The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.]

THE IMPROVISATORE:

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

PAGE SECOND.

Three weeks had elapsed since the gaunt stranger, with the voice of Heaven, and the inspiration of a Santa Cecilia, had warbled himself into the good graces of La Gabrielle, and been by her consigned to the tutelage and protection of Signor Luigi, the worldly and successful Impressario of the Royal Opera Troupe, of which the far-famed prima donna was the absolute and most capricious autocrat. The hour was evening, and the beautiful artiste had just returned from Paris and the bewildering homage of Imperial salons. Once more we find her seated in her fairy bower, amidst its trailing Jessamines and dewy roses, but this time the still moonlight and the holy stars shed their visionary lustre on marble image and flashing fountain. The liquid notes of the pathetic nightingale poured a flood of melody through the clustering myrtles which embowered the villa, while the otherwise solemn stillness of the sweet summer night harmonized strangely with the almost unearthly beauty of the fairy creature, who sat gazing forth at the enchanting scene, with an air of (for her) singular abstraction.—By her side stood a tall, aristocratic, but singularly repulsive looking man. From the curl of his dark moustache, to the tip of his shining boot, he had the perfect air and contour of a finished gentleman. His voice was beautifully modulated; every syllable fashioned into conventional refinement by educational training fell on the ear like the distillation of a double-refined gentleman. We might pause upon the tip of his Paris-kid glove; and discourse a whole chapter upon the inimitable fashion of his eye-glass, from each of which spoke out *Peer of the realm;* but when we declare he was none other than the Earl of Ravensworth, one of the oldest, richest, and proudest, of England's hereditary (not natural) lords of man's (not God's) creation, have we not said enough? described him in full? And this cold, proud, magnificent aristocrat—this bit of human china which had laid itself up on the shelf of supreme insolence and lofty conservatism as too precious to be served up on anything beneath parliamentary or royal tables, had actually taken itself down and offered itself up an humble suitor at the shrine of the still more potent dominion of fashion's idol—the all-admired opera queen.

Lord Ravensworth had now been the unsuccessful wooer of this superb prize, for upwards of three years. Accustomed to *buy* or *command* female favor, he had brought all the batteries of wealth, flattery, fashion, &c., &c., &c., to bear, in the hope of placing the Gabrielle in his cap of conquest, as a plume in the tiara of gallantry; but during his long efforts to render the prize worthless, himself had surrendered his liberty, and the cold, stern, selfish heart which had hitherto been swayed only by fashion, and the narrow ambition of reducing an hitherto invincible garrison of talent and virtue, had at last bowed beneath the sword of the universal conqueror; and to his rage, shame, and dismay, he found he loved—aye, actually loved some one better than himself—something better than rank, station, wealth or place; and that that something was the very being he had so vainly striven to humble; and so, being sole master of his own estate and fortunes, in the desperation of the sole passion which his selfish nature could ever entertain, he had at length become the humble suitor for her hand.

Gabrielle was as ambitious as the peer, and fully as proud. She detested the man, but adored the *nobleman.* To be a Countess—take precedence of every one of the proud patronesses who stooped to caress the petted flower, which, unsupned by success, they would have trampled beneath their feet,—to blaze in the royalty of courts, and flit over the world as its mistress, no more its slave—these were splendid images upon which her peculiar fancy, or some part of it at least, loved to dwell. Yet she must punish the insolent who had dared to traffic for her at any less price than the coronet of a countess; and with one scornful refusal after another did she finally incite the concentrated passion of the haughty peer to swear, that, come life or death, by fair means or foul, she should be his, and his only.

Gabrielle had heard of this oath, knew her power, sported with and secretly rejoiced in it, but by one of those mystic spells in which the unseen world sometimes writes its invisible word of power in the captive human heart, Gabrielle had that night, in the deep stillness of the moonlight hour, and under the influence of a languor induced by the fatigue of a recent journey, solemnly pledged herself in one year from that day to become the wife of the Earl of Ravensworth. He had pleaded for a shorter term of probation, but in vain. Twelve more months of the fascinating empire of operatic sovereignty was all she demanded; but the demand was imperative. And now they were betrothed, and each silently revolving their relative, but novel relations, looked forth into the beautiful and holy stillness without in deeply chastened mood. And now there moved a figure before their eyes, crossing between them and the moonbeams, like an eclipse over a newly-born world.—Slowly it came on with awful sullen tread; it bore no definite form, and its huge, dim mass was shadowy, colorless, shapeless; it spread over the many-colored flower beds like a blight; it shut out the light of moon and stars like a misty veil from the realms of pestilence; it sighed, and the chilly breath passed like the rush of a thousand ice-worlds through the summer air. 'Twas gone; they saw it not in substance but felt it in spirit; they knew it had been there; and knew, too, that its blighting fingers had drawn the mystic veil of the future for one brief moment, and enabled their prophetic eyes to see the hideous phantom of an unimaginable woe in its dreadful horizon. "I should be especially happy this night, Gabrielle," murmured the Earl, "and yet I feel strangely sad; 'tis perhaps my utter unworthiness to appreciate the boon you have granted me; or it may be the weary probation to which you have condemned me; or, what it is, I know not; but for heaven's sake, sing to me. Your voice would dispel the darkness of Tartarus itself. Sing to me, Sappho of our modern Grecia!"

"I have no heart to sing to-night, Edward," replied the lady. "The very same gloom seems to oppress me; and if I could be sure that stern Fate had an embodied life and human form, I should say she was this night standing near me crying, 'Woe to Ravensworth! woe to thyself!'"

"Idle dreams, my Gabrielle; visionary as your own fantastic beauty. We *make* our own future; there is no such thing as Fate."

"We are the *tools* that carve our own future, I acknowledge, Edward," she replied; "but whose is the hand that wields us, I have not yet determined. I know I have a will within me, but I never yet have been able to define what that *will* is,—impulses so strong that they force me into action before I well know what I am even going to do, have made me all my life a mere machine. I do not think or plan, I do not reflect as others do, but a springing thought within seems to waken up my power of motion for no other purpose than to use me as the instrument of some unseen volition, and lo! the deed is done, or word spoken, e'er Gabrielle, *the actor*, knows herself has done it. Is this myself, or Fate?"

"It is your own impulsive nature, child," chimed in the sweet, kind tone of her adopted mother, Mrs. Martin, who had risen from a distant part of the room and now joined them; for be it known to American readers, either the matrons of England think so highly of their daughters' charms, or so meanly of their lover's honor, that it is deemed *impolitic* or *dangerous* ever to leave a young couple alone; and therefore good Mrs. Martin, like every other prudent protectress in her place, always remained in the room with her charge. I have heard it repeatedly claimed as matter of congratulation, that certain noble wooers were never suffered to be alone with certain humble fiancees, until the irrevocable knot was tied, implying either that the world was greatly given to slander, or *virtuous* maidens and *honorable* suitors only needed the opportunity to be the opposite.

"Gabrielle, you are either acting under impulse perpetually," resumed the matron—

"Or else under the direction of some other will than my own, *madre mia*," interrupted the singer. "What will is that which dictates all the glowing imagery of the poet's strain, crowding verse upon verse without effort to *compose*, or draw upon the material within; what speaks of unborn possibilities to the mechanic inventor; what suggests imagery to the painter and sculptor, whose *experience* cannot furnish them with the models they originate; what power carries the piercing vision of the seer into the yet unexplored future, and pours from the sybilline cup the extatic dreams of a nation's destiny, the fate of armies, the doom of individuals? Whatever power it is, mother, that casts the shadow of an immutable future upon every living soul in premonitions, prescience, and untried possibilities, urges on by its strong volitions us tools of its sublime power, as mere instrumentalities in the execution of its schemes."

"For shame, beautiful fatalist," replied her admiring betrothed; "this blind submission to what you deem manifest destiny involves something more than mere submission to Omniscient *Wisdom.* Remember, Gabrielle, there are such things as *evil* promptings as well as good; and though these may appeal to the leading characteristics within, it were vain for us to be endowed with the *power* of discriminating between good and evil, if we are not to use it; vain the knowledge, if not to apply it; vain the possibility of improvement, if a blind fate governs us as mere instrumentalities, either to be forced upwards or violently repelled backward. For my part, I deem the faculty to improve, and the constant suggestion or attraction to do so, constitutes the sovereignty of man, and defines the action of Omniscient Good. But enough of this; you speak of inspiration and fate as one and the same. I think them widely different—inspiration as one of the agents of man's improvement, being directly antagonistic to that fatality which mocks at the possibility of progression; and by way of illustration I want you to tell me what you have done with that wonderful singing beggar you picked up some three weeks ago."

"Good heavens!" cried the erratic beauty, clapping her hands, "Why, I have forgot all about my poor Improvisatore. I gave him in charge to Signor Luigi to clothe, board, educate and civilize; and in strict expectance that he is to become the *primo tenore* of the whole world, I persuaded the poor savage to apprentice himself to the politic Signor on the very night when we were all introduced to each other, just three weeks ago this very day."

"Gabrielle," replied her lover, "do you remember that my good Uncle, General Kalozy, was wrecked in the Santa Cecilia, and only rescued by the noble efforts of one of the crew? He left the poor fellow sick at a fisherman's hut, and when he returned to seek him, found he was gone. Two days ago he told me with unbounded joy, he had met him in the streets of London, and that he was now studying to be an opera singer. You tell me your singing beggar was one of those saved from that very wreck; what if my good uncle's rescuer should turn out to be this very same hero?"

"General Kalozy, Signor Luigi, and Signor Rossi!" was the announcement of a butler; and the next moment three gentlemen entered the room—the two first, the Hungarian (an uncle by the mother's side of the noble Earl) and a highly distinguished old officer, and Luigi the manager, were known to and saluted by the whole party; but not until lights were brought did they recognize that the third comer was no other than the "singing beggar," now Luigi's apprentice; the brave youth who, in the terrible wreck so often alluded to, had rescued the Hungarian General at the peril of his own life, and now stood before the dwellers of the cottage, so metamorphosed that not even the keen eyes of feminine scrutiny and tact could have recognized him. The rags exchanged for a plain modern suit, the shaggy beard for a small moustache, and the elf-locks for short, thick, luxuriant brown curls; the white, thin, hungry face, radiant with health and strength, and the superb eyes beaming with lustrous gratitude, compelled the whole party (under the influence of widely varying sensations) to the conviction of gazing on one of the noblest forms and faces that was ever dignified by the name of man.

"Curses on the handsome vagabond! What brings him here?" thought the peer.

"How could that poor mountain mother part with such a noble son?" thought the gentle matron.

"I have found my *beau ideal* at last!—Ravensworth, and the '*singing beggar*'—Beauty and the Beast!" thought La Gabrielle.

And so "*Beauty*" sang, as they desired him, strain after strain of his wild, but most delicious melodies, till the night was far spent and the listening stars looked down like pale worlds shivering in the dewy cold of the coming dawn, yet spell-bound to the wondrous minstrelsy that echoed through the sweet summer night, like voices from lovely, distant, unfamiliar worlds. "Beast" was silent, spell-bound, too, but cold, distrustful, unhappy. Was the shapeless phantom of the future sailing with its baleful shadow through the sky once more, that his heart was so chilled by the sweet singer's presence?—Oh, drooping white-winged peace! wast thou a mere mockery whilst the song of hope but a few short hours before seemed chiming from thy pleasant lips? Where art thou now? Gone, gone for ever! The home of Gabrielle will never guest thee more!

