then.

This is the only reason, I confess, which induces me to read your paper.

PHILIP PFEIL.

The Westport correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that four Santa Fe mails are due at Independence, and that serious apprehensions are felt for both outgoing and incoming parties. Same correspondent also states on the authority of the mail carrier between Council Grove and Fort Riley, that 19 returning Pike's Peak emigrants have been murdered by Indians on the plains since the killing of the child of the Kiowas at the former place, about two months ago.

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

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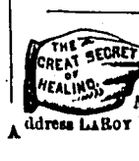
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But from an account in a recent number of the Journal of Commerce, it would almost seem that the difficulty had been mastered. It is related that a Mr. Hendrickson of New Jersey, exhibited in the office of that paper six years ago, a machine that would "go of itself." He had arrived at the achievement after forty years of patient whittling. Such a persevering Yankee certainly deserved success, and the editor states that he had apparently attained it. He says, "we found it would go without any impulse from without, and would not stop unless it was blocked. The power was self-contained and self-adjusted, and gave a sufficient force to carry ordinary clock work, without any winding up or replenishing. In short, we saw no reason why it would not go until it was worn out."

The announcement of the fact then made, excited a good deal of ridicule and brought the curious, including scientific gentlemen, to see it. The thing was pronounced impossible, but still the machine would go and the people would go to see it, whereby the whittler found profit in his labors. He was invited to exhibit it at fairs, etc., where it formed the chief attraction. But alas for the inventor, science did not recognize him, and his subsequent history is thus related by the Journal:

"The professors were all against him, and as they had pronounced the whole thing a humbug, they were determined to prove the truth of their assertion. Accordingly, Mr. Hendrickson was seized at Keyport, New Jersey, for practising 'jugglery,' under the 'Act for suppressing vice and immorality.' At the trial, several builders, millwrights, engineers and philosophers, were called, who testified positively that no such motive power as that alleged, could drive the machine, and that there must be some concealed spring within the wooden cylinder. There was no help for it; and the imposture must be exploded An axe was brought, and the cylinder splintered into fragments. Alas! for the philosophers, there was no concealed spring, and the machine *had gone of itself!* But alas! also, for poor Hendrickson, the machine would go no more. With trembling hands he again resumed his spectacles and his jeoknife. His model once more completed, he had a new machine constructed of brass, hollow throughout, so that the eye could examine all its parts.—This was brought to our office nearly two years ago, when we noticed it once more, and gave to our readers some of the facts we have now recalled. The inventor was trying to secure a patent for this discovery, but the work went on slowly.—The Patent Office required a working model to test the principle, and one was sent on to Washington. The moment the blocks were taken out, the wheels started off 'like a thing of life,' and during ten months that the model remained in the Patent Office, it never once stopped to breathe. The inventor had perfected two new machines, and made a very comfortable livelihood exhibiting them, prosecuting his efforts meanwhile to secure his patent, intending to apply the power to clock-work, for which it is peculiarly well adapted. Age crept upon him, however, before this point was reached; his highest art could not make his heart-beatings perpetual; and last Sunday afternoon he breathed his last, in the old homestead at Freehold. He had been so much persecuted by the incredulous, that he had provided a secret place beneath the floor of his shop where his last two machines were deposited. It was in the form of a vault, covered by a trap-door which was locked, and the floor so replaced as to avoid suspicion. After his last illness commenced, he made known this secret to his family, who examined the spot carefully, and found the contents exactly as described. The night after his death, the shop was broken open, the floor taken up, the trap-door pried off, and both models stolen. It is probable that the family in their visits had not taken the same precaution as the inventor, and some prying eyes had discovered the secret. Fortunately the drawings are preserved, and there is a little machine, one of the earliest made, now running in Brooklyn, where it has kept up its ceaseless ticking for nearly six years. Mr. Hendrickson leaves a family of four sons and four daughters, all of them, we believe, given to inventions. Had he died ten years ago, how emphatically would it have been said that his life had been wasted in the 'hopeless effort to obtain perpetual motion.'"

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Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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Announcements.

About the end of this month (November) JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will cross the Lake from Milwaukee, and visit the friends in Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Ionia, Lyons, and other places where his services may be desired. The friends on this route may address him before the end of this month at Grand Haven. This will probably be his last journey in Michigan. He intends to spend the latter part of Jan. and Feb. in Indiana, and March and April in Illinois and Iowa, from which last three States letters may be directed to him, care of S. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH, the celebrated "converted medium," will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism—Address, Boston, Mass., care SPIRITUAL AGE. tf

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, Superior Lecturer, will travel in the South and West this Fall and Winter. Persons desiring his services may address him either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill., until further notice is given.

Mrs. M. H. COLES, of New York, will speak in Waltham, Mass., the second and third Sundays of Nov.

[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. C. M. TUTTLE can be addressed at West Winsted, Conn., during the winter, and any friend communicating to her during her present state of health, which is exceedingly delicate, will be gratefully received and let those who can send any message from the spirit spheres that may aid to cheer and strengthen her.

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.

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. P. 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.

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

N S GREENLEF 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.

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

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE BROTHERHOOD hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Persons sympathizing with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

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.

PUBLIC CIRCLES will be held at SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. 11tf

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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.

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Also, every variety of MELODEONS for Parlor use.

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.

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

Marriages.

On the eve. of October 20th, Joshua Mayhew, son of John Mayhew, M D., for several years known as a lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, and Isabella Squires, daughter of Warren Squires, formerly of Edgerton, Wis., declared themselves to be husband and wife, in presence of Carlton Goring, Esq., at the present residence of the parents of the bride, in the town of Bethel, Minnesota.

Both parties to this marriage are Spiritualists, and are not ignorant of the laws and principles of the true marriage and of the parental relation.

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.

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The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with Spiritual sm and reform. n8tf

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