Many weeks elapsed, during which the rude mountaineer studied hard to acquire both the arts of civilized life, and musical training. In the first he succeeded admirably. Poets, painters, and all children of intellectuality are innately refined. Nature has made them gentlemen, and conventional training can do nothing more than impress them with external forms. The true artist can neither be rude nor vicious. The love of the beautiful is the shape in which good most commonly externalizes herself; but alas! for the mathematical forms in which the cultured vocalist is to bind up the tendrils of his melodious fancy! Either some volition, exceeding in strength the power of the human will to curb, shot ahead of all instruction, or the poor improvisatore was too dull to learn training at all. Not one single strain that required memory to repeat—nothing, in a word, in the shape of repetition at all, could masters or friends impress upon the unretentive brain of the disheartened student. No sooner would he strive to fix his mind upon the lesson which he *must* commit to memory, than this same unruly will, which Gabrielle considered to be so clearly under the control of some, or any volition rather than her own, would fix his magnificent eyes upon an unseen far away horizon—kindle up the beaming face with the wild fire of ecstasy and part the lips in unpremeditated song—which, although so provokingly unlike the lesson, would take captive every ear and carry the listeners off to the dream land of inspiration, with which alone the strain seemed to have kindred.

Month after month did the puzzled masters of song strive to treat what they deemed a morbid case of vocal indisposition, with all the nostrums of art and the iron fetters of stereotype science. It was nothing to them that delighted crowds hung on the strange ministrel's unpremeditated lays. Where Gluck, Cherubini, Porpora, had laid down the law, it was sheer heresy to delight the world by any other mode. There is a Bible in art and science as well as in theology, and this same Bible—this same terrible landmark against which the floods of human progress would dash forever in vain—is the say so of the fathers, the *ipse dixit* of some age so removed from the fair field of present investigation that an unreasoning faith is all that can bind us to it. It is the heaviest clog which can fetter the onward chariot wheels of unfolding thought; and never would it be endured but for the idle and degenerate habit of yielding up our judgment to any tyrannical usurper whose antiquity places it out of the pale of criticism, and whose dogmatic authority saves us the trouble of doing our own thinking. But the progressive element in man's nature is forever crying for more light, and whilst the spheres of inspiration are perpetually responding to the demand, art and science contrive to knock over the professional floodgates of conservatism and deluge the world with the waves of ever advancing intellect. When art and science shall be recognized as the exposition of God's handiwork, the fashion of his laws, and hence assume their places as the handmaids of religion, theology will fare likewise, and the churches of conservatism will be found so narrow for the the worshippers of nature's (not priests') God, that we doubt whether any temple smaller than the whole earth will be able to contain them. And so Ernest Rossi could not learn singing as the ancients would have him, and did sing either under the tuition of angels of light, or spirits of darkness (for such they are assumed to be, who dare oppose the *ipse dixit* of antiquity, and move on with to-morrow's sun, until the hearts of all who heard him were melted into delicious rapture or kindled up into wildest enthusiasm. But if the masters were harassed, and the composers, in attempting to reduce to musical notation his impossible flights of vocal fantasies, still more so, how much more keenly did the poor student himself suffer under the crimping irons in which they sought to fetter that which came and went like the mystery of the winds, subject to no control but the secret fire that burned within the altar of his own soul, and which, (gentle as he was upon all other points, humble, patient and teachable) he never upon this one subject even attempted to analyze. He sang *only* when the spirit of song in the mystery of his soul moved him to do so; and then he sang, in strains sad or joyful, wailing or triumphant, as the same viewless monitor gave him utterance. His voice, beautiful beyond expression, seemed to need no training to those who hung upon its exquisitely finished cadences; yet the professors, while claiming that the only object of tuition was to make a voice full and round, maintained that Ernest's, the roundest and fullest that mortal melody ever yet animated, *ought* to be squared and angled, ere it had the least right to be so perfect,—in a word, they insisted upon right being wrong, unless they had made it so; and despite the appreciation of a few passionate admirers, the ignorant teachers and the harassed scholar began at last heartily to concur in the decision that as he could only be trained by nature, he never could be a fit disciple of art;—in a word, that he must choose another profession.

'Twas spring-time now; the brightest, most hopeful season of an English year. Beautiful May, with her green lapfull of flowers, and sweet hedge-rows laden with the perfumed hawthorn, was sporting playfully with cherry and apple-blossoms, sending them in showers of pale pink boquets tossing in the wanton air, as if in very childlike prodigality, she scattered the fair things in their abundance;—and when the soft twilight fell, and the last song of the blackbird and the low cadence of the delicious thrush sang the requiem of another dying day, rose triumphant in the midst of her starry court the glorious young Maymoon. She poured her flood of white radiance over hill-side and distant grove; streamed amidst violet cities into the remotest haunts of the fairy dells; pictured her face in ten thousand sparkling miniatures in the spray of the leaping fountain, and slept like the empress of night on the bosom of the moveless lake;—but oh! fairer than all, shone her broken beams through the ruined arches where once the stately piles of gothic pride pointed with cold monumental finger to the triumph of man—genius. There, on a tall and superb gateway which once opened upon the courts of a now ruined priory, she fixed her eye of fire and reigned in splendid pride, queen of the solemn stillness. It was a pile of ruins at some few miles distance from the opening scene of our story, and many a contemplative mind was drawn by the love of old historical memories with which the place was rife, to wander amidst the lonely cloisters and crumbling arches, during the hours when the broad eye of sunlight pointed the wanderer to secure paths amid its mournful relics. Few there were, however, who dared to hold communion with the legendary spirits of the place during the mystery of solemn night. Tales of ghostly monks and wandering friars had cast over the place an "uncanny" reputation. Flitting forms were seen, they said, moving up the long dim avenue of stately elms which had once been the entrance to the abbey; and the sighing winds, as they swept through the broken arches, or moaned along the deep shadow of the still perfect cloister, were often laden with the wildering shriek which was supposed to come from the unquiet souls of the crumbling forms whose stone effigies, half effaced by time and revolutionary violence, looked grimly out of niches on the pale graves where their dust was laid. And yet, despite the traditionary clouds which wrapped the ghostly place in loneliness, two figures were keeping tryst within the broken wall that moonlit night. They sat upon a bank on which the fair primrose had spread her pale carpet of soft perfume, and the drooping ivy from the gateway above fell in wreaths around them like the frame of an arching picture. The rich mantilla of Spanish lace that was drawn around her head she now cast off; and as the moonlight fell on her snowy robe and lingered in the shining threads of her golden hair, Gabrielle—for she was one of the watchers—looked like the spirit of the shining orb above her head. By her side reclined the singer, Ernest Rossi; and while he gazed upon her with mournful yet tender admiration, there was something unusually cold and even stern in his kindly face. He was well and even fashionably dressed; and with the plasticity of his gentle and refined nature had easily caught all the graces which must externally polish the gem ere it is deemed worthy to shine in the repertoires of fashion. The change in him, then, since ten months before he had stood ragged, sick and famishing before the prima donna's gate, can scarcely be estimated; but deeper far was the change in the heart of his companion. For the first time in her young life she loved. Wealth, rank, ambition, all that had hitherto lured her on the road of life, had now become but idle gauds compared to the luxury of listening to his dear voice, of gazing into his deep, soul-like eyes. Whatever of hidden depths were within that wild, impulsive nature, had all welled up into this wealth of love for him. With a fancy brilliant and spiritual, and a nature which seemed to hold strange communion—or rather be under constant impression from an unseen world of power—Gabrielle believed she saw in this strange visionary improvisatore the human embodiment of that unseen world of which she dreamed and fully persuaded herself she was the tool. Yes, yes, Ernest was her fate—the incarnation of all her visions of beauty, genius and a better world, and she would, *must* love him; "*her spirit compelled her,—her human destiny alone rebelled.*"

Without any apparent effort to resist or yield to the unmistakable interest the fair cantatrice manifested for him, the gentle, dreamy singer seemed to occupy quite naturally the place she assigned him. Affectionately grateful for her kindness, delighted with her talent and beauty, and tenderly interested in her unqualified affection for himself, he loved her as much as—she sometimes bitterly remarked—"a creature more of heaven than earth" could love an earthly being. On one point, however, they were entirely disagreed; and this it was that cast a shadow over his noble face, deeper than the frowning ivied tower that reared its sullen head above them.

Gabrielle was betrothed to Lord Ravensworth—openly betrothed—loved, idolized by him, and in the eyes of the world, no less than in honor, was pledged to become his wife in two months from the very day when they now met in secret; and, therefore, as he (Ernest), the simple, generous mountaineer conceived, in *dishonor.* The capricious beauty, accustomed to manifest her imperial will without fear of opposition, had from the very first of their acquaintance exhibited an *apparent* reserve to the stranger, which only hastened the denouement of their mutual preference when they did chance to meet in their professional intercourse without witnesses, and Gabrielle had insisted that their mutual attachment should remain a secret until she herself found some means to break through her engagement with the earl. As yet she had manifested no such intention, however. The lynx-eyed world of course took its share in the thickening plot, and the nobleman's suspicions, once aroused, at length took the form of such frantic jealousy, and such terrible determination to retain Gabrielle to her pledge, that she assured her lover she felt her embarrassment no less than terror of the consequences perpetually retarding the open avowal which he required of her change of sentiments in his own favor. Sometimes he suspected, and not without good cause, that the world's idol, with her *heart* and *spirit* devoted to *love*, could not shake from her fancy the glories of operatic conquest, fashionable homage, and the glittering pageantry of a countess' destiny.

"Oh, that she would be frank with me!" he would say to himself. "I cannot expect that my mountain home and the my poor gain of little trade in goats can weigh against the splendid destiny which Ravensworth can offer her. They cannot make a singer of me, and in comparison with these studied operatics, I am but a poor mountain vagrant. I am fit for nothing now, but to go back and sing to the brigands, and make them a little better with a holy prayer. But what a home to offer her!—a chalet made of pine logs, and an inheritance of mountain goats! Would, would I had never seen this London star—all too bright for me—and yet, oh, my Eulalie! star of my heaven-home!—even she is not fit to shine in the sky where thou art,—where no mortal can match thee, if, indeed, thou vision of my soul's brightest imaginings,—if, indeed, thou art other than a streak of moonlight, or a wreath of mist!"

These were the thoughts with which the singer had kept tryst with the ardent and beautiful Gabrielle, the observed and admired of all,—the form of the graceful mortal gliding with him through the gloom of the earthly way, and the imagery of some spiritual sublimation filling his mind, like the soul, captive within the human prison-house.

Gabrielle's appealing eyes gazing up into his own, drew his abstracted gaze from the starry heavens into which he had been lovingly gazing, and fixing them tenderly upon her, he said gently, but firmly, "Gabrielle, dear, precious child! you *must* be your own fate, and that on this very night; but first, beloved one, you shall be in a condition to judge; then in God's name will I call upon you to exercise God's highest endowment to humanity—the faculty of judgment. So listen, my star-beam, and hear thy recreant knight's confession."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. VI.

INCARNATIONS OF DEITY.

Nearly every form of religion that has existed among men has recognized both the *need* and the *fact* of Incarnations of Deity. The idea seems to have been intuitive that the Invisible and Incomprehensible One has embodied Himself for manifestation to man. There must be some truth underlying a sentiment so universal. The course of thought we have pursued in previous articles enables us to see clearly what of truth, and what of error, is involved in prevalent religious theories on this subject.

Turning to one of the most ancient religious systems extant on our earth, we find traditions, not of one alone, but of many incarnations. The Hindoo Brahmin argues thus: "To worship an invisible Deity, except through a corporeal medium, is an absolute impossibility. We can form no conception of God except as we attribute to Him some form." Hence the Brahminical religionist believes that, in order to manifest himself to man, Brahm, the Incomprehensible Life, through His immediate emanations, Vishnu and Siva, has assumed various incarnate and invisible forms on earth. Some of these were in the shape of half-human monstrosities; others, as Chrishna and Boodha, were noble and pious men, born without human fathers, and endowed with superior wisdom and miraculous powers. Crude and lifeless images of these "avatars" or incarnations are fabricated and set up as objects of divine worship. Besides these, the Hindoo also sees lesser incarnations of the Universal Life in the various objects in external nature, and in all vegetable and animal forms, *except man*.

Did our limits permit, it would be instructive to trace the same general idea through other religious systems. The ancient Chinese, Egyptian, Chaldean, Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, and even North American Indian mythologies, all have their Divine Incarnations and Mediators—special representatives of Deity to men.

The ideas of some Christians are as nearly like those of the Chrishnians (if we may so designate the principal sect of the Hindoos), as these two terms are like each other. Says Henry Ward Beecher for example:

"I cannot say that, out of Christ, I can get any distinct idea of the Father, or of the Spirit. I can have no conception of *any* Being or thing, except through *some form*. I defy any man to have a conception of God, except through some form, and it was to meet this necessity of our nature, that Christ came in the flesh, superceding gloriously and forever all the miserable forms of heathendom—stocks, and stones, and beasts and vegetables, and creeping things."

Both are unquestionably right in affirming the impossibility of any definite conception of a Being without form; but both equally fail to see a representative of that *form* in MAN universally.

The pious Brahmin builds hospitals for decrepit horses and sick monkeys; tenderly nurses snakes, toads, mice and bugs; religiously makes way for the ant or the worm that crosses his path; and suffers horrible qualms of conscience if he happens to swallow an insect, or animalcule in his food or drink!* He does all this because he believes that Brahm, the August and Incomprehensible Life, exists in all these creatures. But with a strange inconsistency he will spurn from his door his famishing brother MAN, who may have happened to be born in a different caste or nation, deeming touch a pollution and kindness an unpardonable sin! He will cut in pieces with the utmost ferocity human beings who differ from him in faith—will without compunction starve or drown his helpless parents when they become a burden upon his hands—and even the tender mother will cast her babe to the crocodile as an act of highest devotion! The Hindoo sees God manifested everywhere, except where He is really most to be seen!

* A learned Brahmin was once induced by an English resident in India, whose library he had been examining, to look through a microscope at a drop of water. He saw, to his distress, that it was filled with living creatures. He became thoughtful, and earnestly desired to purchase the instrument. At length, by repeated importunities and the offer of large sums of money, he obtained possession of it, when he immediately dashed it in pieces, exclaiming, "O that I had remained in the happy state of ignorance wherein you found me! As my knowledge increased, so did my pleasure, until I beheld the wonders of that instrument. From that moment I have been tormented with doubt and perplexed by mystery. I am now a solitary individual among millions of people, all educated in the same belief as myself; all happy in their ignorance. So may they ever remain! I shall keep the secret in my own bosom where it will corrode my peace and disturb my rest. Forgive me, my valuable friend; and bring here no more implements of knowledge and destruction."

The pious Christian differs from the Hindoo in that he sees little or nothing of God in external nature, and is wont to go to the other extreme of treating with contempt and wantonness the lower forms of animal existence, even though professing to believe that Deity has fashioned and sustains them by direct and miraculous exertions of skill and power. But he is like the Hindoo in failing to recognize and venerate the Divine image in universal Humanity. Many professing Christians can treat their human brothers of differing sects or nationalities with a contempt and cruelty scarcely less than are manifested by the Indian devotees of caste; can mangle and torture the human frame for differences of belief; can buy and sell it in the mart—especially if it have a dark complexion—as a thing of merchandise, fit only to serve the interests and indolence of a stronger race; can abuse and profane their own bodies, by neglect, gluttony and sensuality. No more than "the heathen in his blindness" do Christians in general dream of finding, in their own marvellously constructed organisms, corporeal and spiritual, and in those of all human beings, living, breathing, exact, incarnate likenesses of the incomprehensible Parent of all. Both agree in looking far back to some ancient, mythical, miraculous or monstrous personage—the Hindoo chiefly to the comely Chrishna—the Christian to the kindly Christ—as furnishing the only conceivable ideas to be had of such a Being.

In saying that every human being is an incarnate likeness of Deity, we of course mean organically or constitutionally, not *morally*—in *form*, not in *character*. As before shown, the *best* man only can be considered the truest type of the Divine *character*—the *perfect* man, if such there has been, being the only perfect incarnation of Deity.

Mr. Beecher, in the quotation we have given, is evidently wrong in considering Jesus the only representative of the Divine *form*. For will any one contend that in physical form, or even in mental constitution, Jesus differed from all humanity whom he called his brethren? If he did thus differ constitutionally, then he could have been in no sense an example or pattern for others. It is then just as easy and as proper to derive a conception of the *form* of the Divine constitution, and the *mode* of the Divine existence, from any other well organized human being, as from Jesus of Nazareth.

But for a true idea of the *moral* character and attributes—a clear and symmetrical miniature of the *whole* of the universal Father—Mr. Beecher is of course right in looking to the most complete and morally perfect embodiment or incarnation of the Divine in the human, of which he knows anything. This he, in common with all Christians, finds in Jesus who is called the Christ; and, as already remarked, we know of no character in all human history, tradition or invention, so worthy to be termed pre-eminently "the son of God"—the "express image" of the Father.

The question of the alleged extraordinary parentage of Jesus and others, though interesting in itself, is immaterial to our present inquiry. Our point is, that inasmuch as all men are in some sense the offspring of Deity, and are momently pervaded and sustained by his inscrutable Life, all are to that extent incarnations of God—an important truth which religionists are prone to overlook. He is thus the Father of all, whatever intermediate instrumentalities may have been employed in giving them birth. If in any instance He has incarnated Himself more fully and without the ordinary instrumentalities, (which is quite as possible, for aught we can see, as the production of a first pair) the difference is one of *degree*. Even if, as held by some, a higher *discrete* degree of the Divine Life (the celestial), was incarnated in Jesus than in any antecedent human being, it is still a difference of degree. And those who find satisfactory evidence of such a fact, may be assured that Spiritualism itself involves no denial thereof, whatever may be the belief of some Spiritualists and spirits upon the point.

The Spirit-Life not the Spirit-ual Life.

In the common vocabulary of Spiritualists, these terms are used as synonymous, whereas there is a wide difference in the meanings they should convey.

The *spirit-life* is properly the state of existence separate from the physical body; or the dis-embodied state, without reference to its *quality* or *condition*.

The spirit*ual* life, on the contrary, is a life of *deeper* and *purer* quality, or of a more interior and higher nature, whether in or out of the mortal body. That is to say, those who live only for selfish and worldly ends, for mere pleasure, amusement, etc., are not living the spirit*ual* life, though they be in the spirit-world; while those who renounce all selfish ends and consecrate themselves earnestly to lives of use and good, thus enter upon the spiritual life—the resurrection state—even though yet in the earthly body.

To those who commence that life, or experience the resurrection, on earth, the transition called physical death becomes a very trivial affair—in fact, they do not "die any more."—Having already died to self and to the world, and entered upon the spiritual or "eternal life," death has no more power over them.

Encounter with a "Demon."

Our brave and combative little friend, Elder Grant, editor of the *World's Crisis*, who is daily expecting to see us wicked "necromancers" all burnt up in a fire that shall not leave even an intangible ghost of us to peep, mutter or groan—this kind friend is exceedingly busy in endeavoring to save the world from that "master-work of Satan," modern Spiritualism. In activity and ubiquity, he almost equals the distinguished personage whom he considers his antagonist, and who is said to make extraordinary exertions when he finds his time growing "short." We hear of him holding discussions, now in Maine, next in Vermont, then in Massachusetts, anon in Connecticut, and he is soon to carry the war into New York. At Putnam, Ct., he recently had an encounter with spirits through Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, medium. Of the result, a correspondent speaks elsewhere, but the Elder's own account is interesting.

Believing the spirits to be *demons*, and "*subject* to Christians, and that when required in the name of Christ to tell the truth, they must do so or remain silent," the Elder betook himself to "fasting and prayer, asking the Lord that if it would be for his glory to have the spirit silenced," it might be done. The discussion was commenced through Mrs. T.; and when the Elder's turn came, he "requested the demon to leave Mrs. Tuttle." The spirit protested that Mrs. T. could not proceed of herself, but the Elder "insisted in the name of Jesus," when the spirit obligingly complied, and Mrs. T. opened her eyes. But here was a dilemma. The Elder had now nobody to discuss with! So he at length concluded to invite the "demon" back again, to go on with the argument—which the spirit did "in an able manner."

We are left to infer, either that Elder G. defeated the Lord's will on this occasion for the sake of a bout with a demon, or that it is not for the Lord's glory that the spirits should be silenced!

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

"Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

No man knows himself, or is known, until he is tried. No man is fit for any important work till he has passed through the fires of temptation. The purest native ore has some dross, which the crucible alone can remove. Who can tell the worth of that virtue or humility which has never been put to the test? More is he or she to be accredited who has fallen under stress of temptation, and bravely recovered therefrom, than the simply innocent whom circumstances or indolence have kept out of harm's way.

Who that has made any progress in the spiritual life, and especially who that has felt called to take any prominent position in the spiritual movement of to-day, has not been assailed by the tempter in various forms?

No form of trial is more universal than the appeal to one's ambition, or love of power and notoriety. The experience of the Nazarene, as quoted above, is but a type of nearly or quite every subject of spiritual influences in our day. Not every one, however, has the insight and the wisdom which he displayed, in promptly detecting and repelling the temptation when presented.

How common is it for mediums to be told that if they will but implicitly yield to the dictation of "the spirits," surrendering their own judgment wholly into the keeping of invisibles—that is, "fall down and worship me"—they shall become prodigies of one or another sort; and how many have caught at the bait and imagined they were such!

When mediums are prompted to announce themselves as mouth-pieces of "Christ," or "the Angel Gabriel," or any distinguished worthy of the past—or when they claim to be sole oracles of Deity on this planet, or to be in direct communication with the "Great Positive Mind—or offer themselves as the Grand Centres or Popes of Spiritualism, around whom the whole movement is to be marshalled—or put forth extravagant pretensions of any kind—there is reason to fear they are on the mountain top of temptation. Sometimes, indeed, it is "an exceeding high" one; and if they ever get down again to a proper level, without a broken limb or a broken neck, they will be fortunate indeed.

It is no sin nor shame to be thus tempted. The folly and shame lie in yielding—in allowing cupidity to be excited, or vanity and self-esteem to become inflated by the promises and flatteries that are offered.

Nor do such temptations necessarily imply malignity on the part of the beings presenting them. They may be the only method by which our weaknesses, foibles and latent evils can be made to stand out glaringly to our view, so that we may see their unsightliness and free ourselves from them. Discipline, trial and *growth* towards perfection—not mere *enjoyment*—are the important ends of this rudimental life.

He that resists and overcomes all such seductions, gains thereby a power not otherwise attained. It is said that when Jesus had passed his forty days of trial, the angels came and ministered unto him, and he soon began to preach and to heal with great power. So may it be with us.

A PROGRESSIVE THEOLOGIAN.

The venerable John Robinson, first pastor of the Puritan Church, used the following remarkable language in his farewell sermon to the Pilgrims before their embarkation from Leyden for New England:

"I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come at a period in religion, and will go, at present, no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our God has revealed to Calvin, they would rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you, remember it is an article of your church covenant that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God. Remember that and every other article of your sacred covenant. But I must here, withal, exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth; examine it, consider it, and compare it with all Scriptures of truth, before you receive it. For it is not possible that the Christian world should came so lately out of such thick anti-Christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

This very reasonable exhortation is singularly applicable to the Puritans of to-day. *They* cannot be drawn to go beyond what their leaders saw. And we do not doubt but old Pastor Robinson himself now sees that "God's Holy Word" includes not only the truths of the Bible, but ALL TRUTH wherever written or revealed.

That Connecticut News-Dealer.

It appears that we misapprehended the meaning of Bro. Wheeler in his note published last week, in locating the remarkably liberal news-dealer to whom he referred, at Willimantic. *Norwich* has the honor of containing that prodigy of consistency and piety. The newsman at Willimantic, we are informed, is a very different person, who is quite willing to accommodate his customers without regard to their religious beliefs.

We have been favored with a copy of the notice extraordinary served upon the patrons of the AGE in Norwich, which we put on record for the edification of coming generations:

"NOTICE.—I shall discontinue furnishing this paper to any one after April 10th, 1859. My reasons are, that as far as my observation extends, the large majority of those who take this and similar papers, are disposed to deny the Great Truths of the Bible as the Revealed Word of God to man, which Truths are the keystone of our civil and religious liberty, and the basis of our only permanent good, both of Time and Eternity. M. SAFFORD."

"Is not this a rich document? and in the year 1859!" writes our friend Bulkeley. Indeed it is! Mr. Safford seems desirous to maintain the ancient reputation of the Blue-Law State. We are glad to learn that, as a result of this bigoted movement, the friends in Norwich have established a new news-room, which will be subject to no such restrictions.

IS A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE DOES IN A DREAM?—A very sad case is on trial in England, where a woman is charged with infanticide. The plea for the defendant is that she threw the infant out of the window under the influence of a dream, and there is no doubt but she did. The judge sent the case to a jury, because he considered that it would be a most dangerous doctrine to lay down to say that if a person was dreaming while committing an offense that he was not culpable for his acts. A woman on these grounds might get up in the middle of the night and cut her husband's throat, and when brought up for the offence, turn round and say that she had done the act while under the influence of a dream.

ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN.

[We have obtained permission to lay before our readers the following extracts from a private letter from a friend, written without intention of publication. The writer is a lady of cultivated mind and clear discrimination, who has often complained to us of her inability to obtain satisfactory proofs of spirit-agency in the common phenomena of Spiritualism.—A. E. N.]

* * * A few nights since I was suddenly aroused, and fully awakened from a sound sleep, by what seemed to be a shriek from a child in distress. It seemed close to my ear, and so terrible and real was it to me, that I at once thought of the little ones who have managed to fasten themselves to my heart-strings, and felt sure something dreadful was happening to one of them; so sure of it that I half resolved to get up to see what time it was, that I might be exact about it, when the sad news should come. I concluded, however, not to allow myself to be disturbed by what must have been "only a dream," and after a while went to sleep again and dreamed that the shriek I had heard was from one of the little ones so dear to me,—that it was dangerously ill,—that with that shriek the crisis in its disease had passed,—that for a little while after, it seemed to be getting better, and then suddenly died! In my dream I stood with weeping friends around the form of the little one, and was troubled that I could not recognize the face, though conscious that I had known and loved the child.

During the next two days I strove very hard to forget that fearful shriek and my troubled dream; but had not succeeded, when, on the third day after it, I received a letter stating that my eldest brother, residing in a distant city, was about starting with his family for New England, when his little daughter was taken violently ill; that for several days they had no hope of her recovery, but that the crisis had then passed, and the physician spoke more favorably; so much so that they hoped to be able to start with her on the following day.

But a wiser than any earthly physician had shown me that *whenever* they might start, *she* would have "gone before." I was therefore prepared for a despatch I found on reaching home the next evening, saying, "Little Carrie died this morning. They will come to-morrow." The conviction that I should hear of her death had so forced itself upon me, notwithstanding my efforts to shut out that warning voice, that I had already prepared to go on with the parents to the end of their painful journey.

* * * * *

A subsequent conversation with the mother confirmed my impressions that the voice I had heard was "not all a dream."

The "screaming spell," at the very hour when I heard it, was vividly remembered and narrated by her, as a part of her sad experience. The crisis, the renewed hope, and its sudden extinction, were all too painfully corroborative of the incidents of my dream. The little face, too, in its sculptured beauty, was the exact counterpart of the unrecognized face that had been shown me; unrecognized because, although I had heard frequent descriptions of "little Carrie," and had learned to love her, I had never seen her in life.

Pardon this perhaps too long recital. I thought the incident might have some value for you. To me it is of value as forming another link in the "chain of evidences" destined to connect indissolubly, the "seen and temporal" with "the unseen and eternal."

TEXT AND COMMENTARY.

A valued friend sends us an account of a brutal and disgraceful transaction said to have recently occurred at Aiken, S. C., which he desires printed as a "commentary" upon the letter of Mrs. Ostrander, lately published in our columns. Mrs. O., it will be recollected, stated that she had found the Georgians, among whom she had sojourned, to be "a people who are impulsive, but honorable, warm-hearted and generous," and that "Southern nobility" and "Southern hospitality" are truths, etc.

The transaction reported at Aiken, South Carolina, was, briefly stated, as follows: A lady from N. Y., with a sick daughter, were spending the winter at that place for the health of the latter. In writing to a brother in the North, she said something in regard to the evils of slavery. This letter, without any intention of hers, was published, and a copy found its way to Aiken. An indignation meeting was held, the author was discovered, and peremptorily ordered to leave the place in forty-eight hours, and her hotel in half an hour. Her pleas for more time, in behalf of her sick daughter, were unheeded, and neither gallantry, courtesy nor hospitality were shown her by the citizens of Aiken.

This, if true, is a sad case, indeed, and one for which it would be difficult to offer any apology. But we do not see how it can properly be called a "commentary" on the statements of our correspondent—being a fact of altogether a different character, and occurring in another State. If Mrs. O. was kindly and hospitably treated, it was her privilege to express her gratitude for the same, and all should rejoice in the sunny side of Southern character there commended. If others are mal-treated by other, or even by the same persons, it is but a fresh illustration of how men almost universally will act when their strong prejudices or interests are touched. Southern people generally—there are worthy exceptions—are exceedingly and needlessly sensitive to any criticism upon their cherished "domestic institution." If they believe it to be founded in justice and truth, they should feel that discussion can do no harm. If they do not believe this, they should abandon it at once. Northern people, less impulsive by nature, are yet nearly as sensitive at any discussion of some of their cherished ideas and institutions,—as Spiritualists in particular have occasion to know. So far as true Spiritualism shall prevail in any community, all injustice, oppression, selfishness and sectional animosities will disappear, and the true nobility of human nature take their place.

Spirit Sight.—Charity.

[A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.]

Question: Can unprogressed spirits make themselves invisible to those in a higher condition?

No: As the spirit is purified, the powers of sight become clearer; the perceptions and all the senses become quickened; and one no sooner sees the condition of another than he is prompted to afford relief.

Ah! the mantle of charity is constantly being spun and woven in our hearts. And what think you do we spin it of? Why, *of the substance of failings we find in ourselves.* The self-righteous have no material to make garments for the needy; or, rather, they have not yet entered an inner apartment in themselves, where lies much material that would astonish them. They must drink deeper of the cup of bitter experience, ere they will learn the laws which all, sooner or later, find engraven on the tablets of their inner souls.

Correspondence.

Festival at Troy.

REMARKS OF REV. MR. BUCKINGHAM.

TROY, N. Y. April, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE AGE:—* * * A few weeks ago, the Ladies of the First Independent Congregation in this city, who first associated themselves under the title of the Ladies' Independent Industrial Association, held a fair and festival at Harmony Hall, where their meetings are held, which continued two days and evenings. The first evening of the festival was a Promenade Concert, the last evening was devoted entirely to dancing, where those whose souls had been filled with music the evening previous, had an opportunity of manifesting it, for dancing is the form of the soul's melody.

We had as large an assembly as the hall would accommodate, and a more respectable or delighted looking company it has never been my pleasure to meet. The receipts, clear of all expenses, amounted to about $105, a part of which we hope will be used to purchase a small library, the nucleus of a Sabbath School; for Spiritualists here are beginning to feel the importance of giving their children a religious education.

The first evening's entertainment was designed to be varied by speeches, sentiments, &c., and Rev. Mr. Mayo of Albany, and Walker of Glens Falls, together with Mr. Tiffany, were expected to be present, but they being absent, the Rev. Mr. Buckingham, Unitarian Minister of Troy, in response to an invitation by the Managing Committee, took the platform. I subjoin a digest of his address, compiled from memory, which from the nobleness of its thought must be interesting to all.

REV. MR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

He began his remarks by observing that he once heard of Hamlet being played with the part of Hamlet left out by especial request; and that the present occasion furnished a striking example of that kind, with this exception, that Hamlet was not left out by request, but circumstances unavoidable prevented his appearance. They had only the ghost to take his place; and yet, he said, it might not be entirely proper for him to call himself a ghost, since, not having been so fortunate or unfortunate, whichever it might be, as to have become a receiver of the Spiritualist's faith, if he called himself a ghost, he might be said to be a disbeliever in his own existence!

But while he was yet unconvinced that any sensible manifestations of spirits do occur, still he had respect for the very large and intelligent class of minds who did receive that faith, and he felt that where so many honest and intelligent minds were interested in any subject, there could not but be something in it which belonged to humanity; and whatever interested humanity, interested him. He had watched the rise and progress of Spiritualism, with much interest, and was not unaware of the tide of sentiment and sympathy flowing in that direction; and although it might even now be worth almost a man's reputation and influence to appear upon their platform, in the spirit even of brotherly love, yet he for one was ready to receive and honor truth wherever it was found. If they had one truth which belonged to humanity, he was ready to fellowship and cherish it; and as only on a free platform had truth the vantage ground, he had faith to believe that whatever truth they had would live; and in the light of that spirit of honest enquiry and investigation which they courted, whatever errors they had they would themselves renounce. Surely they who were willing to grant so much freedom to others ought to be protected and encouraged in that right themselves. And as they laid their principles and their facts before the world, they had a right to demand an investigation of them; for no man could shut his mind in ignorance of any subject, without doing injury to himself, and injustice to his fellows.

In regard to the Independent Congregation there represented, the speaker said, if he had been rightly informed upon the subject, the grand principle around which they clustered, and which they made a standard of action was this; To do good and to be good, in accordance with their highest conceptions of truth as revealed by God in their own consciences. Around this standard he would rally, and upon this principle he would extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and ask theirs in return. The principle of religious liberty was one dear to him, and freedom of conscience (the very seal of God's presence with us) was to him a sacred trust; and in no society ranking itself among the religious denominations of the day, had religious investigation been so freely pursued and so highly honored, as by theirs.

In making this acknowledgement he regretted that he could not except the Unitarian denomination of which he was a member; and it was therefore with joy that he hailed the providence that gave him the privilege of addressing that people and bidding God-speed to any lovers of the True, to any disciples of the Divine, who were struggling in God's name to sustain that principle.

Everywhere, said he, is humanity crippled in its powers, crushed in its aspiration and stunted in its growth, by the wall with which a prescriptive theology strengthens and fortifies itself. Everywhere is freedom of thought contested, and the right to investigate the new, to search into the unknown, denied by those whose formulas and whose creeds are made superior to man.

But while we give to all liberty of conscience, we must consider what it is to be *true*. We must be true, not to the faith that education and condition have imposed upon us, but true to the highest intuitions of to-day,—true to the thought that is born into our souls through the ever-teeming present.

We must be free,—not each in entrenching ourselves in a theological castle of our own, where we must eternally war with each other,—but free in sending forth our aspirations to gather in to our souls all the knowledge God may give us, whether it comes to us through the holy influences of the stars, the wonders of the earth and air, or speaks to us in the inspirations of the soul writing its lessons upon our consciences when the mind holds communion with its own thought.

Then, upon the subject of their peculiar views as Spiritualists, the speaker would take a free position as he would toward all the unknown, the unrevealed; and again would he respond to the principle they professed, of devotion to the truth as revealed in their souls. And while he had one hand to clasp the good, and while his aspirations were ever on the wing to find his place among them, he would not forget that he must have also another hand, that reached out to reclaim the erring and to redeem the fallen. And with this working hand went also his affections and his aspirations; for he remembered that humanity was one, and that the surest way to elevate ourselves is to do good to others. Therefore, with a double hand, yet undivided will, he would unite himself with them and theirs, in whatever might be for the good of Humanity.

Mr. Buckingham's address was listened to throughout, with profound attention; and the frequent responses which his sentiments called forth, proved that he *was* a *real ghost;* for, though the form of the body collective was absent, the spirit was present, and all testified to its being a *genuine Spiritual Manifestation;* and the spirit manifesting itself was pronounced good. Thine fraternally,

MELINDA A. BALL.

Letter from Warren Chase.

VINCENNES, Ia., March 30, 1859.

FRIEND NEWTON:—As the old Roman Mars informs us of the approaching close of his annual thirty-one days' visit, and of his departure to the unknown home of the ancient God, I find myself in this singular old city of the Wabash, which, although the oldest settlement of Indiana, and claiming to have begun the same year with Philadelphia, yet has not over six thousand inhabitants; and nearly half of them are in part or whole of French origin, and strongly tainted with Catholicism, diluted with the missionary spirit of the Jesuits. The city is very pleasantly located on an elevated bank of the Wabash at the crossing of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad and intersection of the Terre Haute and Evansville road. The soil is rich and warm, as is plain from the fact that even now, as the March winds linger, the city is almost a flower-bed. The peach, which is abundant, is in full bloom; japonicas and other shrubs are rich in foliage and blossom, and the cherry and apple already show their blossoms. Grass is green, and the kine are feeding. The old flat dwellings, with coarse and ragged covering, contrast strangely with those of other western towns. Business is dull, and the streets seem like Sunday streets in many western towns.

Spiritualism is scarcely known here, except as they have seen squibs and references in the secular and political papers. One family only, Judge Bishop, and especially Mrs. B., an estimable lady of over seventy years of age, an earnest believer and honest defender of our gospel, joined by her husband and daughter and son and daughter-in-law (the two last poetical mediums), invited me to stop and speak here on

my way from St. Louis to Cincinnati. Yesterday I found their beautiful home in the midst of flowers, and this evening and to-morrow we expect a good number to meet us in the City Hall to hear what I have to say in defence of the modern ghosts and their visits to earthly homes.

Warren H. Bishop may be addressed by mediums and lecturers passing over this, or either of these roads, and they may find it for the interest of the cause to stop over here, as I have; at least they will find some good friends here if they are at work for the cause and are able to do it good.

At St. Louis I found our cause prospering better than at any of my previous visits. Able and devoted persons are connected with it there, and the great Presbyterian champion (Rice) was evidently driven from the city by the effect of his public controversy with T. G. Bland, on Spiritualism. Mrs. Hyzer follows me there, and no doubt will do a good work. The shadow of Bro. S. J. Finney receded as I approached the city. I was sorry I could not catch the substance, as I love to meet that early and bold defender of the truth. I shall *sing* in Evansville next Sunday, and *preach* in Cincinnati a week later, and expect to reach New England late in August, to spend several months. My health was never better, and our cause never so prosperous as during the past winter and present spring. My heart is strengthened and spirits encouraged all the time and everywhere; and I hope and trust your hands are also stayed up in the good work you are doing. Certainly you have the love and best wishes of many friends, with those of

Warren Chase.

Statistics of Insanity.

Dear Friend:—I have received from the Secretaries of State for Ohio, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, New York and Connecticut, all the back reports of insanity they could furnish, from which I have made the following extract, which, perhaps, may in some degree refute the charge so often urged, that Spiritualism is filling our Insane Asylums:

Causes of Insanity for 1858.*

	Relig	Sp'm	Total	Totals to '58 for	Rel	Sp	Total.
Ohio. Northern Ohio	12	3	123	4 years	23	21	549
Ohio. Southern Ohio	7	2	116	1 "	7	2	116
Ohio. Central Ohio	24	3*	172	10 "	209	18*	1939
Total Ohio	43	8	411		239	41	2604
Mass. Northampton	1	1	228	1 "	1	1	228
Mass. Taunton	9	3	223	5 "	46	15	1112
Mass. Worcester	–	2	307	10 "	120	25	2694
Total Mass.	10	6	758		167	41	4034
New Hampshire	3	–	76	3 "	18	7	268
Maine	12	3	126	2 "	16	7	270
New York	No statement for 1858			3 "	3	–	752
Connecticut	"	"	"	10 "	73	14	1502
Totals	67	17	1371		516	110	9430
Massachusetts for 25 years ending 1858					299	25	5775

*Various excitements.

This abstract has been made with great care. It is accurate, excepting that in Central Ohio. There being no column for Spiritualism, I have put the item "various excitements" to that score.

I am your brother, Jno. Mayhew.

Mr. and Miss Higgins in the Field.

Holley, N. Y., April 3d, 1857.

Eds. Spiritual Age:—We have just enjoyed a brief but pleasant visit from our valued friend, A. J. Higgins and sister, Miss Libbie Higgins, of Chicago.

Mr. H. is well-known to the public as a member of the old firm of Higgins Brothers, Music Publishers, Chicago; and Miss Higgins has a less wide, but not less enviable fame as a vocalist of superior powers.

They have unitedly entered the lecturing field, and spoke and sung for us two evenings.

Those who seek fearless champions of practical truths, with the added merit of genial, harmonious natures, will not regret having sought their acquaintance, or having listened to their voices in speech or song.

They may be addressed at Chicago, Ill., and will, I presume, answer calls to lecture. We hesitate not to commend this "duo" of "musical spirits" to the liberal public. Yours for free thought,

C. M. Plumb.

Putnam, Ct.—An esteemed correspondent writes from this place as follows:

"The cause is finely progressing here. There are good and determined friends engaged in it, and it will move onward. Mrs. C. M. Tuttle held a discussion here with the noted Eld. M. Grant, of Boston, the Adventist; and the poor sleeper theory came off second hand best, —so judged by outsiders, and even his own blind followers were dissatisfied; but the Spiritualists were delighted with the result."

Boston and Vicinity.

Emerson's Lecture on Clubs.

Emerson's lecture on Wednesday evening of last week was well attended, as usual, by the *elite* of the "modern Athens." The lecturer remarked, we are delicate machines, and it requires nice treatment to get from us the maximum of power and pleasure. We must have tonics, but we must have those which cause no reaction. Thought, the pure oxygen of the mind, would burn up the man, unless tempered by affection and contact with the external world. Of all cordials the best known to us is society. Conversation is the most refreshing of pleasures. We lose our days and are barren of thought for want of a person to talk with. Our thought cannot empty itself any more than can a deal box. If the scholar thinks himself without thoughts let him seek a companion and at once he finds his power. But conditions must be observed; he must be allowed to be himself.

Conservation is of all kinds. Women use words that are not words; as the sound of some bells makes us think of the bell, while the distant melody of the convent bell makes us think of the convent. Some men prefer to converse only where they are masters; they go among young ladies and boys; they listen badly or not at all. Now what kind of a pump is that which can only deliver, and not draw? Conversation is a game in which one is to be played upon, as well as to play upon others. It is social rank and spiritual power that are compared in a conversation. He is the best man who can answer a question so as to admit of no other answer. The life of Socrates was but an asking and answering of questions.

In all civilized countries attempts have been made to organize conversation by bringing congenial minds together; hence the formation of clubs,—the history of which can be traced back to Greece and Rome. A club should have variety of character and talent. Every man has facts which it would be useful for us to know if we could get a clew to them, if we had a key to unlock them. Mesmerism promised to furnish us this key, and admitting us to the secret treasures of all minds to help us to them as by a suction pump. But unhappily it does not do this. And we could only fully know a man's thoughts by being imprisoned in his experience. The indispensable condition for knowing just his thoughts is to enter this gate of his life. Wisdom exists in the mind like the gold in quartz; and it remains undiscovered until you manage the collisions of discourse or the fires love to bring out the sparkling atoms.

For the highest benefits of conversation the old Spartan rule of *one to one* must be enforced. The loftier range of thought is brought out in the contact of two minds.

The Melodeon Meetings.

Mr. E. S. Wheeler's lectures on Sunday were on "The Fate of Use," and "Our True Mate." The leading sentiment of the first was that all things are destined for uses, and will be made in some way to subserve them. The following is a brief synopsis of the evening lecture on True Matehood.

The subject is a most important one, and its discussion is forced upon us by the fact that we are accused of holding principles inimical to the welfare of society and destructive of morality.

It is one fault of reformers that they are apt to be men of one idea—to push forward one truth to the neglect of correlative truths of equal importance. The subject would be treated physiologically, rather than morally, for if the physiological law is discovered and obeyed, the moral will be.

The axiom that like attracts like is by some pushed to the erroneous conclusion that there must exist somewhere in the universe an exact counterpart of each one, who is to be sought till found, and a union of which will be true and happy marriage. But mere unison is not music. It is rather the blending of differences into harmony that delights the ear.

The end and aim of marriage is maternity, paternity, offspring; and a fine, healthy, harmonious babe is God's certificate of marriage. Find, then, that partner who is best adapted to secure this end, and you have your true mate for the earth-life. There may be another for the celestial, but it will be time enough to look for that hereafter. For the present we have to do with practicalities. Cast aside the expectation of mere unison. Association with similars will not advance us. We need contact with opposites to improve us. Have you a weakness? Seek to unite that with strength.

Neither love, passion, nor interest is a sufficient warrant for marriage, though there should be no marriage without love. Parties may love, deeply and tenderly, without being married. A supreme regard should be had for the welfare, health, and harmony of offspring. A wise adaptation of constitution to this end is the only sufficient warrant. A science is to be developed, and is now in its infancy, which will enable this to be reached with the certainty of mathematics.

It is folly to look for perfection. If differences arise, it is your business to harmonize them. If you cannot, suffer to the end; the compensations of nature are infinite.

The great source of trouble in the marriage relation is selfishness. People may charge it to Spiritualism, but it is not so. There is an equal degree of domestic misery outside of Spiritualism, and selfishness and lust are at the bottom of the whole. They who seek selfish ends alone are sure to fail of realizing them.

The deceptions and corruptions of the common mode of courtship were severely reprehended, and all who seek to enter the marriage relation were advised to practice the utmost honesty and frankness with each other, and to seek companions who will aid them to overcome their defects, both moral and physical.

The Aquarial Gardens, just opened at No 21 Bromfield St., nearly opposite our office, afford an interesting place of resort for the student of nature. The tanks (made of glass) are supplied with some of the most rare and curious specimens of life in the watery element, both fresh and salt, which the visitor may study at his leisure. Besides these, he has the opportunity of examining various wonders of the microscopic world, through glasses of great magnifying power. Cochituate water and other familiar substances are shown to be teeming with life in forms that will astonish the uninitiated beholder. The circulation of the blood in living animals and the sap in plants is also exhibited under powerful microscopes—forming altogether one of the most attractive and instructive exhibitions ever opened in the city. It should be encouraged.

"Free Love and Affinity."—Miss Doten's discourse under spirit influence, on this topic, given at the Melodeon on Sunday evening, March 20th, has been published by Bela Marsh in a cheap pamphlet, from a phonographic report.

Various Items.

........This is not an age when any opinion, religious or scientific, need ask permission to live.

.... Politicians and preachers are often mentioned as "laying pipe." Which kind is meant, *gas*-pipe or *blow*-pipe?

.... Sidney Smith says: "A great many people are very willing to do the Samaritan without the oil and without the twopence." Are there not more who are willing to do without the Samaritan also?

.... Bishop Andrew contributes an article to the last Southern Methodist *Quarterly Review* on Bishop Mc'Kendree. The closing paragraph is in these words: "I greatly admired and loved Bishop M'Kendree, but I am pretty sure that in one thing he erred; he ought not to have lived and died an old bachelor.

.... Archbishop Hughes has suspended Rev. Dr. Dayman, of New York, for saying that "hell is paved with the skulls of bad priests," and other intemperate words. The deposed priest, who is a convert from Protestantism, addressed his people in the street Sunday before last, and invited them to form an independent congregation.

.... The Worcester Spy says that Mrs. Mary Jones of Shrewsbury, Mass., was found by a neighbor a few mornings ago, standing up to her neck in water and holding her child, a boy of eight years, under it. The child was rescued with difficulty before life was extinct. The woman had been insane for some time, and under the hallucination that the world is about to be made over anew, and that it was her duty to give her children an "early start."

.... Mrs. Pardiggle, that obstinately charitable lady, the friend of Mrs. Jellaby, of Borrioboola Gha proclivities, of that pious philanthropist, Mr. Gusher, and other personages in "Bleak House," must be visiting America, for we hear that an inquisitive female visited Boston jail the other day. She said to one prisoner: "What are you in for?" "For stealing a horse." "Are you not sorry?" "Yes." "Won't you try and do better next time?" "Yes, I'll steal two."—*New York Post.*

........The Galveston *Civilian* relates the following incident as having occurred during one of Doctor T. L. Nichols' lectures in that city:—

"In the midst of the lecture, after an account of an apparition of the Virgin Mary to a Jew in Rome, and his subsequent conversion, a lady in the audience suddenly pointed her hand at vacancy, and, in a voice that thrilled every one present, exclaimed, '*Sister! don't you see the blessed Virgin?*' and then swooned away, and was borne from the room."

Obituary Notices.

Transition.—Mrs. Lucy Pettit, relict of the late Dr. James Pettit, of Fredonia, Chau. Co. N. Y., was recently translated to her heaven home in the eighty-second year of her earth-life. She was born in Somers, Conn., of Revolutionary parentage. For several years she had been an invalid from partial paralysis. She has achieved and suffered all on earth, and is finally gathered home "like a shock of corn fully ripe."

Mrs. Pettit became a member of the Baptist church at the age of 21, but for several years previous to her departure, she enjoyed almost daily communion with those who had passed on before her to a diviner life; and thus, through their ministration, she came to accept a broader faith in God and humanity, through which she beheld the living soul translated to a more sacred nearness with the Father. The injunction, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," with others of like fearful import, had to her, lost their sting; and she could safely say, "though I pass through the dark valley and shadow of death I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me."

Externally there is a vacancy in the household—a loved one has gone out among the shadows, but oh, how hallowed, how soothing the tho't, that the external absence is substituted by a diviner interior presence, which reposes yet more serenely on the bosom of Infinite Love; that, with the palsied earth-temple, the infirmities of outer life are forever laid aside, and the freed spirit, joyous with youth, drinks at the fountain of Life Eternal, beyond the reach of those time-shadows which fall with palsying touch upon the spirit.

As the friends hold communion with her enfranchised spirit, and feel the presence of another angel guardian, they can triumphantly exclaim, "O, grave, where is thy victory? O, Death, where is thy sting?"

L. A. D. A.

Mrs. Martha Runey, aged 32 years, 2 months, entered the higher mansions on the 30th of March, leaving her earth form to be cared for by her friends at Cambridgeport, who covered it with sweet flowers, from the hands of the "floral angel" of that place. Her husband and three children had gone before. We will think of the reunited family.

In Marlboro.—April 3d, Levi Bigelow, Esq., aged 68 years, 5 months, went to realize the glories of that immortal existence, for which he had hope. An angel wife with two children were waiting to welcome him to the home above. Twelve remain to enjoy the honorable reputation he has earned by a life of strict integrity and moral worth. For more than 20 years he could not rest his weary frame upon a bed in consequence of asthma, and when his spirit was at last released his form was still in his chair.

Now will he rest! To some of his children has the door of the Spirit world been left ajar, and they have heard the whisperings of angels. They *are* comforted. To those who see not and hear not, may the angels give light and wisdom to guide them to the certainties of spirit communion.

M. S. Townsend.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Friday Evening, April 8th.

Question: What is the spiritual theory of crime and punishment?

Dr. Orton: The mover of this question not being present, we are left somewhat in the dark as to the direction he might wish the discussion to take. By *spiritual* theory of crime, he supposed was meant the *true* theory; and he should therefore, in treating the question, speak first of the causes of crime, or violations of the law of right; and secondly of the nature and bounds of punishment. In the first peopling of a planet or orb, it is not to be supposed but that the efficient Cause would take care that the progenitors of the race which was to inhabit it, should be started in equilibrium with themselves and their surroundings—that their minds, however large or small, should be in balance, and their affections the same. The common architect, the builder of a steam-engine, aims at nothing less than this, and fulfils it to the extent of his power. How then could this original organic balance of our race have been lost? Only through a certain freedom of willing and acting, by the unwise exercise of which, men came to regard themselves before the brother, and consented to commit wrong on him for purposes of self-gratification and aggrandizement. As like produces like, succeeding generations would be born out of balance; and hereditary inharmonies, and the action and re-action of wrong everywhere in the common circumstances of life, sufficiently account for the state of things now existing. Punishment is suffering inflicted for violations of law or right. Every act contains within itself its own consequences, in the shape of punishments or blessings. From these there is no escape. No one can evade nature's penalty for violated law. The provision is just and humane. It is intended for our correction and reform. It is an alarm-bell to warn us of danger, and direct us into better paths; and this is the only legitimate office of punishment. Society, in its attempted application of this principle in civil affairs, has run into the wildest extremes. It gives blow for blow, even to the destruction of human life. Without doubt dangerous persons should be restrained. But this is for the sake of the public safety; and when this is accomplished, society can claim no more. The other interests involved are those of the criminal. The application of the Divine law to his case, requires that everything be shaped for his improvement and reform. The rope is not fitted to this end. To hang him by the neck will not make him better. But two questions are involved in his crime—the safety of society and his own good. The one is provided for when he is shut up, the other cannot be advanced by putting him to a violent death. Hence on a clear analysis of the law and use of penalties, we find no authority for capital punishment, or vindictive punishments of any sort, and are bound to pronounce them relics of the days of barbarism, and unfitted to this Christian age.

Mr. Levy: In all the past, we can estimate nations by the kind of God they adored. Dr. Orton thinks God made man perfect in the beginning, like a steam-engine; that the apple came in and he retrograded. This is a false theory, and gives us incorrect ideas of crime. On the other hand, if we consider God as a principle of the universe, the life of all, then we come to very different conclusions. This, without doubt, is true; and if so, man grew out of the earth as cabbages grow. He was once an animal incapable of speech, and rose up gradually from the inferior to the superior. If we take this view, then we shall feel kind to all and treat them as brothers. If a man's father is a Washington, and his mother like, he will make a good man; if otherwise, he will be the reverse. Crime and punishment find no place in the spiritual theory; but as man develops, the time will come when the lion will lie down with the lamb, as the prophet has said.

Rev. Mr. Holland: He had not investigated so far as to determine in all respects the true theory of crime and punishment as related to this life. But cause and effect are the prime instruments of nature. Cause, operation and effect are nature's trinity, and by these the natural, moral and mental worlds are held in equilibrium. So far as man violates the laws of his own being, physically or morally, the consequences inevitably follow. If there were no human laws these results would be the same. No man can outwit them or over-ride them. There is a principle of experience and intuition which declares this to be certain. The office of a legislator is to see the laws of God in their relations to society, and apply them. Does not God act through humanity? The sense of good, of justice and mercy among us, what is it but the judgment of God? He agrees in this, that punishment should only be for the protection of society and the reform of the criminal. He has some regard for the man who avoids wrong that he may escape its consequences; but his chief regard is for him who does right from the love of right; who never asks himself what the consequences of an act are to be, but does it because his best judgment says *it is right.*

Dr. Gould: Thus far, in the discussion of this question, external influences have been ignored. Paul said he found an internal law warring against his better judgment, and drawing him astray. For four thousand years it has been held that we are more or less controlled by spirits. If spirits have no influence on us, what is the use of our coming here and debating the question of Spiritualism, night after night? We have proved that spirits do communicate, now let us settle what kind of spirits they are.

Mr. John Bruce here stated an interesting fact. On Saturday last, in broad daylight, as he sat in his parlor reading a newspaper, and occupied with matters very reverse from spiritual subjects, his wife who died a few months since, walked in from the direction of the door, in full dress, and regarded him for a brief period with a very pleasant smile, when, on the approach of the servant girl, she disappeared.—His view of her was as distinct as any he ever had of her in his life.—She appeared as she was in her prime, thirty years ago; and her dress instead of black silk, which she had latterly worn, was of brown silk, a color to which she was partial at that period. She looked as though she had just come in from a party.

Dr. Hallock: The position of Mr. Holland, which is the correct one, that a man should do right without regard to consequences, strikes at the root of the old notion of rewards and punishments as a motive. He can not agree with friend Orton that man was made perfect in the beginning, like an engine, for at his first movement he went wrong. We see that our present methods of dealing with crime, only engender crime. We must change them. All the popular notions with respect to the physical characteristics of the Spiritual World, have been reversed. The facts have refuted them. Mr. Bruce's wife had no wings.—His own wife whom he had seen as a spirit had no wings. His mother also. She was as in life, even to the old quaker kerchief crossed before. So a spirit is something different from wind or vapor, something different from a graveyard ghost in its winding sheet, coming to frighten people. So with the day of judgment, and the resurrection of dry bones. All these have gone by the board. Now is it not possible that the moral part is equally erroneous and needing to be corrected. With him it was an axiom, that a position which endorses a popular thought, is false. Our spirit friends do not confirm Moses. Christ did not endorse Moses. Jesus says nothing about the fall of man, it was Paul.—Jesus and Paul do not agree. Look at the prodigal son for the theory of Jesus. We profess to be Christians but we are not. The Judge who sentenced Stephens, quoted Moses, not Jesus. No gallows can be found in the teachings of Christ. No judge quotes him on occasions of this sort. Is not crime now universally ascribed to ignorance? We undertake to cure ignorance by revenge. How does the wise teacher instruct the ignorance of his pupils, by applying the guillotine? Crime is the offspring of ignorance, and knowledge is its cure.

Dr. Orton: If knowledge, simply, is to be held as the corrective of crime, it is necessary to define what we mean by knowledge; and also what we mean by ignorance, out of which it is contended by some all evil springs. Many of the most intelligent men among us, the farthest removed from ignorance, and the fullest of knowledge, as the world understands it, are dissipated, licentious, and aggressive on the rights of others. Take a man like the late Monroe Edwards, full of intelligence and fraud, and continue to develop him in the same direction with the development of his earth life, and how long would it take to make a good honest man of him? So the knowledge intended, must be held to extend lower than the head—to the heart itself—and there to achieve its work by the purification of the whole inner man.

Dr. Hallock: When education is mentioned, the mind limits it to the learning of the schools. The concerns of the soul are reckoned as something quite diverse. We mean by education everything that relates to the man—not only the sciences, but every interest and emotion of the soul.

Mr. D: In the course of 27 years he had been engaged as a teacher, he had taught about twenty-five hundred pupils, boys and girls. Within the last ten or twelve years he had changed his manner of instruction. He had laid aside force, and relied on influencing his scholars to follow right, because it is right, and to avoid wrong, because it is wrong. It had worked well. An old black man complained of abuse from some of his pupils. Instead of seeking out the individual aggressors and punishing them, he talked to his school, and advised the wrong doers to repair the wrong they had done by some present of clothing to the poor old man, as winter was at hand, to render him comfortable. They took hold of it with enthusiasm, and raised seven or eight dollars and presented him with a new cloak, and were ever after his friends. This was but one of a multitude of like cases which had occurred in his experience.

J. R. O.

Compend of Facts.

Facts from Abroad.

We translate the subjoined from our French exchanges:

A tragic event has left an impression of sadness on the spectators who were present Tuesday night at the representation of *Giuramento de Mercadante*. Eloise had just fallen upon the stage, struck by the poinard of Viscardo, and the curtain was about to fall, when a young and beautiful woman, Madame Savary of Bordeaux, who was seated in one of the front boxes, uttered a shriek and sunk back, pale and fainting.

The attention of the audience, still engaged in the dramatic development of the play, was instantly attracted to the box whence this cry had proceeded. A thrill of agitation ran through the whole house, and in an instant every one sprang to his feet. Mr. Coh.... and Mr. E. Per.... hastened to the lady's assistance and taking her in their arms carried her to the drawing room.

But they had not reached there before Mr. Coh.... noticed under his hand a strong palpitation, and then the form of the lady became rigid. In placing her in an easy chair they found they held but a corpse. The utmost efforts were made to restore her to life and consciousness, but in vain. Though to all appearance in perfect health but a few moments before, she had been struck down by a sudden affection of the heart.

After a legal examination of the case, the mortal remains of the deceased were placed in a carriage and accompanied by the Commissaire and Mr. Coh.... to her late residence, No. 6 Rue Blanche.

It is said that Madame Savary had a presentiment of her approaching death. Thus, a short time since, she would speak in this manner to her domestic: "My poor Louise, I am troubled; the idea of death pursues me night and day. Ah! I feel I shall not live long. Mark you, you may expect at no distant day to find your mistress inanimate in her bed, or to see her brought home dead."

The Illustrated *Univers* of December 9th contains an article by M. Gerume (who has written some articles in reference to Hume in the same paper) in which he makes the following statement about his friend, Dr. Maynard, a *savan* of some note who died in Paris last autumn.

Suffering with a severe illness, Dr. Felix Maynard predicted the day, and it might be said the precise hour of his death. The last time that I saw him I spoke to him of his business and plans.

"I do not work any longer, and I make no more plans," he answered.

"Why so?"

"Because in four weeks I shall not be alive."

"Why, there are physicians enough," I exclaimed. "You are only ill as other persons are. You must not imagine that God has made you of glass and that the slightest shock is sufficient to break you."

"My friend," he said, "you see that almanac hanging by the corner of the chimney."

"Yes."

"Take it down. Look at the eleventh column."

"That of the month of November?"

"Precisely."

"What is there in particular in the eleventh column."

"Nothing, if it be not that I shall die in that month. Begin at November 1st and follow the column to the 4th, a Thursday. You are there?"

"I am."

"Do you perceive something beside that date?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"A cross made with a pen.

"Very well, my dear, I made that cross to indicate that I should die on that day."

He then proceeded to speak of other subjects in a manner which showed that he looked on the event as a certainty.

This was the last visit I made to Felix Maynard. The 4th of November last his dark prediction came to my memory, and I resolved to call and inquire for his health. I had already ascended the first few steps of the stairway when the porter ran from his lodge and saluted me with—

"Where are you going, Monsieur?"

"To see M. Felix Maynard."

"He died this morning."

The obsequies of M. Felix Maynard were celebrated in the church St. Louis d'Antin, in presence of a large number of associates and friends of the honorable deceased. His mortal form was deposited in the cemetery of Montmartre.

In the *Monde Illustre* of November 29th we read the following:

It is known that General Salley, who only escaped the balls of Kabylie and the Crimea to return and perish miserably by the hand of a madman while surrounded by his own family, had long before received a prediction that he would die a tragical death, outside of the glories of his career. One of our friends relates this analogous fact:

Count Seguins, grandfather on the mother's side to the Marquis de St. Poulet (counsellor in the Imperial court) a most honorable man and an excellent poet, had been married but a few days when being at a family dinner where the conversation turned on the marvellous, he exclaimed, "Six years ago a noted sybil made me a triple prediction, of which the first part has just been accomplished to my great joy, at the same time that it makes me doubt the third."

"What was it?" was the inquiry on all sides.

"It was predicted 1st, that I should marry a very beautiful wife; 2d, that I should have three sons; 3d, that I should have my head carried away by a cannon ball! I have the lovely wife,—but shall I keep my head? I like very well that the first, and in due time that the second prediction should be fulfilled according to the word of the Sorceress. Let us stop there!"

It was a time of peace. Count Seguins lived, retired from service, in his castle. There the cannon ball was little to be feared. But time rolled away, and the peace with it; and one fine day M. de Maurepas offered the Count the command of a regiment in Martinique. His courage had not been laid aside with his sword; he accepted; he set sail.

One of the vessels of the West India Squadron transported him. He embarked in the one which bore the flag of the Admiral de Guichen.—The squadron fell in with the English fleet near Dominique. They engaged in combat.

"Colonel!" said the Admiral, "you had better retire; this is no place for you."

"Oh!" cried the Count, as he reached out his snuff-box to the sailor, "let me enjoy this admirable spectacle! Nothing can equal it; nothing is so magnificent as a battle on the sea! I will remain, for I mean some day—"

A ball passes, and the poor colonel is decapitated. The ball of iron carries away the ball of flesh!

M. de Seguins left three sons.

"If I had been in his place," says some one, "having married a lovely wife and having three sons, I would have staid at home and avoided the cannon stroke!"

"And the French valor and honor," replies another.

"Yes, and the fatality."

Not long ago, a servant girl on the estate of D——, of S——, saw with amazement five figures ascending a perpendicular cliff quite inaccessible to human feet; one was a boy wearing a cap with red binding. She watched them with great curiosity, till they reached the top, where they all stretched themselves on the earth, with countenances expressive of great dejection. While she was looking at them they disappeared, and she immediately related her vision. Shortly afterward, a foreign ship, in distress, was seen to put off a boat with four men and a boy; the boat was dashed to pieces in the surf, and the five bodies, exactly answering the description she had given, were thrown on shore at the foot of the cliff, which they had perhaps climbed in the spirit!

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1859.

Letters Received.—E W Keyes, C G Leavens, G Valentine, B Lewis, J B Armstrong, T J Slafter, S Bates, D McFarland, O French, N K Sargent, L G Bigelow, C Blossom, R Parker, A W Sidney, I G Atwood, A B Flint, J Proper, S Newman, G Goodridge, L R Walbridge, M Harris, P A Bullard, D P Wilder, H Hames, C M Plumb, W Lacy, S Cheny, S W Shaw, G A Northrup, U L Clemmer, O P Toney, M F Rogers, E W Knight, A L Morgan, B F Wait, W R Hayden, W M Savage, S Barry, O Barnes, E J Kenny, E B Worthington, R Stetson, M S Townsend, M Pettis, R Pugh, D Humes, S L Wheeler, C M Warren, A W Jillson, C Brown, H Gould, B R Leavenworth, R I Robison, J O Harris, C Brigham, H R Ingalls, H B Schoonmaker, E Hardinge, L B Newcomb, S K Terry, P G H Perry.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. C. M. Tuttle speaks in Hartford, Ct., the last two Sabbaths in April; May 1st in Somerville; 8th and 15th in Bridgeport. After this other places can engage her services by addressing M. H. Tuttle, Hartford and Bridgeport, Ct.

Geo. Atkins will speak in Taunton, Sunday, April 17th; East Taunton, 24th, and Plymouth May 1st.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Marlboro' Sunday, April 17th; Waltham, April 24th and May 1st; Lowell, May 8th, 15th and 22d. Those desiring his services during the week in the vicinity of the several places named, can address this office.

H. P. Fairfield will speak in East Taunton, Sunday, April 17th.

Dr. J. Mayhew lectures in Ypsilanti, Mich., April 17th; Dowagiac, 18th and 19th; Naperville, Ill., 20th, 21st and 22d; Waukesha, Wis., 24th. Shall be at St. Paul's on the 27th. The friends in Swe t Home will please be there to meet me on the 27th, and will find me at Dr. R. Post's office. From June 1st to July 14th he will attend to the wishes of friends on or near the route from Lacrosse to Milwaukie, including the region about Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, &c. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route from Grand Haven to Detroit. All friends desiring a visit for one, two or three lectures, will please write early in May, and direct their letters to Sweet Home, Wyoming P. O., Chicago Co., Minn. ☞ Dr. M. will act as agent for the Age.

S. B. Brittan will return from his long Western and Southern tour about the middle of April, and will spend the spring, summer and autumn in the Eastern and Middle States and the British Possessions. His friends in New England, New York and elsewhere at the North, who may require his services from and after the first of May, either on Sundays, or for philosophical, popular and practical lectures—to be delivered through the week, will address him at New York, or at Newark, N. J., his present residence.

Miss Emma Hardinge begs to apprise her friends that her address in future will be No 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all communications should be addressed. Miss Hardinge will lecture in New York and vicinity during April; in Providence, Worcester and vicinity during May; in Lowell, Portland and Oswego during June. In September next Miss Hardinge will proceed via. Pittsburg to St. Louis, Memphis, and other places West and South, and requests applications for lectures in those sections of the country to be addressed as above as soon as possible, in order that she may complete her route for the coming winter.

Hon. Warren Chase lectures April 10th in Cincinnati, O.; 14th, in Dayton; 19th and 20th, in Milan; 24th, in Cleveland; 29th to May 2d, in Chagrin Falls; May 15th, in Adrian, Mich; 17th, in Albion; 22d, in Battle Creek; 25th and 26th, Harmonia (near Battle Creek); 29th, Kalamazoo; June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, Grand Rapids; 9th and 10th, Grand Haven; 19th and 26th, Chicago, Ill.; July 10th, Geneva, O.

Rev. John Pierpont will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

Freeman J. Gurney, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address, South Hanson, Mass. t20

Miss Sarah J. Irish, the celebrated test rapping medium, may be addressed at Victor, N. Y., care of M. Wright.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Henry C. Wright will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

Meetings at No. 14 Bromfield St.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

Terms—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception.* Charge for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Mrs. ADA L. COAN has, at the request of many opposed to Spiritualism, as well as the general desire of the friends, taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place, where she will give sittings by the hour, from 9 A M till 6 P M. Terms $1 per hour for one or two persons.

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, the Independent Clairvoyant, Electropathist and Medium, has rooms at 11 Lagrange Place, where she will be happy to receive those desiring her services. 9

Mrs. L. A. BIRCH, Clairvoyant Test Medium; also public speaker; No. 12 Avery St. Circles on Wednesday and Friday evenings.—25cts. 14—3t*

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

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Miss R. T. 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.

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

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

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

PRIVATE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

In Vital Electricity, Electro-Physiology, Animal Magnetism, Psychology, Mental Telegraphing, Etc.

The rapid progress of Spiritualism in this country has awakened a wide-spread and constantly increasing interest in those sciences which are founded on an observation of the phenomena and laws of the Imponderable Agents, and especially on their Relations to Vital Motion, to Sensation and to Thought, as well as to the several physiological and psychologized changes they are capable of producing, illustrations of which are daily occurring in the ever-varying conditions and aspects of Human Nature.

In the judgment of the undersigned the present time calls for *A Course of Familiar Instruction* in which the important facts and essential principles involved in the subjects referred to may be properly classified, and so explained as to render them familiar to the common mind. Thus we may render our knowledge useful by such a practical application of the same as shall preserve the physical, mental and moral harmony of the individual.

To this end the undersigned will organize and instruct *Private Classes* wherever his services may be engaged for this purpose.

The course of private instruction will comprehend the Relations of Vital Electricity to the Organic Functions; Philosophy of Health and Disease; how to distinguish, by the observation of External Signs, the Positive and Negative forms of Disease; *how the mind may renovate or destroy the body;* how to apply this power to the treatment of the sick; how to resist frost and the atmospheric changes; how to guard against Contagion; how to relieve pain and remove Disease by equalizing the Nervous Forces and the Arterial Circulation, without waiting for the slow process, and the doubtful results of the ordinary methods; the scientific application of Electricity and Magnetism as Remedial Agents; influence of physical, mental and moral states on organic formation and character; the *modus operandi* whereby the senses of one person may be controlled by another; the process of inducing the Magnetic Sleep and the Clairvoyant Vision; how to perform all the so-called Psychological Experiments, including Mental Telegraphing at a distance, &c. &c.

Address S. B. BRITTAN, New York City, or Newark, N. J.

AN ATTEMPT TO REVEAL THE ARCANA OF NATURE; OR, THE LAWS AND HISTORY OF CREATION.

"Our bark is Reason; Nature is our guide."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE, M. C. Ad., author of "Life in the Spheres," &c.

The first volume of this work is now completed, and will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to warrant its publication. It will receive no inflated recommendation, but will speak for itself. In justice, however, we say, that small as it is, it has consumed more than five years of intense study. The work is based on the positive evidences of science, and although entering a new field of research, it advances not a single proposition, nor any theory or hypothesis, except it is supported and confirmed by authenticated facts. The great questions of which it treats, and endeavors satisfactorily to answer, can be learned from the following, synopsis of its contents. Our plan is to demonstrate—1st, How the Universe was evolved from Chaos by established laws; 2d, How life originated on the Globe, and to detail its history from its earliest dawn in the Geological strata to the present time; 3d, How man originated, and a detail of his primitive history; 4th, How mind originated, and the laws by which it is governed; 5th, Man an immortal being; that his immortal state is governed by fixed and immutable laws.

This volume will contain between three and four hundred pages 12mo, and will be sold for $1.25. The first edition will be furnished to subscribers for one dollar per copy. The friends who desire the speedy appearance of the work, will please send in their names as soon as possible; and if they will act as agents, for every six subscribers obtained one copy will be sent free. Address HUDSON TUTTLE,

16—3t Berlinville, Erie Co., Ohio.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN

And Healing Medium, having returned to Boston, has opened an office at No. 7 Eliot street, where he will receive all who may desire his services. He will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. 16

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.

The next (Summer) Term of this thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive Institution will open on Wednesday, May 4th, and continue ten weeks. For Circular containing full information, please address either of the Principals.

Hopedale, Milford, Mass., April 6, 1859. 16—3t { Wm. S. Haywood, Abbie S. Haywood, } Principals.

Interesting Miscellany.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"I've done one good day's work, if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.

"And so have I."

Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.

"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that victory will be on his side, "and see which has done the best day's work."

"You of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "You shall give the first experience."

"Very well. And full of his subject Mr. Barlow began:

"You remember the debt of Warfield, about which I spoke a few months ago?"

"Yes."

I considered it desperate, and would have sold my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning.—Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I don't believe that another creditor of Warfield's will get a third of his claim."

"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I consider about as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie County, for debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I never see him again I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant for cash. He thinks he has a bargain, and perhaps he has; but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desirable one."

"Now, there's my day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being upon the whole a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments and then said:

"Let us hear of the yards of stitching and the piles of good things made—"

"No, nothing of that," said Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Wordkeeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so. Go on. I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraidings, that I would for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away.

"Yes, dear Jenny, go on."

The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone. Dear little fellow! when I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears a small inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and worrisome all day. O, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!

After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her perverse humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her wilfulness with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me and started for school with cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward.

But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket-handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words to me. Patience! Patience! whispered a small, still voice. I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face, until she dropped her eye to the floor in confusion.

"You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humble at once; confessed the wrong and begged my pardon. I forgave her after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen something wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The washing has been done, and well done, and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed.

Other trials I had through the day, some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look or speak, as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response.—Then he bent forward suddenly, and kissed her, saying as he did so:

"Mine was work, yours a battle; mine success, yours conquest; mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angels' robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a twofold blessing!"

ANTE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

All children have a right to be born with sound and healthy physical and mental organisms. To be happy, all the functions and faculties of body and soul must be well developed. The mother has it in her power to make her child a fool or a sage. She may give him a mean, thievish, drinking disposition; or she may give him a great, noble, brave and true heart, that would not wrong a living creature.

In illustration of this fact, I will here give a case that has come under my own observation:

A married couple, members of the society of Friends, had three children—well organised and happy in disposition. When she was carrying her fourth child the temperance cause was creating a great excitement "in her meeting" as she called it. The society declared in favor of temperance, and and ruled it to be a crime to taste a drop of ardent spirits. During the period of gestation, she "longed" for liquor all the time—craving wine and brandy particularly; but rather than offend the church, she abstained from it, until one day, being at a neighbor's house, and seeing a bottle of wine on the sideboard, she ventured to take some of it *when all were absent from the room.* In process of time her child was born. At a very early age his ante-natal education began to develop itself. He would steal every thing he could lay his hands on. At twenty he was a drunkard, and an inmate of the State Prison. Subsequently to his birth, his mother had seven other children—*all* well organized, smart and intelligent. That one son has brought more trouble to his mother than all the rest combined!

What a lesson of warning! That boy had a right to a good mental and physical constitution; instead of which, he is cursed with one that will not let him be what he knows he should be. Who will censure or condemn him?—*Atlan. Mess.*

The Dying Boy and the Violets.

A little sufferer lay in a high, dreary garret, and the beams above his head and on every side were black and foul. His cheeks were scarlet with the flush of fever, and something told the child that death was busy with his heart. It might have been an angel—for angels gather in bands around the despised couch of poverty.

"Mother," he whispered, and a pale, bent woman knelt beside him; "is there one blown now? Look! look!"

For the twentieth time the sickly woman lifted the tiny box of violets, and the blood rushed to her face as she beheld one little bud drooping, just beginning to unfold. She carried it to the child, almost an infant, and a sweet smile lighted up his innocent features.

"Put it down, mother, where I can look at it until I die."

With a wild sob the poor widow placed it upon his pillow, and watched his glassy eyes eagerly as they watched the flower. Hours passed—the brow grew whiter, the fingers that she clasped were now clammy, the round lips that had so often called her mother, were purple, fading into a bluish white, and tremulous, as though the failing voice struggled for utterance. She placed her ear close to his little face, and heard him utter distinctly:—

"Good bye, mother—take care of my violets."

After the rough pine coffin was carried away and covered with the mould, while her young fingers were nervously stitching on the ill paid for garment, that mother could see a vision of her buried child, in the pure ether robes of heaven bending over the box of violets.

Premonition of the Telegraph.

In Addison's *Spectator*, printed one hundred and forty years ago, is the following account of a discovery in magnetic communication, said to have been made two hundred and fifty years before. It has the marks of a myth, but curiously foreshadows the present reality, like some vague prophecy:

"Strada, an Italian Jesuit, in one of his 'Prolusinos,' gives an account of a correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, of such virtue, that if it touched two needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. Two friends being each possessed of one of these needles, made a dial plate and subscribed twenty-four letters upon it. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, so that it could move around without impediment. After separating from one another one hundred miles, they were to communicate and test their invention, by directing the needle to the letter required; the other at the same moment saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself at every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they conversed across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

A Poser.

A story is told of a little boy in Virginia, by the *Knickerbocker*. Long before he had learned the alphabet his parents had made him familiar with the narrative portions of the Bible by looking at the pictures. Coming to the picture of "Daniel in the Lion's den," he gazed at it a few minutes silently, then, running to his mother, book in hand, he broke forth, in an indignant tone:

"Mother, this Bible don't tell the truth."

"Why, my child, what makes you say so?"

"Why mother, did'nt you read to me that when Daniel was thrown into the den God *shut* the lion's mouths? And see here, they are wide open!"

The boy believed the picture, which he could see, rather than the text he could not read.

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and see the natives. One of them one drizzly day bet the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine that the first Pat they met would be too much for them. A dimunitive fellow, with an old frieze coat, and a piece of a hat, was trying to plough with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees.

"Pat," said our friend.

"Yes, yer, honor," he replied.

"If the devil were to come just now, which one of us would he take?"

"Sure, he'd take me, yer honor."

"But why, Pat?"

"'Case he'd be sure of yer honor at any time!"

"Don't you think Rev. Mr. G—— is a preacher of great power?" asked, a gentleman, in reference to a pompous, long-winded divine, who spoke in a high-keyed, drawling voice. "Yes; *high-drawl-ic* power," was the reply of the person addressed.

He who cannot faithfully keep a secret is not worthy to have a friend.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

ALONE.

[From an unpublished work, entitled "Pearls from the Poets of all Times and Climes."]

This *is* to alone; this *is* solitude.

Alone!—'Twere hard to live alone,
If all we loved on earth were gone
Their dear existence o'er:—
But ah! far more to feel bereft;
To know that all we loved are left,
But to be seen no more.

Yes!—all remain; but now, to prove
The torture, not the food of love;
To tantalize—to pain;—
As bright scenes in vivid words
To mock the blind, or music's chords
Struck for the deaf in vain.

If they were *dead*, 'twere sometimes sweet,
Their visioned forms in dreams to meet,
To tell that they are blest,—
Or, better o'er their graves to weep;
To watch, as 'twere their silent sleep,
And know them *there* at rest.

Or, had *we* gone to our last bourne,
The unfettered spirit might return,
Some once loved part to fill;—
Unheard to join the cherished throng;
Unseen, to mix its sports among;
To hover round it still.

It might be blest, at times to hear
'Twas still remembered, loved, and dear,
In the old haunts of home;—
And oft the privilege be given;
A precious boon, from kindly heaven,
In these old haunts to roam.

To join at morn and evening prayer,
The dear assembly kneeling there;
To hear love's voice implore,
That ties, so rudely rent in twain
On earth, *above* may bind again,
Never to sever more.

Nay, even to breathe on some loved cheek,
To some fond ear, in whispers speak,
By none suspected nigh—
They'd think that touch was some soft air,
That came, awhile to linger there;
That voice their own deep sigh.

That anxious spirit, as of old,
Its watchful office still might hold,
Its guardianship fulfil;
To prompt where duty's path was clear,
To warn, when evil threatened near,
Might be its province still.

As seasons came, with varying change,
O'er each loved object still to range,
Plying its fostering care;
And oft, in winter, noiseless, glide
To its old seat by home's fireside,
To watch its inmates there.

When spring returned, be blest with power,
To note each cherished shrub and flower,
Restored to life once more;
To guide the hand that trained the vine,
Or led the rose in graceful twine,
The cottage casement o'er.

Ere others woke, at early dawn,
To linger on the dewy lawn;
Waiting the rising sun,
When life's gay beings, bounding out,
Hailing that sun with joyous shout,
Announce their day begun.

And then, with them, o'er plain and hill,
Fields, flocks, and herds to visit still,
Noting what each require.
Felt, but not seen, that spirit sent,
Might oft some heedless fault prevent;
Some useful thought inspire.

Thro' summer, autumn, by their side,
Their sports to share, their toils to guide;
Though all unseen, unknown;—
Far better were such death as this,
Than life, apart from all its bliss;
Useless—bereft—alone.

CALVERT.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.

The chain of earthly love is ever breaking;
And most dear friends are dearest when apart;
Thy presence, friend, is lead upon my heart;
Indeed I love thee; yet, I know not how,
I'd love thee better, if thou'dst leave me now.

True beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

They who bend to Power, and lap its milk,
Are fickler and more dangerous far than they
Who honestly defy it.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become comparatively a Paradise.

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FOR 1859!

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Medical Cards.

A CARD.

For some time past I have devoted my peculiar mental and psychometrical power to directing persons how to improve their condition and select right business pursuits &c. At the request of many, I have concluded to assist persons in making changes and getting situations. For this purpose I shall receive business applications. Persons having stands, or business situations that they would like to dispose of—such as stores, hotels, farms, manufactories, &c., can apply, and should state terms, conditions and particulars. Persons in want of the same should apply, stating what they want, and how much capital they would like to invest. Persons in want of a partner, teacher, agent or mechanic, should state what they want and the qualifications required. Persons in want of such situations should apply. Those having means to invest, and those seeking investments; and finally, any business application will be received. No charge will be made for the applications. When the application is met, the parties will be informed, and a small compensation required in proportion to the value, which shall be made satisfactory. By sending a small portion of their writing, persons may have a reading of their character, condition, qualification and business adaptation, with important information concerning business, health, marriage, and all matters that require mental insight and clairvoyant perception.

Terms, for a full reading on all points, $3; readings on a single point, or personal readings, $1. Advice will be given on business matters and changes; fee $1. Persons who prefer the accuracy of the reading to a test, may state their age and complexion.

All letters should be directed to Natick, Mass., or left at my office, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturday of each week, for readings or business. Those who doubt my ability or integrity in these matters, will be furnished with satisfactory references on application. H. L. BOWKER.

Natick and Boston, Mass. 12—tf

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The above work, containing the most thrilling incidents in the practice of the author, has received the highest commendation from the leading papers of the Union, as one of the most able ever published on the subject of such vital interest. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two stamps for postage.

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